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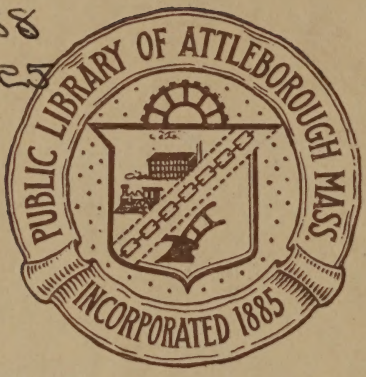

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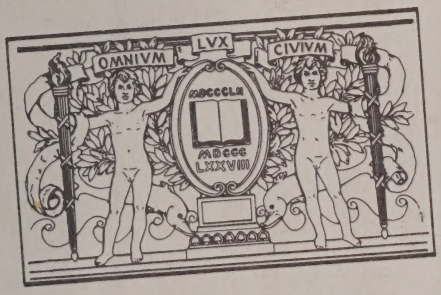

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THE

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1920

THE PERSONALITY BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

BY CHARLES H. GRASTY

I

It is not easy to write with sureness on the subject of the personality behind the President. None of the chief executives who have guided the country during my adult lifetime has presented so baffling a problem. To me, Mr. Wilson is endlessly interesting. I have found him as utterly frank in conversation as ever Mr. Roosevelt was, and he is himself habitually much more tolerant of frankness in others. But the mental processes leading to his actions are frequently difficult to understand. The extraordinarily capricious methods which he adopts in the selection of men; the remarkably definite political philosophy which marks his public acts; his practical idealism and his almost utter lack of personal appeal of a certain sort, combine to form a character that will give the political essayists of the future the best chance of the century.

I begin by saying frankly that I have myself constructed a general theory of Mr. Wilson, into which all the inconsistencies of his character fit with sufficient neatness. There may be too much of the deductive and too little of the inductive in the process by which I have arrived at my estimate. But I have had opportunities of observation which furnish some warrant, at least, for making an attempt to consider this great and significant personality from every angle.

When, at the beginning of 1910, I acquired control of the Baltimore *Sun*, I learned from one of my associates who was then a trustee of Princeton, that President Wilson might soon be leaving that institution. It at once occurred to me that here might be found that scarcest of all men, a great editor. I went to Princeton immediately and saw President Wilson. I found that I had entered the field for his services against the powerful competition of the Democratic party leaders of New Jersey. The matter was not yet settled, however, and I returned later to Princeton on the same errand. Mr. Wilson had made his choice. I recall the vivid impression he made upon me as he sat facing me in his library. All the while, in my mind's eye, I was seeing him in the White House; and when I went home that night I said, 'I have talked to-day with the man who will be the next Democratic President.' He looked the part; and of course the governorship of New Jersey was a springboard for the nomination.

I did not get him for editor, but a conviction formed in my mind to the effect that in the college president who had led a forlorn hope at Princeton, and who was now being groomed for the New Jersey governorship, the Democratic Party would find a great leader. I came into possession at this time of some 'copy' he was writing for the state platforms in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and was so much impressed by both the substance and the form of his declarations, that I made use of them in shaping the editorial policy of my paper.

The *Sun* thus became a supporter of Wilson immediately upon his entry into politics; and his original methods in New Jersey gave it much material to impart interest to the campaign of publicity which it made for him. This paper had long been a power in its state, and its continued support of Wilson, in quiet ways and mainly by chronicling his activities in its news columns, was potent. Someone said, 'The *Sun* is poisoning the coffee-cup of Maryland for Wilson every morning.'

In the spring of 1912, the *Sun* was largely instrumental in securing the Democratic Convention for Baltimore. Meanwhile the paper, morning, evening and Sunday, was sent to each Democratic delegate as he was elected, beginning as early as February. Thus the delegates came to Baltimore, regular readers of the paper, found the galleries of the Convention hall filled with people who 'wanted Wilson.'

Far be it from me to claim that the *Sun* nominated Wilson. Aside from what he himself did to accomplish the result, there were several fortunate circumstances, every one of them necessary links in the chain. The '*Sun's* support was one of them; without it, a stampede to Champ Clark after he had received a majority vote could probably not have been prevented.

I saw Mr. Wilson several times in the course of his campaign for nomination and election. I remember once visiting him at Sea Girt. In the course of the conversation I asked him if he could suggest any new journalistic activity in his behalf. He said 'No,' at first, but afterward a thought came to him. 'Can you send a man to Boston, where his team is now playing, to interview "Ty" Cobb? I hear he is for me.' I began to see that I had a good deal to learn about the Wilson characteristics.

II

I saw and heard from the President from time to time between 1913 and 1917, and this acquaintance was the foundation upon which I established a relationship as a correspondent after he came to Paris; for it was mainly there that I gained the impressions which embolden me to appear before the readers of the *Atlantic* in an attempt to give some idea of the man as a whole.

Nothing could better illustrate the processes of judgment which have baffled commentators than his coming to Paris. When his decision to cross the ocean was mooted, I made a canvass of the Americans in Paris — already a distinguished and representative body — and found scarcely one affirmative voice. Most Americans, especially in army and navy circles, were then opposed to all action leading in the direction of the League of Nations, or any other permanent entanglement in Europe; and even those favorably inclined were practically unanimous in the opinion that the President should hold fast to his advantage of position in Washington, instead of breaking precedents in order to get down into the ring where, after a few weeks of novelty, he would meet other government heads on an equality, and under the unfamiliar rules of the game of European diplom-

acy. The majority firmly believed that he should stay in the White House, and shout to Europe as through a megaphone; or, — to resort to still another metaphor, — that he should chalk on a blackboard, in letters legible across the sea, the terse terms upon which America would coöperate in the peace as she had in the war.

A less adventuring president would easily have found ground upon which to take the stand that America's work was finished with the signing of the Armistice upon the basis of the fourteen points. America had furnished the aid necessary to the prevention of Germany's conquest of Europe and the menacing of our hemisphere. Germany had been disarmed on land and sea, and the very body of German militarism had thus been crushed. As for the rest, it was a purely European affair. Such part as we were called on to take in the subsequent proceedings could with greatest safety to us, and perhaps even with greatest efficacy in respect of results, be taken with our feet solid on the soil of our own country. We would be willing to give such further aid, moral and material, as might be compatible with our principles and interests and the tradition of aloofness from European controversies, all of which were ineradicably rooted in race, geography, and the habit of narrow selfishness.

Such a view was not adopted, and it probably never occurred to the peculiar man who happened to be our President. From the common point of view, Mr. Wilson has lived too much within himself. He does not submit himself to the corrective processes of association, which, not unreasonably, in view of his dilations on 'Counsel,' puts him in for a lot of criticism. He does not call to his side all the first-rate men who are available. Let us admit it frankly — he plays a lone hand. But having duly criticized him for playing a lone hand, one must admit that he plays it mighty well. He is no blind indulger of self. No man studies self more keenly, or is quicker to profit by experience. I am convinced that his lone-hand style of play is the result of his having worked it all out in his own sagacious mind, and with the purpose of using himself in the way best to accomplish his objects. He realizes fully how much he loses by lack of assistance and by holding aloof from consultation. But when he reckons up gains against losses in the great game that he is playing, he believes that he comes out ahead by following the bent of his own temperament. He is willing, if necessary, to do the work of ten ordinary men, — he delights in work when something big is at stake, — but he is unwilling, and perhaps unfitted, to scramble with his peers for a decision, on the one hand, or, on the other, to bear with the stupidity, irrelevance, and confusion of commonplace counsel.

This is far from saying that he repels advice. Quite the contrary is true. No one could be more open to suggestion when it comes from those near and friendly. He is absorptive rather than impervious. But he shies away from becoming entangled. He wants to keep himself absolutely free for the decision. I fancy that he has a horror of board meetings, as many another sensible man has, with their tendency to mental impoverishment. For any but a rash executive, in need of constant restraint, the multiplicity of counsel in a board is apt to be a division of wisdom. The scheme has only a deterrent or negative virtue.

It is likely that, in reaching his decision to go to Europe, Mr. Wilson sought the advice of no man. I hazard the guess that from the very moment the idea first entered his mind, there was neither doubt nor hesitation. What-

ever might have been the wise course for another president, that was the only course for him. Average prudent considerations were not in the reckoning. He saw a situation which called to him irresistibly. Its dangers and difficulties were not those which alarmed him. He knew what would happen to the swollen prestige that he had been enjoying as the prosperous partner in the Allied combination. All the awe of him would disappear, the mystery and the power that goes with it would vanish, and he would soon find himself pitted against the other government heads, each with his own point of view, on terms of equality.

Presbyterian and Scotch as he is, and never rash or impulsive, the dominating thing in the character of Mr. Wilson is his adventuring spirit. It is this cross in him that makes his character hard to read. He has the courage of his vision and, without a single misgiving, he moved out of the safety zone in the rear and took up his position in the front line, where the greatest of all diplomatic contests was to be fought out.

I watched that struggle daily for months, often at close quarters. The chief new impression that I got of Mr. Wilson was his efficiency in action. In my picture of Wilson, the writer, orator, and scholar had been in the foreground. The experience of the past eight years has developed a high efficiency in this man who lost his fight at Princeton. After seeing him at Paris, I would expect him to succeed, if, upon his retirement from the Presidency at sixty-four years of age, he took the highly improbable step of entering the field of industry. In a large executive position, like, say, the presidency of the Steel Corporation, I confidently believe that he would make an unprecedented success. The adventure and magnitude of it might appeal to him; for in dull or small things he is helpless. He is sagacious, but lacks cunning. He must be aroused, to show his great qualities.

The things for which Mr. Wilson is complained of are mainly the defects of his great qualities. If a big matter is in hand, he is so concentrated upon it that he overlooks the little matter. He has the keenest and truest sense of what is real. Irrelevance cuts him to pieces. When he is at work on a thing that engages his interest, he is like a hound on the scent. Waste of time or any kind of lost motion is like poison to him. A member of the 'Big Four' once said to me, 'Wilson works. The rest of us play, comparatively speaking. We Europeans can't keep up with a man who travels a straight path with such a swift stride, never looking to the right or left. We cannot put aside our habit of rambling a bit on the way.'

I hazard the opinion that Mr. Wilson found this European habit hard to bear. He would not have put up with the like procrastination and indirection in Washington; but he was in Paris to do whatever was necessary, and he smiled and pressed forward. The statesmen of Europe had their tongues in their cheeks when Wilson arrived; but a real friendship, mainly attributable to the latter's patience, courtesy, and humor, soon arose among them. When the President works with a small number of men at close quarters, his instinct is to establish friendly and intimate relations with them. Far from being a dogmatist, his fault perhaps lies in giving up too much in an atmosphere of comradeship. And his passion for practical results probably works in the same direction. At Paris, in seeking a common ground upon which he and his colleagues could stand, it seemed to me that he was constantly watering down the idealism which he brought to Europe with him. It was not alone his desire to come to

an agreement that influenced him. He deeply wished to serve his colleagues in their respective home difficulties, by which, under their parliamentary systems, they were constantly bedeviled.

I do not know it for a fact, but I always believed that a narrative of how the President came to accept the French demand for a military alliance would present some such picture as the following. Clemenceau appears in the Place des États Unis. He creeps slowly up the steps to the room which is the meeting-place. The effort exhausts him and he has a long coughing spell. (That murderous bullet in the chest counted for much in the closing days, and Clemenceau did not hesitate to make the most of it for France.) Clemenceau gives his colleagues a report of his daily interview with the Parliamentary Committee to which he must account for his acts as Prime Minister. The Committee has but little interest in the League of Nations. *Ma foi!* but they are a narrow-minded lot! But there is always behind them the Chamber of Deputies, filled with men unfriendly to the present government and aching for a chance to vote it out. Clemenceau has never had a real majority. The Tiger has held on through the very fear of his steel-shod paw. The chief strength of the opposition lies in the belief that the Premier has yielded the interests of France to the theories of world peace. 'What the Chamber wants, and probably must have, is something that actually is, or at least sounds like, a military alliance. Unless they get it, my government is gone. Another forty-eight hours, or a week at the most, and we fall. Afterward, some man further toward the Left, and in a few weeks a choice between a military dictatorship and anarchy in France. What chance will there be for a Peace Conference or a League of Nations after that?'

Whether my fanciful picture is or is not accurate in detail, it is a fact that Wilson's agreement to a military alliance gave the Clemenceau ministry a new lease of life. And it surprised — I won't quite say shocked — the whole American circle at and around the Crillon.

If and when the story of the Peace Conference, and especially of the Big Four, can be told, it will throw a new light on President Wilson's personality; and many people will find that they have been hating him for lack of the very qualities in which his personality abounds.

III

Let us consider Mr. Wilson in his four main relationships, beginning with that of the family. He has an intense domestic instinct. Family love was bred into him. His father, a Presbyterian minister, dead forty years or more, is still the daily companion of his thoughts. The President has no close, personal relation with any other man, and masculine comradeship is mainly supplied by the vivid and living memory of this grand man, whose precepts and example come back for every occasion. Throughout all these years of hard decision, it is in this quarter that he has found counsel. The personality of his father is as fresh in the President's mind as it was the day he died, and every detail of this early association in which the son was moulded remains crystal-clear, while the spirit of it is the President's very breath. The elder Wilson was indeed a remarkable man, whose walks and talks with the younger nourished and formed him in his youth, and whose wisdom and humor, preserved in the President's retentive memory, have been as a lamp to his feet.

Mr. Wilson has always been an uxorious man. A more real partnership than that which exists between him

and Mrs. Wilson it would be difficult to find. The President will not budge without his wife. In France, the trip to the devastated regions had to be postponed because Mrs. Wilson had sustained a slight injury to her foot and could not go.

As to Mrs. Wilson, everyone liked her and spoke well of her before her marriage to the President, and she has remained the same quiet, modest, and gracious woman. I should say that her influence had tended to mellow and humanize the President in his outside relations. In the inside relations, which are now under consideration, the President was always the same tender and affectionate head of the family.

To everyone within the household, including house visitors, the President is kindness itself. Once the threshold is crossed, one becomes the trusted friend. The conversation at meals and during the little rest time that follows is easy and delightful, and everyone takes part freely. There is not a trace of presidential arrogance in the President's manner. He and Mrs. Wilson live in an atmosphere of unaffected simplicity. When they were in Paris, they declined all invitations when possible. Nearly every evening the scene would be the same at the Place des États Unis. The President played solitaire for huge sums of stage money, carefully keeping books on winnings and losings, from night to night. Mrs. Wilson sat by, sewing or crocheting. Sometimes she would read aloud clippings of current newspaper articles.

On the Western trip in September, Mrs. Wilson made a uniformly fine impression. At stations where the train stopped, she would appear if it was insisted upon, but she was never keen on the business. Once a newspaper man said, 'O Mrs. Wilson, do go out on the platform with the President. It will be worth ten thousand votes.' She smiled, but kept on crocheting. It usually took a word or gesture from the President to get her out.

At Tacoma, I found a newspaper woman almost in tears on the station platform. She had not succeeded in meeting Mrs. Wilson, and the train was about to pull out. I undertook to manage the introduction, but Mrs. Wilson was in her room changing her costume and therefore not visible. The President heard what was going on, and appearing on the back platform, cried cheerily, 'May I act as substitute for Mrs. Wilson?' He stepped down on the station platform and delighted the young woman's heart by his agreeableness. She had a two-column story the next morning.

The President is a true Spartan. There is never a groan or a whimper from him. While he was traveling through the West, and speaking twice a day with a headache racking him, whenever he referred to it at all it was precisely as if he were speaking of any other incident of the trip. There was no pulling of a long face. At Wichita, after an extremely bad night, he was up and ready to start. Grayson was none too early in taking a firm stand. The President is a stayer and he hates a quitter. He was never a minute late on the whole trip. He is a paragon of order and punctuality.

Before the headache came upon him, he was very fond of going through the train and visiting the newspaper men. He made us all feel that he was of our tribe.

The President and Mrs. Wilson are regular attendants at a modest church in the suburbs of Washington. They go there because nobody pays attention to them; whereas at the big churches they are preached at and stared at inside, and a big crowd collects outside. Neither of them has any fondness for that kind of admiration.

IV

Such is a rough picture of the President in the small circle of home life. Draw another circle wide enough to include the Cabinet and other officials with important connections with the administration, and a corresponding change in the manifestations of Mr. Wilson's personality is at once visible. There are patience, geniality, kindness, and extraordinary loyalty, but there is a certain reserve. Wilson resembles Washington in this respect. No one slaps him on the back. His devotion to his official household has been carried to such extremes that it has brought general criticism upon him. There has been more speculation over his putting commonplace men into office and then sticking to them than over almost anything else in his administration.

I am going to give my theory; but it is nothing more than a theory. In what he can do well, and likes to do, Mr. Wilson is tireless: but he is very indolent about what he is not proficient in. He is not a judge of men; he has not the *flair* for it, and it is something that is not a matter of analysis. The selection of men is a labor to the President, and is a thing that has been largely attended to by others for him. Once the business is fixed, he is not going to unfix it. And afterwards there comes in that element of domestication to which I have referred. When the President sits around the table with men, and comradeship sets up, the harder the critics pound him and them, the more immovable he becomes. They may be poor things, but they are his own. I have never known a man who could put criticism on one side as serenely as Mr. Wilson can. He is implacable. 'They say. What say they? Let them say.'

After all, the President's instinct has in it much that is fine and strong. And who shall say that he has been unsuccessful on the score of results? Suppose he had ripped up his organization at the beginning of the war? Would the country have come off better? Or would Wilson be in a better position as a man or as president? At all events, *he* could not have done otherwise. His mind is too dependent upon order and repose in his immediate vicinity to function properly in an environment of confusion. He could not have run the war his way in the hubbub of change and upheaval. Here again he resembles his paternal prototypes, for the Presbyterian preacher must have quiet in the house at the sermon-making time. Mr. Wilson carried his method through the whole war. When General Pershing was appointed head of the A.E.F. he was there to stay, and knew it. The President would never have listened to any tattle. In every crisis he backed his man with granite fixity. No general in Europe was in Pershing's strong position. Without this rock to stand on, Pershing could not have maintained himself against the storm of European opposition aroused by several of his big decisions.

Mr. Wilson's tendency to give his indorsement in blank has sometimes got him into trouble. No man should have been put into the position that Colonel House was. The country resented it, and finally the colonel himself used the President's writ too freely, with the result that unity of policy was somewhat impaired at Paris. Colonel House filled a deeply felt need at the White House, and from the President's point of view was most helpful. He was very active in the field in which the President had disabilities. He loved being a Warwick as much as the President hated the whole business of handling the patronage. House was, as it were, a bureau drawer for things he did not exactly know where else to put.

The Texan is orderly minded and has much sagacity, but he overestimated his reach. It was inevitable that this should be the result of the President's clothing him with so much power.

V

I come now to a third zone, in which Mr. Wilson manifests a different set of characteristics. In the wider circle is included that portion of officialdom not intimately connected with the administration. The President's reaction to this body constitutes the chief ground of criticism of him. Here he strikes limitations which he seems to be unable to surmount. In much of his endeavor he has been quick to profit by experience, and his development has attested his openness of mind as well as his alert mentality. But he has shown neither skill nor tact in his dealing with this very necessary body, consisting of several hundred men and including both houses of Congress. After coming home last March and displaying a *gaucherie* in his contact with the Senate difficult to understand in view of his consummate skill in dealing with the foreign diplomats, he went back to Paris and had every important suggestion of the opposition Senators embodied in the treaty and Covenant. The thing needed but a gesture to make it a *fait accompli* — a wave of the hand to show agreement and acknowledgment. But he would not, or could not make that gesture which would have nailed down ratification. His meeting with the Senatorial committee at the White House showed him at his very best in patience and conciliation. But it was too late; the opposing Senators had not been tied in March and were now out of the reservation and on the war-path.

The attempt to account for such mistakes must be speculative. Clearly it must be a matter of temperament. Someone has said that temperament in the individual is like climate to race — it is fate. The President has so many high qualities that it is inevitable that they should have their defects. Personally I believe that the chief element in the temperament that prevents the President from realizing on the big things that he does well because of the little things he does ill is the predominance in him of the intellectual quality. The human quality, except in the small circle where it manifests itself in patience, tenderness, and considerateness, has been 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He has for so many years restrained his impulses, that they no longer work in the subconscious way necessary for that form of human intercommunication which is psychic in its subtlety.

To the instinct and habit of restraint I would add the trait of shyness. The President is extremely diffident with persons outside the little circle. On the Western trip I heard people who were paying the highest tribute to his statesmanship add, 'but he is not folks.' And I think that it is true that he lacks a certain sort of animal heat. But this carries with it a whole set of qualities that are admirable. For example, he has the spirit of his great office in the highest degree, but none of the flesh-and-blood pride and vanity. He has not the slightest love of the purple. He detaches himself from the presidency, and regards the office and its power objectively. To use Diderot's paradox, 'He is a centre of human agitation in which he himself takes no emotional part, though he is its intellectual prime-mover.'

There was a group of Wilson originals who were very ardent in their support of Mr. Wilson before the movement for him became nation-wide. As his presidential character disclosed itself, these supporters were surprised

at two things. First, they were amazed at his practicalness in organizing the party forces and in getting legislation through. Secondly, they were deeply disappointed by his display of narrow partisanship and the delegation that he made of the power of selecting his appointees. They wondered, as did the public, at his abandonment of the policy of publicity and counsel. It seems to me that there is but one thing to be said about that. He was sincere in his professions and wanted to practise what he preached. But temperament came in and stopped him. He could not have maintained a system of publicity and counsel without shattering himself and sacrificing results; and as he learned the presidential office and became more familiar with the tools he had in his armory, he let the first theory slide.

But his failure to set a very high personal standard in his important appointments, and his partisanship, have continued to puzzle men who looked to his academic antecedents as a guaranty of the precisely opposite line of action. I have hereinbefore suggested an explanation of one of these defects: I believe that the partisanship had little feeling behind it, but was an intellectual expedient to aid in putting through the programme of legislation. The habit once acquired was retained; which was made the easier by the fact that at his elbow was always Mr. Tumulty, to whom a Republican is a 'boll-weevil.'

Those who believe that Mr. Wilson has been one of the greatest of our presidents are most puzzled by his seeming lack of magnanimity. That a man should be so great in the other great things and yet fall short in generosity, is a contradiction of the historical record. But I believe that in the baffling complex of this peculiar man there is an explanation which will show that the acts attributed to lack of magnanimity have had a different mainspring. For example, what seemed shabby treatment of General Leonard Wood, whose work prepared the way for the selective draft, may, if all the facts were known, have been well grounded on the needs and exigencies of the war, difficult as it is to understand why such an alternative as an obscure Southern post, or Hawaii, should have been set before the general. That detail may have been just an extra touch put on by Mr. Baker. Once the Secretary had done it, the President would have stood by it if it had given him the reputation of a pirate. He never shoulders blame upon a subordinate. When, in the election of 1918, he was politically dished by the appeal for the Democratic ticket which he signed, but to which he probably never gave a moment's consideration (his 'single-track mind' was strenuously engaged in the direction of Paris), it is safe to say that there was never one word of complaint or reproach for the real authors of the mischief.

But to go back to the question of magnanimity — much more difficult of explanation was the treatment of Roosevelt, for which the President was entirely responsible. I understand the difference in temperament between the two men. I understand the impossibility of gratifying Roosevelt's desire to raise a corps or division to command in whole or in part. His abilities could have been recognized, however, and his great qualities utilized somewhere, for the exuberant tender of his services left the whole field open. The President's acceptance would have had an electrical effect in inspiring and unifying the country behind Wilson and the war. Roosevelt would have played the game squarely. He was a colt in the pasture, but a wheel-horse in harness. His having a share in the war under

President Wilson would have supplied elements for producing the will to war, which were then lacking. If the President had been an emotional man, he would have met Roosevelt with hands outstretched. But to my mind, his failure to respond is explainable on grounds other than lack of magnanimity. Personally I was a warm and sincere admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, and I believe that he rendered a very great service to his country both in office and out. But there were thousands of people who did not admire him, and the President was one of these. When the colonel presented himself, the President put him and his possible value through a coldly intellectual process of assessment, and his conclusions were in accordance with his judgment of what would best promote the interests of the country in the war. Again he failed in the importance of the gesture.

The same lack of what I may call the grand-stand instinct runs all through his conduct. At bottom, the fault, if it be a fault, is one of intellectual sincerity. He steers by intellect and does not possess the emotional qualities to correct his reckoning. We saw it constantly on his Western tour. He could not be persuaded to make oratorical use, except with the most severe restraint, of the deeds of valor of the army and navy, of which he was Commander-in-Chief. Thousands of women and men whose dead sleep in France sat in front of him with hearts begging for allusion in terms of sentiment and pathos. He left them unsatisfied, contenting himself with powerful appeal to reason. He may himself be conscious of his emotional limitations. Or he may have felt a sense of impropriety in making a sort of political commerce of the memory of our noble dead; for he is a man of high dignity.

I have had my own theory — of a piece with what I have been saying — in respect to Mr. Wilson's course in the Lusitania crisis. The German blow was just as certainly aimed at America and world-civilization then as it was two years later. The President in his speeches in the West repeatedly made statements indicating the belief that Germany's purpose was clear long before we entered the war. At the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, America would have responded as one man to strong, emotional leadership. But it is possible that the President was studying himself and his capacity and limitations with cold-blooded objectivity. The question in his mind may have been — whatever another might do in the same circumstances, was it possible for him to keep the war-spirit up to the necessary white heat in the absence of overwhelming, concrete evidence of Germany's evil intentions?

I have always thought that in his course of action from the Lusitania forward, he took the kind of chance that a purely intellectual policy is peculiarly subject to. If Germany had not blundered so fatally, she could have put us where we could never have gone into the war. Suppose in February, 1917, Germany had replied to the President's demand regarding the submarine: 'All right. With unrestricted submarine warfare it is absolutely clear that we can win. But we cannot afford to offend America and bring her in. In deference to her views we yield to your demand.' We are out of the war immediately, and can never get in, and Germany whips Europe, with future consequences to us that would be appalling.

But Mr. Wilson managed the war; he did it consistently with the conditions as he saw them, and with due regard to his own abilities and limitations; and from first to last he was successful.

The characteristics upon which I have put such stress will, in my opinion,

enable Mr. Wilson to do what few men could do. He will decline to stand for a third term. There will be many unprecedented conditions and the pressure from party men will be strong. But if he does not want to run, he will not. He will have the best judgment of anybody as to the state of mind of the country. He won't bemuse himself. I suspect that he believes that his health requires his retirement. He is a man of infinite resources, and there are many congenial activities to which he could turn. There is only one set of circumstances in which I could imagine his being a candidate. If the treaty failed of ratification, and there were a square issue before the American people, and the whole job of treaty and Covenant were to be done over again on a clear mandate from the American people, I believe that there might be a third term. Rejection would put the Democrats back into the running for 1920. A few months ago it seemed that Republican nomination would be equivalent to election. The Republicans in the fetid caves of the Senate have been working overtime to make their chances for next year dubious. Unless there is ratification without resubmission, there will probably be either a close contest between the two old parties, or we shall see two new parties, one standing for the League of Nations and the other for freedom from foreign entanglement.

VI

I finish by considering Mr. Wilson in the wide field where he appears at his best. The President who shuts his eyes, stretches out his hand, and touches the man nearest, who shall thereupon be a Cabinet Minister; who stumbles in his dealings with Congress, and who is generally helpless in the grind of office, rises to a great height as a statesman. His near sight is defective, but when he looks up and out, no man sees further or more clearly. He lacks the 'spirit of the herd,' but no other man in public life is more in touch with the spirit of mankind. He frankly 'plays to mankind.' His enemies admit that he is the best judge of what they call 'mob-psychology.'

Such broad sympathies are uncommon in a man of orderly mind and of fundamentally conservative instincts, and in the inevitable conflict of classes which impends in the world, Mr. Wilson is in a position to do humanity an inestimable service as interpreter and mediator between the warring elements. He has perspective, he is always looking far ahead. He cannot see the trees for the woods. The little things by the way do not distract him, for they escape his attention. If his life and health are spared, a man of such vision in combination with such extraordinary practical qualities will go far, whether as President or as an unofficial leader. Happen what may, the fact stands that largely through his effort — which has been more than effort: it has been a striving, even an agonizing, to use the real equivalent of the Greek word of which the St. James version gives the milder rendering — the world has been faced toward peace and it will not turn back. Historically he will be a member of the group of three great presidents —Washington the Father, Lincoln the Emancipator, Wilson the Pacificator.

THE TECHNIQUE OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY CARLETON H. PARKER

NOTE. — The value of this article, written by my husband in 1914, lies chiefly in the fact that it gives an idea of the pre-war, or what could justly be called the normal, industrial situation. Wherever it has been possible, the actual statistics have been brought up to date. Generally speaking, however, there have been no recent studies dealing with the processes of American industry, and recourse was had to the Census of Manufactures made in 1914, and just off the press, as the most modern statistics covering the field as a whole. Unless otherwise stated, statistics quoted are from this source. Where more recent reports, government or otherwise, were available, these later figures were used and the year of the study referred to.

Every conclusion of this article, every tendency described, has been but emphasized by later statistics, with one exception — as to wages. Here, however, it must be remembered that the war period of 1914 to 1918 represented a far from normal condition in American industry. Immigration had, for all practical purposes, ceased, workers were drafted from factories for war, and for the first time, on account of shrunken numbers, labor was in a position to secure higher wages. In addition, the employer was forced, without actual demands, to pay higher wages in order to obtain his quota of necessary workers. Still a third influence toward higher wages was to be found in the more general acceptance of the 'welfare' idea among employers — higher wages as a restful influence on the employees. Wages, then, are high to-day, as compared to the figures, say, of 1910; but the figures of 1910 are well to know, so that it can be shown from what low levels wages have risen. Also, it must be borne in mind that, while apparently wages have risen, the increase in the cost of living over this period has been so great that real wages are in many instances actually lower than in 1910.

Here I might quote from an article of my husband's, written at this same time. Its pertinence to the situation to-day is evident. 'In the words of Mr. A. D. Noyes in the *Atlantic Monthly* (vol. 111, p. 658), "We are in the presence of a novel and striking condition of things in American finance, whereby active or potential control of a very great part both of our financial institutions and our industrial institutions is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small group of financiers."

'How does this affect the labor problem in America?

'First, it brings the most complete temperamental and geographical divorce of management and worker in industrial history.

'Second, it leaves the final control of industrial enterprise in non-industrial, and in the end, abstract financial, hands.

'Third, it means that the only information from the industrial plants which these boards of directors care for or understand is that of statistics of output and costs.

'Fourth, it turns over the formation of wage- and labor-policies to men supersensitive to the stock market, a market notoriously panicky over labor disturbances.

'In a word, it turns industrial affairs, one of whose major characteristics is the human quality brought by the worker, over to a group of financial minds whose education, environment, and ambitions make it impossible for them to obtain an accurate perspective of the human side of industrial production. The condition is potential for danger.'

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER.

ONE hundred years ago an industrial characteristic isolated itself from the general body and began an evolution, slow but stupendous in promise. Industrial technique had been in past economic periods the but slightly important assistant of man's trade-dexterity. To-day the machine in its character fixes the man's speed of work, his hours, his posture, limits his thoughts in the day, and in the end moulds for his life the very processes of his mind, and thus determines how he shall worship, vote, and find his pleasure.

In America, at the close of the Civil War, the machine technique began its last stage of evolution, which was to reach in our day 'Scientific Management.' The minute subdivision of industrial production, and the adaptation of the automatic machine, more than any other single characteristic, defines American production. It determines the intelligence and sex of the worker, demands the temperamentally acquiescent, and finds self-assertion and trade-unionism impossible with 'efficiency.' What is this technique? What kind of a worker has it demanded and obtained?

In the meat industry a few years ago fifty per cent of the slaughterers were master butchers. Each could kill, dress, quarter, and prepare the hide. The rest of the force were their assistants. To-day (1914) forty-four different workmen in succession perform their task on the animal. The mechanizing of the process came when the Chicago yards began to control the market in the Atlantic States. Chicago, as the geographical centre of the corn states, which fattened all the Western range animals, carefully built up the organization of the Union Stockyards Market in the centre of the city. The railroads made it easy for the farmer to route his cattle into Chicago. The Chicago yards were known throughout the corn states as the place where a market could be found for stock, no matter what the general market was. In the three years 1908, 1909, and 1910, Chicago received 10,353,295 cattle, 20,337,341 hogs, 14,022,607 sheep. The raw material came to Chicago to be converted, and then distributed over the world. The final product was of standard form and no variety. Each unit of the raw material, the live animal, presented the same identical problem in the working-up. The amount of production was gigantic. These factors gave the typical stimulus to the machinization of the industry.

The author spent several days in 1913 in the great Armour plant in Chicago. The organization of work on the cattle-killing floor seemed to have left ungrasped no opportunity to simplify and standardize the human labor. The cattle were 'knocked' by hand, and automatically dumped out on the floor. An overhead trolley carried the stunned or dead animals rapidly by several workmen, and each performed his simple operation. At the end of the vast room the bled and beheaded carcass was dropped on to a moving platform, which passed without halt, between, and on a level with, two stationary platforms. On a particular spot on this stationary side-platform waited a workman, and as the carcass entered his twenty-foot zone, he rode with it the twenty feet, did his bit of work, and left the moving platform at the lower limit of the zone. He then returned by the stationary side-platform just in time to begin riding through the twenty feet with a fresh animal. This round of work was observed for an hour. The workman, one of the skinners styled 'rumpers,' never paused, never changed the stereotyped twist of his knife, jerked the hide, and turned the rump, without variation in the effort. Forty-four different men added their isolated bit of technique to prepare the beef for the

cooling-room. As fast as it was discovered that one job allowed a subdivision and simplification, the system put in another man. The moving platform can be speeded up or slowed down. A floor foreman explained that 'the platform was speeded until cut hides began to show up, and then we knew the men were having to slash to do their job. We then slowed down.' In the hundreds of labor-operations in the great Armour plant, in the beef,- sheep-, or pig-slaughtering, sausage-making, chipped-beef canning, can-making, the mechanization of the human work has been refined to an unbelievable extent.

The subdivision of labor among the crew forced the skilled men to be ultra-skilled, since their work was simplified into the most automatic of motions. This lowered the 'spoiling' and waste of hides and of meat enormously. A 'skinner' sometimes worked a week, handling thousands of animals without injuring a single hide. The same valuable dexterity also came to the 'splitter,' and reduced costly waste. While this pushed up the wages of the highly expert, it was counterbalanced by the great increase of the unskilled workers, who took up the work where the chance of waste was small or impossible. The company then attached these skilled men to them by putting them on steady weekly time, while the other nine tenths of the gang were hired by the hour. These high-priced men, the 'strategic' labor of the industry, not only stood by the company in time of trouble, but acted as 'speeders-up,' 'pace-setters,' and this was the third great object for which the technique strove.

Take the 'splitters,' for example. In 1884, five splitters would get out 800 cattle in ten hours, or 16 per hour per splitter. Wages were 45 cents per hour. In 1894, four splitters got out 1200 in ten hours, or 30 animals per man per hour. The splitter, where the moving platform was not used, would turn 'split cattle' over to the workers below as fast as he could. These workers in turn had to perform their divided portion of labor and pass the animal on. With a fast splitter and a fast skinner, the whole 230 workmen were forced to higher speed. No member of the force could 'go lazy' without drawing the attention of the 'boss' upon him by the massing up of undone carcasses at his division of the work-floor.

In a gang of sheep-butchers, the pace is set by the 'pelter,' who loosens the hide so that it can be pulled off without tearing the 'fell' or mucous covering, and also by the 'setter,' who hangs the carcass on an overhead trolley which is to carry it slowly before each workman, and afford each man the opportunity swiftly to perform his allotted task. These two speeders were formerly steady time men, favored and attached to the company by carefully calculated better treatment. The pelter's speed of work had pushed the hanging up of sheep from 60 to 75 per hour. Just prior to the strike in 1904 the union had succeeded in limiting the speed to a maximum of $46\frac{1}{2}$; and this having been proved to be the normal, it showed that the employer had achieved an increase of productivity of from 30 to 50 per cent by the use of this single refinement of industrial technique.

In pig-killing the 'speeders-up' are the sticker, the scalder, the hooker-on, the splitter, and the chopper. In this department the unions have never attempted to force the work back to normal, so that the extent of the increase in productivity is uncalculated, though it is known to be extremely great.

In the sausage department the hour rates have not been reduced, but piece-work has been introduced. Here is to be noticed the existence of a kind of industrial technique of a not very high moral level. Piece-work in sausage-making is

slowed down largely by 'leaks' in the sausage-covering, which have to be tied up as discovered. Sausage-covering is bought in open market by the big packers, in three grades, the leaks increasing as the grade lowers. If a piece-worker is making good wages, the foreman proceeds to slip second-rate coverings to him. If he be a productive worker even with second-rate coverings, he is allotted third-rate coverings. His pay the foreman knows can be reduced down to, but not below, 27 cents per hour. This is an example of increasing output by 'shaving' rates, a method raised to perfection by the Steel Trust. Since men are apt to become restless under this method, the sausage-department of the Beef Trust is rapidly introducing Slav women in the place of the German men, who, up to 1903, furnished the sausage-workers.

An eye-witness at the Stock Yards describes a scene in one of the large packing-houses. 'A month ago,' he says, 'we stood with a superintendent in a room of the canning department. Down both sides of a long table stood twenty immigrant women; most of them were visibly middle-aged and mothers. "Look at that Slovak woman," said the superintendent. She stood bending slightly forward, her dull eyes staring straight down, her elbow jerking back and forth, her hands jumping in nervous haste to keep up with the gang. These hands made one simple precise motion each second, 3600 an hour, and all exactly the same. "She is one of the best workers we have," the superintendent was saying. We moved closer and glanced at her face. Then we saw a strange contrast. The hands were swift, precise, intelligent. The face was stolid, vague, vacant. "It took a long time to pound the idea into her head," the superintendent continued; "but when this grade of woman once absorbs an idea she holds it. She is too stupid to vary. She seems to have no other thought to distract her. She is as sure as a machine. For much of our work this woman is the kind we want. Her mind is all on the table." '

A few years ago the miner in the coal-fields was a skilled worker in the true sense. He handled dynamite, calculated his own timbering, under-cut the coal, and worked on piece-work tonnage. The mining machine did away with the skilled pick-work, and a machine drilled the holes which broke down the cut-under coal. The holes were fired by a specialized workman. This new work of tending the machines under a foreman is done largely by unskilled agricultural laborers from the Balkan States, who have never seen a coal mine. The skilled American coal-miner is rapidly deserting the Pennsylvania soft-coal region.

The irregularity of the miner's working days, hourly and yearly, must always be taken into account. In 1898, in anthracite coal, the men worked 152 days, the lowest record since 1890; in 1917, 285 days, the highest record. The average number of days worked during a year from 1890 to 1917 is 204. In bituminous coal the average has been 214. There is considerable variation in the hours of work among coal-miners. The average day for anthracite in 1919 is 7.4 hours; the average wage 61 cents per hour. The largest number of men are found to be working eight to nine hours, at wages of from 50 to 60 cents. Over ten per cent of the 1892 men studied work over ten hours, and one third over 12 hours. At the other extreme, 20 per cent work under six hours, and one half under four hours. In bituminous coal, the average day is 5.5 hours, the average wage 72 cents per hour; 10,790, by far the largest group, fall under the heading '60, and under 70, cents.'

Even in the industry alleged to demand more skill among its workmen than any other, the manufacture of automobiles, the machine is beginning to render technical knowledge and experience unnecessary. The great Ford plant at Detroit employed 40,000 men, manufactured 2618 machines a day, or 785,432 a year, and in 1917 produced $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 worth of cars, as compared with $89,000,000 worth in 1913 and $206,867,343 in 1916.

The basic fact in a consideration of this factory is that it produces one car which holds almost without change to one model. This standardization of type has allowed all the economies of large-scale production. All operations are simplified to the last possible division. An agricultural laborer from Austria-Hungary can be made a one-piece moulder in three days, and in two days could be a finished core-maker. A maximum period of two days is allowed for learners in most branches of the work. If the operation is not learned within that time, the worker is moved on to another type of occupation.

Labor need not even be able-bodied. The overhead crane has done away with lifting and trucking. By planning and crowding machines on the floor, the four-cylinder casting, which formerly traveled over 4000 feet in the finishing, now (1914) travels but 334 feet.

Steadily the labor of this plant becomes unskilled, the change keeping pace with the unceasing mechanization of the productive work. So minute has the subdivision of labor become, that men must be moved from one job to another in order to make it humanly possibly to keep working over a long period within the plant.

In 1890, in a certain community in Pennsylvania, a glass-factory was built, and skilled glass-workers from Belgium, Germany, and France imported. Very few unskilled workers could be used. Late in the nineties glass-making machinery was perfected and was introduced into this factory. The machines simplified the principal operations so much that cheap unskilled labor was immediately put at work. The Glass-Workers' Union recognized the danger in this development, and in 1898 struck against the machine. The union was beaten, and by 1904 every plant in the community had fully installed the machines. Italians, Poles, Slovaks, and Russians rapidly filled the industry, and now (1914) all plants are running as 'open shops.' Of the 9000 inhabitants of this community, 4800 were recent immigrants from Southeastern Europe. This same story finds endless repetition in the intensive studies of the Federal Immigration Commission.

An uncolored statement from the United States Tariff Commission Report (1918) illuminates a striking phase of American large-scale production:—

'Without touch or aid of human hand, an automatic machine produces complete one-dram bottles at the rate of 165 per minute. In the manufacture of beer bottles one machine displaces 54 skilled hand-workmen. The labor cost is "practically nothing." . . . In the making of bottles by the hand method, the labor cost in 1916 was 57 per cent of the total factory cost in twenty-six factories. The greater part of this is due to the high wages paid the skilled blowers. By the automatic method the wage of the skilled operative is a cost that is entirely eliminated.'

A machine-blower in the most efficient American factories can blow five cylinders of window-glass simultaneously, each nearly 39 feet long and 32 inches in diameter, in less time than it takes a Belgian hand-blower to blow one cylinder 5 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. The wages of this skilled operative are $40 per week. In the de-

moralization of industry due to competition between hand-made and machine-made glass in 1912–1913, wages sank two thirds. Hand-workers went down to $15 a week; even so, machine-made glass was cheaper. Wages at that time were lower in the United States than in Belgium. Now there are but 1800 hand window-glass blowers — among the most highly skilled of all workmen — in the United States, and their annual income does not average $100 per month.

An improvement in the hours of work is noticeable. In 1914, 1738 glass-workers in Pennsylvania were employed 72 hours a week. The 1919 statistics show that 7.7 hours is the average day with about one fifth of the workers employed ten hours and over. The average wage to-day is 50 cents per hour, with almost half the workers earning under 40 cents.

The International Harvester Company has carried factory organization to almost perfect simplification. A single illustration will suffice. A small plate called a 'sickle section' is used on all grass-cutting or grain-cutting machines. Thirty operations are required to fashion it. The operatives live through the following sequence.

1. *Unload.* — The sheets of metal are unloaded from the cars. The man is paid so much per pound.

2. *Truck.* — A man conveys these sheets to the machine.

3, 4. *Cut.* — A man feeds the sheets into a machine, which cuts them out in their present form, 20,000 a day. It requires one motion of the arm for each piece. A boy, about sixteen years old, picks up these plates, arranges them in rows in boxes ready for the next operation — 30,000 per day.

5. *Punch* is the next operation. These two holes are punched by a machine which works automatically. One boy feeds and tends two or three machines.

6. *Pick up.*

7. *Countersink.* — The two holes are slightly enlarged on one side to receive the head of the rivet — 7000 per day.

8. *Pick up.*

9. *Truck.* — The plates are transferred to another machine.

10. *Bevel.* — The edge is ground to a bevel by clamping it in a frame and shoving the frame against a whirling grindstone. One of these plates is dropped into the slot in a frame; this frame is shoved against the stone, and then drawn back; another plate is dropped into the slot, shoved, drawn back, and so on, 5000 times each day.

11. *Pick up.*

12. *Truck.*

13. *Serrate.* — A row of young men stand at feeding-machines, which run at great speed and with deafening noise. These machines cut the teeth on the bevel edge of the plate — 7000 per day.

14. *Truck.*

15. *Harden.* — This is done by heating.

16. *Truck.*

17. *Inspect.* — A man picks out and discards the defective plates.

18. *Draw temper.*

19. *Truck.*

20. *Pick up.*

21. *Face.* — The surface of the plate is polished on an emery wheel. The man does 4000 a day.

22. *Pick up.*

23. *Back Bevel.* — The edge is slightly ground.

24. *Pick up.*

25. *Truck.*

26. *Burr.* — The fuzz is taken off the edge — 4000 per day.

27. *Polish.*

28. *Inspect.*

29. *Stamp.* — The name of the manufacturer is stamped on the face of the plate.

30. *Oil.* — The plates are dipped in oil to prevent rusting.[1]

This subdivision of processes demands not only a minimum of technical knowledge, but also a passive, stolid labor-class temperament. Against the the dead, stupefying monotony of this work a virile laborer would rise.

[1] Quoted from PRICE, *The Labor of the People.*

The cigar industry began dispensing with skilled labor when machinery invaded the province of the hand cigar-maker. Formerly certain stogie factories which were investigated paid the girls making cigars on the mechanical 'roll-tables' 11 cents per hundred if over 6000 were rolled in a week, and 9 cents if under this number were rolled. To earn the $6.60 in the week, an almost impossible speed was demanded. In 1914 the greatest number of male employees was found in the group earning 30 to 40 cents an hour and working a seven-hour to eight-hour day. The women employed worked 7.6 hours a day at the average wage of 32 cents per hour. Over half of the women in the industry worked eight hours and over, and slightly under one third earned under 25 cents an hour.

The manufacture of silk cloth has become one of the greatest American industries. In 1909 the United States imported two fifths of the world's production of raw silk; in 1918, 34,448,000 pounds of raw silk were imported, valued at $180,906,000. American ingenuity has brought silk-throwing and weaving machinery to its greatest perfection, and has outstripped the other industrial nations in making the industry adapt itself completely to the factory system. In 1904 concerns producing over a million dollars in silk controlled 29.8 per cent of the American production, in 1909, 34.8 per cent, in 1914, 46.6 per cent. In 1909 there were 99,037 silk-workers in the United States, the great majority being employed in the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1914 the number had increased to 108,180. Of these 61.5 per cent were women and children, and in Pennsylvania women and children constitute 70.4 per cent of the industry's working force. One mill worked 76 children under 14 years of age. Seven of thirty-six mills studied had regular night-work. It is to be noted that the 1914 census shows a decided decrease in hours of labor over 1909. Pennsylvania, with its higher percentage of women and children, is rapidly acquiring a dominant position in the American silk industry, and New Jersey's participation is relatively growing steadily less. This is explained by the fact that the technique has simplified the manual labor of silk-making until the wives and children of immigrants can do the work. This labor is cheap and plentiful in the coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania. A silk manufacturer has said, —

'An ideal location of a silk-manufacturing plant would be one in which labor was abundant, intelligent, skilled and cheap; where there were no labor unions or strikes; where the laws of the state made no restriction as to hours of labor or age of workers; where people were accustomed to mill life.'

The 'throwing' or spinning of silk has been much simplified, and almost 20 per cent of all spinners in Pennsylvania are children. Of the eight operations in silk-thread making, four are unskilled work, four are semi-skilled. The average wage in 1910 in this department was 84 cents per day for adults, and 43 cents for children. Up to 1910, in the coal-mining camps young girls often worked a sixty-hour week in these mills for from $1.50 to $2. In 1919, the average length of the working day in silk is 7.9 hours, and the daily wage 39.5 cents.

In weaving, the German loom has been superseded by the 'high-speed loom.' The mechanism of this loom is simpler, and women and girls can operate it quite as satisfactorily as men, and at lower wages.

In the United States machine technique has displaced the skilled worker with the unskilled, and now is well on

the way to displace the unskilled male with the immigrant woman and child.

England gave the cotton industry its great inventions, and the United States simplified their control. The race of trained English operatives, with their inherited cotton-mill traditions, had no parallel in America. The labor force here was, first, the Canadian farmer, then the Slav immigrant, and in the South the illiterate poor whites of the Cumberland Mountains. This labor demanded an industrial technique in keeping with its skill. What is the technique?

The cotton bale is broken by a mechanical breaker, then picked up by an automatic distributor, and taken to the picker. The carding machine introduced the immigrant to this department, and the 'comber' cut in two the labor-cost of combing. But it was in the important department of spinning that the most vital technical changes took place. There the conflict was between the ring-frame and the historical mule-spinning frame. The mule weaves a finer yarn, but it demands the attention of a skilled adult spinner. The ring-frame is simple, less liable to get out of order, and breaks the yarn less; hence women, children, and immigrants are the type of labor found in a ring-frame mill.

England has a stable, non-migrating, skilled textile population. America has a migrating textile labor force, unskilled and alien. In England the industry is completely unionized and the speed of the machinery is moderated. In 1910, in the United States, only 8000 of the 378,000 textile workers were in the union, and the speed of rotation of the ring-spindle had increased two and a half times since 1860. The number of ring-spindles in the United States increased threefold from 1889 to 1914, while the number of mule-frame spindles steadily, if slowly, diminished. In the typical woman- and child-employing state of South Carolina, only 3660 spindles out of 4,548,338 are mules.

In the weaving department, the warp-tying and drawing-in machines have displaced labor. But the most important simplification of a process is achieved by the Northrup Automatic loom. This weaving machine has reduced labor one half. Adjusted as it is to the prevailing industrial conditions in this country, the Northrup loom is rapidly supplanting the earlier patents. Both in spinning and weaving America has developed machines which permit the utilization of the most available supply of labor, — the unskilled immigrant, — and this has been an important factor in promoting the success of cotton manufacturing here.

Of the 398,404 wage-earners in cotton, 53.4 per cent are men, 38.2 per cent women, and more than 8 per cent children. In the spinning and weaving department, where the mechanical technique is developed and standardized, — and, unhappily, it must be added, work is more intense and attention more sustained, — there are found the women and children. The men control roughly one half of the weaving, but are largely found in the minor technical departments, in repairing, and doing the work of mill laborers.

The fact that women and children dominate the great technical departments of the industry, and that the newly arrived alien dominates the male labor, indicates that the employer has achieved that prime prerequisite of an unhindered technical development — a passive, subservient labor force. It would be difficult to find an example of production anywhere in the world where the industrial technique dominates more the social and intellectual life of the industry.

The influence of technique in characterizing the foregoing industries is in no

way so absolute as the effect of improved machinery upon the labor force in the steel industry. In the United States the industry of smelting ore and making merchant steel employs over 300,000 men, and is capitalized at one and one half billions. All the various processes in the manufacture of steel are mechanically handled and rigidly continuous beyond the most optimistic dreams of early systematizers. In addition to the introduction of automatic machinery, the human labor has been subdivided and simplified until in 1910 the percentage of men in the industry skilled in the traditional sense had sunk from 60 to 24. Some plants show an even greater change. The roll-tables, which now carry and distribute the white-hot ingots, are controlled by a semi-skilled man with levers, who sits high up in a small cage, the 'pulpit,' in the side of the building. The big crews of skilled catchers and roughers, who formerly handled by hand the steel in the rolls, have disappeared. Thousands of dollars and exhaustive experiments are used to do away with the labor of a single man. Machinery has been greatly increased in size; more power is used. The electric overhead crane has, literally, replaced hundreds of men; scrap steel is now picked up by the ton by a single semi-skilled man in control of an electric magnet; steel rails are cut, sorted, and shoved out on the cooler, by a remote man in a chair with a lever in his hand. The ore which two days ago lay in its geological bed in the Upper Superior region, may to-day be sorted, measured, and stamped steel rails, sold and about to leave the mill on a flat car for some far western railway division.

It is difficult to realize how completely the adaptation of machinery, stimulated by the 'continuous process' of steel-production, has changed the very nature of the industry. If the best economies are to be realized, the pig iron must be converted into steel while yet liquid, and this steel rolled at once into merchantable shapes without cooling. As the blast furnaces increased the tonnage of the 'cast,' great machines had to be contrived to handle the growing units and handle them rapidly. The relative weight of the product, the necessary speed in its handling, the great heat of the pig iron and steel, the standardization of the product, the quickly recognized economies of large-scale production, all stimulated the introduction of the automatic machine. In the smelting of ore between 1899 and 1909, the number of workers in the industry actually decreased 2.1 per cent, the horse-power used increased 136 per cent, value of materials, 144 per cent, and capital invested in the plant, 241 per cent. This is the statistical indication of the decline in importance of human labor and the increasing part played by capital.[1]

When pig iron was cast into sand, it required 500 men to handle the 2500-ton output of five furnaces. With the pig-casting machine now in use and the direct conversion of the molten pig iron, 130 men are a complete casting crew for that tonnage. The 'mud-gun' and pneumatic drill have displaced many skilled men. One of the very recent labor-saving machines to be installed is that for handling molten iron, by which four men now do the work formerly accomplished by fourteen.

[1] The part played by machinery is graphically shown in the following: —

1890. 507 employees working 273 days produced 250,594 tons or 1.8 tons per man per day.
1902. 1,245 employees working 355 days produced 1,080,799 tons or 2.4 tons per man per day.
1910. 918 employees working 275 days produced 1,455,706 tons or 5.8 tons per man per day.

The most important devices were the electrically operated furnace-charging skips, or 'larries,' and the automatic charge-mixers.

In ore-handling, the labor-saving was even more marked. In 1901, 680 men unloaded at the docks of one large plant 13 tons of ore per man per working day. In 1910, 109 men unloaded 164 tons per man per day — a twelvefold increase. The remarkable efficiency of the 'ore bridge' with its grab-buckets accounts for this productivity.

In steel-converting, the Bessemer process was revolutionized by the building of larger converters, the direct use of the molten pig iron, the pouring into moulds set on cars, and the extended use of the overhead electric crane. From 1890 to 1905 the output of steel per man grew from 2.7 to 9.7 tons. The open-hearth converter brought about an even more remarkable development of mechanical appliances. Charging machines handling tons replaced the exhaustive and dangerous hand-charging. The pig iron was brought direct from the mixers, molten in ladles. The steel was cast into ingot moulds set on cars. Water-cooled doors lessened the heat as well as danger. Longer overhead cranes, larger cars and locomotives, and — of most importance — great specialized steel buildings, give the open-hearth process perhaps the most remarkable mechanical evolution in the industry.

In the steel industry proper, despite its going over for the first time into the manufacture of merchant shapes which demand much hand-labor, the labor force increased but 31 per cent in the ten years 1899 to 1909, while horse-power used increased 91 per cent, materials 68 per cent, and capital invested 135.5 per cent. From 1909 to 1914 labor increased 5 per cent; horse-power 28.8 per cent; material decreased 10. 1 per cent; capital increased 25.2 per cent.

This has resulted, in the last few years, in a tendency to develop a new type of worker, the semi-skilled, at the expense of both the skilled men above him and the unskilled below. These semi-skilled are recruited from the unskilled workers, who, after a period of work, have picked up some single dexterity, such as handling a crane or a lever, but who lack, as a rule, any mechanical knowledge. A steel superintendent put it tersely: 'That Pole skidding rails up the incline with his lever-control could be replaced in five minutes by any one of those three laborers there. They have each been watching like hawks for months every move he has made. We can get a thousand of these semi-skilled to-morrow by calling on the gang bosses. They can't go very wrong with the machine, no matter how confused they get; and in the end, while they know only one small operation, they have that cold.'

The machine displaces the unskilled, and the semi-skilled displaces the skilled at the machine. This new evolution dates roughly from the recent increase in the use of electric power in the plants.

Certain conditions have been found which profoundly influence the length of the working day. The great increase in capital tied up in steel plants, and the continuous nature of the process of steel-making forced by the technique on the industry; the desire of the plant-owners to flood a good steel market though it means an hysteria of over-production and over-time — these economic considerations have brought the seven-day week, and, even more socially important, the twelve-hour day. To quote from the *Labor Monthly Review* for October, 1919: 'The tendency toward shorter working days which has been seen in most industries during this period [1913–1919], and which seems to be reflected in the hours of iron and steel employees during the early years, has been more than overcome by the pressure of war-production during the later years.'[1]

[1] According to a government report of 1919 (*Labor Monthly Review* for September), the

Technique has produced a steel-worker type possessed of less skill and required to work longer hours at higher pressure and for lower wages, than his predecessor. The speed of work demanded makes it impossible for those not young and hardy to last. In the sheet mills, which have not experienced a single important change in machinery organization in the last twenty years, the output per man has doubled, and it has been through the laborer's increased intensity of work. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of September 24, 1904, mentions a general order of the Carnegie Steel Company, directing superintendents to hire no man over forty years of age in any department, and in some departments only men under thirty-five. Technique has gone on unrestrained, and has produced in the end a labor-status which demands a force far more subservient and docile than the American worker of tradition, with a standard of wages and living far lower, and, for the continuance of the status, an absence of a capacity to organize.

Has the industry acquired such a force? Did this force appear because of the demand for it, or did its accidental presence stimulate industrial technique to create the present organization of production in the steel industry?

Industrial evolution was fated to produce the technique of the automatic machine. The all-important necessity of exact standardization in the production of duplicate parts meant that the one irresponsible, variable influence — man's labor — must be minimized, even eradicated. At once a vast equipment of nineteenth-century skill and trade-knowledge lost value. Unskilled labor, capable only of sustained attention, became the typical labor. Not only did the huge markets of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and Pittsburg furnish a ready supply to the capitalist, but the human elements in this labor market found that they could easily sell their unskilled labor in any market which had a labor demand, and the stimulus to a restless migratory spirit was given. The number of hirings in the year necessary to keep the factory force up to normal has steadily increased. As the simplification of processes develops, one immigrant race is rapidly displaced by another of lower industrial knowledge and willing to work for lower wages. As the intensity and monotony of the work increased, a race more pliable and subservient, less liable to organize, was naturally sought by the employer. The United States Steel Corporation advertised during the tin-mill strike in 1909: 'Wanted: Tinners, Catchers, and Helpers, to work in open shops. Syrians, Poles, and Roumanians preferred.'

The new technique came because the machine industry born in the English industrial revolution was predestined to produce it. One of the most remarkable coincidences in economic history is the migration to America from Europe of a great nation of unskilled workers during the very period when the simplification and mechanization of American industry took place. Whether this unskilled labor-supply came because America's simplified industry offered it employment, or the industry simplified itself to use the cheap adult labor arriving at the rate of almost a million a year, is a question to which a correct answer is not essential. The labor and technique came together.

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average day at present in the steel industry is 7.8 hours, the average hourly wage, 74.8 cents. There are 5497 of the 31,588 men studied who work over 12 hours, and 5968 who work under four hours; 37 per cent earn under 50 cents an hour; 60 per cent earn under 60 cents. According to the statistics of the Bureau of Applied Economics at Washington, the average weekly wage in 1915 was $11.76. In 1919 it was $26.94.— C. S. P.

THE HUMAN FACTOR

A WORKINGMAN'S ESTIMATE

[In considering the bitter struggle now in progress between capital and labor, discussion usually turns on economic principles, while little attention is paid to the intractable human factor very often dominant. Thinking of this, the editor wrote to a friendly correspondent, who, after receiving a classical education, was obliged for his health's sake to give up his position a dozen years ago, and seek his livelihood in the open air as a carpenter and mason. At both these trades he has acquired technical skill. This man knows men. We think his answer to our letter worth printing in full. — The Editors.]

Sunday, November 2, 1919.

Dear Atlantic, —

Thank you for your kind note. I am writing you because I cannot otherwise get your letter out of my mind.

From my own observation at close range, I believe that society is being made to stand and deliver. The profiteer set the example, the workingman followed with alacrity, and everyone who can is now trying to 'get his,' and the economic Dance of Death is in full swing. Hence wages and prices are no criterion of the value of work done or of a commodity sold. I erected a small building for a man some time ago and charged him ten per cent less than the regular wage, for I knew he was under heavy expense at the time, and I thought it was only decent so to do. Again, I taught a friend trigonometry last winter for nothing. He wanted to pay me, but I was more than paid by the pleasure of it. I was getting good pay too from the government at the time, and was in no actual need of the money; and in spite of the saying of an economist, that 'a man who would give his labor for nothing is a social monster,' I know there are many workmen who feel as I do and act as I do when they get a chance. Furthermore, if society chooses to pay me more for driving nails into a board than it pays the man or woman who drives ideas and ideals into the heads of its children, society, it would seem to me, will some day have to go to school to a dictator. When the functions of society are disturbed, the laws that are exponential of those functions are disturbed, too. The law of 'supply and demand' has its limitations, and so has the present, popular law of 'supply and be damned.'

Let me get down to particulars. One Sunday morning in the tropics, I was resting from my work, looking out over the marble surface of the cloud-reflecting ocean, — for it was flat calm, — when a group of waiters started to grind a big ice-cream freezer; and as the work was heavy, they cajoled a stoker, with the promise of a quarter and some ice-cream, to turn it for them. The coal-smeared half-naked wretch, who was glad to get up where he could breathe any cooler air, ground away joyfully, and the sweat ran off him like oily ink, so foul with coal-dust he was. At last the freezer stiffened and the job was done, and he was recompensed by being kicked bodily down the companion-way and told to go to hell where

he belonged. I hunted him up later and found him at his dinner, a kind of hash, which was dumped on a dirty coal-besmirched board. Those who did not own knife, fork, or spoon ate this with their hands. I gave him the quarter, and the only response was a stare and the question, 'How the hell did *you* ever ship on this bloody wagon?'

From that moment I understood the profound meaning of the motto of a once great steamship line: 'To sail the seas is necessary, to live is not necessary.'[1]

Coming into New York harbor on another voyage, I found myself gazing at a man who had been helping wash down the decks. Bare-footed, bare-headed, a splendid specimen of physical power, he stood glaring at one of the passengers, who was quietly reading a magazine as he leaned against the rail. The lips of my fellow toiler of the sea writhed and his eyes dilated. Suddenly walking straight up to the passenger, he snatched the magazine and broke out, 'I can read as well as you.' And he began running his finger up and down the page, and blurting out incoherent attempts at something which, whatever it was, did not come from those, to him, undecipherable pages. The passenger smiled contemptuously, gave him a tip, if you can call it that, and turned on his heel. I have never seen a wilder look of chagrin and despair than came over that man's face as he crumpled the magazine and slunk down the companion-way that led to the 'glory hole.'

Though I tried to find him, I never saw him again, and yet in a sense I have never lost sight either of him or his fellow sufferer, the stoker, for I see these two types again and again in strange places and strange disguises. For instance, last winter, as I was returning one evening from my work in the foundry at League Island Navy Yard, a man in the crowded trolley-car suddenly tore open his very handsome silk shirt and began pulling out a portion of his undershirt, also of silk. Then he stretched the heavy ribbed material with both hands, and told us he had paid eighteen dollars for his undershirt, and as long as he lived, would never wear anything cheaper. The crowd — working-men and working-women — cheered. Then another man told us very abruptly that his wife was a lady and that he had bought her a dress for $140, and that before she went without such a dress he would — here he lunged at a woman and intimated in a very vivid pantomime that he would tear the dress off some more bountifully provided woman to supply any deficiency in his wife's wardrobe. This also was highly pleasing to the crowd.

Now it would be easy to describe all this in a comic vein; but when you realize the pitiable perversion of the very human idea of providing for one's wife, it seems anything but comic. And so I thought, as I gazed on the flushed faces riant with their new wealth: 'Here at last my old friends from the stoke-hole and the forecastle have forced their way on deck, and what will become of the ship once their hands hold the helm? And not the ship only, but the officers and the passengers, and those who have consigned their wares to her hold?'

It is becoming daily, hourly, more difficult to guide such people. I could multiply similar types indefinitely; but here is another type less tractable to bit or bridle, perhaps. This man is a Neapolitan. He was standing on a ladder, cleaning a window. Quite forgetful of his task, — although he was very industrious, — he was singing in a wonderfully sweet tenor voice the well-known 'La donna e mobile,' from *Rigoletto*. Along comes an electrician, kicks

[1] 'Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse est.' — THE EDITORS.

the ladder from under him, calls him a fool of a —— —— 'Wop,' and tells him to 'cut it out, and sing something up to date.' Several of us intervened and averted a fight, but the Neapolitan would not be pacified till he had given his assailant a piece of his mind. He spoke very good English, much better than his tormentor's, who had showered him with an unusual amount of abuse.

'You call me a fool,' he began; 'I know two languages and speak and read two, and you know only one. I know the ways of two countries and you know the ways of only one. I came across the ocean. You have never left Philadelphia. You tell me I never go to church, or to the lodge, or to vote. Well, I have been to many churches, but only once to any one. I go to the Socialist meeting, but only once. I go to the political meeting, but only once. It is always the same — always, at all the churches and all the meetings. The priest and the minister say, "Give us your money." The politician says, "Give us your vote." So does the Socialist. So does the anarchist. They give you heaven in the next world, hell here, nothing else. When the king or any big man has a dinner, I and my brothers are not there. They forget me and my brothers. We are fighting for them, working for them, dying for them, but they have forgotten us. All these people take from me, they don't give to me. You don't see it. I see it. You are the fool, not me. At my house we pass around a cup at supper. I put in ten cents every day. That is the collection in my church. That is for the baby. We go into the country. The children roll on the grass and so do we. We vote for a good time. That is my political meeting. In the evening my little girl and my wife and myself all sing, sometimes together, sometimes to each other. That is my church. My church is my home. There are no electricians there and we are all happy.'

By accident I found out how to manage a man like this. One lunch-hour I wrote out a few lines of Dante that I happened to remember: 'Per me si va nella città dolente,' down to 'voi che entrate,'[1] and showed them to him. He read them over very gravely, very slowly. Then his face lighted up. 'That is fine, fine. You write that, Charley? You are my friend!' And he shook hands with me eagerly.

I explained at last that he was doing me too much honor, that they were written by a countryman of his own.

'You are my friend just the same,' he insisted, 'my very good friend. *I would do a lot for you.*'

Well, the sad part of all this is that nearly all these men have lost faith in the integrity of the 'upper classes.' 'Give me where I may stand, and I will move the earth.' But where is this standing-room to be found to-day? The rising tides of violence and lawlessness are lapping it incessantly. If the average man believes our courts are crooked, he will resort to any means to obtain his own ends rather than trust to that in which he has no faith. There can be no permanent progress till that faith is restored and fortified; and if it is not restored, another jurist may have to pronounce the mournful verdict: 'Why go into details about politics? The whole country is going to rack and ruin.'[2]

Is there not something radically wrong in our educational ideals? We teach men and women trades, we teach them professions; these are all most essential, but they put men into competition with one another, into sharp contrast with one another; for, let de-

[1] The inscription above the door of Hell: 'Through me you go into the sorrowful city. . . . Ye who enter.'

[2] 'De re publica quid ego tibi subtiliter? tota periit.' — CICERO, *Letters to Atticus*, II, 21, 1.

mocracy disguise it as it will, there is a different dignity to different professions and trades, and one calling (no less than one star) differeth from another calling in glory. These are in a sense centrifugal social forces, and we need opposing 'humanities,' which, though they lead to no specific calling perhaps, nevertheless supplied the forces that united all men in love of justice and truth, in respect for law, in the practice of toleration and mercy and charity, which softened the edge of power, gave a grace to weakness, and allotted a place and a portion to poverty and limited capacity. Once more society, upheaved by war, seems to be undergoing a new differentiation, and the real question of the day is: Suppose we do not like our new social differential coefficient when we get it, what are we going to do about it? How are we going to reverse the process? How are we going to perform the integration? For 'integrating is a process of *finding our way back*, as compared with differentiating.'

I do not believe it is possible to anticipate a solution, but I have faith — and that after I have worked a number of years in the camp of capitalist and laborer, respectively — that the conditions for a successful solution are very simple, although history teaches that progress generally comes by a rougher road. There is, first of all, a very pressing need for more honesty, charity, and reverence in the world to-day than ever before. Old values, now discarded, will have to be resumed. Sentiment must take the place of sentimentality. There can be no social life worth the name without mutual trust, and no mutual trust without mutual honesty. There can be no abiding charity, if life is only a game of putting it over on the other man and getting by. If every shopkeeper, every landlord, every corporation, every union, is to emulate Jack Sheppard indefinitely, there will be a very definite end in due season.

In reality, all labor, whether of head or hand, is simply a service, and it is a dishonest service if you exact more than you give, whether in service returned or money paid; for 'money is only a documentary claim on the labor of others.' After our essential wants are provided for, there is no greater satisfaction in life than reverence, and there is no human faculty that has a wider field in the world around us, in the heaven above us, and in the hearts and arts of our fellow men and women. Teach all men to serve rightly real art, real literature, real science, real labor, and share all these with them, and you need not fear they will tear your tapestries, loot your libraries, or fling sand into the wheels of your machinery, industrial or social, much less, crush human life. Society must stop sending her children to the anarchist for instruction; she must teach them herself. Men have been taught to hate, to kill, to destroy. It is time they were taught to love, to cherish, to construct. Destruction is a closed curve, and only leads back to the ruin it has wrought. Construction is an infinite spiral that attains heaven at last and vanishes among the stars.

Many men (and women), who are trustees of the higher values in life, are already acting in this faith. They may be bankers, they may be judges, they may be editors, they may be scholars, they may be mechanics — their faith has not been formulated, its articles have not been codified; and so it is ever pliable and advances with the times; but it binds together in moral harmony the two opposite poles of human life, the individual and the state. Each of these exists for and presupposes the other. They are like the reverse and obverse of the same coin, and when both are sound, the coin rings true

and will be acceptable at par in heaven.

Some years ago I was building a retaining form for an Italian mason to fill with concrete. He was over eighty years old, but his soul was still young. One noon hour he told me of his life in Sicily and its sulphur mines, and the shuddering memory he still had of it, and I would like to close my letter with the old man's final words. 'The sun seems to rise and to set,' he said, 'but it really does not. Some day it will really rise for everybody, and when it does it will never set again.'

Yours sincerely,

CAROL WIGHT.

ON A BALCONY

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I.

THERE are some men whom a staggering emotional shock, so far from making them mental invalids for life, seems, on the other hand, to awaken, to galvanize, to arouse into an almost incredible activity of soul. They are somewhat in the same case as the elderly expressman who emerged from a subway smash untouched, save that he began to write free verse. Those who do not read free verse may consider the comparison too flippant. But the point must be insisted on, that there is far too much talk of love and grief benumbing the faculties, turning the hair gray, and destroying a man's interest in his work. Grief has made many a man look younger.

Or, one may compare the emotions with wine. The faculties of some men become quiescent with wine. Others are like Sheridan writing *The School for Scandal* right on through the night, with a decanter of port at his elbow getting emptier as the pages (and Sheridan) got full; or like Mozart, drinking wine to stimulate his brain to work, and employing his wife to keep him awake at the same time.

There was a singular disparity between the above trivial reflections and the scene upon which they were staged. I was seated on the balcony outside my room on the third floor of the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace at Smyrna. I was to leave that afternoon for Constantinople, having been relieved, and I had been watching with some attention the arrival of the destroyer upon whose deck, as a passenger, I was to travel.

I was distracted from this pastime by the growing excitement in the street below. Greek troops, headed by extremely warlike bands, were marching along the quay, gradually extending themselves into a thin yellowish-green line with sparkling bayonets, and congesting the populace into the fronts of the cafés. A fantastic notion assailed me that my departure was to be carried out with military honors. There is an obscure memorandum extant in some dusty office-file, in which I am referred to as 'embarrassing His Majesty's Government' — the nearest I have ever got to what is known as public life. The intoxication engendered proved conclusively that public life was not my *métier*.

But I was not to be deceived for long on this occasion. Motor-cars drove up, bearing little flags on sticks. A Greek general, a French admiral, an Italian captain, and a British lieutenant of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve jumped out of their respective chariots and, after saluting with the utmost decorum, shook hands with the utmost (official) cordiality. Looked at from above, the scene was singularly like the disturbance caused by stirring up a lot of ants with a stick.

By this time it was perfectly obvious that something more than the departure of a mere lieutenant of reserve was in the air. I knew that Royal Naval Volunteer Lieutenant, and the hope, the incipient prospect, of another taste of public life died within me. After all, I reflected (and this is how I led up to the other reflections already recorded), after all, one must choose between Obscurity with Efficiency, and Fame with its inevitable collateral of Bluff. There is a period, well on toward middle life, when a man can say such things to himself and feel comforted.

I knew that Royal Naval Volunteer Lieutenant, and I began to recall some remarks he had made the previous evening at dinner. He had said something about some big man coming. This was at the British Naval Residency, which was to be found, by the intrepid, in the Austrian Consulate. The British Naval Residency filled the Austrian Consulate very much as a penny fills the pocket of a fur overcoat. You could spend a pleasant morning wandering through the immense chambers of the Austrian Consulate and come away without having discovered anyone save a fat Greek baby whose mother washed in some secret subterranean chamber.

I was supposed to be messing at the British Naval Residency. I had even been offered by my country's naval representative (this same Royal Naval Volunteer Lieutenant) the use of any room I liked, to sleep in, if I had a bed, and bed-clothes to put on it. He even offered me the throne-room — a gigantic affair about the size of the Pennsylvania Terminal and containing three hassocks, and a catafalque like a half-finished sky-scraper. At night, when we dined, an intrepid explorer who, we may suppose, had reached the great doors after perils which had turned him gray, would see, afar off across the acres of dried and splitting parquetry flooring, a table with one tiny electric light, round which several humans were feasting. If his travels had not bereft him of his senses, he might have gathered that these extraordinary beings were continually roaring with laughter at their own wit. Out of the gloom at intervals would materialize a sinister oriental figure bearing bottles whose contents he poured out in libations before his humorous masters.

This frightful scene (near on midnight) was the British Naval Residency at dinner. And I ought to have paid attention, — only I was distracted by an imaginary bowstring murder going on in the throne-room beyond the vast folding doors, — and then I would have heard the details of the function taking place below my hotel windows. But it is impossible to pay attention to the details of a ceremonial while a beautiful Circassian, on her knees between two husky Ottoman slaves who are hauling at the cord which has been passed in a clove-hitch about her neck, is casting a last glance of despair upon the ragged and cobwebbed scarlet silk portière. It may be objected that, as the tragedy was an imaginary one, I was not compelled to dwell upon it. The reader and I will not quarrel over the point. I will even make him a present of the fact that there are no beautiful Circassians in that part of the world. They have all been kidnaped and carried

away to the seraglios of our popular novelists, who marry them, in the last chapter, to dashing young college men of the 'clean-cut' breed. But the British Naval Resident's cook is an artist, and the British Naval Resident's kümmel, while it closes the front doors of the mind to the trivial tattle of conversation, draws up the dark curtain that hangs at the back and reveals a vast and shadowy stage, whereon are enacted the preposterous performances of the souls of men.

II

But however hazy I might be myself about this event, all Smyrna seemed cognizant. As I sat on my balcony, I was joined by the children of the family in the next room. Who the family in the next room may be I am somewhat at a loss to explain. At first I imagined they were a family of Russian refugees named Buttinsky; but Katia, the eldest, who is ten and speaks French, says her father is a major of artillery and is named Priam Callipoliton. From occasional glances through the open door while passing, one imagines that a married major in the army of the Hellenes has a fierce time when he is at home. There are three beds in the room, besides a gas-stove and a perambulator. Leaning over my balcony railing one early morning, and poking with a walking-stick at an enigmatic crimson patch on the Callipoliton window-sill, I discovered, to my horror, that it was a raw liver, left out to keep cool.

Priam seems to be fairly hard at it at the front. Madame, a shapeless and indomitable creature, regards me with that look of mysterious yet comfortable *camaraderie* which women with large families seem to reserve for strange bachelors. I like her. She uses my balcony (having none of her own) with a frank disregard of the small change of etiquette which is beyond praise. I come up from the street in the middle of the morning and find Madame and the *femme-de-chambre* leaning comfortably on my balcony-rail, a sisterly pair, each couple of high French heels worn sideways, each broad-hipped skirt gaping at the back, each with a stray hank of hair waving wildly in the strong breeze blowing across the glittering gulf. If I cough, they turn and nod genially. If I explain apologetically that I wish to change, they nod again and shut the big *jalousies* upon me and my astounding modesty.

And if they are not there, the children are. Katia is the possessor of three small sisters and a small brother. They are Evanthe, Theodosia, and Sophia, with Praxiteles sifted in somewhere between them. They were rather amazing at first. 'Êtes-vous marié?' they squeaked in their infantile Hellenist trebles. 'Pas encore' only made them point melodramatic fingers at a photograph, with their ridiculous black pigtails hanging over their shoulders. 'C'est lui, peut-être. Oui? Très jolie!' And the pigtails vibrated with vehement nods.

They use my balcony. Praxiteles has a horrifying habit of sitting astride the rail. Katia takes the most comfortable chair and asks me genially why I do not go and make a promenade. 'Avec votre fiancée,' she adds, with enervating audacity. And I am supposed to have the exclusive use of this room, with balcony, for three pounds (Turkish) *per diem!*

The point, however, is that, if this be the state of affairs on ordinary days, on this particular morning, my balcony, like all the other balconies, is full. Madame and the *femme-de-chambre* are there. Katia, Evanthe, Theodosia, Sophia, and Praxiteles are to be heard of all men. Praxiteles endeavors to drag an expensive pair of field-glasses from their case, and is restrained only by main force. George, the floor-por-

ter, a sagacious but unsatisfactory creature, who plays a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde game with the *femme-de-chambre*, comes in, on the pretence of cleaning the electric-light fittings, and drifts casually to the balcony. George, descended no doubt from the famous George family of Cappadocia, if rung for, goes away to find Marthe, the *femme-de-chambre*. Marthe appears, merely to go away again to find George. It is a relief to see the two of them at once, if only to dispel the dreadful notion that George is Marthe and Marthe a sinister manifestation of George.

It is a gratifying thing to record, too, that all these people are perfectly willing that I should see the show as well. Katia, commanded by Madame, resigns the best chair, sulks a moment on one leg, and then forgets her annoyance in the thunder of the guns booming from the Greek warships in the roadstead. I forge my way through and find a stranger in the corner of my balcony.

For a moment I am in the grip of that elusive yet impenetrable spirit of benevolent antipathy which is the main cause of the Englishman's reputation for icy coldness toward those to whom he has not been introduced. Now you can either break ice or melt it; but the best way is to let the real human being, whom you can see through the cold blue transparencies, thaw himself out, as he will in time. Very few foreigners give us time. They jump on the ice with both feet. They attempt to be breezy and English, and leave us aghast at their inconceivable fatuity. While we are struggling within our deliquescent armor, and on the very point of escaping into the warm sunlight of genial conversation, they freeze us solid again with some frightful banality or racial solecism. The reader will perceive from this that the Englishman is not having such a pleasant time in the world as some people imagine.

However, the stranger on my balcony turns out to be, not a foreigner, but another Englishman, which is an even worse trial to some of us. He is, of course, smoking a cigarette. He wears an old straw hat, an old linen suit, and his boots are slightly burst at the sides. His moustache and scanty hair are iron gray. His eyes are pale blue. While he talks they remain fixed upon Cordelio, which is on the other side of the gulf. No doubt, if he were talking in Cordelio, they would be fixed upon Smyrna. He wears a plain gold wedding-ring. His clothes are stylish, which is not to say they are new. They might have been worn by a wealthy Englishman abroad, say nine or ten years ago. No Greek tailor, for example, would hole all those buttons on the cuffs, nor would he make the coat-collar 'lay' with such glove-like contiguity to the shoulders. Also, the trousers hang as Greek trousers never hang, in spite of their bagginess at the knees.

Keeping a watchful eye upon Cordelio, he bends toward me as I sit in my chair, and apologizes for the intrusion. Somehow the phrase seems homelike. Greeks, for example, never 'intrude': they come in, generally bringing a powerful whiff of garlic with them, and go out again, unregretted. They do not admit an intrusion. Even my friend Kaspar Dring, *Stab-Ober-Leutnant* attached to the defunct Imperial German Consulate, would scarcely appreciate the fine subtlety implied in apologizing for an intrusion. It may be that so gay a personality cannot conceive a psychological condition which his undefeated optimism would fail to illuminate. And so, when the stranger, who is, I imagine, on the verge of forty, murmurs his apology for his intrusion, I postulate for him a past emerging from the muzzy-minded ideals of the English middle class. He adds that, in fact, he had made a mistake in the number of

the room. Quite thought this was number seventy-seven, which was, I might know, the official residence of the Bolivian vice-consul, a great friend of his. Had arranged to see the affair from the Bolivian vice-consul's balcony. However, it did n't matter now, so long as I did n't mind — What? Of course, I knew what was going on. There! There he is, just stepping out of the launch. That's Skaramapopulos shaking hands with him now. English, eh? Just look at him! By Jove! who can beat us, eh? And just look at that upholstered old pork-butcher, with his eighteen medals and crosses, and never saw active service in his life. Too busy making his percentage on — What? No, not him — he's been asleep all his life. Oh, it was a game! However, now *he's* come, we may get something like order into the country. Did I mind if he took a few notes?

I did not mind. I tipped a member of the Callipoliton family off one of the other chairs, and begged my new friend to sit down. I fetched my binoculars and examined the scene below, where a famous British general stood, with his tan-gloved hand at the salute beside his formidable monocle, and was introduced to the Greek general, the French admiral, the Italian captain, and the British lieutenant. 'A cavalryman,' I muttered, as he started off down the line of Greek troops, hand at the salute, the sun gleaming on his brown harness and shining spurs. The Greek band was playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' very much off the key, and it almost seemed as if the tune was too much for the conquering hero himself, for he dived suddenly into a motor-car and moved rapidly away. Whereupon the band took breath and began to form fours, the yellowish-green lines of troops coagulated into oblong clots, the motor cars, with their little flags swarming, whooped and snarled at the crowds from the cafés and side-streets, and the quay began to assume its wonted appearance (from above) of a disorganized ant-heap.

And my balcony began also to thin out. The Callipoliton faction dwindled to Madame, who was established on a chair at the other end, elbow on the rail, contemplating Mount Sipylus like a disillusioned sybil. 'Katia bounced back for a moment to inquire, in a piercing treble, whether my baggage was ready, and if so, should George descend with it to the entrance-hall?

I informed her that, if George was really bursting to do something useful, he could go ahead and do as she said.

She bounced away, and later the baggage was found down below; but I am inclined to believe that George sublet the contract to the Armenian boots and merely took a rake-off. George is built on those lines.

'So you are a reporter,' I remarked to my friend, eyeing the mangy-looking notebook he was returning to his pocket.

'Oh, yes,' he assured me, adding hastily, though I had made no comment, 'I'm getting on very well, too.'

He did n't look it, but I let that pass. You can never tell these millionaires nowadays. I thought I was safe in asking what paper he worked for.

'I've an article in to-day's *Mercure de Smyrne*. You've seen it, I suppose?'

I had n't. I'd never even heard of it. I had read the *Levant*, the *Independant*, the *Matin*, the *Orient*, and so forth; but the *Mercure* was a new one on me. It came out of his pocket like a shot — a single sheet with three columns on each side, three fourths of the back occupied by an insurance company's ad.

'This is mine,' he informed me, laying a finger on a couple of paragraphs signed 'Bijou.'

The article was entitled, 'Les Bas de Soie,' and was in the boulevardese style dear to the Parisian journalist.

'You write French easily?' I said, quite unable to keep down my envy.

He waved his cigarette.

'Just the same as English,' he assured me. 'Italian and Spanish also.'

'Then for the love of Michael Angelo why do you stop here in this part of the world? You might make your thousands a year on a big paper as a special commissioner. Why don't you go home?'

III

Well, he told me why he did n't go home, though not in so many words. If the reader will turn back to the beginning, he will see some reflections upon the behavior of men under emotional shock and stress. It is possible he may have already turned back, wondering what those remarks portended, what it was all about anyway. Well —

It seems that Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson (I quote his card, which he pressed upon me) had been in the Levant some time. He had had a very pleasant probation as articled pupil to an architect in Norwich, — did I know it? — and had made quite a hobby of studying French architecture, in his own time, of course. Used to take his autumn vacation in Northern France, visiting the abbeys and ruins and so forth. Got quite a facility, for an Englishman, in the language. Perhaps it was because of this that, when he had been in a Bloomsbury architect's office for a year or so, and a clerk of works was needed for a Protestant church which some society was erecting in Anatolia, he, Satterley Thwaiteson, got the job. 'Secured the appointment,' were his exact words, but I imagine he meant, really, that he got the job. He came out, on one of the Pappayanni boats — did I know them? — and as far as I could gather, got his church up without any part of it falling down before the consecration service. Which, considering the Levantine contractor's conceptions of probity, was a wonder.

So far Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson's history seemed simple enough. Like many others of his imperial race, he had gone abroad and had added to the prestige of the English name by erecting a Protestant church in a country where Protestants are as plentiful as pineapples in Labrador. But — and here seems to be the joint in the stick — he did n't go home. All the time regarding Cordelio across the gulf with his pale-blue eyes, an expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure comes over his features, and banishes for a few moments the more permanent indication of a man who had lost the art of life. Extraordinary pride and pleasure! He did n't go home. Never did go home. It is obvious that the memory of this emotional treachery to the call of home is something to be treasured as one of the great things in life. No, on the contrary, he got married out here. Yes, a foreigner, too — a Roumanian. And they did n't get married in his wonderful Protestant church either, for she was a Roman Catholic. 'Here's a photo of her as she was then.'

He takes from his pocket an old wallet stuffed with folded letters, and fishes out a small flat oval frame that opens on a hinge. There are two portraits, photos colored like miniatures. One is the Mr. Satterley Thwaiteson of that day fifteen or sixteen years ago, not so different save as to the hair, of which there is not much at present. But the woman is beautiful. In these days of high-tension fiction, when novelists, like the Greek in one of Aristophanes's plays, walk about, each with his string of lovely female slaves, it is tame enough to say a woman is beautiful. And perhaps it would be better to say that this woman in the little colored photo was startling. The bronze hair piled high, the broad fair brow, the square indomi-

table chin, the pallor contrasting with the heavily lashed brown eyes, the exquisite lips, all formed a combination which must have had a rather curious effect upon the studious young man from Norwich *via* Bloomsbury. Filled him with pride for one thing, or he would n't be showing this picture to a stranger.

But what struck me about that girl's picture, even before he fished out a picture postcard photo of his family taken a month or two ago, was something in her face which can be expressed only by the word rapacity. Not, be it noted, a vampire. If the truth were known, there are very few vampires about, outside of high-tension fiction. But I saw rapacity, and it seemed a curious thing to find in a woman who, it transpired, had married him and borne him children, eight in all, and had made him so happy that he had never gone home.

For that was what had aged him and paralyzed him and kept him there until he was a shabby failure — happiness. That was what brought to his face that expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure. As I listened to his tale I wondered, and at the back of my mind, on the big shadowy stage of which I spoke, there seemed to be something going on which he forgot to mention. And when he showed me, with tender pride, the picture-postcard photo of his wife and her eight children, I could not get rid of the notion that there was something rapacious about her. Even now she was handsome, in a stout and domineering kind of way. It was absurd to accuse such a woman of rapacity. Was she not a pearl? Everything a woman should do, she had done. She had been fruitful, she had been a good mother, a virtuous wife, and her husband assumed an expression of extraordinary pride and pleasure when he showed a stranger her portrait. His happiness in her was so rounded and complete that he would never have another thought away from her. He would never go to England again. Was not this marvelous?

As I pondered upon the marvel of it, I heard him telling me how he had found some difficulty in making a living out of the few architectural commissions which happened along, and gradually fell into the habit of giving lessons in English to Greeks and Armenians who were anxious to achieve social distinction. And when the war came, and he was shut up with everybody else in the city, he had to depend entirely upon the language lessons. And then, of course, he 'wrote for the press' as well, as he had shown me. He was very successful, he thought, taking everything into consideration. Why, he would get three pounds Turkish (about four dollars) for that little thing. Always signed himself 'Bijou.' His wife liked it. It was her name for him when they were lovers. And though, of course, the teaching was hard work, for Armenian girls were inconceivably thick-headed, and sometimes it occupied him twelve or fourteen hours a day, yet it paid, and he was happy.

And in the very middle of my irritation at him for harping on what he called happiness, I saw that I was right, after all: that girl had been rapacious. She had devoured his personality, fed on it, destroyed it, and had grown stout and virtuous upon it. His hair was thin and gray, he had a hunted and dilapidated look, and his boots were slightly burst at the sides. And he was happy. He had abandoned his profession, and he toiled like a packhorse for the bare necessities; yet he was happy. He was proud. It was plain he believed his position among men was to be gauged by his having won this peerless woman. He rambled on about local animosities and politics, and it was forced upon me that he would not do for a great news-

paper. He would have to go away and find out how the people of the world thought and felt about things, and I was sure he would never consent to do that. His wife would not like it. And he might not be happy.

It is evening, and the sun, setting behind Cordelio, shines straight through my room and along the great dusty corridor beyond. In the distance can be seen those antiphonal personalities, Marthe and George, in harmony at last, waiting to waylay me for a tip. On the balcony is the mother of all the Callipolitons, elbow on the rail, contemplating Mount Sipylus like some shrewd sybil who has found out the worthlessness of most of the secrets of the gods.

When I have packed an attaché-case, I am ready. The destroyer on which I am to travel to Constantinople is signaling the flagship. In an hour she will depart. I go out once more on the balcony, to contemplate for the last time the familiar scene. The roadstead sparkles in the sun and the distant waters are aflame. The immense heave of the mountain-ranges is purple and ruddy-gold, and in the distance I can see white houses in quiet valleys above the gray-green of the olive grounds. There is one in particular, among great cypresses, and I turn the binoculars upon it for a brief sentimental moment. As I return the glasses to the case, Madame regards me with attention.

'Vous partez ce soir, monsieur?' she murmurs.

And I nod, wondering why one can detect nothing of rapacity in her rather tired face. 'Oui, madame, je partis pour Constantinople ce soir,' I assure her, thinking to engage her in conversation.

So far, in spite of our propinquity and the vociferous curiosity of Katia, we have not spoken together to any extent.

'Et après?'

'Après, madame, je vais à Malte, Marseilles, Paris, et Londres. Peutêtre, à l'Amérique aussi — je ne sais pas.'

'Mon dieu!' She seems quietly shocked at the levity of a man who prances about the world like this. Then comes the inevitable query, 'Vous êtes marié, monsieur?' and the inevitable reply, 'Pas encore.'

She abandons Mount Sipylus for a while and turns on the chair, one high-heeled and rather slatternly shoe tapping on the marble flags. 'Mais dîtes-moi, monsieur; vous avez une amante de cœur, sans doute?'

'Vous croyez ça? Pourquoi?'

She shrugs her shoulders.

'N'importe. C'est vrai. Vous êtes triste.'

'Oui. Mais c'est la guerre.'

She was silent a moment, observing later that I was a philosopher, which was flattering but irrelevant. And then she said something that I carried away with me, as the destroyer fled over the dark waters of the Ægean.

'Oui, c'est la guerre, mais il faut que vous n'oubliez, monsieur, que chaque voyage est un petit mort.'

I left her there, looking out across the hard blue glitter of the gulf, when I went down to go aboard.

ARCHIBALD'S EXAMPLE

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Old Archibald, in his eternal chair,
Where trespassers, whatever their degree,
Were soon frowned out again, was looking off
Across the clover when he said to me,—

'My green hill yonder, where the sun goes down
Without a scratch, was once inhabited
By trees that injured him — an evil trash
That made a cage, and held him while he bled.

'Gone fifty years, I see them as they were
Before they fell. They were a crooked lot
To spoil my sunset, and I saw no time
In fifty years for crooked things to rot.

'Trees, yes; but not a service or a joy
To God or man, for they were thieves of light.
So down they came. Nature and I looked on,
And we were glad when they were out of sight.

'Trees are like men, sometimes; and that being so,
So much for that.' He twinkled in his chair,
And looked across the clover to the place
That he remembered when the trees were there.

FULLCIRCLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN

Between the Windrush and the Colne
I found a little house of stone—
A little wicked house of stone.

I

THE October day was brightening toward late afternoon when Leithen and I climbed the hill above the stream and came in sight of the house. All morning a haze with the sheen of pearl in it had lain on the folds of downland, and the vision of far horizons, which is the glory of Cotswold, had been veiled, so that every valley seemed as a place inclosed and set apart. But now a glow had come into the air, and for a little the autumn lawns stole the tints of summer. The gold of sunshine was warm on the grasses, and only the riot of color in the berry-laden edges of the fields and the slender woodlands told of the failing year.

We were looking into a green cup of the hills, and it was all a garden. A little place, bounded by slopes that defined its graciousness with no hint of barrier, so that a dweller there, though his view was but half a mile on any side, would yet have the sense of dwelling on uplands and commanding the world. Round the top edge ran an old wall of stones, beyond which the October bracken flamed to the skyline. Inside were folds of ancient pasture, with here and there a thorn-bush, falling to rose gardens and, on one side, to the smooth sward of a terrace above a tiny lake.

At the heart of it stood the house like a jewel well-set. It was a miniature, but by the hand of a master. The style was late seventeenth century, when an agreeable classic convention had opened up to sunlight and comfort the dark magnificence of the Tudor fashion. The place had the spacious air of a great mansion, and was furnished in every detail with a fine scrupulousness. Only when the eye measured its proportions with the woods and the hillside did the mind perceive that it was a small dwelling.

The stone of Cotswold takes curiously the color of the weather. Under thunderclouds it will be as dark as basalt; on a gray day it will be gray like lava; but in sunshine it absorbs the sun. At the moment the little house was pale gold, like honey.

Leithen swung a long leg across the stile.

'Pretty good, is n't it?' he said. 'It's pure, authentic Sir Christopher Wren. The name is worthy of it, too. It is called Fullcircle.'

He told me its story. It had been built after the Restoration by the Carteron family, whose wide domains ran into these hills. The Lord Carteron of the day was a friend of the Merry Monarch; but it was not as a sanctuary for orgies that he built the house. Perhaps he was tired of the gloomy splendor of Minster Carteron, and wanted a home of his own and not of his ancestors' choosing. He had an elegant taste in letters, as we can learn from his neat imitations of Martial, his pretty *Bucolics* and the more than respectable Latin hexameters of his *Ars Vivendi*. Being a

great nobleman, he had the best skill of the day to construct his hermitage, and thither he would retire for months at a time, with like-minded friends, to a world of books and gardens. He seems to have had no ill-wishers; contemporary memoirs speak of him charitably, and Dryden spared him four lines of encomium. 'A selfish old dog,' Leithen called him. 'He had the good sense to eschew politics and enjoy life. His soul is in that little house. He only did one rash thing in his career — he anticipated the King, his master, by some years in turning Papist.'

I asked about its later history.

'After his death it passed to a younger branch of the Carterons. It left them in the eighteenth century, and the Applebys got it. They were a jovial lot of hunting squires and let the library go to the dogs. Old Colonel Appleby was still alive when I came to Borrowby. Something went wrong in his inside when he was nearly seventy, and the doctors knocked him off liquor. Not that he drank too much, though he did himself well. That finished the poor old boy. He told me that it revealed to him the amazing truth that during a long and, as he hoped, publicly useful life he had never been quite sober. He was a good fellow and I missed him when he died. The place went to a remote cousin called Giffen.'

Leithen's eyes as they scanned the prospect, seemed amused.

'Julian and Ursula Giffen — I dare say you know the names. They always hunt in couples, and write books about sociology and advanced ethics and psychics — books called either "The New This or That" or "The Truth about Something or Other." You know the sort of thing. They're deep in all the pseudo-sciences. They're decent souls, but you can guess the type. I came across them in a case I had at the Old Bailey — defending a ruffian who was charged with murder. I had n't a doubt he deserved hanging on twenty counts, but there was n't enough evidence to convict him on this one. Dodderidge was at his worst, — it was just before they induced him to retire, — and his handling of the jury was a masterpiece of misdirection. Of course, there was a shindy. The thing was a scandal, and it stirred up all the humanitarians till the murderer was almost forgotten in the iniquities of old Dodderidge. You must remember the case. It filled the papers for weeks. Well, it was in that connection that I fell in with the Giffens. I got rather to like them, and I've been to see them at their house in Hampstead. Golly, what a place! Not a chair fit to sit down on, and colors that made you want to howl. I never met people whose heads were so full of feathers.'

I said something about that being an odd *milieu* for him.

'Oh, I like human beings, all kinds. It's my profession to study them, for without that the practice of the law would be a dismal affair. There are hordes of people like the Giffens — only not so good, for they really have hearts of gold. They are the rootless stuff in the world to-day. In revolt against everything and everybody with any ancestry. A kind of innocent self-righteousness — wanting to be the people with whom wisdom begins and ends. They are mostly sensitive and tender-hearted, but they wear themselves out in an eternal dissidence. Can't build, you know, for they object to all tools, but very ready to crab. They scorn any form of Christianity, but they'll walk miles to patronize some wretched sect that has the merit of being brand-new. "Pioneers" they call themselves — funny little unclad people adventuring into the cold desert with no maps. Giffen once described himself and his friends to me as "for-

ward-looking," but that, of course, is just what they are not. To tackle the future you must have a firm grip of the past, and for them the past is only a pathological curiosity. They're up to their necks in the mud of the present — but good, after a fashion; and innocent — sordidly innocent. Fate was in an ironical mood when she saddled them with that wicked little house.'

'Wicked' did not seem to me to be a fair word. It sat honey-colored among its gardens with the meekness of a dove.

The sound of a bicycle on the road behind made us turn round, and Leithen advanced to meet a dismounting rider.

He was a tallish fellow, some forty years old, perhaps, with one of those fluffy blond beards that have never been shaved. Short-sighted, of course, and wore glasses. Biscuit-colored knickerbockers and stockings clad his lean limbs.

Leithen introduced me. 'We are walking to Borrowby and stopped to admire your house. Could we have just a glimpse inside? I want Jardine to see the staircase.'

Mr. Giffen was very willing. 'I've been over to Clyston to send a telegram. We have some friends for the week-end who might interest you. Won't you stay to tea?'

He had a gentle, formal courtesy about him, and his voice had the facile intonations of one who loves to talk. He led us through a little gate, and along a shorn green walk among the bracken, to a postern which gave entrance to the garden. Here, though it was October, there was still a bright show of roses, and the jet of water from the leaden Cupid dripped noiselessly among fallen petals. And then we stood before the doorway above which the old Carteron had inscribed a line of Horace.

I have never seen anything quite like the little hall. There were two, indeed, separated by a staircase of a wood that looked like olive. Both were paved with black-and-white marble, and the inner was oval in shape, with a gallery supported on slender walnut pillars. It was all in miniature, but it had a spaciousness which no mere size could give. Also it seemed to be permeated by the quintessence of sunlight. Its air was of long-descended, confident, equable happiness.

There were voices on the terrace beyond the hall. Giffen led us into a little room on the left. 'You remember the house in Colonel Appleby's time, Leithen. This was the chapel. It had always been the chapel. You see the change we have made. — I beg your pardon, Mr. Jardine. You're not by any chance a Roman Catholic?'

The room had a white paneling and, on two sides, deep windows. At one end was a fine Italian shrine of marble, and the floor was mosaic, blue and white, in a quaint Byzantine pattern. There was the same air of sunny cheerfulness as in the rest of the house. No mystery could find a lodgment here. It might have been a chapel for three centuries, but the place was pagan. The Giffens' changes were no sort of desecration. A green baize table filled most of the floor, surrounded by chairs like a committee room. On new raw-wood shelves were files of papers and stacks of blue-books and those desiccated works into which reformers of society torture the English tongue. Two typewriters stood on a side table.

'It is our workroom,' Giffen explained. 'We hold our Sunday moots here. Ursula thinks that a week-end is wasted unless it produces some piece of real work. Often a quite valuable committee has its beginning here. We try to make our home a refuge for busy workers, where they need not idle but can work under happy conditions.'

'"A college situate in a clearer air,"' Leithen quoted.

But Giffen did not respond except with a smile; he had probably never heard of Lord Falkland.

A woman entered the room, a woman who might have been pretty if she had taken a little pains. Her reddish hair was drawn tightly back and dressed in a hard knot, and her clothes were horribly incongruous in a remote manor-house. She had bright eager eyes, like a bird, and hands that fluttered nervously. She greeted Leithen with warmth.

'We have settled down marvelously,' she told him. 'Julian and I feel as if we had always lived here, and our life has arranged itself so perfectly. My mothers' cottages in the village will soon be ready, and the Club is to be opened next week. Julian and I will carry on the classes ourselves for the first winter. Next year we hope to have a really fine programme. And then it is so pleasant to be able to entertain one's friends. Won't you stay to tea? Dr. Swope is here, and Mary Elliston, and Mr. Percy Blaker — you know, the Member of Parliament. Must you hurry off? I'm so sorry. — What do you think of our workroom? It was utterly terrible when we first came here — a sort of decayed chapel, like a withered tuberose. We have let the air of heaven into it.'

I observed that I had never seen a house so full of space and light.

'Ah, you notice that? It is a curiously happy place to live in. Sometimes I'm almost afraid to feel so light-hearted. But we look on ourselves as only trustees. It is a trust we have to administer for the common good. You know, it's a house on which you can lay your own impress. I can imagine places which dominate the dwellers, but Fullcircle is plastic, and we can make it our own as much as if we had planned and built it. That's our chief piece of good fortune.'

We took our leave, for we had no desire for the company of Dr. Swope and Mr. Percy Blaker. When we reached the highway we halted and looked back on the little jewel. Shafts of the westering sun now caught the stone and turned the honey to ripe gold. Thin spires of amethyst smoke rose into the still air. I thought of the well-meaning, restless couple inside its walls, and somehow they seemed out of the picture. They simply did not matter. The house was the thing, for I had never met in inanimate stone such an air of gentle masterfulness. It had a personality of its own, clean-cut and secure, like a high-born old dame among the females of profiteers. And Mrs. Giffen claimed to have given it her impress!

That night, in the library at Borrowby, Leithen discoursed of the Restoration. Borrowby, of which, by the expenditure of much care and a good deal of money, he had made a civilized dwelling, is a Tudor manor of the Cotswold type, with its high-pitched narrow roofs and tall stone chimneys, rising sheer from the meadows with something of the massiveness of a Border keep.

He nodded toward the linen-fold paneling and the great carved chimney-piece.

'In this kind of house you have the mystery of the elder England. What was Raleigh's phrase? "High thoughts and divine contemplations." The people who built this sort of thing lived close to another world, and thought bravely of death. It doesn't matter who they were, — Crusaders or Elizabethans or Puritans, — they all had poetry in them and the heroic and a great unworldliness. They had marvelous spirits, and plenty of joys and triumphs; but they had also their hours of black gloom. Their lives were like our weather — storm and sun. One thing they never feared — death. He

walked too near them all their days to be a bogey.

'But the Restoration was a sharp break. It brought paganism into England; paganism and the art of life. No people have ever known better the secret of bland happiness. Look at Fullcircle. There are no dark corners there. The man that built it knew all there was to be known about how to live. The trouble was that they did not know how to die. That was the one shadow on the glass. So they provided for it in a pagan way. They tried magic. They never become true Catholics — they were always pagan to the end, but they smuggled a priest into their lives. He was a kind of insurance premium against unwelcome mystery.'

II

It was not till nearly two years later that I saw the Giffens again. The May-fly season was about at its close, and I had snatched a day on a certain limpid Cotswold river. There was another man on the same beat, fishing from the opposite bank, and I watched him with some anxiety, for a duffer would have spoiled my day. To my relief I recognized Giffen. With him it was easy to come to terms, and presently the water was parceled out between us.

We foregathered for luncheon, and I stood watching while he neatly stalked, rose, and landed a trout. I confessed to some surprise — first that Giffen should be a fisherman at all, for it was not in keeping with my old notion of him; and second, that he should cast such a workmanlike line. As we lunched together, I observed several changes. He had shaved his fluffy beard, and his face was notably less lean, and had the clear even sunburn of the countryman. His clothes, too, were different. They also were workmanlike, and looked as if they belonged to him — he no longer wore the uneasy knickerbockers of the Sunday golfer.

'I'm desperately keen,' he told me. 'You see it's only my second May-fly season, and last year I was no better than a beginner. I wish I had known long ago what good fun fishing was. Isn't this a blessed place?' And he looked up through the canopy of flowering chestnuts to the June sky.

'I'm glad you've taken to sport,' I said, 'even if you only come here for the week-ends. Sport lets you into the secrets of the countryside.'

'Oh, we don't go much to London now,' was his answer. 'We sold our Hampstead house a year ago. I can't think how I ever could stick that place. Ursula takes the same view. I would n't leave Oxfordshire just now for a thousand pounds. Do you smell the hawthorn? Last week this meadow was scented like Paradise. — D' you know, Leithen's a queer fellow?'

I asked why.

'He once told me that this countryside in June made him sad. He said it was too perfect a thing for fallen humanity. I call that morbid. Do you see any sense in it?'

I knew what Leithen meant, but it would have taken too long to explain.

'I feel warm and good and happy here,' he went on. 'I used to talk about living close to nature. Rot! I did n't know what nature meant. Now —' He broke off. 'By Jove, there's a kingfisher. That is only the second I've seen this year. They're getting uncommon with us.'

'With us.' I liked the phrase. He was becoming a true countryman.

We had a good day, — not extravagantly successful, but satisfactory, — and he persuaded me to come home with him to Fullcircle for the night, explaining that I could catch an early train next morning at the junction. So we extricated a little two-seater from

the midst of a clump of lilacs, and drove through four miles of sweet-scented dusk, with nightingales shouting in every thicket.

I changed into a suit of his flannels in a room looking out on the little lake where trout were rising, and I remember that I whistled from pure light-heartedness. In that adorable house one seemed to be still breathing the air of the spring meadows.

Dinner was my first big surprise. It was admirable — plain, but perfectly cooked, and with that excellence of basic material which is the glory of a well-appointed country house. There was wine, too, which I am certain was a new thing. Giffen gave me a bottle of sound claret, and afterwards some more than decent port. My second surprise was my hostess. Her clothes, like her husband's, must have changed, for I did not notice what she was wearing, and I had noticed it only too clearly the last time we met. More remarkable still was the difference in her face. For the first time I realized that she was a pretty woman. The contours had softened and rounded, and there was a charming well-being in her eyes, very different from the old restlessness. She looked content, infinitely content.

I asked about her mothers' cottages. She laughed cheerfully.

'I gave them up after the first year. They did n't mix well with the village people. I'm quite ready to admit my mistake, and it was the wrong kind of charity. The Londoners did n't like it — felt lonesome and sighed for the fried-fish shop; and the village women were shy of them — afraid of infectious complaints, you know. Julian and I have decided that our business is to look after our own people.'

It may have been malicious, but I said something about the wonderful scheme of village education.

'Another relic of Cockneyism,' laughed the lady, but Giffen looked a trifle shy.

'I gave it up because it did n't seem worth while. What is the use of spoiling a perfectly wholesome scheme of life by introducing unnecessary complications? Medicine is no good unless a man is sick, and these people are not sick. Education is the only cure for certain diseases the modern world has engendered, but if you don't find the disease, the remedy is superfluous. The fact is, I had n't the face to go on with the thing. I wanted to be taught rather than to teach. There's a whole world round me of which I know very little, and my first business is to get to understand it. Any village poacher can teach me more of the things that matter than I have to tell him.'

'Besides, we have so much to do,' his wife added. 'There's the house and the garden and the home farm and the property. It is n't large, but it takes a lot of looking after.'

The dining-room was long and low-ceilinged, and had a white paneling in bold relief. Through the deep windows came odors of the garden and a faint tinkle of water. The dusk was deepening and the engravings in their rosewood frames were dim, but sufficient light remained to reveal the picture above the fireplace. It showed a middle-aged man in the clothes of the later Stuarts. The plump tapering fingers of one hand held a book; the other was hidden in the folds of a flowered waistcoat. The long curled wig framed a delicate face with something of the grace of youth left to it. There were quizzical lines about the mouth, and the eyes smiled pleasantly yet very wisely. It was the face of a man I should have liked to dine with. He must have been the best of company.

Giffen answered my question.

'That's the Lord Carteron who built the house. No — no relation. Our peo-

ple were the Applebys, who came in 1753. We've both fallen so deep in love with Fullcircle that we wanted to see the man who conceived it. I had some trouble getting it. It came out of the Minster Carteron sale, and I had to give a Jew dealer twice what he paid for it. It's a jolly thing to live with.'

It was indeed a curiously charming picture. I found my eyes straying to it till the dusk obscured the features. It was the face of one wholly at home in a suave world, learned in all the urbanities. A good friend, I thought, the old lord must have been, and a superlative companion. I could imagine neat Horatian tags coming ripely from his lips. Not a strong face, but somehow a dominating one. The portrait of the long-dead gentleman had still the atmosphere of life. Giffen raised his glass of port to him as we rose from table, as if to salute a comrade.

We moved to the room across the hall which had once been the Giffens' workroom, the cradle of earnest committees and weighty memoranda. This was my third surprise. Baize-covered table and raw-wood shelves had disappeared. The place was now half smoking-room, half library. On the walls hung a fine collection of colored sporting prints, and below them were ranged low Hepplewhite bookcases. The lamplight glowed on the ivory walls, and the room, like everything else in the house, was radiant.

Above the mantelpiece was a stag's head — a fair eleven-pointer.

Giffen nodded proudly toward it. 'I got that last year at Machray. My first stag.'

There was a little table with an array of magazines and weekly papers. Some amusement must have been visible in my face, as I caught sight of various light-hearted sporting journals, for he laughed apologetically. 'You must n't think that Ursula and I take in that stuff for ourselves. It amuses our guests, you know.'

I dared say it did, but I was convinced that the guests were no longer Dr. Swope and Mr. Percy Blaker.

One of my many failings is that I can never enter a room containing books without scanning the titles. Giffen's collection won my hearty approval. There were the very few novelists I can read myself — Miss Austen and Sir Walter and the admirable Marryat; there was a shelf full of memoirs, and a good deal of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century poetry; there was a set of the classics in fine editions, Bodonis and Baskervilles and such like; there was much county history and one or two valuable old Herbals and Itineraries. I was certain that two years earlier Giffen would have had no use for literature except some muddy Russian oddments, and I am positive that he would not have known the name of Surtees. Yet there stood the tall octavos recording the unedifying careers of Mr. Jorrocks, Mr. Facey Romford, and Mr. Soapy Sponge.

I was a little bewildered as I stretched my legs in a very deep armchair. Suddenly I had a strong impression of looking on at a play. My hosts seemed to be automata, moving docilely at the orders of a masterful stage manager, and yet with no sense of bondage. And as I looked on, they faded off the scene, and there was only one personality — that house so serene and secure, smiling at our modern antics, but weaving all the while an iron spell around its lovers.

For a second I felt an oppression as of something to be resisted. But no. There was no oppression. The house was too well-bred and disdainful to seek to captivate. Only those who fell in love with it could know its mastery, for all love exacts a price. It was far more than a thing of stone and lime: it was a

creed, an art, a scheme of life — older than any Carteron, older than England. Somewhere far back in time, in Rome, in Attica, or in an Ægean island, there must have been such places; and then they called them temples, and gods dwelt in them.

I was roused by Giffen's voice discoursing of his books. 'I've been rubbing up my classics again,' he was saying. 'Queer thing, but ever since I left Cambridge I have been out of the mood for them. And I'm shockingly ill-read in English literature. I wish I had more time for reading, for it means a lot to me.'

'There is such an embarrassment of riches here,' said his wife. 'The days are far too short for all there is to do. Even when there is nobody staying in the house I find every hour occupied. It's delicious to be busy over things one really cares for.'

'All the same I wish I could do more reading,' said Giffen. 'I've never wanted to so much before.'

'But you come in tired from shooting and sleep sound till dinner,' said the lady, laying an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

They were happy people, and I like happiness. Self-absorbed, perhaps, but I prefer selfishness in the ordinary way of things. We are most of us selfish dogs, and altruism makes us uncomfortable. But I had somehow in my mind a shade of uneasiness, for I was the witness of a transformation too swift and violent to be wholly natural. Years, no doubt, turn our eyes inward and abate our heroics, but not a trifle of two or three. Some agency had been at work here, some agency other and more potent than the process of time. The thing fascinated and partly frightened me. For the Giffens — though I scarcely dared to admit it — had deteriorated. They were far pleasanter people, I liked them infinitely better, I hoped to see them often again. I detested the type they used to represent, and shunned it like the plague. They were wise now, and mellow, and most agreeable human beings. But some virtue had gone out of them. An uncomfortable virtue, no doubt, but still a virtue; something generous and adventurous. In the earlier time, their faces had had a sort of wistful kindness. Now they had geniality — which is not the same thing.

What was the agency of this miracle? It was all around me: the ivory paneling, the olive-wood staircase, the lovely pillared hall.

I got up to go to bed with a kind of awe on me. As Mrs. Giffen lit my candle, she saw my eyes wandering among the gracious shadows.

'Is n't it wonderful,' she said, 'to have found a house which fits us like a glove? No! Closer. Fits us as a bearskin fits the bear. It has taken our impress like wax.'

Somehow I did n't think that impress had come from the Giffens' side.

III

A November afternoon found Leithen and myself jogging homeward from a run with the Heythrop. It had been a wretched day. Twice we had found and lost, and then a deluge had set in which scattered the field. I had taken a hearty toss into a swamp, and got as wet as a man may be, but the steady downpour soon reduced everyone to a like condition. When we turned toward Borrowby the rain ceased, and an icy wind blew out of the east which partially dried our sopping clothes. All the grace had faded from the Cotswold valleys. The streams were brown torrents, the meadows lagoons, the ridges bleak and gray, and a sky of scurrying clouds cast leaden shadows. It was a matter of ten miles to Borrowby; we had long ago

emptied our flasks, and I longed for something hot to take the chill out of my bones.

'Let's look in at Fullcircle,' said Leithen, as we came out on the high-road from a muddy lane. 'We'll make the Giffens give us tea. You'll find changes there.'

I asked what changes, but he only smiled and told me to wait and see.

My mind was busy with surmises as we rode up the avenue. I thought of drink or drugs, and promptly discarded the notion. Fullcircle was, above all things, decorous and wholesome. Leithen could not mean the change in the Giffens' ways which had so impressed me a year before, for he and I had long ago discussed that. I was still puzzling over his words when we found ourselves in the inner hall, with the Giffens making a hospitable fuss over us.

The place was more delectable than ever. Outside was a dark November day, yet the little house seemed to be transfused with sunshine. I do not know by what art the old builders had planned it; but the airy pilasters, the perfect lines of the ceiling, the soft coloring of the wood seemed to lay open the house to a clear sky. Logs burned brightly on the massive steel andirons, and the scent and the fine blue smoke of them strengthened the illusion of summer.

Mrs. Giffen would have us change into dry things, but Leithen pleaded a waiting dinner at Borrowby. The two of us stood by the fireplace, drinking tea, the warmth drawing out a cloud of vapor from our clothes to mingle with the wood-smoke. Giffen lounged in an armchair and his wife sat by the tea-table. I was looking for the changes of which Leithen had spoken.

I did not find them in Giffen. He was much as I remembered him on the June night when I had slept here — a trifle fuller in the face, perhaps, a little more placid about the mouth and eyes. He looked a man completely content with life. His smile came readily, and his easy laugh. Was it my fancy, or had he acquired a look of the picture in the dining-room? I nearly made an errand to go and see it. It seemed to me that his mouth had now something of the portrait's delicate complacence. Lely would have found him a fit subject, though he might have boggled at his lean hands.

But his wife! Ah, there the changes were unmistakable. She was comely now rather than pretty, and the contours of her face had grown heavier. The eagerness had gone from her eyes and left only comfort and good humor. There was a suspicion, ever so slight, of rouge and powder. She had a string of good pearls — the first time I had seen her wear jewels. The hand that poured out the tea was plump, shapely, and well cared for. I was looking at a most satisfactory mistress of a country house, who would see that nothing was lacking to the part.

She talked more and laughed oftener. Her voice had an airy lightness which would have made the silliest prattle charming.

'We are going to fill the house with young people and give a ball at Christmas,' she announced. 'This hall is simply clamoring to be danced in. You must come, both of you. Promise me. And, Mr. Leithen, it would be very nice if you brought a party from Borrowby. Young men, please. We are overstocked with girls in these parts. We must do something to make the country cheerful in winter-time.'

I observed that no season could make Fullcircle other than cheerful.

'How nice of you!' she cried. 'To praise a house is to praise the householders, for a dwelling is just what its inmates make it. Borrowby is you, Mr. Leithen, and Fullcircle us.'

'Shall we exchange?' Leithen asked.

She made a mouth. 'Borrowby would crush me, but it suits a Gothic survival like you. Do you think you would be happy here?'

'Happy?' said Leithen thoughtfully. 'Happy? Yes, undoubtedly. But it might be bad for my soul. — There's just time for a pipe, Giffen, and then we must be off.'

I was filling my pipe as we crossed the outer hall, and was about to enter the smoking-room that I so well remembered, when Giffen laid a hand on my arm.

'We don't smoke there now,' he said hastily.

He opened the door and I looked in. The place had suffered its third metamorphosis. The marble shrine which I had noticed on my first visit had been brought back, and the blue mosaic pavement and the ivory walls were bare. At the eastern end stood a little altar, with, above it, a copy of a Correggio Madonna.

A faint smell of incense hung in the air, and the fragrance of hothouse flowers. It was a chapel, but, I swear, it was a more pagan place than when it had been workroom or smoking-room.

Giffen gently shut the door. 'Perhaps you may not have heard, but some months ago my wife became a Catholic. It is a good thing for women, I think. It gives them a regular ritual for their lives. So we restored the chapel, which had always been there in the days of the Carterons and the Applebys.'

'And you?' I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

'I don't bother much about that sort of thing. But I propose to follow suit. It will please Ursula and do no harm to anybody.'

We halted on the brow of the hill and looked back on the garden valley. Leithen's laugh, as he gazed, had more awe than mirth in it.

'That wicked little house! I'm going to hunt up every scrap I can find about old Tom Carteron. He must have been an uncommon clever fellow. He's still alive down there and making people do as he did. In that kind of place you may expel the priest and sweep it and garnish it, but he always returns.'

The wrack was lifting before the wind, and a shaft of late watery sun fell on the gray walls. It seemed to me that the little house wore an air of gentle triumph.

THE DECAY OF THE BOOKSHOP

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

In a recent number of the *Atlantic* my friend Mr. William Harris Arnold had a paper on the Welfare of the Bookstore. I read it attentively, and disagree with his conclusions. As it seems to me that the subject is one which all who read should be interested in, I should like to present my views for what they may be worth.

With Mr. Arnold's statistics I have no quarrel. He says there are only half as many booksellers in this country as there were fifty years ago. He is in a position to know, and I am willing to accept all his facts as stated. I am not surprised to learn that the condition of the bookseller is so bad that it can hardly become worse, nor is it difficult to discover why. No trade will attract men in which it is practically impossible to make more than a bare, a very bare living. A man may be willing to teach or preach, and starve, but if he elects to make a living by selling something, he is sooner or later going to discover that he can sell almost anything with greater profit than current books.

Mr. Arnold's remedy for the situation now existing is that publishers grant the booksellers 'the option of taking books by outright purchase or on memorandum' — that is to say, on sale and subject to return. I remember once, years ago, hearing the late Andrew Carnegie say to a body of business men that, if he were in a business in which it was impossible for him to tell, at least approximately, how much money he had made or lost in a given month, he would get out of that business. He said that the next best thing to making money was to know that you were not making it — and apply the remedy. Now, if a publisher should establish in any large way the custom of disposing of his publications 'on sale,' as the phrase is, I would like to know when, if ever, he could go before his creditors, represented by authors, printers, paper-makers, and binders, and declare himself solvent and worthy of their further confidence.

It seems to me that publishers assume sufficient risk as it is. Many books, I fancy, just about pay their way, showing very little of either profit or loss; there may be a small profit resulting from the average book, and the exceptional book shows either a handsome profit — or a large loss. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, translated so admirably from the Spanish by Charlotte Brewster Jordan, is the most recent of great successes: edition followed edition in such quick succession that the publishing facilities of New York City were heavily drawn upon to keep up with the demand. On the other hand, the publication, some years ago, of *Endymion*, by Disraeli, then Earl of Beaconsfield, occasioned an enormous loss. His publishers brought out this novel in the then customary three-vol-

ume form for, I think, two guineas. No one read into the middle of the second volume. It was a complete failure. A few months after publication every second-hand bookshop in London was trying to dispose of uncut, and unopened, 'library' copies at about the cost of binding. It must be admitted that these are extreme instances: the profit in the one case must have amounted to a small fortune, the losses in the other might have driven the publisher into bankruptcy.

The publishing business has always been regarded as extra-hazardous — more respectable than the theatrical business and less exciting, but resembling it in that one never knows whether one is embarked upon a success or a failure until it is too late to withdraw. And it has always been so. Sir Walter Scott, whose career as a publisher is not always remembered, said that the booksellers, as publishers were called in his day, were 'the only tradesmen in the world who professedly and by choice dealt in what is called "a pig in a poke," publishing twenty books in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys shares in a lottery in hopes of gaining a prize'; and Sir Walter Scott had reason to know, as had also Mark Twain.

I remember that, some years ago, a little book, *A Publisher's Confessions*, was issued anonymously by Doubleday, Page & Co. It recited the difficulties, financial and other, of a firm of publishers, and is now generally understood to have been written by Walter Hines Page, our late Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The writer's conclusion was that men of such distinction as those who control the organizations known as Scribners, Macmillan, and others of like standing, could earn very much more by devoting their abilities to banking, railroads, or other lines of manufacture; for, he said, 'publishing as publishing is the least profitable of all professions, except preaching and teaching, to each of which it is a sort of cousin.' And it is to this harassed person, perplexed by reason of the nature of his calling beyond most business men, that Mr. Arnold would add the financing of the countless bookstores, in many cases in incompetent hands, all over the country from Maine to California. His suggestion is interesting, but I doubt if publishers in any large numbers will take kindly to it. They will probably feel that Mr. Arnold whom I last saw in his own library surrounded by his own priceless books, apparently free from problems of any kind, has suggested a remedy worse than the disease from which they are suffering.

It is, however, to the bookseller rather than the publisher that my heart goes out. We, the readers, have deserted him. A rich, intelligent, and extravagant people, we know nothing, and seemingly wish to know nothing, of the pleasure of buying and owning books. As I see it, the decay of the bookshop set in years ago with the downfall of the lyceum, the debating society, and the lecture platform. We have none of these things now, and if we had not largely given up reading as one of the consequences, I would not be sorry; but the mental stimulation that comes from personal contact has been lost, and seemingly there is nothing that will take its place. Of course, when I say we have none of these things, I mean in proportion to our population and wealth.

In an effort to escape the blame that should be ours, we sometimes say that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who scattered public libraries all over the land in an effort, relatively successful, to die poor, is responsible for the plight in which the booksellers find themselves; but I am willing to acquit the libraries of all blame. They do an immense amount

of good. I never go to a strange city without visiting its library, and I count many librarians among my friends, but I am, nevertheless, always overwhelmed in the presence of countless thousands of books, as I might be in the presence of crowned heads; indeed, I think that, idle curiosity once gratified, crowned heads would not impress me at all.

And so it is that, not being a scholar or altogether indigent, I do not much use any library except my own. I early formed the habit of buying books, and, thank God, I have never lost it. Authors living and dead — dead, for the most part — afford me my greatest enjoyment, and it is my pleasure to buy more books than I can read. Who was it who said, 'I hold the buying of more books than one can peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching towards infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish'? Whoever it was, I agree with him; and the same idea has been less sententiously expressed by Ralph Bergengren in that charming little poem in *Jane, Joseph and John*, the loveliest book for children and grown-ups since R. L. S. gave us his *Child's Garden of Verses*.

My Pop is always buying books:
So that Mom says his study looks
Just like an old bookstore.
The bookshelves are so full and tall,
They hide the paper on the wall,
  And there are books just everywhere,
  On table, window-seat, and chair,
And books right on the floor.

And every little while he buys
More books, and brings them home and tries
To find a place where they will fit,
And has an awful time of it.

Once, when I asked him why he got
So many books, he said, 'Why not?'
I've puzzled over that a lot.

Too many of us who are liberal, not to say lavish, in our household expenses, seem to regard the purchase of books as an almost not-to-be-permitted extravagance. We buy piano-players and talking machines, and we mortgage our houses to get an automobile, but when it comes to a book, we exhaust every resource before parting with our money. If we cannot borrow a book from a friend, we borrow it from a library; if there is anything I like less than lending a book it is borrowing one, and I know no greater bore than the man who insists on lending you a book which you do not intend to read. Of course, you can cure him, ultimately, by losing the volume; but the process takes time.

My philosophy of life is very simple; one does n't have to study the accursed German philosophers — or any other — to discover that the way to happiness is to get a day's pleasure every day, — I am not writing as a preacher, — and I know no greater pleasure than taking home a bundle of books which you have deprived yourself of something to buy.

'I never buy new books,' a man once said to me, looking at a pile on my library table; 'I've got to economize somewhere, and they are so expensive.'

'And yet, ' I retorted, 'you enjoy reading; don't you feel under any obligation to the authors from whom you derive so much pleasure? Someone has to support them. I confess to the obligation.'

When I think how much pleasure I get from reading, I feel it my duty to buy as many current books as I can. I 'collect' Meredith and Stevenson, the purchase of whose books no longer benefits them. Why should I not also collect George Moore or Locke or Conrad, whom I don't much like, or Archibald Marshall, whom I do? They are engaged in carrying on the glorious tradition of English literature. It is my duty to give them what encouragement I can, to pay tribute to them; I wish I were not singular in this.

II

But to return to the bookshop. In addition to having to compete with the many forms of amusement unknown fifty years ago, — it would be superfluous for me to do more than mention the latest of them, the 'movie,' — the bookshop elects to sell a 'nationally advertised' article in competition with the department store. The publishers allow a fairly liberal margin of profit, if the bookshops were permitted to keep it; but the department stores cut that margin to the quick. For reasons that are well known it is profitable for them to do so: with their immense 'turnover' and their relatively small 'overhead,' they can buy a book for $1.50, less the usual trade discount of 40 per cent, and sell it at $1.25, or even $1.08, and make money, for the reason that at the next counter they are selling boxes of chocolates, marked: 'WEEK-END SPECIAL, 70c, *Regular Price* $1.00,' which do not cost over forty cents, perhaps less; and they frequently do get a dollar for just such boxes. And what is true of chocolates is true of practically everything they sell, except books and a few other specialties which they use as 'leaders.' Books are the only 'nationally advertised' specialties which anyone pretends to sell in shops almost exclusively devoted to them. Time was, and it was a sad time, when the monthly magazines, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the rest, which cost $28.00 per hundred wholesale, were retailed in a large store in Philadelphia for 25 cents each. The highest court to which the question can be carried has ruled that the seller can sell at any price he pleases, provided he does not misstate the facts, as, for example, that his immense purchasing power enables him to undersell his competitors. In some few cases the publishers provide 'specials,' too: they give extra discounts for quantities, and there are always, alas, 'remainders' sold at a loss by the publishers and at quite a tidy little profit by the retailer; but in general the facts are as I have stated.

It must be admitted that the department store helps the publisher by selling hundreds of thousands of copies of books like *Dere Mable* and the *Four Horsemen*. *The Young Visiters*, too, whether it be by Barrie or another, will sell enormously; but just so large as is the sale of books like these, just so small is the sale of books of enduring merit. Perhaps I am wrong, but I fancy that men prefer to buy what I may call good books, while women buy novels and the lighter forms of literature. Now, fancy a man going into a department store and asking for a copy of *Tom Jones*. He is met by a young lady in a low-cut dress, standing in high-heeled slippers, with her hair gathered up in large puffs which entirely conceal her ears; her nose has been recently powdered, and she looks as if she might be going to a party. '*Tom Jones!*' she says; 'is it a boy's book? Juveniles, second to the right.' 'No, it's a novel,' you say; and she replies, 'Fiction, second to the left.' You move on, avoiding a table on which is a sign, 'The Newest Books Are On This Table,' and you meet another young lady, also ready for a party, and repeat your question. 'Is it a new book?' she says. 'No,' you explain; and she conducts you to a case containing hundreds of volumes of the Everyman's Series — and an excellent series it is. But the books have been skillfully shuffled, and what you seek is hard to find. While you and she are looking, someone 'cuts in' and inquires for a copy of *Java Head*, to which she promptly replies, 'One sixty-nine,' and conducts her customer to a large pile behind which she disappears and is seen, by you, no more. You keep on looking until someone comes to your

rescue, and asks if she can do anything for you. You say '*Tom Jones*,' and she, being an intelligent person, says, 'Fielding,' and conducts you to the fine-book department, where you are finally shown a set of Fielding flashily bound in what appears to be morocco, marked $40.00. You demur at the price and explain that you want *Tom Jones* to read, not a set to put upon your shelves; finally, thanking the 'saleslady' for her trouble, you go out empty-handed, having wasted half an hour.

And, as a result of this situation, what remains of the once flourishing retail store? It has practically disappeared from the main street, and in some neglected backwater, with a poor stock and little trade, the owner quietly awaits the result of the race between death and the sheriff. Is it any wonder that under these conditions the bookshop languishes? A few good souls are in it for the reason that they are locked in; they cannot get out. A man, it may be presumed, will give a glance around before he decides what is to be his life's work, and what does he see? He sees a business out of which, as at present conducted, he can hardly hope to make more than a bare living.

III

If this paper should be read by the proprietor of a retail store, or by his intelligent clerk, I can hear him cry, 'You are quite right, but we know all this. Have you any remedy?' Certainly I have nothing to suggest which will prove a royal road to fortune; but I do suggest the selling of good second-hand books along with current publications, and I would stress the second-hand, and call it the rare-book department, for the profits of that department will be found to be surprisingly large. I would say to the proprietor of the bookshop, 'Bring some imagination to bear on your business.' Imagination is as necessary to a successful tradesman as to the poet. He is, indeed, only a day-laborer without it. I am reminded of one of the clever bits in Pinero's play, *Iris*. A tall distinguished-looking man enters; his appearance instantly challenges attention, and the *ingénue* inquires who he is, and is told, 'That is Mr. Maldonadno, the great financier.' Then comes the question, 'What is a financier?' and the telling reply, 'A financier, my dear, is a pawnbroker — with imagination.'

The point is well made. What quality was it in Charles M. Schwab which, while most of the great business men in America were wringing their hands over what appeared to be their impending ruin, when the war broke out, sent him off to England, to return quickly with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of orders in his pocket? Imagination! It was this same quality, working in conjunction with the imagination of the late J. P. Morgan, which led to the formation of the great Steel Corporation.

There may be little room for the display of this supreme qualification in the retail book business, but there is room for some. Be enterprising. Get good people about you. Make your shop-windows and your shops attractive. The fact that so many young men and women enter the teaching profession shows that there are still some people willing to scrape along on comparatively little money for the pleasure of following an occupation in which they delight. It is as true to-day as it was in Chaucer's time that there is a class of men who 'gladly learn and gladly teach,' and our college trustees and overseers and rich alumni take advantage of this and expect them to live on wages which an expert chauffeur would regard as insufficient. Any bookshop worthy of survival can offer inducements at least as great as the average school or college. Under pleasant con-

ditions you will meet pleasant people, for the most part, whom you can teach and from whom you may learn something. We used to hear much of the elevation of the stage; apparently that has been given over; let us elevate the bookshop. It can be done. My friend, Christopher Morley, —

> . . . Phœbus! what a name
> To fill the speaking-trump of future fame! —

in his delightful *Parnassus on Wheels*, shows that there may be plenty of 'uplift' and a world of romance in a traveling van well stocked with books. Indeed, a pleasant holiday could be planned along the lines of Roger Mifflin's novel venture in bookselling. I prophesy for this book, some day, such fame as is now enjoyed by Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*. It is, in fact, just such a book, although admittedly the plump white horse, Pegasus, lacks somewhat the temperamental charm of R. L. S.'s best drawn female character, Modestine.

I was in a college town recently, and passing a shop, I noticed some books in the window and at once entered, as is my habit, to look around. But I stayed only for a moment, for in the rear of the shop I saw a large sign reading, 'Laundry Received before 9 A.M. Returned the Same Day' — enterprise, without a doubt, but misdirected. If the bookshop is to survive, it must be made more attractive. The buying of books must be made a pleasure, just as the reading of them is, so that an intellectual man or woman with a leisure hour may spend it pleasantly and profitably increasing their store. Every college town should support a bookshop. It need not necessarily be so splendid an undertaking as the Brick Row Print and Book Shop at New Haven, over which Byrne Hackett presides with such distinction, or even the Dunster House Book Shop of Mr. Firuski of Cambridge, which in some respects pleases me even better. And to make these ventures the successes they deserve to be, faculty and the students and the public alike should be loyal customers; but it should be remembered that these shops need not, and do not, depend entirely upon local trade. Inexpensive little catalogues can be issued and sent to customers half-way round the world.

Another thing — I have no patience with people who affect to be fond of reading and who seem to glory in their ignorance of editions. 'All I am interested in,' they say, 'is the type: so long as the type is readable, I care for nothing else.' This is a rather common form of cant. Everything about a book should be as sound and honest and good; it need not be expensive. I have always resented William Morris's attitude toward books. Constantly preaching on art and beauty for the people, he set about producing books which are as expensive as they are beautiful, which only rich men can buy, and which not one man in a hundred owning them reads. Whereas my friend Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine, — I call him friend because we have tastes in common; I have in point of fact never met him or done more than exchange a check for a book with him, — has produced, not a few, but hundreds of books which are as nearly faultless as books can be, at prices which are positively cheap. As is well known, Mr. Mosher relies very little upon the bookshops for the marketing of his product, but sells practically his entire output to individual buyers by means of catalogues which are works of art in themselves. We may not fully realize it, but when Mr. Mosher passes away, booklovers of another generation will marvel at the certitude of his taste, editorial and other; for he comes as near to being the ideal manufacturer as any man who ever lived.

I would not for a moment contend that the retail book-trade will in a short time recover from its condition. Symptoms of the disease from which it is now suffering were noticed fifty years ago, and the times are not propitious. We are lovers of games of all kinds — in a word, of sport; the cities are being deserted for the suburbs and the country, and country life is selfish. Churches are affected by it, as the bookshops are. Look around a large city church: for the greater part of the year it is practically deserted, its congregation is out of town; go out in the country, and you will find relatively few churches, and these sparsely attended. Golf, the automobile, and other forms of amusement have a greater drawing power than the preacher, who, like the bookseller, wonders whether, if he had to choose his career over again, he would not adopt some other profession.

But I do not despair of the book-business becoming what it once was — under favorable conditions. In New York City, for example, there is Brentano's, one of the great bookshops of the world; but Brentano's has its fine-book department, as have Scribner's and Dutton's and Putnam's, and these so-called fine-book departments are doing expensively, as befits New York, what I would have every bookshop do according to its *locale*, as McClurg is doing in Chicago.

The advantages which would accrue are several. More readers would be made. The book-business of the department stores would not be interfered with in the least — they would remain as now, the best customers for certain classes of publishers who might expect to have some day, in addition, a more thriving class of booksellers than now. And better books would be published — better, that is, in print, paper, and binding. If a man felt that, if he should for any reason wish to dispose of his library, there was in his town a bookseller who would be glad to buy it for a fair price, he might be tempted to buy, say, such a fine edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* as the Harpers brought out some years ago, in four well-printed, admirably illustrated volumes, rather than the same work in one volume, badly printed on wretched paper, and so badly bound that it falls to pieces in the reading.

In the fine-book department, which I am urging every bookseller who has survived to start without delay, I would keep out trash; I would admit only good books — good, I mean, in every sense of the word except moral. The department should be in charge of the most intelligent man in the shop, if there be an intelligent man; and I would get one if I had not one, and in these days of profit-sharing, I would give him an interest in the profit of that department. I would buy, too, good books from the second-hand English booksellers, who sell very cheaply; and above all things I would not forget the wisdom stored up in the distorted proverb, —

> Early to bed and early to rise,
> Work like h——, and advertise.

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

I. VINOVÁT

BY EDWIN BONTA

WHAT a difference we find in apologies! A Britisher would say, 'Sorry!'—snapping it out in a perfunctory way. And what a lot can be read into it if you are in the mood! As if to say, 'Your misfortune, old thing; but it had to happen, you know' — and the offending one proceeds serenely on his way. Mefodi's apology would be '*Vinovát*' — 'I'm guilty!' And, disarmed by such an abject assumption of blame, you find yourself in a forgiving mood at once.

The train stopped at a small junction. The little bell at the station entrance rang 'one,' and then, immediately after, 'two,' telling that we should be pulling out again in about three minutes. It was the customary crowded train of Bolshevik days, and all I had been able to get was standing-room in the smelly corridor. I was flattening myself against the grimy glass of a window, while the crowd behind me surged back and forth in its efforts to make two people stand where one had stood before.

'Vinovát!' said a fish-oily breath in my ear.

A horny hand was laid on my shoulder, and, quick as thought, I was pivoted round away from the window, with my back slap against the wall. Then a frantic haste to open the sash. It stuck badly, suddenly relented, and banged down into its slot with a crash of shattered glass.

'Now look!' growled the *muzhik* into his beard; 'see how it broke itself!' And sticking his head out of the window, 'Annushka—here—quick! quick!'

Popping my head out too, and looking in that direction, I saw traveling toward us a huge pile of duffle, somewhere under which was Annushka. In one sack about two poods of flour, in another a couple of poods of potatoes; a bulky bundle of clothing wrapped up in an apron; a splint basket as big as a half-bushel; another splint basket, another bundle of clothes, a tin teapot; and some wet briny fish wrapped up in an old number of *Novoe Vremya*, and still dripping all down the platform.

'Quicker! Quicker!' bellowed her man; 'this little minute goes the train!'

'This hour I come!' she called back gayly; 'this hour! this hour!'

What are minutes and hours between congenial mates?

'Take, Mefod'ka!' shouted Annushka; and wound herself up with an eighty-pound bag like a pitcher in his box.

'Vinovát!' predicted Mefodi again, bracing himself, spreading his feet, and thoroughly crushing two of my toes.

Annushka unwound herself, the sack came hurtling into Mefodi's arms, caromed off and slid down the side of me, powdering me with flour as it went.

'Vinovát!' said Mefodi.

This time, at least, I knew what he was guilty of before the announcement.

'Still once!' grunted Annushka, as she wound herself up again.

She unwound, and the sack of potatoes hit me a wallop on the side of the head before it came to rest at Mefodi's feet.

'Vinovát!' said Mefodi.

Just then the bell sounded 'three,' the conductor blew his little whistle, the engineer blew the big whistle, the passengers crossed themselves, and the train started on its way.

Annushka picked up the rest of their belongings and rushed pell-mell for the steps of the train, Mefodi leaning far out of the window and yelling, 'Quicker! quicker!' at the top of his lungs, kicking the paneling in his excitement.

Who would have guessed it would happen this way? What an unexpected thrill, this! Would she make it? Would she?

I leaned out and saw the car-platform packed with passengers down to the lowest step, and Annushka running alongside the moving train, clinging desperately to the grab-handle with one hand, while with the other she clutched bundles, baskets, tin teapot, and salt fish.

Expecting any moment that she would be thrown under the wheels, I pulled in my head and buried my ears in my hands. After a few uneventful moments I took heart, looked up again, and there in the car right before me came Annushka and paraphernalia, progressing slowly but surely down the completely filled corridor, beaming lovingly on her spouse, and scotching with fish-brine each and every person she passed.

The various bags, bundles, and baskets were established in the corridor in such manner as to dam very effectively the surge of humanity up and down that narrow passage (and for this I was extremely grateful). And having now been settled several minutes, Mefodi and his helpmeet gave themselves up to the world-wide pastime of travelers — eating. A splint basket was opened, the briny fish were spread out on their paper on the floor, a chunk of very soggy black bread was set beside them, also a dingy glass for him, and a handsome flowered teacup for her. And the conductor picked his way deftly among them like a cat in a crockery-store window.

All preparations now being made, it needed only some *kipyatók* to fill the tin teapot. We should call it boiling water, but it is such an important detail of Russian life that the phrase has simmered down to the one word.

'Vinovát,' said Mefodi. 'But you don't know of course whether kipyatók has itself at the next station?'

I did not know; but the ice having been melted, as it were, by the boiling water, he felt encouraged to go on with other questions.

'Have you far to travel?

'Not especially, only into Moscow. And you, where to?'

'Into Tula — '

'Two days and two nights we are traveling,' broke in Annushka. 'All the way from Kofkula. Tiresome!'

The train pulled up to another small station. Mefodi thrust his head out of the open window.

'Kipyatók, is?'

'Not!' was the reply.

Who says the Russian is garrulous?

At the next station the question was repeated.

'Kipyatók, is?'

'Is!'

Mefodi seized the teapot, wormed his way through the corridor, tore down the station platform, and took his place at the end of the long, long line of passengers patiently waiting each for his turn at the kipyatók.

When it came to tea, there was no sugar — there hardly ever was in those

days. Nothing but some pallid little lemon-drops, with almost no taste of any kind, to say nothing of sweetness. I offered them a few lumps from my sugar supply. Annushka bit a fragment off a lump and sucked her tea through it, making a whole lump last for several cups.

Her man found he had something I did n't have, and his face lighted up with genuine pleasure.

'Maybe this is wished you,' said Mefodi.

He licked his fingers, wiped them on his coat, and selected a shiny fat fish from the paper. It lay in his broad palm in its entirety, its little eye looking up at me appealingly. I could n't do it! I had n't the heart — or stomach. A shade of disappointment crossed Mefodi's face — or was it a feeling of injury? I must be friendly and share it with him, I thought.

But the head I really could n't eat!

'You don't love the head?' asked Mefodi with surprise; and dispatched it himself.

Night was gradually falling. The little compartment doors along the corridor were being slid shut one by one. The glass and cup and chunk of bread were stowed away again in the basket, and the pair settled down for the long night, seated on their sacks on the corridor floor, Mefodi's shaggy head pillowed on Annushka's broad bosom, she sitting patiently upright until drowsiness made her chin drop down on the same soft pillow.

In the small dark hours of the morning I was roused from my fitful sleep by the swish of a robe passing by, and opened one eye to see a tall priest picking his way through the corridor. What a shame that Annushka had to wake and see him too! Why could n't she have slept only a little minute longer? Why did she have to wake at all? But she did! And she saw him.

'Fod'ka! Fod'ka!'

She shook the sleepy head on her bosom. It opened its eyes.

'Fod'ka, do you know what? We've met a priest. He only now passed through the corridor!'

Mefodi sat bolt upright.

'O Lord my God! Now what does that mean?'

There followed a long spirited discussion in low tones — and I fell off again to sleep.

Toward three o'clock, in the inky blackness, I was conscious of a cool, damp, sour smell under my nose, and woke to find the sack of flour being dragged past my face.

'Vinovát!' said a husky whisper.

The train was halted at a station, and two dark figures were stealthily manœuvring two bags, two bundles, two baskets across my prostrate form and down the corridor.

'What now, Mefodi; surely this can't be Tula?'

'No, no. But, devil take it, we have met a priest!' said he tragically.

'A priest?' said I, wondering what of that.

'Yes, a priest, a bad sign —'

'A very bad sign,' whispered Annushka. 'When you set out on a journey, if you meet a priest, bad luck is sure to follow; nothing will come out as you want it to —'

'Vinovát!' broke in Mefodi, as he dragged another bag across me. 'Vinovát, and good-bye!'

'Good-bye, friends! But where to now?'

'Back again to Kofkula!'

THE NEW WOMAN IN JAVA

BY RADEN ADJOE KARTINI

JAPARA.

A FEW words to announce to you, as briefly as possible, a new turn in my life. I shall not go on with our great work as a woman alone! A noble man will be at my side to help me.

He is ahead of me in work for our people; he has already won his spurs, while I am just beginning. Oh, he is such a lovable, good man! he has a noble heart and a clever head as well. And he has been to Holland, where his bride would so gladly go, but must not for her people's sake.

It is a great change; but if we work together, and support and help one another, we may be able to take a far shorter road to the realization of our hopes than could either alone. We meet at many, many points. You do not yet know the name of my betrothed: it is Raden Adipati Djojo Adiningrat, Regent of Rembang.

And now, adieu! Soon I shall write again, and I hope at greater length.

A great task lies before me; unquestionably it is hard, but if I succeed, and bring it to a good end, I shall serve our people as I could never have served them in any other way. If my work is well done, it will be a lesson that will have a powerful effect upon our cause, because to my fellow countrymen my future will be the most beautiful and desirable in the world.

The mere fact of my marriage will do good: it will interest the parents, spur them on to educate their daughters, and impress them more than could a thousand inspired words. It stands for a fact, that beauty and riches are to be despised before gifts of the heart and mind.

I remember my own words, when someone asked me how the idea of education could be impressed upon our women and girls. 'The Javanese people are just like other children of nature: they are children of the sun, worshipers of splendor and brilliancy. Very well, gratify that wish, give them what their hearts desire, but at the same time give them something that is true, that is of real worth.'

Now we shall not infringe too harshly upon the customs of our land — our childlike people can still have their pomp and splendor. The freedom of women is inevitable; it is coming, but we cannot hasten it. The course of destiny cannot be turned aside, but in the end the triumph has been foreordained.

We shall not be living to see it, but what will that matter? We have helped to break the path that leads to it, and that is a glorious privilege!

Do not be uneasy; my betrothed will not cut my wings short; the fact that I can fly is just what has raised me so high in his eyes. He will only give a larger opportunity to stretch out my wings; he will help me to broaden my field of work. He appreciates your Meiske for herself, and not as a possible ornament for his home.

The Regent of Rembang comes on the seventeenth of this month. I have

asked him to bring his children with him. I am so anxious to make the acquaintance of my future family. The children are to be my future, and I shall live and work for them, strive, and suffer, if need be, for them. I hope that they will love me. I have asked their father to give the entire control of his children to me. My dream is to make them feel, in so far as it is possible, that they are my own children.

I am only going to take one child with me to my new dwelling — a girl of eight or so, who has been given into my care by her parents. She is the daughter of a teacher and has been to school. She is a lovely child, clever and quick. If she shows any inclination at all, I shall educate her for some profession. Now she receives lessons from my sisters in handiwork. In Rembang there are women and children of gentle birth who have been educated. I shall try to gain their interest in our work later. My future sister-in-law is already 'tainted' by a Western education; that will be pleasant for me.

My days at home are numbered; only two more short months and my future protector will come for me. He and his younger brother, the Regent of Toeban, have been here. The day is set: it is the twelfth of November. The wedding will be very quiet, only our families will be present, and neither of us is to wear bridal dress; he will be in his uniform, as I have already seen him. That is my wish. His children are not coming, to my great disappointment. They are still too little, and the journey is tiresome.

I shall find a rich field of work at Rembang, and thank God, there I shall not stand alone. He has promised to stand at my side and support me; it is also his wish and his hope to support me in my efforts to help our people. He himself has already labored diligently for their welfare for years. He too would like to help in the work of education, and though he cannot give personal instruction himself, he can have it done by others. Many of his various relatives are being educated at his expense. He expects me to be a blessing to him and to his people; may he not be disappointed! I am very grateful for one thing: his family share his ideas and approve of his choice. They look upon me as the future rearer of their children, and I really hope to serve in that capacity; I do not think of anything else.

Sometimes I forget that I have lost so many beautiful illusions, and think that I am still following my calling, only along a different way from the one that I had mapped out for myself, and I shall think that always; it gives me peace and helps me to be cheerful.

Nothing is perfect, and nothing may ever be perfect in this world. I had hoped and prayed that I might become the mother and sister of many, and God has heard my prayer, though it is a little different from what I meant.

It is one of his dreams, too, to be able to raise up our people. He is truly good to his people and to the officials under him; they feed out of his hand.

Fortunately Rembang is a quiet little place, and it is good that he cares as little as I for amusements.

I am delighted that the Resident there is interested in our cause, so that I shall not go as a stranger. And there will be my great friend, the sea! It lies not more than a hundred feet from the house.

When they told him that I was much interested in the art and kindred industries of our people, he said there were goldsmiths and wood-carvers there; they only needed a little directing.

But capital and leadership are needed first of all, before our artistic industries can be placed upon a practical basis. A large work-place ought to be

built, and many apprentices and artisans taken to work under regular supervision in our immediate neighborhood.

If everything goes well, what a retinue I shall take with me, even though I am a modern woman. I shall certainly have a strange bridal dower.

The Regent of Rembang is marrying a whole *kotta*. What business has he to put himself between the people and their bride? Oh, heavens! I shall strike an unfortunate time, for I shall arrive in the dry season of the year. I have said all along that I would not allow my foot to be kissed. I could never allow anyone to do that. I want a place in their hearts, not outward forms.

I cannot think of the future without my Roekmini. How shall I get along without her and she without me! When I think of her my eyes stay wide open the whole night long.

Do you know what has happened? At his earnest request the date has been changed. The wedding will not be on the twelfth, but on the eighth of November, and on Wednesday the eleventh, at about five o'clock, I shall leave my home.

Your girl is alive again, she is alive. Her heart glows and thrills, and it is not burning pain or bitter, dumb despair that makes the strings vibrate; love is sounding the chords. Why did I complain, ungrateful that I was, with such a rich treasure within me?

Love is greater than all else! And she is richest who gives most. And I shall give, as a rich father's child, with a full hand. What has been given me, I shall give back with interest. Oh, there are so many that hunger and thirst after love!

Strange and wonderful things can happen in life. He and father were drawn together from the first moment they set eyes upon each other two years ago. They have been friends ever since; and he has visited us often.

It was one of his poor little wife's wishes to come and see us, with him and all the children. Both of them called my father, 'Father.' She was so anxious to make our acquaintance; alas, before her wish could be granted, death took her away.

Shortly before her death, he saw his wife in a dream; she was deep in fervent prayer, and the prayer that was sent up to the All-Highest was, that she and Raden Adjeng Kartini might meet and be friends through all eternity. Since that time, I have never been out of his thoughts.

Yes, he has suffered much; when she went away it was a deep blow to him: he loved her very dearly. And his hope for himself is, that father's treasure — his *wasiat djati*,[1] as he calls me — shall help him to forget his grief.

May I not find a little message from you when, on the eleventh, I enter my new home for the first time? It will be as if you had raised your dear hand to bless me.

My dearest Moedertje, —

This is the last greeting from your little daughter as a young girl, on the day before her wedding. To-morrow, at half-past six, we are to be married. I know that to-morrow my whole heart will be with you. Good-bye, my dearest. Greet your husband heartily for me, and remember that you will always have the deep affection of

Your own little daughter

K.

Rembang.

My dearest, best Friends, —

You do not know with what affection this, my first letter from my new home, is written. A home where, praise

[1] Heir of his existence, in whom his whole being begins and ends. — The Translator.

God, there is peace and love everywhere, and we are all happy with and through one another.

I regret so deeply that through the press of circumstances I have not been able to write to you before. Forgive me. The first days were so frightfully hard; then our children were ailing, and at last I felt the reaction from the wearisome days through which we had passed. I was far from well and was obliged to take care of myself. Now I am again fresh and happy. Once more it is the old irresponsible, hare-brained creature of other days, who can look forward to the future with smiling eyes.

Do I have to express myself still more plainly, dearest? I bless the day on which I laid my hand in that of him who was sent by the All-Father to be my comrade in the journey through this great and difficult life.

Everything that was noble and beautiful in my eyes I find here realized before me. Some of the dreams that I still dream he has carried out years ago, or he dreams them now with me. We are so entirely one in thought and ideas that often I am frightened. You would both love him if you knew him. You would admire his clear brain and honor his good heart. I have thought so often that the noble should live for the people, and I have wanted to preach this aloud. Our nobles would not care to hear it; but he, my heart's king, has gone before me.

It is just a month to-day since my husband brought me here to his country, and led me into his house, now our home. The queen could not have been more warmly welcomed. All of Rembang made festival; even on the border, every house was decorated with flags; the very hired carriages on the highways bore the tricolor. The enthusiasm of the people was so spontaneous and genuine, the expressions of sympathy came so warmly from their hearts. The people were gay and rejoiced because their beloved ruler was happy. Again and again my husband took me out on the balcony — the people must see his new *Goesti-Poetri.*

I sat on a stool near him, silent, my eyes full of tears, and my heart overflowing with emotion; there was happiness, there was gratitude, there was pride: pride in him, that he had gained such a warm place in the hearts of the people; gratitude because one of my dearest dreams was realized; and happiness because I sat there at his side.

And our children — how can I tell you of these delights? I felt drawn to them at once, they are such dear unspoiled creatures; and every day they grow closer and closer to my heart. Their father has laid a good foundation to their education; it began just as I always wished education to begin, in simplicity and modesty. My little treasures do not hold themselves above the most humble person here in the house; everyone is alike to them. The field is prepared, I have only to go forth and sow.

In January I hope to be able to open our little school. We are looking for a good teacher; and till we have found one, I shall have charge of the lessons myself. If unforeseen circumstances should intervene and I be prevented in any way, one of my sisters will carry on the work for me, till I am able to take charge of it again.

Several parents have already asked me to teach their children. Our idea is to open a school for daughters of the native chiefs here, if we can get a suitable teacher. If we could find a good governess, then she could care for the mental development of our children and also for the formation of their characters.

When everything is in good working order, could we not hope for a subsidy

from the government? The expenses of the school would be as low as possible; the children would receive their board and lodging free from us.

The parents are full of confidence and are asking us to take their children. This is now our opportunity. We must begin. After a while I shall write to you at greater length about our plans. I have the fullest confidence that a girl's school, held by us at our home, under the direction of a European teacher with me as head mistress, would succeed. We have great plans, and we would give anything to be able to talk this over with you and your husband face to face.

I am writing this at five o'clock in the morning. The children are awake and hanging over my chair; mother must give them bread and milk.

You must see our youngest just once; he is not yet two years old, but so intelligent. As I sat here, he came with a little footstool; it was too heavy for him to carry, so he dragged it to mother; mother's feet must not hang. Then the darling child climbed on my lap. When I call the children to me, they fight to see which one shall reach me first, and our little sister brings me the spoons and forks.

The one who is naughty must not come to mother. They have the greatest fun when they bathe with me, and I too enjoy this more than anything else. It is such a pleasure to see the fresh, laughing little faces.

And now I am going to talk about myself. I have not thanked you yet for the many expressions of love which we have received from you of late. I was made so happy by the letter from your husband and yourself, which I received at Japara; my warmest thanks to you both. And you, Moedertje dearest, I kiss you heartily on both cheeks for your welcome greeting, which I found upon my arrival.

To-day I feel a great peace. A whole history lies behind it. And this letter must not go until I have told it to you.

Guess who has been staying here and who went away only this morning. Mevrouw and Heer Beervoets, from Marjowarno. They had been to Japara to see my parents, who sent them here to us. It was an inspiration of father's, and we bless the happy chance which led those good angels here.

I had been anxious for a long time to make the acquaintance of this noble couple. My wish has been granted, and in what manner! I have always thought of them with sympathy, but now deep gratitude is mingled with the sympathy.

Day before yesterday, my husband was cheerful and wide awake all day. At noon the Beervoetses came, and he was so well that one would have little thought that a few hours later he would be lying desperately ill. Much interested, it was past midnight before we took leave of our guests. An hour later, my husband was suffering from a violent indisposition; the sickness came suddenly, and in less than three minutes it was so severe that he hardly expected to see the morning. How I felt, you can easily imagine. I had Doctor Beervoets called. He had expected to leave the next morning at eight, but neither he nor his wife had the heart to go away and leave us in so much trouble; they would go at one o'clock instead. But even then they saw that my husband needed constant medical attention, and our doctor was away on a journey.

It was an acute case of colic; an illness from which my husband had never suffered before in his life. Yesterday at midday he began to mend, and fell asleep. You can imagine how thankful I was. This morning at eight o'clock, our new friends went away. My husband is improving steadily and is only very weary. At this moment he is

sleeping quietly, and has been for a full half hour. God grant that he may soon be entirely well!

It is so strange that in her last days his first wife should have thought of me. She longed to know me, and to become friends with me. Her dream was to go to Japara and to take her children to me; she hardly laid my portrait out of her hand, and even on her last sick-bed she had it by her.

After she had departed, and her earthly pain was over, everyone here, even the native officials, has had but one wish, which has now been granted since the eighth of November. That is why there was such general rejoicing when we came.

My husband thinks the idea of moving the Japara wood-carvers here excellent. He supports me warmly in that, just as he does in all my other projects. A handicraft school for natives has been one of his dreams all along.

My husband is anxious for me to write a book about the sagas and legends of Java. He would collect them for me, and we could work on them together — a wonderful prospect.

There is so much that he wants to do with me; on my writing-table several articles from his hand are already lying.

My own dearest Moedertje, —

I wish that I could throw my arms around your neck. I long from my soul to tell you of my great joy, to make you a sharer in our splendid secret. A great, sweet happiness awaits me. If God so wills it, toward the end of September, there will come one sent from heaven to make our beautiful life still more beautiful, to draw the bond closer and tighter that already binds us together. Mother, my mother, think of the little soul that will be born from our two souls to call me mother!

Can you picture it? I a mother! I shall make you, old Moedertje, I shall make you a grandmother! Will you come later on to see your grandchild? I shall not be able now to go to Batavia. Our plan was first to go on a journey this month, to take a month's holiday. Now we must give up the idea. I am not able to travel, and when our little one is here, then, too, I may not travel. So I shall see Batavia no more, at least while you are there. And what would it be worth to me without you and Mijnheer? My husband is so glowingly happy because of this new life which I carry under my heart. That alone was wanting to our happiness.

Highly honored Friends, —

It must have seemed strange to you not to have heard from me in reply to your cordial letter, and to have had no word of acknowledgment for the splendid presents with which we have been so greatly pleased. If every thought sent to you had become a deed, what an array of letters you would now have! Forgive me, dear friends, that no word has gone to you long before this.

The change from a simple young girl to a bride, a mother, and the wife of a highly placed native official, — which means much in our Indian life, — is so great that I could think of nothing at first but of how best to fulfill my new duties. But that was not the only reason. Shortly after our wedding, my husband was taken very ill. After that I myself began to ail. Even now the Rembang climate does not agree with me. We live close by the sea; but what at Japara was an advantage, is here, at Rembang, a plague. Here we must have a care for the sea wind, which is very unwholesome, because it must first blow over coral reefs and slime before it reaches us.

And now I must tell you about my new life. You will be glad to hear of that, will you not? Because you take

such interest in your Javanese friend, and have been so concerned about her future. God be thanked, your fears for me have proved groundless. A young wife writes you these lines, a wife whose happiness beams in her eyes and who can find no words to express it.

My husband (and it is known through the whole of Java that I am different from others; yet he has bound himself to me) is not only my husband, he is my best friend.

Everything that I think has been thought by him too, and many of my ideas have already been expressed by him in deeds. I have laid out for myself a full life, I have planned to be a pioneer in the struggle for the rights and freedom of the Javanese woman. I am now the wife of a man whose support gives me strength in my efforts to reach the ideal which is always before my eyes. I have now personal happiness and also my work for my ideal.

I am sure you will both be pleased to know that your little Javanese friend of the turbulent spirit is now anchored in a safe haven. I wish that you could see me in my new surroundings. You know how little I cared for luxury and worldly position; they would have no value in my eyes, were it not that it is my husband who gives them to me. But they are means by which I may reach my goal more easily. The Javanese are deeply loyal to their nobles. Everything that their chiefs desire is readily accepted by them. So now at the side of my husband I shall reach the hearts of the people much more easily. The success of the plans for our school shows that I have their confidence.

We began to teach at home in Japara, and now our younger sisters are carrying on the work there. Our little school now has a hundred and twenty pupils, daughters of native chiefs. My sisters give them instruction. But here too I have begun our work; my own little daughters were my first pupils. So you see that the little Javanese are beginning to realize the dream of their girlhood.

We do not go out often, and we entertain very little, yet my life is always full. Spendid! I divide my days between my dear husband, my housekeeping, and my children — both my own and the adopted ones. And these last take the largest share of my time and attention. When father is at work, then the children work with me from nine until twelve o'clock. At half-past twelve, father finds a troop of clean-faced but very hungry children. At half-past one the little ones are sent to bed,[1] and if father is in bed, and I am not too tired, I work with the young girls. At four o'clock I preside at the tea-table. When the little ones have drunk their milk and have bathed, they can drive the fowls to the coops, or walk with us, or play in the garden. We amuse ourselves for a little, and prattle about everything or nothing.

When our little troop comes in, then we are done with play. Father sits down to read the paper, and they range themselves around mother. I sit in a rocking-chair with the two smallest on my lap, a child on each arm of the chair, and the two eldest at my knees. We tell stories; soon afterward supper-time comes around. We eat early with the little ones; the smallest of all sits next to mother. The little fellow has taken upon himself the task of lifting the glass cover for mother. No one must take that little work away from him, and if he is not allowed to do it, he knows it is because he has deserved a punishment.

At eight o'clock the little treasures are sent to bed. And we parents sit up

[1] In Java it is customary to take an hour's rest in the afternoon. — THE TRANSLATOR.

and talk to each other till Klaas Vaak drives us to the *poeloe kapok* [bed]; and this is not so late as at Japara, for we get up very early in the morning.

Sunday is a holiday for both of us. We begin it always with a walk; after that I teach my girls cooking, and then the mother and wife can do the things for which she had not had time during the week. It is not much that she can do, for my husband is happier when I sit by him. He charms me sometimes with beautiful *gamelan* music and songs. I think it is delightful in my husband to add the songs. For the gamelan music alone makes too great an impression upon me. It takes me back to times of which I must not think. It makes me weak and sad.

So the days fly by, calm, quiet, and peaceful as a brook deep in the forest.

If the child that I carry under my heart is a girl, what shall I wish for her? I shall wish that she may live a rich full life, and that she may complete the work that her mother has begun. She shall never be compelled to do anything abhorrent to her deepest feelings. What she does must be of her own free will. She shall have a mother who will watch over the welfare of her inmost being, and a father who will never force her in anything. It will make no difference to him if his daughter remains unmarried her whole life long; what will count with him will be that she shall always keep her esteem and affection for us. He has shown that he respects women, and that we are one in thought, by his desire to trust his daughter wholly to me.

Oh, if you only knew the things that slander has spread abroad about me! What I heard before my marriage was praise compared to what I have since learned. My husband must indeed have had courage, to offer me his heart, his hand, and his name. He had heard many things concerning me, but never a single word of praise; still, in his heart there was a conviction, which nothing could shake, that we were the bearers of new ideas, which were incomprehensible to the great multitude, who scorned us because they could not understand. When his first wife was still living, he would always take my part when they dragged my name through the mud. He had a premonition that some day I should play an important rôle in his life. Everyone here in the house had been interested in me. So there are premonitions, secret longings, that come often as forerunners of what will happen in the future. Only I alone did not dream that this would be my future existence.

I am not giving my little ones any vacation; they will have one in September when my child is born. For the first fortnight I must rest, and then my baby will go into the schoolroom. I have already prepared a corner where baby can sleep, while mother and little sisters and brothers study. Now we shall have something *à la* Hilda Van Suylenburg — a mother who with a suckling baby goes out to work.

When shall I ever be able to write to you as of yore? From all sides come reproaches that I write so seldom. But I cannot do anything else; I have undertaken a great task, and it is my hard duty to carry it through to completion. The children are doing their best, and I have now twelve, among them several who are full-grown.

I am busy now with the outfit for your little grandchild. My sisters are eager for a girl, and my husband for a son. If it should be a girl, then I shall have to love her doubly, for everyone here is anxious for a boy.

My own dearest Moedertje, —

My love for you and my interest in everything that concerns you must not

be measured according to the number of my letters to you.

With the best will in the world, it is almost impossible for me to write to anyone at all, now especially, when I am struggling against bad health. I have been quite sick: I caught a cold and suffered severely. That is now past, thank God! but I still have to take care of myself. And I must — I will be well, for our child's sake.

How much a child costs its mother! All the tedious suffering is still to come. O Moeska, I must take care of myself, and be prudent in everything. For a month past, I have received only members of the family, who can come into my room. I write this in a long chair. I cannot sit up straight comfortably.

Mamma was with me last week; the dear one, nothing is too much for her, where the welfare of her children is at stake. Just so she went to Pamalang when Kardinah was sick, and just so she came all the way here, when my husband in his distress telegraphed for her. My husband is looking forward to the approaching time with great apprehension. He cannot bear to see me suffer, poor dear one; he really suffered more than I when I was so sick. He would turn the whole world upside down to spare me suffering and pain.

MOESKA DEAREST, —

I think of you so much! Above all do I think of you now, always with a feeling of tenderness, but, at the same time, a deep sadness.

Sadness because you are so far from me, and will be even farther removed beyond my reach. Why must it be that just those souls that are most closely akin should be separated so far from one another? I am so unhappy when I let myself long for you. I sit still, looking straight ahead, neither hearing nor seeing what is happening around me. I live in the past, that sweet and that bitter past, when I was so eager for suffering, and where your love is interwoven always like a garland of light. I suffered and I rejoiced. My heart is full of sadness, but also of gratitude, for the happiness which your love has brought me. I never cease to thank God for having brought you to us.

Good-day, Moeska; perhaps this will be my last letter to you. Think sometimes of your daughter who loves you and your husband so dearly, and who presses you now to her heart.

DEAREST MOEDERTJE MINE, —

After all, that was not to be my last letter. I have been afraid; but perhaps it will be for the best that my time is coming quickly. I feel it, Moedertje; it is very probable that your grandchild will be born sooner than we first expected him.

Greetings, my dear one. Think well of me, both of you; in my heart there is a prayer which says, 'God keep my dear friends.'

Your own little daughter,

KARTINI.

MY DEAREST MOEDERTJE, —

How can I thank you for the precious little frock that you have given our baby. It has all the more worth in our eyes because we know under what circumstances you have worked this present for your little grandchild. We heard through Roekmini that you made it yourself after your return to Batavia. To think that you, who were indisposed yourself and had so many cares upon your shoulders as always, but especially at that time when you were under great pressure, could still take such delicate and patient stitches for our child! Your friendship must indeed be great, and your love for me deep and sincere. I looked at the little frock yesterday with wet eyes and a grateful

happy heart; and often I feel I must look at it again. It tells me much, Moedertje dearest. It has made your daughter so happy.

Later your little grandchild can wear the figured ornament around his neck, when the dress grows too small for him. I shall keep it for him till he can understand me, when I tell him of the great love which God has given to his mother, so that the little ornament will be even more precious to him than it is now to me.

My husband said to me yesterday, when we received your present: 'Go, wife, and write to Moedertje right away, or it may be too late.' And I have followed his advice and, at the same time, the voice of my own heart.

Our little one is not here yet, but it may be any moment now. I feel that his coming is very near.

Thank you so much for your encouraging words, dear. The thought that far from here there is one, a part of my soul, who hopes and prays for me, makes me strong, and does me unutterable good.

People who have seen me during these last days think me unusually cheerful. And why should I not be cheerful when such great happiness awaits me? What matter all the hours of pain, when they are the price of such sweet happiness? I long so for my little treasure, and it is sweet to know that many whom I love are with me in thought in these last days. Do I not know how at my dear home, hour by hour, they think of me, hope and pray for me?

When so many hearts pray the same prayer, Heaven will not be deaf to it. Moeska, I am so firmly convinced that all will go well with your daughter; naturally you will be notified as soon as the great event has taken place.

Oh, if you, my good angel, could but stand at the cradle of my child, how blissfully happy I should be! I know that you will love our child even though it should grow into a greater simpleton than its mother. If it is only not too sensitive, all will be well — *hè*, Moeska? And that will not be unless the evil spirits watch by its cradle. But your talisman will take care of that and protect your little one from evil spirits.

My mother has been with me for two weeks, and there is also an old grandmother who has come to be with me during the hard hours that are coming. I am waited upon, spoiled, and watched over like a princess.

The layette and the little bed are in our room all ready for the coming of our treasure.

How delightful is the odor of the little fruit which is our true native perfume. I have put it away with the baby's frock, in a chest with other garments, so that they will be perfumed delicately. My treasure must smell sweet.

Good-night, dearest Moedertje; accept again sincere thanks from us both. Greet Mijnheer heartily for us, and feel yourself softly kissed by your own little daughter.

KARTINI.

[This was her last letter. Six days later her son was born; and after four days, she died suddenly, being just twenty-five years old. She was deeply mourned by all who had known and loved her.]

THE UNCONQUERED

BY AMORY HARE

I NEVER hear the thrush's mellow flute
In the hushed gloom of woods where threads of sun,
From tree-trunk to tall tree-trunk, one by one,
Move in slow beauty, eloquently mute;
Nor watch dark skies swept by the trembling tops
Of poplars bowing to the evening breeze;
Nor tread the tufted grass the heifer crops;
Nor feel the fog blow past me from the seas,
Without that leap of blood, that catch of breath,
Coming to strike me dumb at thought of Death.

Death, the strange dream beyond all thought withdrawn,
Incredibly beyond compassion's sting;
Deaf to all grief, immune to pitying,
Ultimate conqueror of beauty's dawn
That saw the myriad seeds of eager life
Willing themselves to growth and rapturous
Content in being! Brief, but beauteous,
The conflict, glorious the strife,
That takes such joy of living for a span,
Knowing the verdict before Time began.

Splendid to have been one of those who fought
To be, defying death in every beat
Of a full-pulsing heart; to drink the sweet
Dark wine of ecstasy, the milk of thought,
Until such pageantry of the unseen
Comes to reality within the mind
That the blind heart can consolation find
In heaven and hell and all that lies between,
And comes to think on Death as the indenture
That binds the deathless will to new adventure.

THE DIVE. II

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

UNDER a pale and fading light Ronald Ronald was thrashing his way about in a jungle — a jungle of underbrush bound together with netted festoons of dog-brier and wild grapevines. He beat them down before him with a stout club, trampling them wearily underfoot as he advanced. He felt himself to be near exhaustion; but there was always something that gave him the courage for one more rod. What was it that did this? he asked himself in a kind of stupor.

He was not quite alone: there was another presence behind, following submissively at the end of a rawhide leading-string which he held in his left hand. But this seemed to have nothing to do with it. He was drawn forward by something that lay waiting for him beyond. Just what this something was, he could not at all bring his mind to focus upon. But there came to him again and again, in waves, the assurance that he knew, if he could but think clearly enough to remember.

One more curtain of dry and crackling branches between himself and a broader diffusion of light ahead. He braced his feet and pushed his body against this curtain with all his strength, tearing his way and carrying a latticed snarl of the thorny creepers with him. His lunge brought him out stumbling into a small cleared space near the edge of a great descent. He saw, as if he had expected it, that he was on the rim of a cliff partly enclosing the upper end of a long, deep, and narrow valley, the bottom of which was already wrapped in twilight. He made out in a blur of dizziness that the saddled pony had forced its way through behind him; then he sank down on the carpet of parched grass and weeds to wait for things to stop whirling blackly.

His mind was like two confused and intermingled liquids of different densities, one of which, he seemed to know, would presently rise clear to the top while the other sank. He tried to think back along the trails he had followed — or were they roads? The two terms jostled each other in his thought. One item emerged sharp and tangible enough: Chiswick Valley. Not so long ago, he had come into Chiswick Valley, and this was the lower part of it that lay spread before him. How had he come? One scrap of an odd sort of answer popped back from nowhere: '— a-straddle of a volcano.' Meaningless. But was it? or had he merely happened to lose the meaning somehow? Anyway, there could be no doubt about the real answer, for here was the indubitable pony, familiar enough to him now that he stared at it cropping the dried grass.

Patiently he set about visualizing the just accomplished stage of his journey. Another detail came with certainty: the long descent into the Upper Valley. Then another blur. There was a rude cart-path, half swallowed in dense encroaching bushes, through which the pony had ambled with a swishing noise. But was there not also a straight brown road, pulverized by innumerable hoofs and wheels? Neither image gave his

mind the equilibrium it wanted. He saw, at one and the same time, the track rankly overgrown, and, much as if this had been transparent, something else underlying it — the ghost, as it were, of the dusty brown thoroughfare that had once traversed the place. Ah, but *had* it? The road, or trail, or whatever it liked to call itself, remained with him like two photographs, each clear enough in itself, taken on one film.

There was another curious circumstance. He was uncertain of the last house in the Upper Valley — the last before, at a quite definite small red schoolhouse, he had turned into the woods. Not uncertain what that last house was like, but uncertain whether it was there at all. One moment he saw it, in a little pocket of a dell, with outbuildings attached, a roofed well-house in front, and a mill-pond behind. The next moment he saw only the empty dell, with a brook flowing through its greenery. In ostensible connection with that shadowy house, a name became articulate in his memory — a man's name, Elijah. No, Abijah. Well, which? Then a third name displaced both: Eustace. Eustace's house. Who might Eustace be? A click in his memory shut off speculation here, as if someone had slammed in his face the door of a lighted room which he wanted to enter. It broke on him with the starkness of a winter dawn, bringing a dismay that swelled through his whole being until it was terror, that he did not know who he was.

He began making hysterical efforts to get back one step further into his immediate past. His mind caught hold of one corner of a sort of moving picture. Running Indians. There were also gaunt bronzed men, not Indians, with grim faces, smudged and half lost in smoke. And sounds — a din of yelled orders, the pop of musketry, the occasional boom of a field-piece, making earth and air shudder. These attached themselves to another name — John Stark. Now he had it: Battle of Bennington, of course! But forthwith there came again that same click in his memory. The details vanished, and in their stead he had nothing but a sharp awareness of a page in a book — a right-hand page, the text straggling down in a narrowed column past a sketch-map toward a topic that stood out in bold-faced type near the bottom: 'Successes in the North (1777).'

His effort frayed out into trivialities. He heard clearly spoken, in a high and querulous voice which he seemed to have known ages ago, a phrase which he could not for the life of him make sense of: ' — these queer new-fangled *s*'s.' He worked over this as if it had been of immense importance, and then gravely substituted 'here' for 'queer.' This pleased some fastidious sense of sound inside him. The words were like actual physical things, which he was to find and slip into notches already shaped to fit them with precision.

When he opened his eyes, things no longer blurred together in that mad whirl. On the height there was only a vanishing gray dimness, through which the first stars twinkled out one by one. He strained his eyes downward. The Lower Valley was filled with a great standing pool of darkness, near the bottom of which he made out, faint and wraith-like, a level body of mist. At this he stared, endeavoring to pierce through it to what lay at the bottom.

A rustling east breath from the opposite wall fanned him. He saw with a start that what he was looking at was the smooth expanse of a lake. Out of the night below it sprang to his vision as things do in a lightning flash. He could see the mist, clinging above and reflected below. The surface of the water was like tarnished silver. 'Almost dawn,' he muttered in bewild-

erment. No sooner had he heard this said, than he wanted to deny it testily. He knew well enough that it was not long after sunset. Also, he realized that the lake which had presented itself, whether or no its counterpart lay down there in the Valley, was nothing that he could truly have seen with his physical eyes, in that light. He passed a hand nervously across his face. The whole mirage of a lake was gone like a cobweb that one brushes away. Then, perversely, he was flooded with dismay because the lake was *not* there.

There followed a short interval in which he understood everything perfectly, within a narrow ring of immediate circumstances. The rim of a reddish moon showed above the east wall across the gorge. Somewhere back in the woods a screech-owl began spreading its immemorial woes broadcast on the night. All this was familiar. He got up and went to the pony, which he could still hear crunching the withered grass with a faint tearing noise. He tethered the animal to a sapling at the edge of the cleared place, unsaddled him, and hung the saddle over the lowest limb of a tree. From one of the saddle-bags he produced a folding candle-lantern. Without a second's hesitation he lighted it — with flint and steel and a tinder-box.

He patted the pony and promised it water. It whinnied softly as he walked away toward the edge of the cliff. Every one of these movements was obvious and comprehensible to him. But as soon as he tried to get beyond, into past or future, there was no sense or meaning.

Between two trees at the edge of the descent he stepped into the path. He followed it down, understanding by some sixth sense that he had done so countless times before. He even knew, without the least thought, which roots and stones were secure footing, and which would tear away or teeter precariously. The shadows of his legs, thrown by the swung lantern, criss-crossed rhythmically on the steep rock wall and effaced whole boulders and clumps of bushes with the clipping motion of shears. The incessant wail of the screech-owl came to him more faintly. He did not pause until he reached a flat ledge of rock twenty or thirty feet from the bottom.

There he lost himself again for a moment in another of those strange fits of mental biplicity, based this time on the automatic cropping up in his mind of two words — 'shelf,' and the queer word 'chaps.' Chaps? What chaps? English slang. Fellows. No. Then a line from — was it Shakespeare? — 'Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps.' There might, he thought, be a gleam here, if he could work it out. Chaps — jaws. Lion's jaws? Not that. And 'shelf'! He gave it up, and peered down over the edge of the flat rock.

Nothing there but darkness. What had stopped him? Something in the texture of the silence, over which he puzzled, frowning. Suddenly he had it: water falling over rocks. He strained his ears for this sound. There was nothing audible except the crickets and that one everlasting screech-owl. A kind of stagnating quality in the stillness made him think of death — the valley of the shadow of death. He shivered imperceptibly.

But he was going on down. There was that which called him as if from the darkness below, and to which everything inside him answered. He understood in a vague way that the call itself had really come from inside him. It was nothing more than his inward certitude that down there, in some mysterious way, all would be accounted for, justified. Walking along the flat ledge back near the cliff, he found with relief that he knew precisely where to look for the continuation of the path. It

led down a rock stairway and then eased off to a level among waist-high shrubs. Here was a sudden pocket of damp, cold air. He shivered again, this time with the merely physical chill. The dankness was one more breath of familiarity touched with strangeness.

II

He was now on the floor of the Valley itself. He paused.

At the blackest point of the shadow ahead, a dog broke out into a shrill yelping clamor. He understood that it was neither fear nor anger, nor yet warning, but only — welcome. He could hear the dog pounding toward him on the hard ground, tearing its throat with cries, tossing its body into the air as if only by turning completely inside-out could it express the furious abandon of its delight. He stooped down as it neared him, and murmured a caressing word. Instantly there fell a dead stillness between himself and the animal. Instead of the anticipated transport, there came one low, drawn-out, ululating whine. He could feel the dog's hair bristling as if it had risen along his own back. The voice in which he had just spoken to the dog was one which he had never heard before in his life. He stood and trembled, in a renewal of overwhelming psychic terror.

Quick, light steps came toward him, stopped a second, came on again more swiftly.

'Ronald!' It was the unbearable excess of joy breaking over into a cry uttered by the most familiar voice in the whole world.

In the firm arms that swept round him, he knew at last the answer to the dark riddle of his existence. The lips that found his own in a long ardor of possession, of fulfillment, summed up everything. He stood dazed with the rightness and expectedness of it, encircling her with his left arm and holding the lantern stiffly away from her in his right hand, not knowing that he did so. They stood motionless while the great brown collie danced round them, uttering soft whines and nuzzling them alternately for recognition.

Suddenly she was crying, in little broken-off sobs that constricted her whole body. Rising from somewhere inside her, they tore at something inside him. The lantern went out as it fell; his freed hand, behind her head, pressed her cheek more tightly against his. It was the gesture of his tenderness charging her never to sob again but for joy.

'My dear love!' he murmured; and after a little, again, brokenly, 'Oh, my dear love!' It was all he could say.

With her first cry his identity had swept over him like the waters of a pent-up freshet suddenly released, until he was drowned in it. The past and the present were washed clear. In the one surge of clarity he had both found himself and lost himself again in the sense of her. It seemed to him then that never in his life had there been anything to stand in the way of his certainty of himself and of her, of himself as hers. The period of wondering who and where he was, the singular speculation about a house that both was and was not, his groping for the name of the ledge on which he had stood, the dog's spasm of terror — all that was not only a forgotten dream, but a dream that had occurred to someone else entirely. He, Ronald Ronald, was in the secure valley of home, under its shielding wall. He stood within a stone's throw of the Devil's Chaps, the ledge forming the mouth and jaws of that vast stone face which watched eternally over the Valley with its sardonic and inscrutable regard, giving the whole locality its nickname of Devil's-Pate Valley. It had all been familiar to him from the

dawn of his memory. And he was fastened in the arms of his wife.

What words was she breathing into his ear? — 'It must be that God has brought you to me.'

'That may indeed be,' he answered her. 'But only let me know that 't is well with you and the child. And what word from Eustace? Is father better?'

She was still sobbing a little, and trying to nod assent against his shoulder; but this she could hardly manage, he was holding her so fixedly, and they both laughed, as young lovers since the beginning of the world have always done at such trifles.

'Yes,' he repeated, 'why may it not be that God has had care of me? There has been more than one piece of hot work in the field, and I in the thick of it. And there was hazard in the journey, as indeed I had foreknowledge. Yet here I am — and with no help save that of a good pony which is spent with the journey and waits up yonder for food and water.'

She pushed him a little away, keeping her hands on his shoulders. 'But why,' she demanded, 'must you undertake these perils without need? Always the rashest boy! You might have cost your general a stout soldier, and me —'

'An indifferent husband,' he supplied; then drew her back closer. 'The birds fly in their seasons,' he said, 'but I never heard that they ask first whether the way be free of dangers. It was to you, and — I must. And did you have no need of me? Something was for ever crying your need into my ear, and would not be silent; I heard it in the night, and on the march, and through the sentry's watch. Was it only *my* need that spoke?'

'Ay,' she answered quietly, 'there was need — great need. But now' — she laughed happily — 'here are you, and what need of anything? Father Abijah is as he was — no more ailing. From your brother, no tidings still. — But did you surely come without harm, my Ronald?'

He laughed too, because she had laughed, and because he was in the giddiness of pure joy.

'That I did,' he assured her — 'at least, with no worse scath than by some thousands of brambles up yonder, where I had thought there was a path.'

She was serious again.

'Few have come, these many months, by any path that leads to this place,' she said. 'And — fewer have gone. — But, oh! great goosecap that I am, to stand gabbling here — and you so spent and famished! And he has never, never seen his babe, has he, Tubal?' She affected to put this to the dog.

'While I have you thus —'

But she was pulling at his sleeve, in a sudden intolerant gust of solicitude. He knew: she was going to be inexorable, ruthless, until she had him properly looked after, showered with creature comforts. He supposed it was one of the traits without which she would not have been Martha; certainly it was one common to all the women whom the Ronalds married. He stooped to pick up the extinguished lantern, and to let Tubal vent himself in a wild transport of caresses: then he started on, Martha haling him after her by the wrist as one does a resisting child. He barely made out the steep gable of the farmhouse, dominating a shadowy huddle of outbuildings.

'Tell me, then,' he said, 'of the child. Our son — think of that! Yes, I know: I had your letter in the North, of Elim Whittaker, who had it of Nathan.'

Her clutch tightened on his wrist, and her pace slackened.

'Oh, never was such a babe!' she affirmed. 'When you take him, you will perceive and understand what it was that drew you. He thought it was his wife, the silly! When a man has his

first child to play with, what is a doll of a wife, that he should keep her in remembrance? Tell me that, thou great vanity! But, oh, he is the strongest, and the best — ! The blue eyes, like yours — ! And the straight back — ! He has but just found that his wrists do most wonderfully turn, and he lies on his back watching his two hands turn to and fro, and never wearies of it.'

'Which of us twain, I ask you now,' said Ronald, with a crushing severity, 'has the greater cause to look on the child with a jaundiced eye — your own words to be the judge? And, pray, was not his name to be Joel, after *your* father?'

'His name is to be Ronald Joel, after my father and his own.' She said it with a triumphant kind of tenderness. 'And he shall be called Ronald, lest —'

He caught a glimpse of her omnipresent fear. It was true enough that the desolation of widowhood might descend on her at any instant, almost before she had crossed the threshold of life and love. In bestowing *his* name upon the boy, she was squarely reckoning with the common lot of young wives and mothers in those troublous times. For his own part, he was strong in youth's illusion of immortality. But he could only tighten his clasp in comprehension of her pervasive dread.

She lingered again in the shadow of the great gable.

'There is one matter,' she said in a low voice, 'that you need prepare yourself against. Father Abijah is — is not altogether as you have known him.'

'Not — near death? You cannot mean that?'

'T is not so much the body, ailing though that be. But — the mind fails. In one small matter, nothing if you but understand it aright, he does not do himself justice. There may be that which would be overlooked by all who love him.'

She would say no more. She checked his questions by raising the latch. They passed through a wedge of yellow candlelight into the great warm kitchen that had always been to Ronald a familiar everyday sort of heaven.

III

His first minutes under his own roof were marred, as home-comings most often are, by the impact of too many crowding emotions of the first magnitude, crossing and interrupting one another. Later, he was to sink gratefully into the remembered sereneness of everything — the freshly sanded floor, the gleam of brass and pewter, the vast fireplace with its smouldering logs ready to be blown into flame, the ticking of the great clock that was too tall for the room and had been allowed to thrust its head through the ceiling, the bottle-green Windsor chairs, the Windsor settle covered with a brown bearskin, the still cradle, and Martha moving among all these about her tasks as airily as if she danced to some tinkling gavotte by Rameau.

But what he first experienced was a shock. It was the shock of actually seeing her, by the tell-tale light of the candles. Her tiredness, the worn pallor of her face, the look of added years in her eyes and the lines of her mouth, her general air as of one inflexibly resolved to carry all the way a burden she could but stagger under — it made him cry out at his first real sight of her.

This in turn brought an outcry, in the testy and querimonious voice of an old man, from the kitchen bedroom, and Ronald must hurry in and pay his filial respects. The change in Abijah Ronald, even as seen by the dim light that flowed in through the open door, was immeasurably disturbing to his son. It was not merely the change from a seer to a dotard, though it was all

that: there was in it, besides, a suggestion of something odious, abominable, inhuman yet too utterly human; something that struck at the root of the son's self-respect by causing in him a strong instinctive revulsion for which he must curse and loathe himself, powerless though he was to stamp it out of his heart. He could not have phrased any part of this feeling; yet it was so definite that it sickened him. Why was it that his father regarded *him* with suspicion, subtly resented his presence there, perhaps his very existence?

From grappling with himself at the bedside of his father, Ronald turned back to receive at the door the bundle which Martha held in outstretched arms — the child that was hers and, incredibly, his — his little sleeping son, Ronald Joel. He drew both the woman and the child into a gentle embrace, so that the little thing lay between its parents, held by her. Ronald looked down at it, the shy wonder of paternity dawning in his boyish eyes. He saw, through a suspicion of tears, that it had fabulously long black lashes, like Martha's, and hair like hers, brown with glints of red-gold where the light touched it slantwise. He smiled down at it; and instantly, as if it had been an echo, a smile fluttered across the face of his sleeping son.

'Dreaming of his supper, mayhap!' whispered Martha.

Ronald knit his brows in a portentous frown. He pretended to be furious with her for this crass invasion of his sentimental rights. His own eyes had just seen that his son's smile was like butterflies and dancing elves, and he was not going to have it dismissed by Martha with any such crude levity. Mauling and manhandling his pretty fancies like that! He leaned forward and kissed her defiantly, to show the completeness of his disapproval. Already the jealous egotism of paternity had clutched him.

The old man in the bedroom began to weep, in little whimpering snarls like those of an animal. Some unnamable suggestion in the sound froze Ronald's blood. When Martha released herself to put Ronald Joel back into the cradle, he let her go almost coldly. The thing that his father had become — not that he at all understood it just yet — seemed, somehow, an outrage on all humanity. A frost of misanthropy chilled everything for him.

But Martha was her warm and sunny and unruffled self. That she should be, was almost more than he could take in; it recalled his attention from his own feelings and warmed him to himself again, for a moment, through admiration of her. She was younger than he, — barely twenty, — and it was manifest that her poise had nothing to do with obtuseness as to her father-in-law's actual condition; yet she was somehow above and beyond this present horror, to a degree which made Ronald feel himself indescribably callow.

She went to the door of the bedroom. 'You will have your tea now, Father Abijah?' she called.

There was a mumbled assent. She knelt by the hearth to pour and stir. The aromatic pungency of sassafras filled the room.

''T would doubtless pleasure your father,' she said, 'if you were to fetch it to him'; and she held out the green-and-gold china cup in its deep saucer.

'Nay, *you!*' croaked Abijah. 'You, always.'

She checked Ronald's angry exclamation with a gesture, and herself passed into the room. Ronald strode back and forth, scowling blackly and knowing himself ineffectual. Through the cavernous dimness of the bedroom he could see Martha pause by the high four-posted bed and, holding the saucer with one hand, raise the old man with the other. He sat up, and she slipped

the bolster behind his back. Ronald was just at the turn of his stride. In that moment he saw what froze him to the spot. His look followed the bony and claw-like fingers of Abijah in the terrible fascination with which one looks at a crawling snake. The old man's eyes had become two hot devouring coals, with glints in them of senile cunning and of triumph. Ronald was staring appalled, against his volition, at the suddenly revealed horror of a dotard's monstrous and sterile concupiscence.

'Martha!' He cried out her name in a terrible and choking voice, and would have started forward to tear her away.

In a trice she had dropped the cup and saucer. It was deliberate. Ronald could see her fingers coolly unclose and let the two dishes fall.

At the crash that followed, the old man was suddenly different, years and leagues away. 'I would not have seen this untoward thing,' he said in a voice more like that which Ronald remembered, 'for the worth of a whole merchantman's cargo of such tea as we had once. 'T was a piece from my own mother's set of dishes. From France she had it, a many years ago, and this was the first ever I saw broke.'

He felt not a vestige of responsibility for what had happened. Ronald wondered sardonically whether his father meant to blame him for startling Martha, or her for allowing herself to be startled, or both. Ronald was alien in that moment to his father, his wife, his child, himself, the very house to which he had made his way with such labor and peril, thinking it home.

He looked stupidly at the great clock, still ticking away as leisurely as if its task were not in time but in eternity. Altogether he had been in the house a scant six minutes.

Martha brushed past him, with a sign that he was to say and do nothing. She filled another cup with the brew, took it to Abijah, and removed the traces of the mishap.

'There, Father Abijah,' she said, 'I am sure you will sleep now.'

Her impassiveness struck Ronald as in itself a sickening abnormity. She received the cup from the old man; then she stepped back into the kitchen and, latching the door behind her, turned to face her husband.

'You give me black looks, dear heart,' she said.

'If thou and I were but to change places,' he said with a face like flint, 'I would sear the place with a hot iron.'

He spoke with the implacable fury of youth when its normality is outraged. He had no sooner got the words out, though, than he felt himself once more as a child in the presence of an inscrutable wisdom, ancient and mysteriously derived.

She dropped her hands in a hopeless gesture. 'You do not understand,' she said wearily. 'Oh, is there no pity in you? Not for me, — God knows I want none, — but for him.'

'Nevertheless, it is for you that I have most pity, that you can be so blind as to suffer this thing to continue. And for myself,' he added bitterly. 'As for him, there be other humors that I should counsel, and of better pertinency. You prate of pity! Bethink you that we deal with a father's itching lust after the wife of his son.'

'Bethink you that we deal with a father.' She looked at him fearlessly, with an almost appraising candor, as if wondering how much she could hope to make him understand; then went on tentatively, ''T is you who are blinded, my Ronald. And think you self-pity is any light for such devious ways? Oh, believe me, you do but soil and wrong yourself with these angers.'

'He soils you with his touch. Ay, the very look of his eyes is a festering abomination.'

She waived this. 'Hearken but patiently to me for a little,' she said. 'I know myself, and I know him. All men, 't would seem, know Abijah Ronald better than do his sons.' Ronald winced, but she did not pause. 'If I know him best, 't is because, these many weeks, I have been the one to listen perforce to his prayers and lamentations, and ofttimes to his delirium. He has opened forth his whole soul, so that 'tis like a book, simple to read. His whole life is without stain or blemish. He is a strong man, broken at the last by his own strength.'

'A dark saying,' said Ronald.

'Yet a true one. — Tell me, are not some men driven and rent all their lives by passions that were born in them, while others of lesser turbulence easily rule and curb themselves?'

Ronald nodded, a scarlet shame in his face. This was not all a consequence of the prudery of thought and speech in which he had been reared, and through which Martha was driving to essentials: there was in it also a trace of something vicarious and not ignoble. Ronald blushed, as extreme youth does, because the sins and shames of other men hurt him inwardly, defacing his whole image of himself as a man, of manhood itself. As for Martha, her cheeks were pink, but with excitement. She seemed inordinately young, girlish, as she stood there, a wisp of incarnate bravery and imagination, expounding life to her husband, and looking, while she did it, as if life would never dare lay an ungentle finger on her. Ronald's eyes fell before her level regard.

'Your father,' she went on, 'is of those who have conquered the unruly part of themselves at a most great cost. Others have deemed him a cold and forbidding man, of a stern and frowning piety, the safest of all men from sins of the flesh. You too — yes, and your brother, if I mistake not — have thought of him as a being saintlike and far removed from the frailties of them we call bad men.' This struck home: that was exactly how Ronald always had felt toward his father, regarding him with far more of awe than affection. 'Consider, then,' she hurried on, 'that his whole life, whether sleeping or waking, has been one long fiery battle against this demon of appetence in his own nature. You know, do you not,'— her face crimsoned, — 'that your father did not wed until he was thirty years older than you are now? Yet all those years he lived without one hidden sin to repent. All his days have passed in chastity and honor. You know well how all uncleanness enraged him: 't was for no reason save the hourly fear and hatred of it in himself. When he was most merciless to others, the scourge was in very truth for his own soul. He dared countenance no weakness, lest it tempt him to clemency for his own.

'A whole lifetime his spirit has been cumbered with this incubus: what wonder, then, if at this last he be broken in both mind and body? All that Abijah Ronald was he gave, and gladly, to this one end, that he keep himself without stain. Saving a few memories, there is left scarce a fibre of the man he was. He died fighting against the adversary in his own heart. Would there had been enough of him to last out the little time that remains, say I! No more gallant life was ever lived.'

Tears came; she choked them back. She had forgotten herself, and well-nigh forgotten Ronald. Her look pierced through him; she had eyes for nothing less than the discarnate and quintessential part of Abijah Ronald, the thing she must somehow make manifest to his son. This reality, the son now suspected, he had never had a true glimpse of before; and, strangely perhaps, it came to him in a great lift of emotion that he had never had a true

glimpse of Martha before, either. Her sheer greatness was beyond everything. It abased him utterly, and at the same time robbed him of the words to express his abasement.

'All that is left us,' she resumed, 'is to keep the taste of defeat from his lips. When this dire frailty comes upon him, we must affect not to perceive it. His own power over himself is spent, and we have strength aplenty: why, then, higgle about the trifle more or less used to save him from himself? All that needs is to be the least blind, patient with him. 'T is an easy thing to turn his mind from the distemper, which is but of the body. Arouse old memories, or set his thoughts running on the fortunes of our arms against the King's men, or but speak to him of the work of his own hands and brain, and briefly he is himself again. 'T was in truth for that I let fall the dish of tea just now. Was not that better done than to fling his trouble in his face with curses, as you would have done? There would be neighbors enough, in all conscience, to point the finger and shoot out the tongue at him, had they seen what you have seen. If his own son join that base hue and cry, he goes down to his grave a bitter and beaten man. Were not that more defiling to the soul than his touch can be to the body? It is in my thought that what we have to do is fasten his mind on all that which he was, and ever forfend from him this other. And if,' she ended valiantly, 'his touch be in very truth noxious to the soul, better mine suffer a slight damage than his be utterly destroyed.'

'No more — say no more!' cried Ronald. 'Only forgive!'

The next instant she was weeping in his arms. '— All, all yours,' were the words that he caught.

They were more than he could answer. Gently he pushed up the sleeve of her kirtle and pressed his lips to the very place where the withered fingers of Abijah had fastened like pincers on the rounded whiteness above her elbow. The kiss thrilled and sang in his veins like the first kiss of first love. Words could not have said so much just then. His recantation was complete in its humility. Martha had stamped herself upon him as she was in her great moment, with the rapt and visionary look in her eyes of one who has got beyond logic and self-justification and all little things. Her words and, still more, what she was in herself had washed him clean of jealous rage and self-pity. A whole cycle of growth had passed over him, all in a few moments of time. More, even, than when he had held his firstborn, he felt himself beginning to be a man — for what is the real beginning of manhood, but to feel one's self less than a noble woman? Ronald had turned the last page of his youth.

But he was not to catch up with her: that was clear. Already she was deep in her interrupted task of making him comfortable. Before he could rid himself of the stains of travel and clothe himself in the clean, tight-fitting garments of two years ago, she was calling him back to a feast that would have made his scarecrow comrades of the Continental Army rub their unbelieving eyes. At sight of it his soldier's conscience smote him, for he remembered suddenly the abandoned pony up on the height. But even that, it seemed, was all right: Martha had already dispatched their Indian satellite Paskahegan with oats and water, and he would lead the animal round into the Valley by the lower road.

Ronald was centuries away from the privation and strain and ghastliness of warfare. It seemed to him, in his serenity, that there had never been any such thing as the armed struggle for independence. Sitting there at the laden kitchen table, with Martha smiling and

glowing across it, he could have sworn that this alone was reality, and all that contradicted it a grotesque nightmare of impossibilities. When his eyes, chancing on the dial of the tall clock, told him that it was still no more than early evening, he was astounded and incredulous. It seemed to him that there could have been no past, night after night as far as he could remember, except sitting there just in that way; and that there could be no other future, night after night, so long as he lived. He was already forgetting how many past hours of discomfort, danger, and solitary longing he had spent in order to accumulate the need of home that had consummated itself in the sweetness, the lingering and almost terrible beauty, of this one hour.

IV

Later, when the two lay hushed and wordless in the great bedroom above the kitchen, hardly breathing lest either miss one pulse-beat of their supreme mutuality, it seemed to Ronald that his marriage was a thing as new as the first sunrise of creation. It also seemed to him that it had begun under singularly happy auspices. For this he felt grateful to a certain shy fastidiousness in himself, and still more to a kind of invulnerable daintiness that he could but reverence and wish to preserve in Martha. He remembered, against his wish, the strain of blunt impudicity in the talk of some of his married comrades, and how this strain had appeared whenever the talk verged on the prospects of peace and an interval at home; and he shuddered, not in pious self-approval, but in something like grateful wonderment at the luck that had created him sensitive to the texture of his young wife's exquisiteness. Not coy, certainly not cold, she had an unconscious rarity, any affront to which would have been the worst possible affront to his own self-respect. He was glad that there had never been any importunate crude invasion of the citadel of her privacy. More than two years before, they had drawn each other into a warmed and sunlighted caravansery of tremulous enchantment, and half deliberately left passion waiting at the door. The lately sounded call to arms, and his answer, might have done something to deepen the pitch of their young gravity; but fundamentally, he was sure, those few days of the broken honeymoon had owed their piercing sweetness to just themselves, their profound and fervent awareness of each other. He lay, now, suffused in the recovered sense of that beginning, until he had it all through his blood, wonderfully vibrating. It made this first night at home with the mother of his child precisely what he would have had it if it were to be the last of his life. He was breathless with awe and gratitude.

Gratitude to what, to whom? To Martha, first: that was of course. But then a strange thought occurred to him, at first a mere whimsical flicker in his mind, afterward a light that steadied and glowed until he could almost read his own soul anew by the lambency of it. It was to his father, Abijah Ronald, as truly as to Martha, that he owed gratitude for the perfection of his own bridal. He was reaping where his father had sown. Every second, every heartburn, every separate agony of the prolonged and fiery ordeal through which the father had kept himself pure according to the awful exaction of his code, had gone into the making of the son. Half the son's battle against himself had been won for him vicariously, years before he came into the world. They had spoken of helping preserve to the end the old man's hard-won victory: why, *he* was his father's victory.

A partial revelation flooded him of what Abijah Ronald had done it all *for*. Not with conscious design, perhaps, — he might have thought first of his own rectitude, the evil that imperiled his own secret soul, — but with the effect of conscious design, as it was worked out by the inscrutable will at the back of things. The continuity of life had hold of Ronald. Here he was, a clean-hearted lad, a chivalrous mate to his bride: and what he was now had quite definitely something to do with the invisible past of that crumbling wreckage of body and spirit that lay asleep in a room below, and that he had surveyed, not so long ago, with unappeasable loathing. And it must have something to do in turn with the invisible future of that little bundle of unformed energies that lay sleeping in the cradle not far from his side; nay, with the future of his children's children. His thought groped among unborn generations, conjuring images of radiant youths and maidens every one of whom owed something to the harsh self-imposed conditions of an old man's life, whose very name might never reach them. Everything was purposive, so far as its results were concerned, whatever the original intention. It was an intelligible way of looking at things, an idea the mind could work on. It was almost a complete guide to living.

For the first time in his twenty-two years he experienced absolute tenderness for his father. His emotion reached out to embrace even the objects that were the work of his father's hands. He felt a queer little rush of compassion for the very clock-case in the kitchen, the cornice of which, projecting through a hole cut in the floor of this very room, was integral with each of his earliest recollections. Into the whole house under whose sloping eaves he now lay had been wrought the same qualities of which Abijah had built his own life and character. Fine things, solid things, put together to last.

Martha's words slipped imperceptibly into the mid-stream of his thoughts. 'When Eustace went away in that wild and violent haste, 't was in part your father's doing. I knew at the time no more than you; but it has come out since, by little and little, in your father's mumblings. He is very like a child at times. He saw that Eustace wanted to marry me, — oh, what was I, that two such brothers should be offering me love? — and he cursed him and commanded him to let me alone. Eustace knew by then that I loved you and not him. But he was proud, and without a word he parted in anger from his father. You know why your father had set his face like a flint against Eustace's winning me?'

'If by reason of that one forgotten incontinency of his youth,' said Ronald, 'there was a most grave injustice done. For the fault was clearly the woman's, who was the older, and not my brother's. But, oh! I am glad you have told me this, for I have Eustace's forgiveness to ask when we meet again. I had long thought he parted in jealous anger against his only brother.'

'That could scarce have been,' she returned, 'for I had his last farewell, and he spoke of you in all brotherly love, praising you to the skies and saying I had chosen nobly.'

' 'T is strange,' said Ronald musingly, 'that in a single night you should give me my son, my father, and, now, my brother. And yet not so strange, but meet, and most like you. You unbar curious doors to me, dear heart! 'T is certain you handle the keys of a new heaven and a new earth.'

'Ah, my dear!' she answered softly, ' 't was I who entered the new heaven, made out of the old earth, when your lanthorn came bobbing down the path this night. — How now?'

There was a summons from below, in the querulous voice of Abijah. Martha raised herself to slip from the bed, but Ronald caught her wrist.

'Hearken again,' he whispered.

Once more, distinctly, came the cry: 'Ronnie!'

'Go quickly,' she breathed.

'What is amiss, father?' he asked when he had hastily opened the door of the bedroom off the kitchen.

His father was struggling to sit upright. Ronald helped him, with an arm round his shoulders. The gaunt feebleness of Abijah's frame hurt him almost unbearably. For a moment, before Abijah spoke, he thought he was in the presence of death.

'I — I don't know,' answered his father. His tone sounded more puzzled than anything else. 'Something comes on me — weakness — like waves.' He panted for breath. 'It is — death-like. Death, mayhap. Call Eustace for me, that's a brave little lad. I was about to go to him. 'T is likely I swooned.'

Ronald saw that his father was wandering somewhere in the past, and that his present physical weakness had given him a shock, without in the least setting his memory straight. How far back had his father gone? Evidently he, Ronald, was only a young boy.

'Eustace is not returned yet,' he said at a venture.

The old man revolved this painfully. 'Tell him —'

The effort to formulate his message was too much. Some shutter fell on this section of his memory, and he began over in another context. But he had recurred to a time before anything had defaced his relation with the elder son; that was what was significant and gladdening.

'Ronnie,' Abijah said, 'you are nigh to a man grown now.' He touched his son's arm with a stiff, embarrassed fondness. 'Ever since you was born I have prayed that you might be a good man — a better than ever your father was.'

Ronald brushed away his tears. 'That I could never, never be, father,' he said.

Abijah acknowledged this only by a catch in his voice as he went on, ' I have thought now and again that, come the right and due time, you and Martha might be for starting life together.'

'Yes, father, I — we mean to.'

The old man sighed with relief. 'If I die —' he said, and left it pending. 'Ay, a good maid — never a better, saving one.'

This was in answer to something never said, or perhaps said years ago.

He seemed to have dozed off against the supporting arm. Ronald laid him gently back upon the pillow, and waited a long time to make sure that his breathing was that of natural sleep. Then he tiptoed out. While his hand was still on the latch, a loud cry startled and electrified him. It was almost a deep shout, in a great baying voice such as he had not heard from his father for years.

'"Believe it"? I tell ye, John Treddlecomb, I *know* it! Ye may bandy all the King's words, and all your fine Roman Latin to boot, and ye may, if so it please ye to do, misdoubt what your own eyes see, but *I* tell ye that wheel will turn, and keep turning while the water runs — ay, and do its office too. When I open that gate, as, under Providence, I do before another sun goes down, ye shall see the power that runs in the water harnessed like a wild stallion to the treadmill. Nay, within this se'nnight ye shall see it grind you corn, and whet you axes, and saw you timbers, and bore you holes in solid iron — if so be you can a-bear it, and not hide yourself in the forest for very shame! Pah! you with your great swelling words —!'

He trailed away into disconnected

rumblings, then into a doze. Ronald waited, and listened again to his breathing until it was calm and even. He latched the door noiselessly and passed through the kitchen toward the stairs. When he rejoined Martha he was still thrilling to the spirit that had once raced in his father's being, with a power like that of the unharnessed water in the mill-race.

And, after all, he did not find out the secret of Martha's pallor and physical exhaustion until, in her own time, she chose to let him. He might, when the morrow came, take up his share of the burden common to all of the Lower Valley; but at least he should drain, on this one night, every drop of the cup of peace which home offers the veteran of wars.

IV

He awoke, as it seemed to him, preposterously early, to find Martha already stirring. He made one drowsy protest; then she told him everything — the long drought, followed by the pestilence; the failure of the springs and wells; the spread of the sickness; her efforts to keep it from her child, her father-in-law, and herself; her daily labor of drawing water and distributing it among the Seven Farms, with the red oxen yoked to the great wain; her watching with the sick and the dying; the fidelity and serviceableness of Paskahegan, the last of a dispossessed tribe and their ancient servitor, without whom, so she said, she could have done nothing. He gathered incidentally that for many nights she had not removed her clothes, and that she had been able to do so on this night only because two of the sickest had just died.

Ronald took it all in, asked questions, made her repeat parts of it. One detail struck him forcibly: she had boiled the water for their own drinking, 'to take out the flavor of fish and frogs,' and cooled it in earthen vessels. Theirs was the only house in which this had been done — and theirs was the only house, and they almost the only persons, to remain unaffected by the pestilence. This set him thinking that the whole trouble lay at the bottom of his own well. If that were so, he meant to find it out. He dressed, went down into the kitchen, and put his hand on the water-bucket that always stood by the end of the stone sink. It was empty.

For some reason, that trivial circumstance directed his notice to an inexplicable emptiness in the room. He fell to wondering about this, and paused. Of a sudden he perceived that the great clock in the fireplace corner was not ticking off the seconds. He tiptoed over to it, opened the long door that was like a black coffin-lid, and felt inside for the weights. It was clear that Martha, in the excitement of having him, had forgotten to wind the clock.

In that superstitious and impressible hour of the gray preceding dawn, the fact disconcerted him. The stopping of the clock seemed like a symbol of a life's stopping — the life of the clock's owner and maker. Ronald started to pull the weight down. The wooden works gave out a clacking noise that startled him, shattering the silence of the house as if that had been something fragile and valuable. He desisted, meaning to wind the clock the rest of the way later on, after his father was awake. He placed the hands by guess, set the pendulum swinging, and closed the door. Then, cautiously, he raised the latch of the door leading to his father's room. There had been no significance after all, thank Heaven, in his ironic symbolism. His father's breathing was still the same slow, even rise and fall. Ronald stole back across the kitchen to take up the empty bucket.

Swinging it in his hand as he passed toward the well below the cliff, under

a sky of pearl, he had for one instant a dismayed feeling. It was as if it had occurred to him that he was going to be snatched away from everything — or, perhaps, that everything was going to dissolve round him and leave him floating there alone, anchored in a void of space and time. The Valley was ghostly in the dimness of its mists.

He thought of Martha, and shivered. Suddenly, he did not want things to dissolve round him; he wanted them to be there always for him, as they had always been. His fear was like seeing a solid form without any shadow attached to it, or a shadow without any solid form to make it. It passed quickly. There, towering above him, was the friendly cliff, the everlasting bulwark of their quietude; and there, figured upon it in great blotches of rock and boulder and ledge, was that likeness of a human visage, or rather a Satanic one, which had given the place its traditionary name, 'Devil's-Pate Valley.' This too seemed to him rather a friendly than a grim piece of reality. *All* reality was friendly, on this one morning.

He attached the bucket and let the rope unwind itself whirring from the windlass. When the filled bucket came up, he lifted it out to the well-curb and sniffed at it. Then he tilted the bucket and took a mouthful of the water. He spat it out with a grimace. The well must be cleaned before it was used much; that was certain.

Breakfast was a hurried affair. After it Paskahegan appeared from nowhere, stolid and inarticulate as ever, expressive only where grunts would serve, neither manifesting surprise at anything nor acknowledging the manifestation of it by others. Ronald had long had a curious feeling that his father materialized and dematerialized Paskahegan at will. Now it was Martha who did it; that was all the difference. Ever since Ronald could remember, Paskahegan had been the same, to the last bronzed wrinkle.

He had the oxen already yoked to the wain and the two great casks loaded upon it. These the two men set to work filling. Ronald drew, using two buckets alternately, while the Indian poured. By the time Martha had given Abijah his breakfast, the day's water-supply was ready for her to distribute.

Ronald bent and kissed her, and waved his hand gayly as she trudged off leading the red oxen. 'Better times coming, lass!' he called after her. He was happy, excited. There was nothing that he did not relish to the full. Even the comic dilemma of Tubal, wondering whether he more wanted to go with Martha or stay with Ronald, and looking the picture of woe when it dawned upon him that, whichever he did, he certainly could not do the other — even this struck Ronald as immense. After two years of the monotony and squalor and hideous waste of soldiering, he was going to have the time of his life — cleaning a well.

First they rolled a third cask down from the barn and filled it for an emergency supply. The sun came up over the east wall, burning off the mist and the dew. The leaves of bushes and low trees began to droop and look dusty in the fervent heat. Exertion in that parching sunlight began to mean acute bodily discomfort. But nothing could daunt Ronald. He whistled as he worked the heavy windlass, and kept the buckets coming up almost as fast as Paskahegan could empty them. When he found, by the black ring that showed farther and farther above the water-level, that they were really making progress, he redoubled his efforts. The water came roiled and muddy, with pieces of mouldering leaves in it. Then there was a draught at which the dipped bucket grated on the rocks of the bottom. A few turns more, and

they had done all that they could to the well without going into it.

The slow oxen were coming back up the Valley road behind Martha. Ronald could see their hoofs kicking up little reddish spirts of dust like the smoke of puff-balls.

He was in high feather. He shouted, and waved a greeting. Martha waved back — a trifle wearily, he thought. He did a snatch of war-dance in a circle round Paskahegan, with furious comic flourishes of his arms and legs, amused because the Indian only stared at him, unblinking. Martha, still far down the road, made the motions of clapping her hands in applause. Ronald executed a courtly bow. He had never been so content.

Then he began to clamber down the shaft of the well.

At first the damp chill was grateful to his skin, after the baking dryness above. Ten feet more, and he began to shiver. He kept on, though, straddling the diameter of the shaft, finding the crevices with his toes and leaning forward with his hands against the wall. Half-way down, he began to think that perhaps he had never properly considered the depth of a fifty-foot well. When he looked up, the saturnine face of old Paskahegan, cut like a black cameo against a tiny circle of robin's-egg blue, seemed forbiddingly remote. It was easier to keep on down.

A foul odor began to attack his nostrils: an odor dank, execrable, mephitic; a breath from some grisly animal corruption. He wondered if he were going to be ill. Bending down by lowering his hands on the wall in front of him, he peered into the gloom below to see if he could make out anything. He was opening his lips to call for a lantern to be lowered to him on a string. The first syllable was already rumbling and bellowing in the shaft, as if it were going to break his ear-drums.

He did not know when the dislodged stone fell. He heard a crash, only it seemed to be inside his head. For the fraction of a second he thought that his own shout really had burst his ear-drums. There was a scream, 'Ronald!' in a woman's voice. Against a crushing resistance, he tried to lift his head toward — what? A searing white light flashed, once, as if a shutter in his brain had silently opened and closed.

Then he was whirling — whirling —

V

It was the middle of the first Sunday forenoon of September when it was found that Elijah Ronald's grandson was not, as had been supposed, oversleeping in his bed. When his motorcycle was discovered in its usual place in the barn, it was disconcerting to the theory that he had posted home to attend to some matter of studies and examinations. But there were always independent fishing excursions and solitary rambles about Chiswick; and it was late Sunday evening before anyone was disturbed at all. Even then no one was enough disturbed to hint real alarm to the others.

When on Monday morning Ronald had not appeared, it was different. The boy's father commandeered the motorcycle, to hurry home and learn that nothing was known there of Ronald's whereabouts. The rest of the day was spent in searching and asking questions about Chiswick, a process as fruitless as it was frantic.

Early on Tuesday morning Ronald's Uncle Eustace was completing his second trip through the rugged hills to the east of the Reservoir. He had gone through them the first time on the preceding afternoon, hoping valiantly that his nephew had merely twisted an ankle among the rocks, and would be lying helpless somewhere within reach

of a shout. Eustace had shouted himself hoarse, and listened to the futile echoes of his own voice. Now he was coming out on the east shore of the Reservoir, a few hundred yards below the gorge.

There he saw something that very few living persons ever had seen, and none unless they were approaching the age of Payne Gilbert. The Reservoir had been draining continuously since the Saturday night before, and the floor of the gorge was now empty, except for the reduced trickle of Salter's Run through the middle of it.

Eustace walked along up the shore to where it shelved away into the lower end of the gorge, and then kept on between the rising walls toward the Shelf, stepping among slimy rocks that, less than twenty-four hours ago, had lain under several feet of water. Near a certain hillock (one of the twin islands) not many feet from the spot on which Abijah Ronald had laid the foundation of his house, he solved one of his pet antiquarian riddles. He had long known that the old colloquial designation of this whole terrain was Devil's-Pate Valley, but he had never found any reason why. Approaching the west wall from this angle, he came front to front with the Devil's Pate itself, the chin and throat, revealed by the subsidence of the water below the Shelf, completing the likeness. The discovery might have interested him more if he had had Ronald at his elbow to explain it to. This was, in fact, his exact thought as he stepped round a black standing pool below the Shelf, thinking to go on up the path and so back to the farmhouse.

He noticed, as he made the circuit of the pool, that the round cavity which contained it must once have been the mouth of a well. The well, of course, it then broke upon him, in which the first Ronald Ronald was killed! He stepped nearer, drawn by a shuddering fascination. In the opening, wedged there by the current, was a tangle of branches, sharply pronged like antlers, and bleached a leprous white.

Then Eustace had his moment of frozen horror. Projecting upward through the tangle, and so like it in color that he had already stared at it without perceiving it, was the sole of a bloodless human foot.

Eustace was so sick and dizzy that he will never know much about how he got Ronald's body up the path to the level part of the Shelf. Until this point, curiously enough, he had thought of the tragedy as *his* tragedy; and it had left him reeling. Now it dawned in his mind that he was the one who had to tell his own father, and Ronald's father, and — Ronald's mother. This last was beyond all horror. He threw himself down by the white body of the boy who had so nearly been *his* boy, and weeping shook him until he was exhausted.

When he covered Ronald Ronald's face with a white handkerchief, he could not help noticing that it had a strange and unreal beauty, like that of certain lost marbles of antiquity, of such surpassing loveliness that they could be suffered to come down to us only as legends. He also noticed that the look had nothing to do with any schoolboy of eighteen. It was as if Ronald had outlived himself by several years before he died, Eustace thought.

'It is often said,' he mused, 'that a drowning person lives through centuries in a few moments. I wonder what he could have lived through, that put *that* into his face.'

(*The End*)

LUDENDORFF'S APOLOGIA

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

I

THE most powerful man in Germany during the war was, undoubtedly, Ludendorff; and his book of War Memoirs which has recently been published in Germany — and by the time these words are in print will have appeared in an American edition — is the most authoritative and comprehensive survey of the war that has yet appeared. He was head of the Operations Department of the German General Staff from 1904 until 1913, and must not only have been privy to all the German preparations for war, but also have had a hand in shaping them. At the outbreak of war he was attached to General von Bülow's army and took part in the attack on Liége as *liaison* officer between von Bülow and von Emmich. Three weeks after the outbreak of war he went to Russia as Chief of Staff to Marshal von Hindenburg, won the battle of Tannenberg, — perhaps the greatest single victory in the war, — and took an important part in the subsequent operations against Russia in 1915 and 1916.

After the fall of von Falkenhayn in 1916, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who had saved East Prussia from the Russian invasion in the first month of the war, were given supreme command of all the German armies. Hindenburg took the title of Chief of Staff, and Ludendorff, offered the title of Second Chief of Staff, chose that of First Quartermaster, on the ground that there could be only one chief of staff. He preferred the reality to the title of power, for it is quite obvious that, although Hindenburg was the great popular idol, Ludendorff was both the chief thinker and the chief driving force in German military policy. Ludendorff from time to time in his book remembers that Hindenburg is his superior officer and he always speaks of him as '*the* Field-Marshal.' But this is only the nominal homage that a masterful prime minister might pay to his constitutional sovereign. Hindenburg and he may have had differences of opinion, but, if they had, Ludendorff always had his way.

Ludendorff came of a family of Pomeranian merchants who lived at Posen up to the Franco-Prussian War. They were not well-to-do, and one of the few personal touches that Ludendorff allows himself in his book is his reference to his early struggles as a poor hard-working subaltern. Ludendorff's was a simple and loyal nature in the personal attachments of life. His homage to his father and mother for their 'devoted efforts which brought them no earthly reward' increases respect for the man. He never had children of his own, but he was deeply attached to his two step-sons, both of whom were killed in the war. There was in Ludendorff nothing of the class pride of the Prussian Junker. His political views, honest, if retrograde, were the result, not of class prejudice, but of warped and one-sided study. East Prussia is a

Scotland which has never produced a Burns. In Ludendorff's character there is a good deal of Scottish strength and warmth, but nothing, unfortunately, of Scottish open-mindedness and democratic instinct.

His book concedes no more to popularity than his politics. It is hard and brutally written; it is long, graceless, and, truth to tell, a little indigestible; but for its strength, its honesty, and its stiff-necked obstinacy, it is the most indispensable of all books to an understanding of the Prussian military character.

In 1913 Ludendorff drafted a plan for a great increase in the German army, which was rather more than the civil government could stomach; and the rejection of this plan was the beginning of his quarrel with von Bethmann-Hollweg, which assumes monstrous proportions before the book is finished. Ludendorff lays the blame for the mess into which German military plans had fallen by the end of the first month of the war on the refusal of the government to give him the three new army corps that he asked for in 1913. Von Moltke, then Chief of Staff, bore a great name and was personally liked, but Ludendorff evidently thought him an old woman. He tells us that the plans of campaign begun in August, 1914, were the conception of von Schlieffen. They were made by him 'for the event of France's not respecting the neutrality of Belgium or of Belgium's joining up with France.' 'On this assumption,' he adds, 'the advance of the German force into Belgium followed as a matter of course.' The alternative of an offensive against Russia and defense on the side of France seems to have been discussed and made the subject of innumerable war games, but the conclusion drawn from them was that this policy meant a long war, and on that account it was rejected.

This was the biggest miscalculation made by the General Staff in the whole course of the war; for if Belgium had not been invaded and France not attacked, the war might well have been over soon after the first Christmas. England might not have come in; France, if her territory had not been invaded, would have been very lukewarm in the war; and Belgium would not have attacked, or, without a struggle, allowed anyone else to attack through her territory. We know from Lord French's book that one of the worries of the French and English General Staffs before the war was to know what Belgium would do in the event of attack. Belgium remained a dark horse up to the last, and, most unfortunately, she could never be persuaded to decide upon her attitude in the event of a general war. 'The idea of attacking Germany through Belgium, or in any other direction,' writes Lord French, 'never entered our heads.'

From all these doubts and ambiguities Germany freed us by attacking Belgium herself. This blunder, so far from shortening the war, made a long conflict certain, and as a matter of fact, lost Germany the victory. After the Marne, the plans of von Schlieffen were in ruins.

It was from these ruins that Ludendorff rose to eminence. Before the Germans had suffered any check in France, the Russians had invaded Prussia with two strong armies under Rennenkampf and Samsonoff, both of which vastly outnumbered the German armies opposed to them. Germany had already paid a frightful penalty for her concentration against Belgium and France and for her underestimate of Russia. In this, the first crisis of the war, Ludendorff was drawn from the French front and made Chief of Staff to Hindenburg.

All stories about the association of

this pair previous to the war are fiction. They first met at Hanover on August 23. The situation was indeed serious, for it had actually been decided to withdraw the German armies in East Prussia behind the Vistula — a decision which would have abandoned to the Russians more German territory than France had in hostile occupation during the war. But Ludendorff, who had taken a surer measure of the enemy than von Schlieffen had been able to in the staff war-games, vetoed this retirement and executed one of the boldest manœuvres in military history. He withdrew almost the whole of the German army confronting Rennenkampf and united it with the German army in front of Samsonoff. From August 27 onward, there was nothing between Rennenkampf and Königsberg but two brigades of cavalry, and on his left were the exposed flank and rear of the German army marching to the Narev front. Had Rennenkampf advanced quickly, he must infallibly have overwhelmed the tiny forces left in front of him, and he might, had he seen his opportunity, have prevented the German army from reaching the Narev by a sudden attack on its unprotected flank and rear. But he moved slowly. His immense army lowered like a thundercloud in the northeast, but the cloud never burst. In the meantime, Ludendorff with his augmented army broke through Samsonoff's centre and won the stupendous victory of Tannenberg.

Tannenberg was not an elaborately prepared battle according to long-settled plan, but a sudden inspiration, one of the greatest gambles in military history, justified only by success, and by Ludendorff's knowledge of the enemy's psychology.

'A general,' he writes after describing the manœuvres before this battle, 'carries a heavy burden and requires strong nerves. The layman is too much inclined to think that war is only the working out of an arithmetical problem with given numbers. It is anything but that. On both sides it is a wrestle with powerful unknown physical and psychological forces, a struggle which inferiority of numbers makes all the more difficult.'

Ludendorff, or rather Hindenburg, his chief, was now the most famous man in Germany. But for the invasion of Belgium, the way would have lain open to victory. One half of the effort vainly expended in the so-called battle of Calais in the autumn of 1914 would, if employed against Russia, have brought her to her knees before midsummer. But having invaded Belgium, the Germans had acquired a vulnerable flank in the west which they were compelled to make secure; otherwise, as Lord French's book shows, the whole of the British army would have joined up with the Belgians, and French, in command of an Anglo-Belgian army, would have played Stonewall Jackson to Marshal Joffre's Lee. In consequence, Ludendorff was compelled to follow up his great victory at Tannenberg with insufficient troops, and the winter campaign of 1915 was one of the most arduous in the war.

When spring came, it was obvious, even to the German General Staff, that Russia, not France, must be the field of their offensive operations. The most promising line of attack on Russia was on the north flank of the great Polish salient, where rapid progress, such as might have been expected, would automatically have relieved Austria and forced the Russians to withdraw to the defense of Petrograd and Moscow. Unfortunately for the Germans, the reverses of the Austrians had been so heavy that they could not be trusted to stand their ground if left unsupported. German troops who would have been more profitably employed on the Nie-

men front had to be diverted south to support the Austrians; and when the Germans made up their mind definitely to fall back on the defensive in the west, the decisive blow against Russia was delivered, not on the flank where it would have been most effective, but at Gorlice, where the Russian advance threatened to spill across the Carpathians toward Cracow and Vienna. Ludendorff pays a justly deserved compliment to Mackensen for his victory at Gorlice, but it is quite evident that he regarded the whole scheme of operations against Russia as, at most, second best.

From this time dates his virulent dislike of the Austrians, a dislike which they returned. Early in 1915 he made a tour through the Carpathians in the company of von Linsingen, and was struck with the backward condition of the country and, in particular, with the badness of the housing. 'When I saw these hovels I realized that this nation could not know what it was fighting for.' He quotes, with approval, a remark made by a Jew in Radon — that 'he could not understand why so strong and vital a body as Germany should ally itself with a corpse.' His political views on Austria were not very different from those of Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, and he bitterly resented the foreign policy which, he maintained, made Germany the tool of the effete and selfish Dual Monarchy. On the other hand, even he had to admit the force of the Austrian complaint that, owing to the German concentration in the west, she had been forced to bear the whole brunt of the fighting against Russia.

The second great crisis of the war came at the end of 1916. The invasion of Belgium had been punished by the Russian invasion of East Prussia and by the military breakdown in Austria which forced the Germans to despatch troops to her relief and deprive them of the chance which, but for the straits of the Austrian army, they would undoubtedly have had, of bringing off a great strategic *coup* against Russia. Ludendorff praises the strategy of the Grand Duke Nicolas, but does not disguise his opinion that the escape of the Russian army followed inevitably upon the fact that the Germans had to deliver their attack against the Russian centre instead of on the flank. The Russian armies, in his opinion, would not have escaped complete disaster, as they did, if German strategy had not been tied down to the relief of the Austrian armies.

The military moral of the war, then, so far had been that, with Austria in her weak condition, the whole idea of concentration against France and Belgium was fundamentally unsound. The campaign of 1915 had removed this danger, and by 1916 not only did the west seem fairly stabilized, but Germany was in a position to finish off the war in Russia once and for all.

It was a great opportunity for the General Staff to repair its original mistakes. Instead, von Falkenhayn, the Chief of the General Staff, chose in this year to repeat them. Instead of finishing off the war in Russia as he might have done, he squandered the resources of Germany in the campaign against Verdun. Instead of disciplining Hungary's ambitions, he allowed her intransigence to bring Roumania into the war, with the result that the half-healed wound on the eastern front broke out afresh. The crisis of 1914 recurred in even more dangerous form. As the first crisis brought Ludendorff into fame at the victory of Tannenberg, this second crisis was the last step by which he rose to supreme power. In the autumn of 1916, Ludendorff became the real director of the whole of the German war policy.

II

At this time Ludendorff was so despondent concerning German military prospects that he was anxious to conclude peace on the first opportunity. He had hopes that the United States would intervene with an offer of mediation. When these were disappointed, he consented to Germany's making overtures for peace, stipulating only that they should not be made before the fall of Bucharest. His first business, then, was to defeat Roumania. The battle of the Somme was still in full progress, and it needed some hardihood to begin an ambitious new campaign against Roumania; but, while Russia was still undefeated, it was impossible to leave Germany exposed to the danger of a hostile combination between her and Roumania.

Once more Ludendorff showed military genius of a very high order. Von Falkenhayn's plan had been that von Mackensen should cross the Danube and make for Bucharest. Ludendorff vetoed the plan and substituted for it the march into the Dobrudja which was strategically one of the cleverest movements of the war. It closed the most promising avenue of coöperation between Russia and Roumania; it pleased the Bulgarians; and it also vexed the Austrians, which Ludendorff was not at all unwilling to do. His plans worked out perfectly, and by December 6, Bucharest had fallen and the way was open for the peace offer on December 12.

Ludendorff had insisted that the offer should be made in terms that would not imply that Germany thought she was beaten; and that was why von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech in which the peace offer was made sounded like the rattling of a sabre. But he is at pains to contradict the argument that an offer of peace made to such a rolling of the drums was doomed to failure at the outset. 'The charge,' he writes, 'that the tone of our overtures had from the first excluded the possibility of reaching an agreement cannot be maintained. Our general position required a confident tone. I insisted on this from the military side. Our troops had accomplished much.' How would it have affected them if he had spoken differently? The peace overtures were bound not to be such as would weaken the fighting spirit of the army.

'If the Entente had really desired,' he says, 'a peace of justice and reconciliation, it was possible for them, and it was their duty, to come to the conference table; they could have stated their case there. If it had happened that the proceedings revealed the persistence of a German desire for annexations, the Entente could have inflamed their peoples by explaining to them the German attitude; and in such circumstances we should have been unable to induce the German nation, so anxious for peace, to renew the war. Still less was it to be expected that our war-weary allies would have agreed to continue with us. These considerations are quite sufficient to prove that we were ready for a peace of justice and reconciliation when we made the overture.'

What Ludendorff would have regarded as a peace of justice and reconciliation is not explicitly stated; for the proposals made by Count Bernstorff — with Ludendorff's consent — for intervention by President Wilson are rather his idea of the basis of discussion than a draft of the peace that he would have liked.

Probably the nearest approach to a statement of Ludendorff's real peace objects was made in a memorandum on the military economics of Germany which was delivered in the autumn of 1917. What Ludendorff wanted was a

row of buffers, on both east and west, to protect Germany's economic vitals. He pointed out that her iron-fields and coal-fields were near her frontiers. Silesia was exposed to Russian attack; Lorraine's iron and Saarbrücken's coal to French attack; and industrial Westphalia to the attack (save the mark!) of Belgium. At all these points he wanted protective belts. Belgium in particular must on no account be allowed to become a hostile area of deployment. 'Her neutrality I considered to be a mere phantom on which no practical man would rely. We must ensure that her economic interests should become identical with those of Germany with which she was already united by such strong commercial ties. . . . The Meuse at Liége could be given up, if at all, only after Belgium had completed her economic union with Germany and, in accordance with her real interests, taken her place on our side.'

He applied the same principles along the eastern front, and we may put it broadly that his idea of 'peace without annexation' was the creation of a continuous belt of territory on the east and west, nominally neutral, but really dependent on Germany. Whether, if peace negotiations had been entered into, this nominal neutrality of the buffer states could have been converted into a real neutrality is very doubtful; certainly it would never have been, if Ludendorff had had his way. He is furious with Bethmann-Hollweg for continuing to dally with the idea of negotiation after the decisive rejection of the German overtures at the beginning of 1917.

What the Chancellor's hopes were does not transpire through the continued abuse that Ludendorff heaps upon him throughout his book. It does, however, appear that Austria was anxious for a peace on the basis of a surrender of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. Count Czernin, at a conference in April, 1917, suggested that, if Germany would surrender those two provinces, Austria would unite Galicia to Poland and press for the union of Poland and Germany. This solution evidently attracted Bethmann-Hollweg, and Ludendorff had to fight hard against it. He was even driven at one time to argue that, if Germany offered to cede Alsace-Lorraine to France, the Entente would see in it a confession of Germany's military downfall and would at once increase their demands. Moreover, Ludendorff disliked the Austrian proposals with regard to Poland. A new Poland with Austria behind her (even if this Poland were united with Germany) would, in his opinion, destroy German unity and endanger Germany's eastern provinces. Ludendorff had his way, not so much by argument as because the breakdown of Russia increased the prestige of the military party and encouraged Germany to hope for military victory. Had Russia held out, it is more than possible that Bethmann-Hollweg and Czernin would have won, and that in the middle of 1917 a genuine peace offer would have been made by Germany. Either Alsace-Lorraine would have been offered to France on the basis of the cession of Poland to Germany, or some sort of autonomy would have been proposed for Alsace-Lorraine corresponding with the autonomy of Poland, and equally real — or unreal.

Ludendorff dates the decline of German morale from this time. On succeeding to power in 1916, he had launched a big programme of industrial conscription. He wanted the wages of the soldiers increased and the wages of the munition workers decreased. He also wanted industrial conscription extended to women, and held that there was enough female labor to replace a great deal of male labor and

free it for service in the army. He did induce the government to bring in a law for conscripting auxiliary labor, but he complains that it was neither fish nor flesh. 'The law was really a changeling, especially in the spirit in which it was administered, and had nothing in common with our desire to call the whole people to the service of the Fatherland and thus to supply reinforcements for the army and fresh labor to the army and the nation.'

He talks of England and France as the *Morning Post* in its most disgruntled war-mood used to do of Germany. 'Look at those democratic countries, England and France,' he says in effect. 'No shirking there, no slackening of the national fibre! no weak-kneed politicians depressing the resolution of the country.' He is particularly indignant over the success of the British propaganda, and wonders why Bethmann-Hollweg should not have done equally well for Germany. To his mind, propaganda is a mere manipulation of phrases, and he forgets, Prussian-like, that its strength is derived from the inherent justice of the cause that it defends. He complains that there were no grapes on the Prussian thistles. All our faith in freedom and democracy, the principles that the great democracies have debated eternally and fought for, are to him nothing but the cut and color of a uniform.

No book, not even Bernhardi's, shows up so clearly how miserably Prussian realism fails to fit the facts of human nature and human conduct. Austria, with all her selfishness and incompetence, was nearer to the realities of the situation in 1916 than this masculine apostle of Prussian militarism. Throughout the pages which deal with the events of 1916 and 1917, one gets the impression that the Austrian view was steadily gaining the upper hand, and that it was only the downfall of Russia which released this bitter, hard doctrine of efficiency, this cold, merciless logic of the Prussian Ludendorff, to blow like an east wind over the world again.

III

What were the military ideas of Ludendorff? How did he propose to redeem the early errors of the General Staff? And what were the calculations on which he relied for victory?

His first principle of strategy was: Do nothing in the west until you have first settled in the east. He never wavered from his conviction that the war could be won only in the west, for to have done so would have been to cast down his idol, von Schlieffen, and to admit that the General Staff, in its preparations for war, had been supremely incompetent. But he did differ very profoundly from the policy of von Falkenhayn in 1916, who left the job half finished in Russia in order to begin his disastrous campaign against Verdun. He was fully determined that that mistake should not be repeated. Granted that the war could be won only in the west, it was still necessary that the offensive campaign there should be deferred until the east had been settled once and for all; and although he did not admit it, his policy was a reversal of the main idea which governed the policy of the General Staff in 1914. Then the principle was: hurry the settlement in France, Russia can wait. Now his central idea was: temporize in the west, hurry in the east. He never wavered in this conviction, but there were times when he doubted whether his resources were equal to holding out in France until he could settle accounts with Russia.

Luck favored him. At the beginning of 1917, no one could have foreseen the downfall of Russia; but when Kerensky was succeeded by the Bolshevists, and

it became evident that Russia had ceased to exist as a military power, Ludendorff must have felt like a man who unexpectedly finds his prison door standing ajar. Yet it is significant of the strength of the man that he should have been in no haste to rush out. He despised the Bolshevists even more than he hated them. Others, less strong than he, would have compromised and yielded; but Ludendorff, desperate as the call was from the west for reinforcements, insisted on the full rigor of his contract in the east, and was prepared to take any risk rather than leave it again possible for Russia to take offensive action. Only a very strong man would have undertaken the campaign in Courland in the autumn of 1917, or assisted the Austrian offensive in Italy with German troops. There were many moments in 1917 when he must have had the gravest fears for the security of his lines in the west. If they should give, what, he asked himself more than once, will they say about my Russian policy and my campaign in Italy? About the Italian campaign, in particular, he had the gravest misgivings, partly because Austria wanted it, and Ludendorff was never able to see any virtue in Austria, and partly because, true to his principle of finishing off Russia once for all and of building up his barrier of buffer states on the east, he would have preferred a campaign in Moldavia. The Italian campaign he regarded as a luxury, hardly to be afforded at such a time.

But he lived through the period of waiting, and by the beginning of 1918 he had his reward. Russia was definitely out of the war, and Germany could give her whole attention for the first time to the western front. Even Austria's weakness, he thought, need be no longer an embarrassment. Caporetto had put a little oxygen in her lungs which would serve to keep her alive until the issue in the west was definitely settled.

Luck favored him, too, in his Fabian policy in France. After the unfortunate offensive on the Aisne in 1917, France had definitely dropped out of the war for the purposes of general (as distinguished from local) offense; and just as, in the first two years of the war, France had borne the main burden, so now, for the last two years, it fell on England. It was again pure luck that he captured the French plans for this offensive. The victories which General Pétain placed to the credit of France in 1917 were merely local, and were not part of any comprehensive joint offensive. The fact is that, although it was one of the best kept secrets in the war, a continuance of an offensive like the Somme battle would probably, even if it had been physically possible, have produced something like a revolution in the French army. It was not until later that Ludendorff knew of the mutinies that followed Nivelle's battle of the Aisne, or he would have felt far easier in his mind than he did. As it was, the whole burden of the offensive fell on the British army.

The two worst crises in these attacks were after the battle of Arras, April 9, 1917. 'A breach 12,000 to 15,000 yards wide and as much as 6000 yards and more in depth is,' Ludendorff observes, 'not a thing to be mended without more ado. . . . A day like April 9 upset all calculations.'

His other most anxious moment was after the battle of Cambrai. Ludendorff congratulates himself that Byng did not exploit this great initial success. If he had done so, 'we should not have been able to limit the extent of the gap, and in that case, what would have been the judgment of the world on our Italian campaign?'

The awful battles in Flanders drive

even Ludendorff to adjectives and metaphor. But though they inflicted on the troops on both sides more terrible trials than had ever been known in the history of war, it is evident that they did not cause Ludendorff so much anxiety for their result as Arras or Cambrai. This offensive in Flanders was ill-conceived and brought no reward at all proportionate to the expenditure of men and material.

All through 1917, Ludendorff's object on the western front was to gain time, and, in spite of anxious moments, he had succeeded: at the end of the year he was ready to attack on the west, and everything seemed to be in his favor. He had settled Russia once and for all; the British army was exhausted by an offensive which had lasted almost without intermission for eighteen months; and the resolution of France, even though Clemenceau was now the Premier, was still uncertain.

Ludendorff was a great tactical innovator as well as strategist, and some of the changes he had made in his system of defense had worked remarkably well. The withdrawal from the Somme battlefield in the spring of 1917 was a master-stroke, and Ludendorff was justified in claiming it as a victory. His system of elastic defensive zones, which replaced the old rigid lines, had also worked admirably, and had it not been for the invention of the tanks, the defense would have more than kept pace with the increasing strength of the attack.

He had given long and anxious thought to the problems of attack, and by the middle of 1917 he had already begun to train his troops behind the line for the offensive for the coming spring.

Ludendorff tells us very little in his book of these new tactics. But there was no doubt that he had supreme confidence in their success; and if they failed, it was through their excessive elaboration, and through defects in material due to the blockade. The German system of light railways was perfect, but their road transport was immeasurably inferior to ours, and their troops suffered in consequence from lack of mobility.

But these were not the real causes of the failures of the German campaign in 1918, for which all of Ludendorff's previous work must be regarded in the light of a preparation. The causes were moral. Ludendorff, who, like every great general, knew that an army is never beaten till it thinks it is beaten, lays the blame for the decline of German morale on the Chancellor's vacillation and the infection of Bolshevism from Russia. But the master-cause was the unrestricted submarine campaign and the entry of America.

The contrast between the extraordinary liberality of Ludendorff's mind to new ideas of every kind on the conduct of field operations, and his denseness and obstinacy on all questions of mixed strategy and politics, stands out boldly from every page of the book. The grossest of all the miscalculations of the German General Staff had been the concentration against France and the invasion of Belgium, which brought Britain into the war. One of these miscalculations, the neglect of Russia, Ludendorff had been at great pains to repair, and he had succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. But the other and worse miscalculation, which brought Britain into the war, he deliberately repeated, and for the same reason that the General Staff in 1914 took the risk of Britain's coming in, namely, that they thought that she could not develop her military power in time to be of service.

Exactly the same mistake was made with regard to America. Ludendorff was misled by the estimates which

were made by the German navy of the effect of the submarine campaign, but he never took them quite at their face value, and he was content in deciding his policy to make liberal deductions from it. Even so, for the sake of the chance of releasing the stranglehold of sea-power, he accepted a certain risk of America's coming in. She might safely, he thought, be allowed to come in, for by the time that her intervention could be made effective, the war would be over. So completely had his military studies blinded Ludendorff to the working of politics and even to the facts of human nature.

The American army in France did not achieve the great strategic success that Foch at one time had in mind. It was his intention, not merely to defeat the German army, but to annihilate it; not to drive it back to the Rhine, but to prevent its ever leaving France. To this end the British army on the left and the American army in the Argonne were between them to execute a double encircling movement which would bring them together on the Franco-Belgian frontier and strangle the narrow artery through which the German armies were supplied by way of Belgium.

Ludendorff in his book calls August 8 the black day of the German army in the war. He had been disappointed by his failure to reach Amiens in his first great offensive. The second offensive toward Calais, which so alarmed England, revealed to the eye of Ludendorff a failure in the morale of some German divisions which made him apprehensive of what happened later. But what shocked him in the Allied victory of August 8 was the evidence that, in spite of our heavy losses, we were still able to take a successful offensive, and that in front of Amiens. That was the doing of the American troops. It was not that the Americans at this time had very great numbers in the front line, although they had some troops of fine quality who did invaluable service. Their most important contribution to the Allies was that they enabled us to throw all in. Foch could choose the exact moment for his counter-offensive because he knew that behind him he had the inexhaustible reserves of the American army. It was not the American troops actually in the field that won the war. It was the enemy's fear of them and Foch's absolute confidence in them. The mere shadow of the American giant falling across the battlefield shattered the morale of the enemy and brought him to the state of believing himself beaten, which is the only real defeat in war. Ludendorff had always hoped that, even if his offensive failed, he would be given a respite in which to fall back and rally on some strong defensive lines. That hope was lost on August 8.

In the next seven weeks the German army suffered a series of defeats almost unexampled in history, and it is not to Ludendorff's credit that his narrative should at this point become sketchy and evasive. On September 18 began the drive for the Hindenburg line, which ended on September 29 with the British in possession of the whole of this thirty-mile front, as well as of 50,000 prisoners and 600 guns. It was now that Ludendorff gave up hope, and the telephones between General Headquarters and Berlin buzzed with messages insisting on the necessity of immediate peace.

The Bulgarian collapse began on September 15. 'We could not answer every single call for help; we had to insist that Bulgaria must do something for herself, or, otherwise, we too were lost. It made no difference whether our defeat came in Macedonia or in the west. We were not strong enough to hold our line in the west and to establish in the Balkans the German front to replace the

Bulgarians, as we should have had to do if we were to hold that front in the long run.'

Thus the breakdown in the east contributed to the overthrow of Germany, as well as the victories in the west. On August 8, Ludendorff could still console himself with the thought that, at any rate, the eastern front held, and that, if he had to retreat in France, it would be with his face to the enemy and without the embarrassment of having to turn east or south to fight Russia or bolster up Austria. Now, that consolation was gone, too. And just at this time the American offensive in the Argonne was beginning, and it was doubtful even whether he could retreat, or whether the German army in France might not undergo a super-Sedan. Ludendorff lost his nerve, and no wonder!

Later he changed his mind, and having, in the last days of September, insisted upon peace on any terms, he now urged that resistance should be offered in the last ditch. He explains this change of mind in his book by saying that the terms of the armistice were much more severe than he had expected. But that is not consistent with the view which he had stoutly maintained since the beginning of 1917, that nothing would satisfy the Entente but the complete humiliation of Germany. The real reason was that, whereas, at the end of September he feared that the German army could not get back at all, in the middle of October he saw that it could get back, broken, but still an army, and he was prepared to renew the gamble. It was too late. On October 24, Ludendorff issued an army order appealing to his troops to resist the demand to unconditional surrender, and attacking President Wilson. On the following day a storm of indignation burst out in the Reichstag over this act of insubordination at Headquarters; and on the evening of that day there was a discussion with the Minister of the Interior in which Ludendorff took part. His friends von Winterfeldt and von Haeften waited below. At the end of an hour and a half Ludendorff came out. 'My inward anguish would only let me say, "No hope! Germany is lost!" They, too, shook with emotion.'

Ludendorff saw the Kaiser on the following day, for the last time. The Kaiser censured the army order of October 24; Ludendorff begged most humbly to be relieved of his office, and the Kaiser accepted his resignation. He went back to Headquarters and told his officers there that in a fortnight there would be no Emperor in Germany. On November 9, Germany and Prussia were republics.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL INQUIRY

BY EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE

I

ARE our boys' boarding-schools in America fulfilling their mission? They offer advantages which even the best public schools cannot give. They cost beyond all calculation in time, effort, and money. They have enormous prestige. Are they 'making good'?

We have a right to ask more from our boarding-schools than repressive discipline and preparation for college. We have a right to judge them, not merely by what goes on within the school itself, where the influences are almost invariably gentle, helpful, and wholesome, but by what they produce. They offer unlimited opportunities for developing the highest type of manhood. They have at their command all the boy's time. They can mould and develop a boy's body, his mind, and his soul. They can cultivate his manners, correct his morals, arouse his enthusiasms, and fit him, as no other institution can, for a useful place in life. They are the best organs we have for creating the finest American manhood. Are they functioning as they should? Are they justifying their existence by enriching our national life with the choice young men that we need? Are they sending forth youths ready to take up the complex and exacting duties for which intensive culture alone can equip one, and to give themselves wholeheartedly to the difficult, delicate, often poorly paid tasks which in a highly organized community must be supremely well done: such tasks as research, medicine, teaching, literature, the fine arts, government, public service, religion?

I fear they are not. We have men of prominence who have been sent out by these schools, but there are far too few of them. The overwhelming number of boys who are there educated, after a more or less unsatisfactory record in college, soon sink out of sight in the shallows of mediocrity. After time, thought, and effort, almost without limit, have been spent to make these boys the highest product of our civilization, let us see what are the results.

First of all, we find that these schools rarely produce scholars. It seems not unreasonable to expect them to, but actually they do not. They often so over-prepare a boy for college that he can outstrip those less thoroughly prepared; but while a college record is thus apparently made, it is usually a spurt of brilliancy rather than a solid scholarly feat. Undeniably these schools often develop brains, but these brains are later used chiefly in making money. They are not used in fruitful scholarship, even though it is to these members of the leisure class that we seem justified in looking for such attainments. The boys received in these schools seem not to have scholarly ambitions. They have, on the contrary, debased ideals of education. Instead of scholars, these schools immediately produce too many representatives of that cheap offensive type, the college 'Rah-rah boy,' whose chief ambitions extend only to

the gayety and frivolity of the most superficial and evanescent college activities. Boys of this type have in most cases bad manners, and in some cases worse morals. They lack all sense of the high obligation of privilege. They are, they shamelessly confess, 'out for a good time,' and one who scrutinizes their indulgences with any care must admit that, if money squandered as they squander it will give a 'good time,' they should be getting it.

Another point where the schools fail is that they standardize their product. There seems to be, almost inevitably, a certain crushing of individuality. There is apt to come to schoolboys a loss of originality, of taste, and of delicacy of perception. There is in schools so much fear of the scorn of public opinion too often leveled at a non-conformer, that even the occasional talented boy retires within himself and finds it discreet to remain mediocre. Thus there comes about an atrophy of the normal interest in art and beauty. A schoolboy does not dare, in the face of his mocking companions, to manifest any enthusiasm in the best poetry, music, or painting. He wants, not the realities, but the superficialities. He wants to be 'in fashion' — to value and praise only the things that the debased taste of the group values or praises. Not the best, but the conventional, becomes his standard. I have known a boy to wait until he was alone in his dormitory, in order to play, undisturbed by the taunts of his fellows, a Victor record of a piece of good music which he loved. I have known a boy, both well-taught and talented, to abandon the violin and take up the mandolin, simply that he might succeed in 'making' the popular musical club of the college he had chosen.

The results of all this are seen in our colleges, where the preferred pleasures seem to be precisely the pleasures of the average factory town. Do not the 'Jazz band' and the 'movies' now satisfy completely the æsthetic natures of our college men?

Furthermore, the boys of our preparatory schools show almost no living interest in science or in nature. Science is not 'the thing.' Enthusiasm for the natural wonders of God's world is distinctly bad form. Athletics one may always safely grow enthusiastic over, but never plants, birds, trees — never chemistry, natural history, the stars. A talented lecturer imitated for us, one stormy winter's night, the songs and calls of our familiar birds. These sweet summer sounds thrilled me. Afterwards I asked one of the older boys if he had not enjoyed them. 'No,' he replied; 'why should I? I have never heard a bird sing in my life.'

Perhaps it is because the case seems hopeless; perhaps it is because they are so engrossed with getting boys into college, that schools of this kind make little provision for studies in nature and science. I once knew a boy in a prominent school who tried to educate himself. He would show his butterflies and explain all about them when, all too rarely, he could find a listener. I have seen him sit for hours, studying the tadpoles and frogs in a pond, so entranced that he did not know I frequently looked out for him when I was on my walks. But school gave him no information and no encouragement. He did not go to college, and he never became the naturalist I had hoped he would.

Another criticism I desire to make brings up a difficult problem — one so difficult that I hesitate to get myself involved in its discussion. It is that these schools fail to impress a vital, appealing religious faith. The private schools alone can do this, for to-day our public schools are gagged. I know that an earnest effort is made in most

private schools to give a real religious culture, differing, of course, according to the denomination and proclivities of the school authorities. But for some reason there is not great success. Perhaps the tendency to swing to one of those two dangerous poles, formalism or sentimentalism, has something to do with this failure. Perhaps a greater reason is the absence of any adequate religious nurture in many of the homes from which the boys come and in the colleges to which they go. I fear that they too often look on their religion as just another school-requirement, which it is proper to shake off as quickly as possible after school-days are over. Somehow religion does not mean to the boy what it should — the greatest power for illuminating and energizing his life.

I have said enough to demonstrate my conviction that the schools we are considering are not giving us what, with all their resources, they should give. They might be made to contribute rich forces to our commonwealth. Instead, they contribute too many cheap, shallow, self-seeking, and sometimes dangerous elements. The attack on the students and the buildings of one of the great New England universities last May can perhaps best be laid to the resentment of simple, hard-working, discontented returned soldiers against the flippancy of our gilded youth. It is a manifestation that deserves attention.

Our schools should not be turning out such products. They should be providing leaders — leaders in politics, in social and labor questions, in science, thought, manners, culture. The possibilities of such schools in making workable our democracy are too evident, too precious, for us to allow them to fail without search for a remedy. Unless the remedy be found, and these institutions, so full of potentialities for good, — so full, too, of an eager desire for high service, — are made to contribute as they ought, we must, in a rightly ordered democracy, write 'Ichabod' over their ruins.

What, then, is the matter with them? There are, as I see it, three principal causes of their failure: their commercialism, their autocratic discipline, and the demoralizing influence which the colleges exert on them. These schools, on account of their high tuition fees, have become the exclusive domain of the wealthy; they have, in their zeal for discipline, forgotten that the boy must learn to govern himself; and they have existed to prepare boys for college rather than to prepare them for life.

III

First, as regards their commercialism.

A school of this kind, however high its ideals, is, we must remember, at bottom a business, and in the view of its authorities the first requisite of such business is that it must pay. Under present conditions it can pay only by collecting large fees, and large fees can be paid only by the rich. Such a business standard involves, unfortunately, compromises and concessions, and it is likely that there is not one school of this kind that does not bear on its body the scars of such moral defeats. The argument is, of course, that to have an institution perform its high function, the continued existence of the institution is necessary. There are times when I am inclined to doubt the validity of this argument.

To understand what this class-pressure has accomplished, we must consider the material with which boarding-schools have lately been loaded. It is said that, at home, the American boy is rather more feared than loved. This is particularly true of the rich boy. There is usually at hand sufficient of life's

discipline to whip the poor boy into shape. But with the son of rich parents difficulties multiply. What with motor-cars, cigarettes, cabarets, cocktails, and chorus-girls, such a youth, left unrestrained, soon becomes impossible; and once the harm is done, it is hard to make anything serviceable out of him.

About the age when these dangers may be looked for, the puzzled parents, not knowing what to do with the boy, are glad to shift the responsibility. As amateurs they face a problem which they are eager to hand over to professionals who have both the experience and the machinery with which to do a better job. 'My boy's life is one long protest,' declares one anxious mother. 'How many weeks are there in your school-year?' Bernard Shaw may be right after all in stating that the chief purpose of schools is to enable parents to get rid of their children so that they can attend to their own affairs.

This is a matter for sympathetic treatment. There are many of us, I am sure, who echo from time to time the words of the Shepherd in *A Winter's Tale:* 'I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting —' At times I ask myself whether a boarding-school is not merely an attempt to bridge over these difficult years, since they cannot be 'slept out,' and whether a school's success may not consist in landing a boy safely on the other side of them.

There is, I fear, ample reason for the particular distress of wealthy parents at this time. Conditions are changing, standards are lowered, old restraints have been loosed, self-indulgence is the order of the day, moral ideals are unsettled, and boys are in greater peril than they ever were before. Whether owing entirely to the war, as some people say, or to the radical tendencies and the changing religious sanctions of the day, the bringing up of a boy is more anxious work than it once was; and the bringing up of a rich boy is supremely difficult.

The best schools, forced to accept only the sons of the rich, — not merely those sons who were worthy, but too often all who could pay, — have felt the lowering of tone which the unsatisfactory quality of much of this material has brought with it. Background and ideals — both of them impossible matters to supply ready-made — have been lacking. Though many of these boys may prove to be fine, manly chaps, there has come to be too large a proportion of the unfit. Great attention has to be paid to sheltering and controlling the undesirable element. With all that is done, the frivolous wastrel exercises too much influence. He lacks the fibre built by self-denial. There is constantly before him the enticing example of self-indulgent parents. The eye of a needle was once spoken of metaphorically in connection with the entrance of a rich man into the Kingdom of Heaven. Sometimes one feels that metaphor does not adequately describe the minuteness of the aperture through which the son of many a rich man must go.

Our boarding-schools have, no doubt, served a useful purpose in getting many youths of such antecedents over the impossible age. They have furthermore been blessed with a small, but certainly admirable, group of amazingly worth-while boys from rich families. That has been their leaven, but there has not been enough of it. The schools have suffered; and although expulsions may still keep them from catastrophe, it is time that they consider seriously

whether such boys as seem predestined not to respond to the right influences had not better be steered toward the reformatories, to end the difficulty.

I am aware that Chesterton's criticism of some advocate of the superman may be brought against me. Chesterton said, you may remember, that this person was like a nurse who, having tried for a long time to feed a child something out of a bottle which the child resolutely refused to take, would end matters, not by throwing the bottle out of the window, but by throwing the child out of the window. For all that, there are some emergencies, it would seem, where radical action is justified.

A further detriment which schools suffer from the patronage of the rich comes from the tendency of some parents to use the school as an agent of social ambitions. If their sons are gentlemen-born, the parents, quite reasonably, wish them educated with gentlemen. If, on the other hand, parents newly arrived at prosperity are looking about for the best means of launching their sons socially, the right school offers just the opportunity they want. Too frequently the desire is rather for profitable social connections than gentle surroundings and refined friends. The school is eagerly used, and is made to suffer from this wrong motive.

III

But granting that there must be, in any school, a certain proportion of unworkable material, would not better results be obtained by a less autocratic and a more democratic system of government? The immediate results of the present system are, with a few heart-breaking exceptions, superficially good. But the ultimate result, the only one by which the system can fairly be judged, is not satisfactory.

The older schoolboy, on the threshold of the freedoms of college, is not permitted to learn to use for himself the impulses, the enthusiasms, the inhibitions, which spring up naturally in the human male in the critical years just before manhood. Exacting discipline deprives him of a feeling of responsibility for his actions. He is purposely kept childlike and dependent. It is easier to handle him that way. Then he is thrust without preparation into the life at college, which is getting to be almost as free as that of the gods on Olympus. The lessons of his little play-world will not serve him. He lacks in judgment. He lacks in self-control. Give a boy in this unfortunate state plenty of money, and we have a situation most difficult to cope with. Remember, too, that in facing it the boy usually has none of the steadying which a vital interest in academic work would give.

I am aware that the average headmaster will throw up his hands in consternation at any suggestion of student government. 'Student government is always bad government,' he will insist. That may be true. It is also true that 'prentice work is bad work, and that all beginners make more mistakes than experts. Nevertheless, each new generation must some time begin to learn. The trouble is that headmasters look upon discipline as devised for the convenience of the authorities, not for the education of the boy. But unless it really educates the boy, trains his will, develops his judgment, and fits him for self-government, it is worse than useless. If it merely represses him, it weakens him; it raises in him a false sense of confidence in his own will, makes him think he is self-directing when he is not, and brings some day a shattering realization that his own will was never developed at all.

If school authorities would see this;

if they would, at whatever cost of patience, anxiety, and disappointment, consent to rely more on the self-directing forces that really exist in boys, it is likely that, not only would many school problems grow less troublesome, but that the college history of school graduates would be less disappointing.

IV

The third cause of failure lies in the relation of these schools to the colleges.

It seems to be the fashion for every boy born in prosperous circumstances to count on going to college. He counts as well on attending some preparatory school, but rarely, it often seems, for the helpful influence of the school on his life. He goes chiefly for two reasons: one, that he may be sure of passing the hide-bound entrance examinations to his chosen college; and the other, that he may enter college with a group of ready-made friends.

The demand for getting boys into college has tied the hands of many schools. It has distorted and devitalized their functions. High schools have felt this demand and resisted it; private schools simply cannot shake it off.

The fact that many boys who need school, and who by the right school could be moulded to a fine usefulness, ought never to go to college at all, is lost sight of. The other fact, that school-life and college-life are two perhaps equally important steps in the education by which boys rise to manhood, is forgotten. And the nurture, the culture, the upbuilding which the school might give if it were allowed to, is lost in a sort of mad rush to get boys past the rigid college-entrance examinations, tempered only by such disciplinary measures as are necessary to control their high spirits and keep them in hand while the process of cramming is going on.

Thus our schools are made mere conveniences, stepping-stones to a more attractive life beyond. They are necessary evils — institutions to be used for a brief time and then cast aside.

But this is not all. The college hurts the secondary school even more seriously in its academic demands. As we all know, few public schools have been able to prepare boys for the arbitrary, excessive demands made by our large eastern colleges. None but the most brilliant public-school boy, willing to do considerable self-educating could in recent years pass those entrance examinations. That fact alone has filled many eastern private schools. What effect the easing of those harsh requirements, as recently announced by the colleges, will have on private schools will be an interesting matter to watch. It seems likely that the demands which have throttled our schools in the past will in the course of time become modified. A more enlightened policy may be at hand.

Every schoolmaster is looking to the system of 'comprehensive examination,' and the more humane methods which may grow out of it, as an emancipation from the pitiful, sordid school curriculum of grind, grind, drill, drill, review, review — stultifying to mental growth and inhibitive to socializing, humanizing, informative studies and experiences, which the schools long to give and cannot. For example, the time may come when the modern languages will be taught in a rational way, and a youngster, after two years of study, even if ignorant of twenty or thirty exceptions to some rule of French grammar, will not be tongue-tied in a French community, and will read and write the language with pleasure. Or, in the matter of history, even if a little shaky on all the reforms of Solon, the Constitution of Clisthenes, or every provision of the Licinian Laws, an American

boy may go up to college so well read in general history, ancient, mediæval, and even modern, that he has a social perspective, a richly furnished mind, and a sense of confidence in himself as a future citizen of the world.

But in some ways the most cruel injury which the colleges inflict upon the schools is due to the cynical fashion in which, for years past, they have debased the prestige of the schools by making examinations, set by the colleges themselves, or their servant, the College Entrance Board, the sole, or at least the preferred condition for admission, when for the good of the schools, the good of the boys, the good even of the colleges themselves, they should have made such entrance requirements primarily the fine school-record of the boy himself and the possession of a regular graduation diploma of a reputable school. I often wonder what would become of the prestige of the colleges themselves if the post-graduate schools refused to accept their degrees, and threw the applicant on the mercies of a written examination on his college work, set by a group of learned lecturers, isolated from all undergraduate conditions.

This, it seems to me, is the crowning sin of the colleges against the schools; and to say in extenuation that the standards of the secondary schools are too unequal to warrant any other course, simply throws us back to wondering what has held down those standards. One must bear in mind, also, that no one has ever forbidden the colleges to make their own list of eligible schools.

V

So much for the failures, and some reasons for them. Can adequate remedies be found? The problem is difficult. But it seems as if something must be done, first of all, to improve the quality of the boys taken into our schools. The schools must be made more independent of wealthy clients. Some sort of endowment would be needed for this. The best form for this endowment to take, perhaps, would be a definite and sufficient number of scholarships, which should be granted only to boys proved to possess the finest qualities of character, earnestness, and mentality. The influence of even a small group of such boys could be made to tell tremendously in the school community. The selection of these boys without regard to their class in society, but only for their exceptional promise, would make for democracy. There are in our land hundreds — yes, thousands — of splendid lads whose parents desire for them just what the boarding-school can supply. But most of them cannot afford to pay the fees. Thus it comes about that the worth-while boy is shut out, forced to an inferior education, or even perhaps spoiled by adolescent idleness, while many a rich boy who can pay gets the advantages, and either will not or cannot use them. At present the schools must take what comes, — do their best for them, — and get criticized for their failures. They find out, as the old saying runs, that you cannot polish a brick.

Would that some American Cecil Rhodes could see the possibilities of these schools, or that some group of rich men of clear vision might be found, willing to devote a few millions thus to the public good. For endowment must, I suppose, be by private capital. There seems to be no inherent objection to handing these private schools over to the state and developing them in the highest interest of the public. Such a solution could be made very satisfactory. But in our present state of advance, it would be politically almost impossible. One could hardly persuade the nation that Annapolis and West

Point are really just such schools; and that, though their contribution to the public good may be more easily recognized, it is not more necessary.

Financial independence alone, however, will not accomplish all that we wish. With the possibility of entering better boys must come the certainty of better equipping these boys after they are secured. A more normal and democratic system of government must be devised, which will train a boy's powers in self-direction and fit him for responsibility. And with this must come a broader, richer, and more stimulating curriculum.

But the colleges must do their part. They must revise their system, making less of arbitrary demands, and more, much more, of fine school-record, character, high motive, and enthusiasm for learning. They never should, I think, admit a boy (and they do admit hundreds of such) whose declared motive in going to college is to have a good time. It seems a case of misappropriation of endowment funds, — those gifts of self-sacrificing men of vision, — to allow them to be spent in the futile effort to educate boys who do not come to be educated at all, but to have a good time. It is like using the revenues of an orphan asylum for carousing.

VI

There is a question, of course, whether our select boys' boarding-schools should have any place in a democracy. Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp, whose well-reasoned article in a recent number of the *Atlantic*[1] has set many of us thinking, would say that they should not. Indeed, judging by their present accomplishment, it might be somewhat difficult to demonstrate their value; for they seem too much concerned with developing the wrong kind of exclusiveness. The exclusiveness which is an end in itself certainly should not feel at home in a democracy.

But there is an exclusiveness, if one may so term it, which results from high purpose and exacting responsibilities — an exclusiveness which is almost a synonym for consecration. Such exclusiveness is, I believe, essential to a democracy.

For true democracy is not a flattening, leveling process. True democracy must build up to the highest powers of serviceability the most promising individuals. It must develop them under the essentially democratic teaching that, however great their powers or their freedom, they cannot live to themselves alone, but must devote all their powers to the good of their fellows.

Unconscious as seems the soul of America even yet regarding the goal of her dreams, she will never accept the uninteresting, inefficient, hopeless state which the extreme advocates of communistic democracy are urging. Such a state would rob life of all that makes it worth while. It would create a society paralyzed by jealousies and fears. It would be a lottery without prizes; a Sahara Desert without mountain of vision or well of refreshment. Flat mediocrity is a bastard democracy. We can never accept it. For the finest flower of democracy is not drab equality, but *noblesse oblige*. This is a spiritual force for raising men, not for leveling them.

The democracy that is bred in the fibre of my own nature recognizes classes. It must. It recognizes a diversity of gifts, a diversity of opportunities, and a diversity of responsibilities. It recognizes a diversity of social standards, of families, of homes. And until it is granted that all homes must be alike, I will not grant that all schools must be alike. It is evidently impossi-

[1] 'Patrons of Democracy,' in the issue for November, 1919.

ble, for example, that all homes can be made equally refined, mannerly, inspiring. But we cannot, therefore, lose the blessed influence of the best of those we already have. There must remain something above us to live up to.

Your true democracy must have leaders; and the better the leaders, the better the democracy. These leaders must be men of the most gracious and sincere manners, the most cultivated imagination, the finest self-sacrifice, the highest ideals. Wherever we need leaders, we need such men. And such men do not just grow. They must be developed and inspired somewhere. Where can we do it if not in our regenerated select schools? The public schools cannot do this work as it should be done, for the same reason that the private schools as at present conducted cannot do it. They are too mixed, too inclusive, too much cluttered with inferior material. More than this, they are apparently unable to command the services of the right sort of educators. The low salaries paid to teachers in public schools do not attract first-class men and women. It is an admitted fact that the schoolbook-publishing firms are striving more and more to produce 'textbooks that presuppose a minimum of intelligence on the part of the teacher — books that will teach themselves.' (I have quoted that sentence verbatim from the statement of an agent of such a firm.)

Mr. Sharp believes the education of all children in common schools makes for democracy. To a certain extent, perhaps, it does, if the standards of such persons are not too entirely dissimilar. But what should I have advised a refined mother, herself a public-school teacher, who asked me if I thought she was wrong in sending her delicate little daughter to a private school? 'In the public school to which I sent her for a time,' said she, 'she picked up vermin, diseases, and bad language.'

Even if Mr. Sharp's theory were carried out, and children of all classes tumbled into properly fumigated and inspected common schools, what would be the result? Not, I fear, the stimulating, hearty democracy which Mr. Sharp looks forward to, but rather a division into groups, congenial within themselves, scornful or quarrelsome toward the other groups. I have myself observed this tendency in public-school life. It seems to show that even a common education does not root out snobbishness or class-feeling.

No. The forced association of uncongenial units does not break down exclusiveness. It often creates it. Certainly it does not ensure mutual understanding. A little aloofness often makes for both understanding and sympathy.

To Mr. Sharp's contention that unless labor and capital are educated together they can never understand each other, I would reply that the willingness to understand each other is far more needed than any association of school-days, and that it is a lack of fairmindedness rather than of understanding that is at the bottom of all the trouble between labor and capital. Not closer association, but better moral culture, will help solve the problem. In my ideal democracy, strong, sympathetic brotherhood sometimes looms so large that it gathers unto itself all that we know of human rights and the essential equality of men.

It is the more sympathetic education in ideals, in true values, in brotherhood, that I look to the regenerated boarding-school to give. Never must this school teach the condescension of superior beings for inferior, but always the responsibility of privilege, and the supreme obligation of fairmindedness in those who are permitted the highest

training to fit them for the highest duties.

Thus it is that, with firm faith in democracy, a hatred of caste, and an ardent enthusiasm for our amazing American opportunities for advancement, I find myself, after sharply criticizing one class of our private schools as at present administered, defending the system in its ideal form, and earnestly desirous that it may be purged and used as it should be in the high interest of the nation.

For I believe in the special cloistered education for boys. I believe it is capable of giving them benefits that a public day school can never give. For years I have watched its influence on boys of the right qualities, and I have found this influence to be good. The distinct gain in manliness and independence that results from the separation of adolescent boys from their homes and families is good. The power they develop of getting on well with their fellows is good. The intimate association in daily life with other youths of kindred minds and common aims is good. The training in manners is good. The health they build up by regular life in favorable surroundings is good. And the gain that comes from detaching them from the distractions and temptations of mixed society and enabling them to concentrate attention on their studies is inestimable.

More can be done with earnest boys in these boarding-schools than anywhere else. I am sure of that. To-day we need these schools alarmingly if we would save and develop our choicest treasures of boyhood, and raise up men of power and integrity who will lead us aright. But I insist that such schools are not now fulfilling their mission. They cannot be permitted to go on as 'cramming' schools, elegant reformatories, rungs in the social ladder, or money-making businesses. They can no longer, in these stirring, anxious days of the new world, continue as they have been. They must be freed from the compromises and concessions that have been required of them; they must be relieved from the necessity of nursing defective, subnormal scions of proud families, and crude or impossible scions of 'climbers.' They must not remain the caterers to the cheap ideas of half-baked youths, inoculated with the 'Rah-rah' virus eternally raging in our colleges. But they must be opened, not to the richest, but to the best of our youths — to those who will feel that their admission to special privileges pledges them to unusual effort. These schools must bring together and bind together only the choicest, the most honorable youths, to whatever class of society they may belong. They should be made centres of the most solid and the most stimulating culture — physical, mental, ethical — which the world can give to its best sons. They must come to stand on their own feet, dispensing without fear or favor the education which the most experienced men may deem desirable; and nurturing the loftiest ideals of brotherhood, of service, and of enthusiasm for what is true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report.

The best schools should be for the best boys; the best boys for the best schools — the schools which can kindle their spirits at the most points and can command all their time, effort, and devotion.

For in a democracy there should be one thing that money cannot buy, that influence cannot buy, that worth alone can buy: and that thing is Education.

THE SUBURB DE LUXE

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

AUTOMOBILES are streaming in from all sides to the station, and are engaged at the platform in their everlasting business of disgorging well-dressed and highly polished men and women for the nine o'clock train.

Newspapers are selling fast. It is the beginning of another day, and a most auspicious beginning, because the day begins in Toppington. If you can begin your day in Toppington, you have begun it right; and if you can end it there also, in a Tuxedo, you can fill it up with anything, and it must be a profitable day.

There is an air of glad well-being on the platform; shoes have been polished in basements by the man who does the shoes; clothes have been taken from closets full of very well-pressed and very recent clothes; and breakfast has been of the ritualistic sort — with the crusts trimmed off the toast, the cream particularly rich, the cantaloupes especially luscious, the coffee in extra large cups, the omelette souffléd.

The children have come in with the governess, made their morning salutations, been kissed and jollied, and taken their seats at a side table. There have been gracious remarks and inquiries as to how everybody slept, and plans hurriedly suggested for golf or other engagements in the afternoon.

Everybody is very sure that this is the height of family life, and that here the foundations of society are laid in the concrete of good form.

The motor whirls up to the front door, and amid hurried messages, kisses, and cigarette smoke, the males briskly enter the shiny car and buzz away to the train.

'Good morning, good morning; beautiful day! How is Natalie this morning? Oh, so glad to know she is better. And now you will be leaving soon for California. We go in January, but to Florida. No, the links in Florida are inferior, but Kate demands that Gulf air and the early tomatoes and strawberries.'

'What do you think of Wilson's drool this morning? Going to the smoker? Well, so long, old top.'

Or — 'Hello, Joe — back again, eh? How long at a time do you pretend to live a serious life? You certainly are a bum. Where were you? Well, French Lick's the only place for you brokers. Did you see Sam there? He made a big killing, I hear, and is fixed for life. Bully for him! And I am especially glad for Mary and the kiddies, who have been down to brass tacks lately — only two servants, and Sam fixing his own furnace and blacking his own boots.'

Or, — from Bob, very highly dressed and very twitchy and jerky about the head, with roving eyes and a flannel mouth, — 'My dear boy, where the hell have you been? Oh, you're the predatory rich, all right! But see here, for God's sake, what about that gas stock? Sh! Come here, man; I'm going to talk to you.'

From a bright and natty lady: 'Good morning, doctor. I did so want to see you after church yesterday — to thank you for that beautiful sermon.'

The doctor smiles, — a smile as old as Toppington — a smile that represents the worst that Toppington can do to a man, — and the doctor says, —

'I had you in mind — and that sweet family of yours. How is Rosalie this morning? Give her my love; she's a dear, dear child, and very close to all our hearts.

'No, my suggestion to the House Committee regarding whiskey at the Golf Club was — was — well, I actually think they resented it, and so, of course, I dropped the matter. For it is furthest from my desire to offend anyone in this dear place.

'Is that Caroline? Dear me, did she really move to Roseville? I have often wondered how her father and mother survived that. And they do look older, don't you think so? But Mary, Rose, and Catherine are a great comfort. They are maintaining the fine old Toppington tradition: they are very dear girls, very dear girls, very close to all our hearts.

'Yes, I go in town Mondays to look over our mission parish. Really, I regret the fact that our Toppington people take so casual an interest in this beautiful charity. I am sometimes afraid I do not quite fulfill my obligation here by pointing out a little more clearly the disparity between some of my friends here and some of them there, as regards — income.'

'Yes, but, doctor, nothing could be done about it, of course: it is just one of those things, you know, that happen to be so, don't you think?'

'Oh, yes, I know it, I think so; but those people are a little too much forgotten, perhaps, and I frequently have cause to think that they may remind us of their presence some day in an embarrassing manner. Did you ever think of that? And, you know, nothing is so embarrassing as to be confronted with an importunate widow, for instance, who kicks on the door and keeps screaming, "Justice!"

'But, my dear, I must n't worry you with my doubts. My best wishes for you always. Good-bye.'

At that point the train grinds to a halt, with a resolute expression of taking into New York a group of people who add all the salt to that otherwise tasteless stew. Very important gentlemen, saying very important things and thinking priceless thoughts, take their seats and open their papers, and even more important ladies — on their way to Lord and Taylor's or leaving for a little change in Lakewood or Asheville — settle into places, and talk about nothing with great animation.

Two men in spats and gloves, and with the 'club-car' faces of commerce, after looking over the paper, hurriedly begin to discuss the situation.

'One would suppose, now the war is over and the necessity for improvements and extensions is very great, the railroads would begin buying; but they don't seem to want to begin, for some reason.'

'Why, don't you see,' says the other pink-faced worshiper of Baal, 'it's this way: the railroads, and the other interests too, for that matter, don't propose to do anything to promote employment until the labor-world comes to its senses on wages. They propose to show labor where it gets off at.'

'Well, that sounds reasonable to me. I only hope they don't show us first. You know I sometimes say to my wife: "Carrie, what would you do now if we busted higher than a kite — if we had to come to living on $5000 a year, say — about a tenth of what it costs us now?"

'"Where would we live?" she asks.

'"Well, suppose we had to move to Newark or Jersey City?"

'"Don't talk utter nonsense," she says, "and be sure to engage two

staterooms on the Limited to Santa Barbara for Friday, the 20th."

'But I can't help thinking of folks in Petrograd these days who used to do about the same thing we do — but are doing something very different now: standing hours in line for black bread. Two staterooms to Santa Barbara on the Limited!'

One of the wives in front, overhearing this outburst, turns about and with a flashing eye says to her husband's friend, —

'John is n't the sport he used to be, is he? What's the matter with him, anyhow? I think it was that book by Jane Addams about children and the city streets. I've had a lot of trouble with him since that. Brace up, John; just because you are virtuous, or dyspeptic, or senile, or something, do you expect *me* to join the Christian Endeavor society?'

And so the conversation develops, indicating on the part of the men a certain faint-hearted respect for history, and especially very modern history, in spite of their repugnance for change; but revealing the women as defiant, and unchastened by any least appreciation of what is taking place in the world.

The entire package of humanity, done up in several yellow steel cars, is injected into New York and ejected from New York daily. It stays long enough to move the little levers that divert a great deal of the wealth earned by thousands of poor folks into the channels that irrigate Toppington and sustain its beaming countenance. It is a nickel-in-the-slot machine raised to its highest power.

In the club car forward, groups of absorbed gentlemen, shrouded in tobacco smoke, play cards while the train rushes through more and more inferior suburbs as it approaches the city. They never look out of the windows. They might get a hint from Greenwood Cemetery as it flies past, making hideous gestures with its obelisks and granite deformities. They are polished people, operating in polished grooves — things outside have no interest and excite no curiosity. A man from Roseville may meet a man from Toppington on business, or through mutual friends; he may get a word on that occasion; but it is the only occasion on which he will. Thereafter he will get the fishy eye or the far-away gaze of the preoccupied man.

For Toppington is very much preoccupied; its engagements are imperative. It has an intense sense of its responsibilities. It is part of the two per cent who own sixty per cent of the wealth of the country. Its idol is *ability* — ability to maintain about that proportion of ownership. It is actually reptilian in its hissing anger against the opponent of orthodoxy. It is capable, with complete complacency, of defeating every effort to make this war anything but a frightful catastrophe with no actual moral value. It is draped in all sorts of flowing sentimentalism; and beneath that drapery is a hardness and selfishness beyond belief.

It poisons its own children with the insidious sense of caste — of the low value of real work and the high value of mental dexterity and sleight-of-hand. It produces mental invalids full of the immorality of self-pity and the vulgarity of parade.

If this war means anything, it means that the Toppingtons of this country will be left by the tide, and will dry up, like stranded jelly-fish, in the sun of a new adjustment which will appraise people according to their actual contribution to the wealth and welfare of the nation.

A JUNGLE CLEARING

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN six degrees of the Equator, shut in by jungle, on a cloudless day in mid-August, I found a comfortable seat on a slope of sandy soil sown with grass and weeds in the clearing back of Kartabo laboratory. I was shaded only by a few leaves of a low walnut-like sapling, yet there was not the slightest hint of oppressive heat. It might have been a warm August day in New England or Canada, except for the softness of the air.

In my little cleared glade there was no plant which would be wholly out of place on a New England country hillside. With debotanized vision I saw foliage of sumach, elm, hickory, peach, and alder, and the weeds all about were as familiar as those of any New Jersey meadow. The most abundant flowers were Mazaruni daisies, cheerful little pale primroses, and close to me, fairly overhanging the paper as I wrote, was the spindling button-weed, a wanderer from the States, with its clusters of tiny white blossoms bouqueted in the bracts of its leaves.

A few yards down the hillside was a clump of real friends — the rich green leaves of vervain, that humble little weed, sacred in turn to the Druids, the Romans, and the early Christians, and now brought inadvertently in some long-past time, in an overseas shipment, and holding its own in this breathing-space of the jungle. I was so interested by this discovery of a superficial northern flora, that I began to watch for other forms of temperate-appearing life, and for a long time my ear found nothing out of harmony with the plants. The low steady hum of abundant insects was so constant that it required conscious effort to disentangle it from silence. Every few seconds there arose the cadence of a passing bee or fly, the one low and deep, the other shrill and penetrating. And now, just as I had become wholly absorbed in this fascinating game, — the kind of game which may at any moment take a worth-while scientific turn, — it all dimmed and the entire picture shifted and changed. I doubt if anyone who has been at a modern battle-front can long sit with closed eyes in a midsummer meadow and not have his blood leap as scene after scene is brought back to him. Three bees and a fly winging their way past, with the rise and fall of their varied hums, were sufficient to renew vividly for me the blackness of night over the sticky mud of Douaumont, and to cloud for a moment the scent of clover and dying grass, with that terrible sickly sweet odor of human flesh in an old shell-hole. In such unexpected ways do we link peace and war — suspending the greatest weights of memory, imagination, and visualization on the slenderest cobwebs of sound, odor, and color.

But again my bees became but bees — great, jolly, busy yellow-and-black fellows, who blundered about and squeezed into blossoms many sizes too small for them. Cicadas tuned up,

clearing their drum-heads, tightening their keys, and at last rousing into the full swing of their ecstatic theme. And my relaxed, uncritical mind at present recorded no difference between the sound and that which was vibrated from northern maples. The tamest bird about me was a big yellow-breasted white-throated flycatcher, and I had seen this Melancholy Tyrant, as his technical name dubs him, in such distant lands that he fitted into the picture without effort.

White butterflies flitted past, then a yellow one, and finally a real Monarch. In my boyland, smudgy specimens of this were pinned, earnestly but asymetrically, in cigar-boxes, under the title of *Danais archippus*. At present no reputable entomologist would think of calling it other than *Anosia plexippus*, nor should I; but the particular thrill which it gave to-day was that this self-same species should wander along at this moment to mosaic into my boreal muse.

After a little time, with only the hum of the bees and the staccato cicadas, a double deceit was perpetrated, one which my sentiment of the moment seized upon and rejoiced in, but at which my mind had to conceal a smile and turn its consciousness quickly elsewhere, to prevent an obtrusive reality from dimming this last addition to the picture. The gentle, unmistakable, velvet warble of a bluebird came over the hillside, again and again; and so completely absorbed and lulled was I by the gradual obsession of being in the midst of a northern scene, that the sound caused not the slightest excitement, even internally and mentally. But the sympathetic spirit who was directing this geographic burlesque overplayed, and followed the soft curve of audible wistfulness with an actual bluebird which looped across the open space in front. The spell was broken for a moment, and my subconscious autocrat thrust into realization the instantaneous report — apparent bluebird call is the note of a small flycatcher and the momentary vision was not even a mountain bluebird but a red-breasted blue chatterer! So I shut my eyes very quickly and listened to the soft calls, which alone would have deceived the closest analyzer of bird songs. And so for a little while longer I still held my picture intact, a magic scape, a hundred yards square and an hour long, set in the heart of the Guiana jungle.

And when at last I had to desert Canada, and relinquish New Jersey, I slipped only a few hundred miles southward. For another twenty minutes I clung to Virginia, for the enforced shift was due to a great Papilio butterfly which stopped nearby and which I captured with a lucky sweep of my net. My first thought was of the orange-tree Swallow-tail, *née Papilio cresphontes*. Then the first lizards appeared, and by no stretch of my willing imagination could I pretend that they were newts, or fit the little emerald scales into a New England pasture. And so I chose for a time to live again among the Virginian butterflies and mocking-birds, the wild roses and the jasmine, and the other splendors of memory which a single butterfly had unloosed.

As I looked about me, I saw the flowers and detected their fragrance; I heard the hum of bees and the contented chirp of well-fed birds; I marveled at great butterflies flapping so slowly that it seemed as if they must have cheated gravitation in some subtle way to win such lightness and disregard of earth-pull. I heard no ugly murmur of long hours and low wages; the closest scrutiny revealed no strikes or internal clamorings about wrongs; and I unconsciously relaxed and breathed more deeply at the thought of this nature

world, moving so smoothly, with directness and simplicity as apparently achieved ideals.

II

Then I ceased this superficial glance and looked deeper, and without moralizing or dragging in far-fetched similes or warnings, tried to comprehend one fundamental reality in wild nature — the universal acceptance of opportunity. From this angle it is quite unimportant whether one believes in vitalism (which is vitiating to our 'will to prove'), or in mechanicism (whose name itself is a symbol of ignorance, or deficient vocabulary, or both). Evolution has left no chink or crevice unfilled, unoccupied, no probability untried, no possibility unachieved.

The nearest weed suggested this trend of thought and provided all I could desire of examples; but the thrill of discovery and the artistic delight threatened to disturb for the time my solemn application of these ponderous truisms. The weed alongside had had a prosperous life, and its leaves were fortunate in the unadulterated sun and rain to which they had access. At the summit all was focusing for the consummation of existence: the little blossoms would soon open and have their one chance. To all the winds of heaven they would fling out wave upon wave of delicate odor, besides enlisting a subtle form of vibration and refusing to absorb the pink light — thereby enhancing the prospects of insect visitors, on whose coming the very existence of this race of weeds depended.

Every leaf showed signs of attack: scallops cut out, holes bored, stains of fungi, wreaths of moss, and the insidious mazes of leaf-miners. But, like an old-fashioned ship of the line which wins to port with the remnants of shot-ridden sails, the plant had paid toll bravely, although unable to defend itself or protect its tissues; and if I did not now destroy it, which I should assuredly not do, this weed would justify its place as a worthy link in the chain of numberless generations, past and to come.

More complex, clever, subtle methods of attack transcended those of the mere devourer of leaf-tissue, as radically as an inventor of most intricate instruments differs from the plodding tiller of the soil. In the centre of one leaf, less disfigured than some of its fellows, I perceived four tiny ivory spheres, a dozen of which might rest comfortably within the length of an inch. To my eye they looked quite smooth, although a steady oblique gaze revealed hints of concentric lines. Before the times of Leeuwenhoek I should perhaps have been unable to see more than this, although, as a matter of fact, in those happy-go-lucky days my ancestors would doubtless have trounced me soundly for wasting my time on such useless and ungodly things as butterfly eggs. I thought of the coming night when I should sit and strain with all my might, striving, without the use of my powerful stereos, to separate from translucent mist of gases the denser nucleus of the mighty cosmos in Andromeda. And I alternately bemoaned my human limitation of vision, and rejoiced that I could focus clearly, both upon my butterfly eggs a foot away, and upon the spiral nebula swinging through the ether perhaps four hundred and fifty light-years from the earth.

I unswung my pocket-lens, — the infant of the microscope, — and my whole being followed my eyes; the trees and sky were eclipsed, and I hovered in mid-air over four glistening Mars-like planets — seamed with radiating canals, half in shadow from the slanting sunlight, and silhouetted against pure emerald. The sculpturing was exquisite. Near the north poles which

pointed obliquely in my direction, the lines broke up into beads, and the edges of these were frilled and scalloped; and here again my vision failed and demanded still stronger binoculars. Here was indeed complexity: a butterfly, one of those black beauties, peppered with green and turquoise, hovering nearby, with taste only for liquid nectar, yet choosing a little weed devoid of flower or fruit on which to deposit her quota of eggs. She neither turned to look at their beauties nor trusted another batch to this plant. Somehow, some way, her caterpillar wormhood had carried, through the mummified chrysalid and the reincarnation of her present form, knowledge of an earlier, infinitely coarser diet.

Together with the pure artistic joy which was stirred at the sight of these tiny ornate globes, there was aroused a realization of complexity, of helpless, ignorant achievement; the butterfly blindly pausing in her flower-to-flower fluttering — a pause as momentous to her race as that of the slow daily and monthly progress of the weed's struggle to fruition.

I took a final glance at the eggs before returning to my own larger world, and I detected a new complication, one which left me with feelings too involved for calm scientific contemplation. As if a Martian should suddenly become visible to an astronomer, I found that one of the egg planets was inhabited. Perched upon the summit — quite near the north pole — was an insect, a wasp, much smaller than the egg itself. And as I looked, I saw it at the climax of its diminutive life; for it reared up, resting on the tips of two legs and the iridescent wings, and sunk its ovipositor deep into the crystalline surface. As I watched, an egg was deposited, about the latitude of New York, and with a tremor the tiny wasp withdrew its instrument and rested.

On the same leaf were casually blown specks of dust, larger than the quartette of eggs. To the plant the cluster weighed nothing, meant nothing more than the dust. Yet a moment before they contained the latent power of great harm to the future growth of the weed — four lusty caterpillars would work from leaf to leaf with a rapidity and destructiveness which might, even at the last, have sapped the maturing seeds. Now, on a smaller scale, but still within the realm of insect-life, all was changed — the plant was safe once more and no caterpillars would emerge. For the wasp went from sphere to sphere and inoculated every one with the promise of its kind. The plant bent slightly in a breath of wind, and knew nothing; the butterfly was far away to my left, deep-drinking in a cluster of yellow cassia; the wasp had already forgotten its achievement, and I alone — an outsider, an interloper — observed, correlated, realized, appreciated, and — at the last — remained as completely ignorant as the actors themselves of the real driving force, of the certain beginning, of the inevitable end. Only a momentary cross-section was vouchsafed, and a wonder and a desire to know fanned a little hotter.

I had far from finished with my weed: for besides the cuts and tears and disfigurements of the leaves, I saw a score or more of curious berry-like or acorn-like growths, springing from both leaf and stem. I knew, of course, that they were insect-galls, but never before had they meant quite so much, or fitted in so well as a significant phenomenon in the nexus of entangling relationships between the weed and its environment. This visitor, also a minute wasp of sorts, neither bit nor cut the leaves, but quietly slipped a tiny egg here and there into the leaf-tissue.

And this was only the beginning of complexity. For with the quickening

of the larva came a reaction on the part of the plant, which, in defense, set up a greatly accelerated growth about the young insect. This might have taken the form of some distorted or deformed plant organ — a cluster of leaves, a fruit or berry or tuft of hairs, wholly unlike the characters of the plant itself. My weed was studded with what might well have been normal seed-fruits, were they not proved nightmares of berries, awful pseudo-fruits sprouting from horridly impossible places. And this excess of energy, expressed in tumorous outgrowths, was all vitally useful to the grub — just as the skillful jiu-jitsu wrestler accomplishes his purpose with the aid of his opponent's strength. The insect and plant were, however, far more intricately related than any two human competitors: for the grub in turn required the continued health and strength of the plant for its existence; and when I plucked a leaf, I knew I had doomed all the hidden insects living within its substance.

The galls at my hand simulated little acorns, dull greenish in color, matching the leaf-surface on which they rested, and rising in a sharp point. I cut one through and, when wearied and fretted with the responsibilities of independent existence, I know I shall often recall and envy my grub in his palatial parasitic home. Outside came a rather hard, brown protective sheath; then the main body of the gall, of firm and dense tissue; and finally, at the heart, like the Queen's chamber in Cheops, the irregular little dwelling-place of the grub. This was not empty and barren; but the blackness and silence of this vegetable chamber, this architecture fashioned by the strangest of builders for the most remarkable of tenants, was filled with a nap of long, crystalline hairs or threads like the spun-glass candy in our Christmas sweetshops — white at the base and shading from pale salmon to the deepest of pinks. This exquisite tapestry, whose beauties were normally forever hidden as well from the blind grub as from the outside world, was the ambrosia all unwittingly provided by the antagonism of the plant; the nutrition of resentment, the food of defiance; and day by day the grub gradually ate his way from one end to the other of his suite, laying a normal, healthful physical foundation for his future aerial activities.

The natural history of galls is full of romance and strange unrealities, but to-day it meant to me only a renewed instance of an opportunity seized and made the most of; the success of the indirect, the unreasonable — the long chance which so few of us humans are willing to take, although the reward is a perpetual enthusiasm for the happening of the moment, and the honest gambler's joy for the future. How much more desirable to acquire merit as a footless grub in the heart of a home, erected and precariously nourished by a worthy opponent, with a future of unnumbered possibilities, than to be a queen-mother in nest or hive — cared-for, fed, and cleansed by a host of slaves, but with less prospect of change or of adventure than an average toadstool.

III

Thus I sat for a long time, lulled by similitudes of northern plants and bees and birds, and then gently shifted southward a few hundred miles, the transition being smooth and unabrupt. With equal gentleness the dead calm stirred slightly and exhaled the merest ghost of a breeze; it seemed as if the air was hardly in motion, but only restless: the wings of the bees and the flycatcher might well have caused it. But, judged by the sequence of events, it was the

almost imperceptible signal given by some great Jungle Spirit, who had tired of playing with my dreams and pleasant fancies of northern life, and now called upon her legions to disillusion me. And the response was immediate. Three great shells burst at my very feet, — one of sound, one of color, and the third of both *plus* numbers, — and from that time on, tropical life was dominant whichever way I looked. That is the way with the wilderness, and especially the tropical wilderness — to surprise one in the very field with which one is most familiar. While in my own estimation my chief profession is ignorance, yet I sign my passport applications and my jury evasions as Ornithologist. And now this playful Spirit of the Jungle permitted me to meditate cheerfully on my ability to compare the faunas of New York and Guiana, and then proceeded to startle me with three salvos of birds, first physically and then emotionally.

From the monotone of under-world sounds a strange little rasping detached itself, a reiterated, subdued scraping or picking. It carried my mind instantly to the throbbing theme of the Niebelungs, onomatopoetic of the little hammers forever busy in their underground work. I circled a small bush at my side, and found that the sound came from one of the branches near the top; so with my glasses I began a systematic search. It was at this propitious moment, when I was relaxed in every muscle, steeped in the quiet of this hillside, and keen on discovering the beetle, that the first shell arrived. If I had been less absorbed I might have heard some distant chattering or calling, but this time it was as if a Spad had shut off its power, volplaned, kept ahead of its own sound waves, and bombed me. All that actually happened was that a band of little parrakeets flew down and alighted nearby. When I discovered this, it seemed a disconcerting anti-climax, just as one can make the bravest man who has been under rifle-fire flinch by spinning a match swiftly past his ear.

I have heard this sound of parrakeets' wings, when the birds were alighting nearby, half a dozen times; but after half a hundred I shall duck just as spontaneously, and for a few seconds stand just as immobile with astonishment. From a volcano I expect deep and sinister sounds; when I watch great breakers I would marvel only if the accompanying roar were absent; but on a calm sunny August day I do not expect a noise which, for suddenness and startling character, can be compared only with a tremendous flash of lightning. Imagine a wonderful tapestry of strong ancient stuff, which had only been woven, never torn, and think of this suddenly ripped from top to bottom by some sinister, irresistible force.

In the instant that the sound began, it ceased; there was no echo, no bell-like sustained overtones; both ends were buried in silence. As it came today it was a high tearing crash which shattered silence as a Very light destroys darkness; and at its cessation I looked up and saw twenty little green figures gazing intently down at me, from so small a sapling that their addition almost doubled the foliage. That their small wings could wring such a sound from the fabric of the air was unbelievable. At my first movement, the flock leaped forth, and if their wings made even a rustle, it was wholly drowned in the chorus of chattering cries which poured forth unceasingly as the little band swept up and around the sky circle. As an alighting morpho butterfly dazzles the eyes with a final flash of his blazing azure before vanishing behind the leaves and fungi of his lower surface, so parrakeets change from screaming motes in the

heavens to silence, and then to a hurtling, roaring boomerang, whose amazing unexpectedness would distract the most dangerous eyes from the little motionless leaf-figures in a neighboring tree-top.

When I sat down again, the whole feeling of the hillside was changed. I was aware that my weed was a northern weed only in appearance, and I should not have been surprised to see my bees change to flies or my lizards to snakes — tropical beings have a way of doing such things.

The next phenomenon was color, — unreal, living pigment, — which seemed to appeal to more than one sense, and which satisfied, as a cooling drink or a rare, delicious fragrance satisfies. A medium-sized, stocky bird flew with steady wing-beats over the jungle, in black silhouette against the sky, and swung up to an outstanding giant tree which partly overhung the edge of my clearing. The instant it passed the zone of green, it flashed out brilliant turquoise, and in the same instant I recognized it and reached for my gun. Before I retrieved the bird, a second, dull and dark-feathered, flew from the tree. I had watched it for some time, but now, as it passed over, I saw no yellow and knew it too was of real scientific interest to me; and with the second barrel I secured it. Picking up my first bird, I found that it was not turquoise, but beryl; and a few minutes later I was certain that it was aquamarine; on my way home another glance showed the color of forget-me-nots on its plumage, and as I looked at it on my table, it was Nile green. Yet the feathers were painted in flat color, without especial sheen or iridescence, and when I finally analyzed it, I found it to be a delicate calamine blue. It actually had the appearance of a too strong color, as when a glistening surface reflects the sun. From beak to tail it threw off this glowing hue, except for its chin and throat, which were a limpid amaranth purple; and the effect on the excited rods and cones in one's eyes was like the power of great music or some majestic passage in the Bible. You, who think my similes are overdone, search out in the nearest museum the dustiest of purple-throated cotingas, — *Cotinga cayana*, — and then, instead, berate me for inadequacy.

Sheer color alone is powerful enough, but when heightened by contrast, it becomes still more effective, and I seemed to have secured, with two barrels, a cotinga and its shadow. The latter was also a full-grown male cotinga, known to a few people in this world as the dark-breasted mourner (*Lipaugus simplex*). In general shape and form it was not unlike its cousin, but in color it was its shadow, its silhouette. Not a feather upon head or body, wings or tail showed a hint of warmth, only a dull uniform gray; an ash of a bird, living in the same warm sunlight, wet by the same rain, feeding on much the same food, and claiming relationship with a blazing-feathered turquoise. There is some very exact and very absorbing reason for all this, and for it I search with fervor, but with little success. But we may be certain that the causes of this and of the host of other unreasonable realities which fill the path of the evolutionist with never-quenched enthusiasm, will extend far beyond the colors of two tropical birds. They will have something to do with flowers and with bright butterflies, and we shall know why our 'favorite color' is more than a whim, and why the Greeks may not have been able to distinguish the full gamut of our spectrum, and why rainbows are so narrow to our eyes in comparison to what they might be.

Finally, there was thrown aside all finesse, all delicacy of presentation, and the last lingering feeling of tem-

perate life and nature was erased. From now on there was no confusion of zones, no concessions, no mental palimpsest of resolving images. The spatial, the temporal, — the hillside, the passing seconds, — the vibrations and material atoms stimulating my five senses, all were tropical, quickened with the unbelievable vitality of equatorial life. A rustling came to my ears, although the breeze was still little more than a sensation of coolness. Then a deep whirr sounded overhead, and another, and another, and with a rush a dozen great toucans were all about me. Monstrous beaks, parodies in pastels of unheard-of blues and greens, breasts which glowed like mirrored suns, — orange overlaid upon blinding yellow, — and at every flick of the tail a trenchant flash of intense scarlet. All these colors set in frames of jet-black plumage, and suddenly hurled through blue sky and green foliage, made the hillside a brilliant moving kaleidoscope.

Some flew straight over, with several quick flaps, then a smooth glide, flaps and glide. A few banked sharply at sight of me, and wheeled to right or left. Others alighted and craned their necks in suspicion; but all sooner or later disappeared eastward in the direction of a mighty jungle tree just bursting into a myriad of berries. They were sulphur-breasted toucans, and they were silent, heralded only by the sound of their wings and the crash of their pigments. I can think of no other assemblage of jungle creatures more fitted to impress one with the prodigality of tropical nature. Four years before, we set ourselves to work to discover the first eggs and young of toucans, and after weeks of heartbreaking labor and disappointments we succeeded. Out of the five species of toucans living in this part of Guiana we found the nests of four, and the one which eluded us was the big sulphur-breasted fellow. I remembered so vividly the painstaking care with which, week after week, we and our Indians tramped the jungle for miles, — through swamps and over rolling hills, — at last having to admit failure; and now I sat and watched thirty, forty, fifty of the splendid birds whirr past. As the last of the fifty-four flew on to their feast of berries, I recalled with difficulty my faded visions of northern birds.

And so ended, as in the great finale of a pyrotechnic display, my two hours on a hillside clearing. I can neither enliven it with a startling escape, nor add a thrill of danger, without using as many 'ifs' as would be needed to make a Jersey meadow untenable. For example, *if* I had fallen over backwards and been powerless to rise or move, I should have been killed within half an hour, for a stray column of army ants was passing within a yard of me, and death would await any helpless being falling across their path. But by searching out a copperhead and imitating Cleopatra, or with patience and persistence devouring every toadstool, the same result could be achieved in our home-town orchard. When on the march, the army ants are as innocuous at two inches as at two miles. Had I sat where I was for days and for nights, my chief danger would have been demise from sheer chagrin at my inability to grasp the deeper significance of life and its earthly activities.

THE PRICE OF INTOLERANCE

BY GRAHAM WALLAS

I AM an Englishman who has visited America at intervals during the last twenty-two years. I have a very real affection for America, and an interest in her social and political development, which has become more intense now that the war has left her the undisputed financial and industrial leader of the world. But in November, 1919, after some months' stay, I find myself surprised and troubled by a fact as to the existence of which all my American friends agree, and which may, I believe, indicate a serious danger both for America and for the world.

On earlier visits I had noticed that, in spite of a wide-spread habit of personal good-nature, majorities in America are apt to deal rather summarily with minorities. But this time it seems that the whole tradition of political toleration has been broken: that freedom of speech and writing and meeting has become an open question: and that many important newspapers and politicians, supported by a large body of public opinion, approach that question with a presumption against freedom.

The Chicago *Evening Post* said the other day, 'Just now, in popular parlance, a Bolshevik is anybody, from a dynamiter to the man who wears a straw hat in September. In more enlightened circles, Bolshevism includes paternalism, socialism, syndicalism, and anarchism, or any other questionable *ism*.' The words 'radical' and 'red' are being used in an equally loose and general way.

I am told that, at the New York picture-theatres, no portrait is more heartily applauded than that of Judge Gary. At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, Judge Gary referred to 'Bolshevism' as 'a disease,' and said, 'There is only one way to treat this disease, and that is, to stamp it out.' Judge Gary went on to explain that he relied on 'reasonable laws wisely administered,' and that it is only the 'slinking, desperate, murderous Bolsheviki' whom 'the Secret Service Department should detect and expose, and the iron hand of justice should punish as they deserve.' But the picture audiences seem to applaud him as the man who is determined to stamp out Bolshevism in the larger sense of the Chicago *Evening Post*.

Judge Gary's popularity reminds me, indeed, of a picture in *Punch* in 1903, when certain respectable English Nonconformists were refusing to pay taxes for denominational religious instruction. Charles Keene then made an admirable sketch of a Hyde Park politician glorifying Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as the man 'who is going to have all these conscientious objectors vaccinated.'

This temper is especially dangerous, when, as at present, men are disputing about new problems which cannot be solved by any existing political or economic expedient, and which require the patient invention of new expedients. In America, as throughout the whole world, the extended use of mechanical energy has transformed human relationships. National isolation has been abolished, and we are only beginning to

invent means of international coöperation. Within each nation the size of the industrial unit constantly increases, and the chance of a workman setting up a business of his own constantly becomes less. The idea of breaking up the larger industrial units, as advocated in 1912 by Mr. Wilson's *New Freedom*, has been silently dropped, and no new idea for dealing with the situation can claim any general acceptance.

Therefore, behind the mutual suspicion of employers and workmen, lies an unsolved and extraordinarily complex problem. No one, except Judge Gary and Mr. W. Z. Foster, seems quite whole-hearted in defending either the existing system, or state-control, or trade-union control, or any definite combination of, or substitute for, the three principles. Everyone acknowledges that we require efficiency in production, a fair distribution of the product, and a reasonable degree of self-determination in the producer; but no one knows how we are to obtain what we require. This admitted ignorance of the right path in industrial organization is accompanied by certain profound intellectual changes, which have undermined the authority of religion and custom. And the rapidly increasing concentration of European and American populations in noisy streets and noisier factories, has made popular political discussion, except among tired men meeting after working hours in expensive halls, almost impossible.

When one realizes this, the stale old arguments for free speech and free thought seem to acquire a new and urgent significance.

What men need now, all over the world, and especially in America, is not only permission for free discussion, but a recognition that the positive encouragement of free discussion, and the provision of practical opportunities for it, are vital necessities. The biggest and most strident newspaper is no adequate substitute for free discussion. One cannot argue with a newspaper, and the increasing size and complexity of the industrial unit has transformed, by division of labor between the proprietor and the staff, the whole conditions of journalism. No one now believes that a newspaper article always represents the serious and independent thought of the writer. A distant 'boss' may have telephoned a curt order to the editor, which the editor passed on to the writer. In the leading articles, and even the news columns, of some of the great New York or London daily papers, any man who is himself a professional writer constantly feels this. In paragraph after paragraph the professional eye misses those signs of exploring thought and considered statement which mark the effort of veracity. The writer, one feels, has merely been told to 'boost' one cause or person, or to 'knock' another.

If I had space, I might deal with the effect which this difficulty in securing serious and fruitful discussion is likely to produce upon party politics, upon law and order, and upon the workman's or employer's sense that he is being fairly treated by the community. But here I propose to deal only with its probable effect on the work of the professed political and social thinker.

Mr. Lowell, in his report as President of Harvard College for 1916–1917, said, 'Experience has proved, and probably no one would now deny, that knowledge can advance, or at least can advance most rapidly, only by means of an unfettered search for truth on the part of those who devote their lives to seeking it in their respective fields, and by complete freedom in imparting to their pupils the truth that they have found.'

Those who devote their lives to seeking truth in the field of politics and sociology require food and lodging, and help, and encouragement, if they are to

do their work. When Socrates was asked, after his conviction, to suggest his own punishment, he suggested the daily provision of a plain dinner for himself in the Athenian town-hall. The jury thought him either insane, or guilty of an insolent paradox. We can see that he was making a moderate and sensible proposal. The need for the intellectual 'midwifery' of Socrates is greater now than it was in the fifth century before Christ at Athens. But if Socrates, or Aristotle, or Locke, or Bentham, should be living now, say, at the age of twenty-three, in a great American city, conscious of the power and the will to undertake on behalf of mankind the 'intolerable disease' of political thought, how would he be received?

We recognize, as the contemporaries of Socrates did not, our dependence for material wealth on the natural sciences, and men now feel respect, and even gratitude, for any signs of preëminent genius and devotion in those sciences. When William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin) won the Smith's Prize for mathematics in Cambridge University, one of his examiners said to another, 'The fact is that you and I are just about fit to black young Thomson's boots.' But political science, because it deals with human beings, inevitably arouses human passions. A young political genius would, by the necessity of his being, extend his thinking to include every man, woman, and child whom any proposed political or social arrangement affects; and that fact would make him, as Wedderburn in 1776 said of the young Bentham, 'dangerous' in the eyes of those who think in terms of a class or a profession. Even if so conservative a thinker as Alexander Hamilton was in 1780 were now alive in America, he would certainly be delated by someone as a 'Bolshevik.'

In 1915 I reviewed for the *Harvard Quarterly Journal of Economics* an extraordinarily interesting and penetrating book on *Imperial Germany*, by Professor Thorstein Veblen, then of the University of Missouri. His analysis of the causes of German aggression was so effective, that the United States Bureau of Public Information suggested, in 1918, its use as anti-German propaganda. The director of the bureau did not then know that, some months before, the Postmaster General had forbidden the transmission of the book by post. It is still, as I write, barred, and the publisher, who has repeatedly asked for the reason, has received no answer. The whole story seems to show, if history had not already shown it in every country and every century, that those officers of the Secret Service Department on whom Judge Gary depends for 'stamping out Bolshevism' are apt to be almost incredibly stupid when they deal with the censorship of serious and sincere thought.

If, therefore, the American community had now to deal with a young Bentham, whose promise of preëminence in the human sciences was as great as was William Thomson's in the natural sciences, it is pretty certain that he would be suspected and abused. If he had something less than Bentham's dogged courage, and did not, like Bentham, inherit a competence from his father, he would probably be silenced. Lesser men might either choose more profitable occupations than that of political thinker, or might think and write on timid and conventional lines. As a fact, in spite of numerous and important exceptions, the great mass of American writing on social and political subjects has seemed to many outside critics timid and conventional. And some American leaders in industry and finance and politics — men who would never dream of employing a timid and conventional chemist, or engineer, or surgeon — are, I honestly believe, content that it should be so.

COAL AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

I

WITHOUT going elaborately into all the facts which strongly support the premise, the one outstanding fact of our economic history seems to be that in the past the causes of our industrial upheavals have been variable and, generally, local. For that reason, they have had their seat first in one district and then in another. When the cause thus moved from place to place, each new readjustment movement had to spring from a quarter which had not previously figured in any such enterprise. Thus, Washington supplied the remedy for the depression following the Civil War; New York readjusted railroad finance in 1873; Pittsburg and New York shared the honor of restoring the equilibrium after the depression of 1893 to 1897, and so on.

We have, in recent months, passed through a major economic disturbance. It is all the more serious because many, instead of few, things caused it, and because these things occurred all over the world and in practically all industries, instead of being confined to certain regions as heretofore. In a word, we are suffering from a complication of disorders. Without attempting a complete enumeration, I shall mention a few.

The world's gold-supply has so completely changed hands that many countries have less than they need and others have more than enough. The result in both cases is seriously to disturb currency values. This alone would, normally, bring industrial distress.

Also, the money itself has been transferred from customary into stranger channels. There was, first, an enormous subtraction of funds from peace pursuits to add to the outlay for war. There was, second, and after the war, the subtraction of vast sums of money from the production of necessities, to add enormously to the outlay for luxuries and amusement. There has been the withdrawal of cash from investment in sound securities, to increase vastly the volume of speculation in new and venturesome enterprises. And, finally, there has been the diversion of money from productive business to pay the vastly increased cost of government. Unsupported, these things would have caused an economic storm.

In business, the changes from what is usual or customary have been sweeping. Never, for instance, has there been such a shifting of labor as has taken place in the last two years. Two million men went out of business into the American Expeditionary Force. Four and one half millions were moved away from farms and hamlets in the West to the war industries of the East. And the flow of labor as between the countries has all but been reversed. If there had been no other cause, this would have given us one of our greatest reconstruction problems.

It may be a mere detail, but it is important, that, during the war, the old channels in which raw materials moved were destroyed and new channels were

created by governmental order. To indicate how sweeping this change was, we need only say that before the war the natural flow of coal was toward the West; during the war it was toward the East. Other changes were equally violent. This alone would have amounted to enough of a disturbance to call for a great effort at readjustment.

Furthermore, before the war we depended upon other countries for certain things used in our industry. We have begun now to produce those things for ourselves. Likewise, we have begun to change over from an importing to a large exporting country. Both of these things involve an era of uncertainty, and hence of business speculation. For that reason they are potent causes of industrial disturbance.

Although we have quite enough to contend against, we are, in addition, confronted by demands for violent changes of policy, which sink to the vitals of any industrial enterprise. It has been suggested, for example, — and frequently, — that we shall substitute coöperation for competition in business, and nationalization for private control. It is urged, also, that we shall abandon our established policy of national isolation, and become part of a world-federation. Either of these things would, if proposed and insisted upon in a period of prosperity, have so shaken the foundations of industry as to have required a great reconstruction effort.

One fact, it seems to me, stands out boldly. We were a people accustomed to industrial disturbances easily localized. We are brought face to face with an international disturbance so diffused as to defy centralization, to say nothing of localization. Consequently, we have become confused, and desiring to be rid of the problem, have unblushingly turned it over to 'the government.'

This can only prove disastrous, because our representatives in Congress were not chosen because of any peculiar fitness even to discuss such problems, to say nothing of solving them. On the contrary, they were selected when the old order prevailed. In a word, we are imposing new and colossal tasks upon men who are, in the main, small men.

The world industrial situation has become so complex that every member of Congress is in the position of a lawyer who is forced to try one hundred cases at once. With so many and such complex problems confronting them, it is not to be wondered at that they are confused.

So great has been this confusion that it has been all but impossible at times to persuade men to abandon proposals of mere expedients and to discuss those measures which must be adopted if the new national policy is to be sound. At times, it has seemed likely that we would all be so blinded by the immediate and the passing problem, that we could not see at all clearly what must be done to assure the best good of the people in that calmer period into which we must soon pass. It has been particularly difficult to separate any one subject — even such a basic one as coal — from the mass of things pressing for attention, and to persuade Congress to discuss it soberly and constructively.

From the beginning to the end of the war, Europe had needed nothing more than it had needed coal. When this need was first expressed, Europe had leaned upon Great Britain, and Great Britain had failed at the most critical time. Thereafter, the safety of the Allied cause depended upon the ability of America to supply the needed coal. Rather, however, than employ precious ship space to move the coal itself, the European coal-shortage had been translated into a munitions shortage, — coal and other things in manufactured combination, — and was passed on to us in that form.

When this burden was first put upon us, we despaired of being able to carry it. At so late a day as May, 1918, we were on the point of confessing our inability to produce either the coal or the iron which Europe needed. We were — officially, at least — without hope. When they had been prodded out of this disconsolate mood, our officials abandoned their attempt to make good the world deficit by depending solely upon a programme of American sacrifice. Thus, finally, they agreed to try to meet the shortage by producing more coal. Our new programme had succeeded so surprisingly well, that by the middle of October, — only five months after its adoption, — not only had the shortage disappeared, but we had a satisfactory quantity in reserve.

In November, when the armistice was signed, the war needs, of course, subsided. This was followed by a mild winter during which there was subnormal industrial activity. On both accounts, the need for coal was reduced sharply. The resultant situation was unavoidable. The mines could produce twice as much coal as was needed, and they had to compete with storage piles which they had created. Knowing that every mine would want to run, if only to hold the miners together, and believing that more coal would be produced than could be sold, every buyer expected, and with excellent reason, a sharp drop in coal prices. However, prices did not break as sharply as was anticipated, because wages still were on the war basis. And so the buyers refused to buy, and coal-production fell off to an alarming extent.

II

Meanwhile, all of Western Europe had been led to believe that coal could be procured from America in practically limitless quantities, if only the ships were provided. Europe believed there would be plenty of ships. Great Britain was so cock-sure on both scores, that she assumed that her own coal-supplies would thus be released to satisfy the demands of her established foreign commerce. So Great Britain stepped with confidence into the world-markets, to bid again for export coal business. She seemed particularly keen to accept South American coal contracts. She even insisted that these contracts should have a life of five years. Thus, the implied programme was that America should satisfy Europe's demands for coal to a certain extent, while Great Britain used a portion of her production to bolster up her trade in South America and elsewhere. This programme was disturbed violently by several developments.

The American people began, in April and May, to fear that they might run headlong into a new shortage if they continued in the comfortable dream that such a danger was forever past. They came to realize that we never have produced in winter all the coal used in the winter months. Instead, it is the unburned summer production which assures an abundant coal-supply in the winter.

With customary impetuosity, America began to buy coal. She worked herself into such a state of alarm over the coal of the coming winter, that by the end of July she began to pay extravagant premiums for the higher grade coals—anthracite, smokeless, and some of the other favorite brands. With two and a half to three months intervening before any cold weather might even be expected, the coal users were as insistent in August upon immediate delivery as they customarily are in February.

Beginning about March 1, 1919, I made frequent trips over a territory which extended from the Atlantic

coast to the Missouri River. Diligent and persistent inquiries developed these facts.

The householders bought so eagerly during the summer that the retail coal-dealers had, in the main, done seventy-five per cent of their winter business before November 1. Many users, naturally, had none. But a large majority were amply protected.

The railroads were unprotected. They had engaged in a prolonged dispute with coal-producers as to the prices which they were to pay for coal. This delayed the storage of coal. Also, the Railroad Administration expected, on January 1, to return the railroads to their private owners, and did not desire to have on hand at that time any more fuel than the private owners had turned over to the administration. This kept storage down. All told, the railways were in a dangerous position.

To the gas and electric companies, coal is raw material. With coal prices high and with the selling price of gas and electricity held down by ordinance, they had a very narrow margin to cover their manufacturing cost. Living from day to day, in the hope either that coal prices would come down or that the selling price of gas and electricity would be increased, they neglected coal-storage. They also were in danger.

Many big factories had such an uncertain business future and had had such a sorry experience with stored coal the year before, — many of their piles had burned, — that they had decided not to store.

Generally speaking, coal-storage among the larger and more important concerns which use coal for steam-making was decidedly subnormal. The big task, as winter approached, was to relieve industry generally from the danger of a shortage.

Meanwhile, Europe was confessedly puzzled by the turn of events. She wanted American coal, but could not get it despite the report that our mines were idle because we could not sell the coal. Hundreds of ships had been released for war-service, but they were not available to carry coal, as everyone had expected they would be. Something was wrong, but no one could trace it. It was not until early fall that the seeming mystery was cleared. The fact was that Europe had expected to be able, in the main, to feed itself. Instead, its food-production had proved disappointing, and emergency relief had to be carried into the fall and winter. This took the ships which otherwise would have carried coal.

Also, in France and Belgium, the German army had destroyed 29,000,000 tons of annual coal-production. The Scandinavian countries had no coal and wanted it, and Britain could not supply it. Switzerland and Italy were almost wholly without coal of their own, and needed jointly about 12,000,000 tons to make their position secure.

Great Britain, upon whom they all relied, had not only sold large tonnages to South America, but was beginning to fall off in production. Her pre-war exports had been 77,000,000 tons annually. In 1918, they were 28,500,000 tons. Then, in 1919, the demand of her miners for the immediate nationalization of the mines raised an acute issue. While this was being threshed out, coal-production practically stopped. When resumed, it was admittedly upon such a reduced scale that Great Britain faced the immediate and alarming possibility that she might be forced to retire finally from the world-market. This implied not only her flat desertion of Europe, but also her repudiation of vital South American contracts. This was the amazing result of having yielded to the demands of the miners for the socialization of the mines, and the reduction in their hours of labor. This

situation may help somewhat to explain some of the forceful utterances of Mr. Lloyd George in the late summer and autumn.

The European situation resulted quite naturally in an imperative demand upon us for coal. Our mines were, however, involved at that moment in satisfying the intense domestic demand. Besides, our own Shipping Board was so pressed to supply ships to many ambitious industries, that it had less than enough ships to move the needed coal. Foreign-owned ships were not available, because they were carrying food. But if they had been available, and if we had had the coal to sell, we still had to face the fact that we lacked on our Atlantic seaboard enough docks over which to transfer the coal from cars to vessels. That was another discovery of the early autumn.

Thus we sat facing the fact that, with a great world-market awaiting our mines, and with enough mine-capacity — if we employed it steadily — to satisfy the whole world, we were blocked by the temporary preoccupation of the world-shipping and by our decided limitations as to tidewater dock facilities.

III

It was while we were in this position that, after a few false starts, the House deferred to the Senate in the matter of the coal investigation, and the Senate assigned a sub-committee of the Committee on Interstate Commerce to the task. It fell to the lot of Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey to head this committee. Its confusion was apparent from the beginning. In the absence of a clear analysis of the facts of the industry, it had to fall back on general figures. It had as an estimate of demand only a rough guess made six months earlier by Dr. Garfield. It had the statement of production by the United States Geological Survey. These two figures, when compared, showed a shortage of 85,000,000 tons. Thus the committee found themselves facing what they believed to be an acute shortage at home and the need to supply a stupendous tonnage of coal to Europe. They did not see how we could pass through the winter without a world competitive struggle for coal that would raise prices at home to prohibitive levels. Naturally, they were in a mood to resume price-regulation.

It was at this critical juncture in our coal-affairs — when a permanent policy touching a basic resource was likely to be announced in answer to what seemed to be a serious temporary problem — that the railroad brotherhoods sent their representatives to Washington, to begin what was to develop into one of the greatest labor crises in any country at any time. They demanded of the President either that their wages be advanced or that the cost of living be reduced. The alternative was a strike. Following closely in order were the demands of policemen and firemen that their unions be recognized; the strike of the steel-mill workers; the calling together and the dramatic adjournment of the President's Industrial Conference; and, finally, the calling of the strike of the bituminous miners, when their old contracts had still some time to run. I am content here with this partial catalogue because it punctuates the coal investigation, and indicates how many distractions the Senators who were trying to understand coal had to endure.

They had before them only the rough outline of bituminous, when the railroad brotherhoods created a diversion by their ultimatum.

They had received only the preamble to anthracite, when the steel men's strike came, followed at once by the Industrial Conference.

On these two accounts, the coal inquiry had been practically suspended for a month. Then the strike of the bituminous miners was called. This directed the attention of the Capital to coal. The Senate, which felt an impulse to act, naturally turned to its committee for information and advice. The House, which had deferred to the Senate in the matter of a coal inquiry, looked to the same committee. It was not prepared to respond.

On November 1, two major coal-problems confronted Washington. One was to quiet — conquer, if necessary — the miners, so that enough coal might be produced to keep the country going. The other was to encourage coal to take its proper place in the world-markets and, at the same time, to expand along neglected but natural lines at home. Restoring order at the mines and preparing the ground for coal trade-expansion were in reality but two parts of one programme. And curiously enough, the adoption of a policy which would successfully meet either need would also meet the other.

That is, the miner contended that, while his daily wage was large enough, his annual income was too small. This he attributed to the fact that he had work to do on only 200 to 210 days a year. He did not believe it possible to get more work. So he demanded more money, and that his work period be spread more evenly through the year. His plan in the latter direction was to work the mines six hours per day instead of eight, and five days a week instead of six.

The other alternative was to find more work for the miner to do, so that he could earn more per year because he worked a greater number of days. This meant that American mines must find an export market. This was a logical line of development, for many reasons. Great Britain had been the world's largest coal exporter, but for many reasons she was a receding factor. The most important of these reasons was that her coal-reserve was disappearing so rapidly that she could not afford long to continue to export 77,000,000 tons a year. To do so would endanger too greatly her own economic future. Lord Rhondda, her leading coal-owner, had told me, as early as seven years ago, that Britain could not hope to sustain her export coal trade on her own resources. Therefore, he spent months in an effort to buy American coal-mines. As early as twelve years ago, a royal commission had laid the foundation for Lord Rhondda's action by confiding to the government that, if Britain continued to export coal, her industrial future would be placed in grave danger.

The other reason for her withdrawal from the export coal market was that the production fell off sharply on account of labor unrest, and that her exportable surplus, which in 1913 had been 77,000,000 tons, was reduced to a possible 7,000,000 tons in 1920.

Germany was suffering in the same way. In 1913, she had produced 191,000,000 tons of bituminous coal, and some lignite; in 1919, she will produce only 70,000,000 tons (three months estimated).

When these two leading nations withdrew from the market, the burden of supplying the world with coal fell upon the United States. If we rise to the occasion, we shall not only find satisfying additional work for the miners, but we shall have done what both Great Britain and Germany did years ago: we shall have used coal as the cornerstone of our foreign trade in all lines. That is to say, those two countries sold coal only that they might get other things in exchange. If we ship our coal abroad when the world wants it, we must thereby open wide the door of

the world for our merchants and manufacturers. And we can do this without serious danger to ourselves, for the reason that America has at least forty per cent of the known world's reserve supply of coal.

That decision, if arrived at, will create a big problem. Great Britain has supplied the world with 'low volatile,' or smokeless coal — similar to our Pocahontas. Her coal of that quality was sturdy and quite lumpy, whereas ours is friable and becomes pulverized from rough handling. When the world cannot get the British coal, it will not take our smoky coal, which alone is lumpy. Instead, it will demand our Pocahontas, or smokeless, coal. Our annual production of low volatile coal does not exceed 35,000,000 tons a year, of which 15,000,000 tons goes into industrial use, being produced by the concerns which use it. If we sell in the foreign trade the remaining 20,000,000 tons, we must sacrifice the entire home market. That we cannot do. If, instead, we should decide to double the production, we should quickly run through with our limited deposit. This coal is our best fuel for use in apartment houses. It is the best coal we have for coke-making. We dare not sell all of it abroad and deprive our own people. Nor do we dare increase, too rapidly, its production, because by so doing we should exhaust prematurely our reserve.

If we try to persuade the world-market to buy our abundant high volatile coal, we face the fact that the world does not want it because it is not equipped to use it.

I see no other way out of this dilemma than that we should subtract the volatile matter from our more abundant coals, use the gas and oils at home, and ship the compressed carbon residue abroad as a fuel, in the form of briquets. Buyers there are familiar with briquets and will buy them.

IV

That leads directly toward the solution of the next big problem. Germany had built her whole industrial and military fabric upon her controlled coal industry. She controlled the coal trade — the quarrying end of the business. By an affiliated organization, she controlled the coke-making and gas-making industry. On a few ingredients taken from the coal-tar, she built her dye industry. On a few other ingredients taken from coal-tar, she built her explosive industry. Thus, the industrial and the military strength of Germany rested upon her controlled coal-pile.

No country is a larger user of dye-stuffs than America. No country has used explosives more extensively in the arts and industry. There are in the by-products of coal those things which will revive our wasted soil; preserve, to lengthen the life of, our rapidly disappearing wood; and supply those things which will give life to our languishing chemical industry.

Sleeping in the archives of our scientific bureau in Washington are dozens of processes for the distillation of coal. They need only encouragement to blossom into the foundation underlying rich new industries. To-day their processes exist as a laboratory fact only. They can be translated into a real commercial achievement. In the process of translation, scores of millions of dollars must be risked. Many of them will be lost. Still, we can develop that phase of coal industry. If we do, we shall have, as a by-product, the very sort of fuel, produced from our high volatile coal, which will satisfy every demand of the foreign trade.

One of the truly big questions is how to hold safely in reserve, until it is needed, our vast reserve of coal-lands. At first that does not seem to be much

of a question; but it is closely related to the others, as an incident or two will make clear. One of my ancestors was a certain Nathaniel Cushing, who was one of the ten members of the Ohio Company. Under government patent, he took up land in Ohio extending 125 miles up the Muskingum River and 100 miles inland. This embraces nearly the whole of what is now the Eastern Ohio coal-field. In Kentucky he took up two counties which are now known to be underlain with the Elkhorn seam of coal — the best in that state. In what was then Virginia, but is now West Virginia, he took up about 400,000 acres of land that is now known to be underlain with the 'Number Two,' or gas-seam of coal.

In time, every acre of that land reverted to the government in lieu of the payment of taxes. And only ninety years after the original grant, my brother and I canvassed the situation, — as a matter of curiosity, — only to discover that if we should do so little as pay the back taxes, our necessary capitalization upon the land would be vastly more than we could hope to pay interest on by developing coal-mines.

There are under private ownership to-day equally vast areas of coal-land which are accumulating, not only compound taxes, but compound interest on the money paid for them.

Part only of the anthracite coal-land has been so held for less than fifty years. The charges are accumulating steadily. If they are all assessed against current production, the current price must rise. But, if not so assessed, the compound interest and taxes must be paid by the investor and charged against the land itself. This increases every year the intrinsic value of the coal in the ground. This causes that value to rise so steadily that it soon becomes impossible to sell the coal in competition with other forms of fuel. Anthracite is, in fact, now in a position where its value in the ground is, if honestly figured, so high that it cannot compete with other coals which are not similarly loaded with accumulated interest and tax charges.

The fact of immediate importance is that our whole reserve of bituminous coal-land is also being brought under private ownership. As it is purchased, it is listed as coal-land and tax assessments are levied against it. Also, interest charges are beginning to accrue. From now forward, the value of coal-land — which cannot possibly be used for 100 or 200 years — is rising day by day. All of this burden of to-day's interest charges and to-day's taxes must, under the present system, as a capital charge against the coal, be passed on to the oncoming generations as its cost of coal in the ground. We are, therefore, loading our grandchildren with the burdens which we refuse to carry. I can see no way out of this, unless we strive, by the distillation process, to make the coal more valuable.

One thing is sure, namely, that, if we continue to pile upon the coal in the ground this rapidly accumulating load of taxes and interest charges, and neglect to make the coal more valuable, we shall progressively force coal out of use. We shall progressively kill, not only the coal industry, but the other industries which grow upon cheap power. As I see it, we are to-day deliberately killing coal, because we are mentally too indolent to study it carefully.

Finally, we have the coal labor-problem. We may try to think of it as part of the big labor-problem and therefore as something separate and apart from any particular industry. I can never think of labor in any other way than as a part of that industry which must satisfy the demands of its workers. That is, the coal labor-problem is, in essence, a part of the coal-problem. It must be met as such.

One demand of labor is for a fair wage. That is the one most emphasized. The other demand is for opportunity for advancement. We hear little of that through any formal channels. I do not believe we are ever going to meet the labor-problem as a whole, or for any one industry even, if we continue to try to satisfy the workman with wages only, while denying him opportunity. I believe that we shall have to give him opportunity as a first consideration, and then a fair wage as an incidental.

And I do not see how we are going to give coal-labor the opportunity which it craves unless we have tied in with coal-mining — the lowest expression of the coal business — the various processes for the conversion of the raw materials into finished products. In this way only can we come to have a series of business enterprises so linked together that a man might step from one to the other in a natural line of progression along a chosen course.

This possibility for labor is out of reach if we adopt any such short-sighted policy as to make the price of coal — the raw product from the mine only — the sole matter for consideration. Instead, I believe that we must make the question of price subordinate to the other and larger considerations.

All of this means that, before deciding anything definitely about the future of coal, we should have a thoroughgoing investigation of it. It is difficult to know how we are going to get such an investigation while we face the complex political activities previously described. The only alternative seems to be, to defer a final decision about coal until we have both time and quiet in which to mature a comprehensive investigation.

D'ANNUNZIO AND THE NEW WORLD

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

I

I WAS standing in a Venice drawing-room, between Commander D'Annunzio and Judge Lindsey of Colorado. Acting for the moment as interpreter between them, I was repeating the words of one to the other, while the guns were thundering a few miles away, and the old house shook and the windows rattled, and instinctively we looked out of the glass doors as if we hoped to catch a glimpse, through the flaring pomegranates and drooping cedar branches, of the battle that was hourly gaining force.

'One thing the war has taught us,' D'Annunzio was saying — 'that there is no death. The old distinction between life and death exists no longer. We do not mourn our dead as formerly, because the dead, we know, live on. And we no longer fear to die.'

His manner of speaking would have commanded the attention of any audience in the world. The strange unattractiveness of his little bullet-head, close-shaven, of his pale face with its one seeing eye and its straight, graceless mouth, of his rather haughty, in-

different, introspective look — this was forgotten from the moment he began to speak. His expression had changed without any change in the lines of his face, without a smile. Only, from under his brow, that penetrating look, now turned outward, and that fibre of his quiet voice which riveted the group around him as I have seen it hold vast audiences in a Roman amphitheatre and in open fields of the war-zone.

In the sultry air, tense with expectation, one could have believed anything. Yet one knew that the tragedies announced by every thud of the guns could not be wiped out by the calm words of the erect little man in olive-gray, with the immaculate collar of white cloth about his throat.

But I was not deeply concerned just then with the meaning of his words. One could read similar statements in his latest novel. What impressed me was the amazing difference between the two men. Standing there between them, I felt myself planted between two worlds — the Old World and the New. These two might talk across the gap — for the time being inadequately filled — of such eternal verities as life and death. But what could they say to each other of the actual motives that govern life and persuade men to offer it voluntarily in exchange for death? The war, I reflected, had brought together two divergent worlds in the superficial contact of a great emergency. But when the war was ended, then what new developments should we see?

Our talk fell upon the 'Ode to America' which D'Annunzio was writing. It was to be cabled from the American Embassy in Rome, and was to appear on the Fourth of July in all of our papers. The poet, it was clear, was elated over this his newest adventure. He had refused an invitation to join his son in America, 'because,' he said, glancing in the direction of the guns, 'I cannot leave my country now.' Meanwhile he would send a message in divine verse; and he had given up who knows how many trips with his flying squadron, to remain in his little red palace on the Grand Canal while he refreshed his mind with a review of our history and directed the flights of his fancy and rhetoric to the formation of an ode. No doubt he thought his words would be taken as seriously in America as in Italy and France and beyond the Adriatic. And, of course, he was deceived.

His message, I knew later, was almost unheeded: it fell flat with crumpled wings; and I was reminded of the difference between the Old World and the New, of which I had been conscious that day over the teacups on the edge of the battle of the Piave. Moreover, the Armistice was scarcely signed before I was aware of the new developments that had been vaguely foreshadowed in my mind.

In the meantime the poet-aviator had made his famous flight to Vienna, and the final victory of Vittorio Veneto had fulfilled his most glowing prophecy, causing him to exclaim, 'Now for the first time I believe in God!' Yet he envied those who could rejoice over the victory. As for himself, he longed 'to go apart in a high mountain and be alone.' Instead of which, he went among the people and began to talk.

With all the faults of his stupendous ego, D'Annunzio, if anyone, deserved a hearing. His words had raised the minds of the people to a high pitch of moral enthusiasm in two great crises of the national life. When the sentiment of the country was converging toward war, and in the stern days of recovery after the retreat from Caporetto, the discourses he pronounced were so exalted in tone and so important for their power of leading that, in the small

and unpretentious volumes that contain them, they seem confined within too narrow limits. D'Annunzio's surcharged style is a medium of astonishing efficacy for the expression of righteous indignation, and his prose has the poetic power, so dear to his fellow countrymen, of resolving into high symbol the episodes of dull existence. Just as he transmuted the official title of the armed motor-boats on which Rizzo and Pellegrini performed their naval feats, — interpreting 'MAS' (*Motoscafi Anti Sommergibili*) to mean *Memento Ardere Semper*, — so he translated the humdrum events of war and the task of patient resistance into 'a song and a story,' and fired the imagination out of which springs courage.

But his power is not of words alone. Nor is his popularity due entirely to the susceptibility of the Italian people to rhetoric and poetry. The Garibaldian tradition of deeds is no less a reality than the tradition of the Rostrum. To that complex people, in whom the fiery ideals of youth combine mysteriously with age-old habits of inexorable logic, deeds of valor have the force of conclusive arguments. And D'Annunzio the volunteer, the aviator, and the wounded soldier of the Carso, had a power after the war incomparably greater than when, returning from France, he bent himself to gird the nation for war. Whether men of lesser fame deserve the credit for his exploits is another question. The glory is his. And it is a glory of deeds.

If among his other endowments D'Annunzio had possessed the qualities of a statesman, he would have been a great leader of his people in the difficult months between war and peace. But in his 'Letter to the Dalmatians,' as in every word he uttered after the Armistice, he showed himself lacking in the conciliatory spirit which the hour demanded. He appealed to high motives of loyalty and courage. But he failed to touch the vital needs of the present time and to understand how he might accommodate them to his opportunity. His vision was of the Old World.

He had long aspired to be the national poet. The praise he most coveted was the saying that the mantle of Carducci had fallen upon him. During the Tripoli campaign he sang of heroes through many pages of verse, and at the end lamented that he had not ten battleships instead of ten poems to offer to his country. 'Because,' he said, 'in this war we are only whetting our steel for the supreme conflict.'

The supreme conflict was to restore the glorious days of Rome and Venice in a Greater Italy, and to make the Adriatic Sea once more the Gulf of Venice. Now the conflict — so much greater and less grandiose than he had imagined it — was ended, and he was demanding a 'Roman peace.'

At the other extreme of Italian feeling was Bissolati, who urged the government not to insist upon the terms of the secret pact, and advocated a frontier that should exclude Dalmatia and the German Tyrol and end with the Julian Alps east of Fiume. And the government, vacillating as usual, compelled Bissolati to resign and attempted to silence D'Annunzio. The poet, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was forbidden to appear before audiences that awaited him, his speeches were censored, he was ordered back to his military duties, he was irritated until he too resigned and surrendered his commission. But he continued to foment nationalistic feeling, defying the government. He said to the Dalmatians, 'If my skin was tough before the war, it is ten times tougher now. And more than ever I know how to choose my means and my moment.'

The two extremes of national feeling met on the subject of Fiume. And if the

Conference of Paris had given heed to that fact, instead of acting as if the very opposite were the truth, all would have been different. There had never, indeed, been any question about Fiume except the question how it had ever happened that any Italian government had ever consented at any time, even under pressure from Russia, to put Fiume into the hands of the Croatians. When Orlando reminded the public that national concessions must be made for the general good, he felt constrained to add, 'This does not mean that we shall ever be called upon to surrender the inalienable rights of Italian Fiume.'

II

On a public so minded President Wilson's open letter, announcing the disposition of Fiume in terms so humiliating to Italy, fell like a bolt. To appreciate what it meant, one must understand how far-reaching had been the influence of the Wilsonian ideas during the last years of the war.

The truth is that the words of Mr. Wilson had sunk far deeper into the consciousness of the Italian people than any words of D'Annunzio's ever did; and for this clear and simple reason. Wilson spoke to them of a new world, a world of peace and justice and equality. D'Annunzio spoke to them of a revival of Rome, of the resurrection of the Latin race, of the defense of Italy's national rights and the completion of her liberation from a foreign yoke. He spoke to them of the glory of war, of the magnificence of Italy's resistance, of the beauty of her sacrifice. Wilson spoke to them of peace on earth. D'Annunzio spoke the words needed to urge them to war and to sustain their courage through the long conflict. But at the end, tired as they were, exhausted as they knew the country to be, and weary with hope deferred, what could an appeal to further resistance mean to them compared to the prospect of permanent peace? In the first flush of victory, one of the sturdy, muscular *bersaglieri*, distributing the plumes of his helmet to an applauding crowd, exclaimed, 'We are all one people now; the nations are united in friendship and peace, now and forever. Wilson has said it.'

The poet D'Annunzio, standing on the Roman Capitoline, kissing the war-stained flag of Trieste for each of the unredeemed cities of the Adriatic coast, and then binding it in crêpe until the day they should be liberated — what had he to offer in comparison to this new religion of unity among the peoples? Yet he had the power to hold many: and already on that day, three months before he led his ten thousand volunteers into Fiume, officers of the army and navy, combatants of all ranks, had declared themselves ready to answer his call if he decided to 'do anything more for Italy.'

Nothing but the deep disillusionment of the people could have made this possible. Whatever may have been D'Annunzio's motive, — whether, having failed to win an epic death, he now sought fame as the protagonist in a drama of life; whether, having made Dalmatia his mistress, he was burning to lay a living sacrifice at her feet; whether it was true patriotism that moved him or inflated selfishness, — it is certain that he won the approval of much of the best element of the nation. Idealists and liberals, disappointed over the Conference of Paris, had lost their faith in the future. The cause for which they had led the country into war against the materialists who stood for the greater gain of neutrality was being dragged in the dust. And it is not altogether strange if the Old-World ideals for which D'Annunzio stands — chivalrous resistance, fearless defiance,

and the determination never to yield — seemed to them more noble than all the compromises of the peacemakers. Italy had fought with the Allies for the rights of small nations, for the principle of self-determination, for democracy against autocracy. That she was now wronged, misunderstood, and treated as an enemy, was only the culminating stroke of disillusionment. The principles of the Allies had been flaunted — and for what purpose? If Mr. Wilson had denied Italian irredentism, miscalling it imperialism, then why had he yielded to Japan? It was clear that might was still right, in spite of the hard struggle to disprove it. The ideal of the New World had failed.

The reaction of the Italian mind against any form of deception is immediate and uncompromising. Italians will sacrifice anything to a cause. They are always ready to fight for a point of honor, and their power of endurance has no limit. But they are too proud to be imposed upon, and they will not endure that the idol they bow before should bear the least suspicion of a sham. They see things in clear outlines, all the details in bold relief, after the manner of the Latin race. They have not the advantage of a northern mist, which dulls the edges of wrong lines and makes compromise easier. It is harder for Italy than for England to see in the Covenant 'whatever we shall will to make of it.'

And now this strange situation has come about. Across the unity of sentiment in regard to Fiume, across the general resentment, there has sprung a new cleavage. A young captain of infantry, writing from the centre of Istria, expresses it thus, —

'And so the outcome of the war for Italy is that Italians are doomed to combat Italians, one side to defend the rights of Italy and Fiume, the other for the safety of that other Italy to which the Allies say, "Yield Fiume to Croatia or we will let you die of hunger."

'Our government,' he goes on, 'was obliged to compromise, yielding on account of our poverty. But there were those who would *not* yield, and so we have had a D'Annunzio and an army of volunteers. . . . I do not know what will become of those brave heroes, but I say to Mr. Wilson, if the auto-decision of Fiume is not the self-determination of a people, then we must deny the existence of God. . . . We Italians can understand the Croatians, though they were the most desperate defenders of Austria against us to the end, they who now sit in Paris, not in the seats of the condemned, but on the bench of the judges. Yet we can forgive them and live at peace with them. For was not one of the great reasons why we fought the war the desire to give liberty and a fatherland also to the Croatians? . . . If only the Americans could understand! If they could know what the Allies have done on the disputed frontiers! They would not then believe that Italy wants what is not her own, that Italy will not be fair to the Jugo-Slavs. . . . You, signora, who have lived among us, you know that we love Italy because the name Italy spells to us liberty, respect, independence of justice and right, and above all, love of humanity.'

Another Italian, an enlightened liberal who, though depressed over the dark outlook, has faith that Italy will rise greater for her troubles, writes from Milan, —

'D'Annunzio has been making an ass of himself as usual. And Wilson is obdurate! How will it ever end? Our nerves are on the verge of a collapse.'

Is there a deadlock between the Old World and the New?

Watching the deliberations at Paris, we saw, or thought we saw, that Europe

and America were falling apart because of different aims and traditions. American ideals, we were told, were encountering a recrudescence of the old European nationalistic spirit. We were persuaded that the light of leading was all on our side, and that the density of Europe, especially of the Continent, was too dark to be quite penetrated by even so clear a light. What I felt that day in Venice — that D'Annunzio and Judge Lindsey represented two worlds that would inevitably show themselves to be fundamentally at variance with each other — seemed a presentiment of the truth. Yet to-day we are forced to acknowledge that the Old World is not all on the other side of the Atlantic; and my supposition that those two worlds were Europe on the one side and America on the other was based on a misconception.

We are asking ourselves to-day whether, as a people, we are endowed with an international conscience. The desire to reform all nations, great outbursts of generosity toward foreign peoples in all parts of the globe, even the throwing of ourselves into the world-conflict, may not imply that sense of a permanent international responsibility which, until the term 'international' is rescued from its abuse by the communists, must be called the 'new nationalism.'

If our eyes are now being opened, we ought to look far enough to see that the New World is no less real beyond the seas than upon our own soil. Where, indeed, should we look for a conviction of international responsibility, for the hope of uniting the nations in the service of humanity, if not to the fellow countrymen of Mazzini? I will not maintain that Orlando is possessed of it, nor yet Sonnino. 'Mazzini has been an exile from Italy for ten years,' said a prominent Italian, impatient with a government that does not represent the governed. I do not maintain that a fair vote would show the majority of Italians to be Mazzinians. But I should like to bear witness to the fact that, having spent in America one half of the time we were at war and the other half in Italy, I saw as much enthusiasm for a league of nations in Italy as in America. It could hardly be otherwise, one can believe, if one thinks of what Italy has had to endure from the old combinations that were to be destroyed. If America had been bought and sold as often as has Italy, she would have been willing to take up as great a burden as Italy took upon herself, that such things might be possible no longer.

Immediately after the invasion of Belgium, a Milan periodical devoted to the ideas of Mazzini organized the first of many committees that were formed at that time to work for the cause of Italian intervention on the side of the Allies. The spirit of Mazzini lives and grows among the people, even though Orlando was an obstructionist at Paris, even though D'Annunzio at Fiume and Zara is a Renaissance figure against a background of debased Machiavellianism.

The line of cleavage between the Old World and the New is neither geographical nor ethnological nor national. It is a cleavage of the spirit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DIPLOMACY AND THE OCCULT

To begin with, a little geography.

When I bought my house-lot, years ago, I had in mind a future garden. So I chose a spot a little way up a hill, in what once must have been an alder swale, a catch-basin for all the loam and silt washed down in centuries. The said loam lies deep and fertile there, and the house now stands in the centre of it, on a low, built-up mound. In times of melting snow and flood, it has been known to be entirely surrounded by water. At other times, and more frequently, it has been entirely surrounded by small boys, who appear as suddenly from apparently nowhere as do tiny toads after some summer showers. This phenomenon, by careful study, has been found scientifically to coincide with the ripening of certain of my fruits.

Now, all my trees, both shade and fruit, line the outer edge of my lot. There is plenty of sunlight on the house; and in August the ice-chest on the northeasterly corner needs protection from the heat of the morning sun, and the dining-room on the southeast corner is also apt to be overwarm. One of the joys of home-building is to meet and circumvent just such ploys of the devil; and my first thought in the case was, 'Grapevines! lots of them!' But then came a second thought — the all-but-prehensile boy. Ultimately I won success and satisfaction to all concerned. Several feet above the tops of the dining-room windows I screwed to the house-wall a series of iron arms, five feet long, with wire guys from their tips to screw-eyes higher up. On these arms I laid chicken-wire netting, and trained the grapevines up to run along that net fifteen feet from the ground — Niagaras and Wordens. Then, on a low gas-pipe trellis under the windows, I made a little arbor of showy grapes of no special value, as a whaleman throws out a tub to keep the attention of a too energetic whale. This arbor was systematically raided every season, in the dark, after sublimely innocent daylight inspection by a scouting party. A certain amount of fictitious energy about it on my part entirely satisfied the raiders on every point of success. Meanwhile, —

Item: the grapes I cared for were entirely above boy range.

Item: the broad mass of their green leaves and overhang shielded perfectly both dining-room and pantry from the fierce heat of the summer sun.

Item: certain vines were allowed to trail across the dining-room windows, for the beauty of the coloring of their grapes, hanging in rich clusters against the upper panes. A mass of others turned one outlook from an oblong to an oriel cave, fruit-hung. Bushels of clusters hung down from the horizontal netting up above, lovely to look at, convenient to the hand through the dropped upper sash of the windows when wanted; and for from forty to fifty days after September 15 they supplied the table with fruit absolutely fresh. Of course, for quantity, grape-juice use, etc., the house-ladder from the cellar was brought into action *pro tem.*

We all recall that bitter winter, the one that stands out in memory above all others. By it some of my vines were killed, and it was needful to plant more, especially Niagaras. So for days and days that spring, each early morn,

before breakfast and business, found me digging holes in that embankment and wheeling away the soil to be shoveled in under a piazza where there was still a cavity concealed and usable for such. Did you ever dig a hole the size of a barrel? Just one hole? It is remarkable how much earth and stones one such can produce — and the time it takes; and likewise the appetite for a subsequent breakfast. Well, just multiply that one hole, if you please, by nine!

From beyond the hedge, Cæsar, our neighbor's Airedale, watched me keenly with professional interest, possibly even envy. Said neighbor — a new one — had recently erected a small hen-house; and Cæsar found much enjoyable employment in digging out rats there from that time on. I discouraged Cæsar from crossing the Rubicon, for reasons.

In my time I have had some experience with grapevines, and did not care to wait too many years for growth which could be attained in less. So I made a deal with my butcher, who supplied me with one hundred pounds of raw beef-bones for each hole, each lot in a potato-sack for ease of handling. For the curious I will remark that each sackful cost me four dollars at war-prices; but they would save years of time in vine-growth.

That same night, in the darkness and mist, I planted those sacks, each in its own hole, as Homer would have said, a half-barrow-load of barnyard manure on top, well tamped down, and a barrow-load of fresh loam from the garden on that. In this last the vines were set and well watered, and flower-beds arranged for decoration while they grew. Thereafter followed a period of peace, 'under one's own vine and fig-tree,' as the psalmist hath it — or somebody else; a period that reached to weeks, until the vines had taken root and shot out green fronds, and gave every evidence of prosperity. Then came the shock!

Returning from business that night, I strolled around the house-corner, watering-pot in hand, humming a song of summer and fruition of desire; and lo! where had been my best vine-collection, now was a yawning cavity! The lawn was messed for square yards with subsoil, and small stones kicked out; the vines were in a heap at one side, sad and wilty; and the place looked like a section of South Africa after the play-time of an Aard-vark.

I said somewhat, brief and staccato, after the manner of Anglo-Saxon men; hurried those wilted vines abed again, and turned the hose on. Then, with hoe and shovel, I cleaned the sward as best I could, and washed it off. With axe and stake and wire-netting I laid down a mat of protection, both above the vine-roots and for a full yard round about, and went to rest myself. Did it protect? It did not. Next night that wire net had been uprooted on two sides, and more holes dug, keg-size, in each! Again I repaired damage; but this time I raided the kitchen, brought out the red-pepper can, and dusted that place right well. That served — till the next shower: but it merely gave the enemy opportunity to attack the other vine-roots, which he industriously improved, with absolutely no improvement to the surrounding landscape. Always this was done during the hours when I was away from home. Never did I catch the criminal at work.

By just a grade of superior intelligence, plus red pepper as I worked, I kept about one step in advance of the game, but only one. It was efficient, to a certain degree; but I must admit it was unsightly in result. Moreover, I began to question if the said game had n't been carried on quite long enough; so with amiable mien I interviewed Cæsar's owner from the safe standpoint of my side of the high hedge.

She was calm, placid; she freely ad-

mitted that Cæsar had enjoyed home-training in digging out rats and mice, and she had seen mice appearing and disappearing in holes in my underpinning, so she was not surprised. But — she could not be expected to be watching Cæsar all the time: she had other things to do. Then — subacidly, and with no apparent sequence — she added, 'Your trees overhang my hedge.'

So they do, somewhat, although I have pruned them a good deal. Both hedge and neighbor were later arrivals; the trees started there first. But that is a detail. However — I had met the Prussian, and had been defeated in the first round. So, like others in like case, I sought allies — in my case, the village police.

The advice, given promptly, was energetic, even drastic. 'I'd shoot that dog if it was my place!'

I thought of big, lumbering, gentle, kindly-mannered Cæsar, faithfully following out home training, and shook my head. Not if I knew myself!

'Well: you tell 'em to tie 'im up, and if they don't, you tell the chief; he'll send *me*, and they'll catch it. We have lots of dog-cases to settle — and they always do,' he ended cryptically.

Evidently the police-idea was 'force,' by word or club. Now, so far as I know, our family for one hundred and fifty years back never had a line-fence or boundary war. They are mean things, at best; at worst, they are perpetual hell. So, why begin? At least, why not try diplomacy first? Would n't even a Hun see the velvet hand under the iron glove, if I first took up the bludgeon? There's heredity on both sides of that hedge to be considered. Why ignore mine?

So I hied me to my desk and thus indited my dispatch: —

My dear Neighbor, —

Beginning with July 1, in harmony with the Prohibition Law, I must ask you to enact a special law for the dog, Cæsar, and keep him under restraint by leash or otherwise when not under your family's direct eye and control.

I think you will agree that I have been very patient regarding his diggings in our embankment during the past weeks. He has destroyed plants that I cannot replace, seriously damaged growing vines and set them back, and has made the spot unsightly — partly through his own efforts, partly through my attempts at prevention without hurting him. This I do not care to have continued.

I have been fully aware that he is not specially to blame, since you explained that he has been trained at home to dig out rats and mice around your henhouse; and — as you correctly pointed out — I am aware that there are and always have been some very attractive mouse-holes in my embankment, ever since the house was built. Mice are not made welcome inside the house, so they work outside.

But, my dear Mrs. Schimmelpink, you omitted to consider that they are my mouse-holes, not Cæsar's. Their attractiveness is my asset, not his; and if mouse-holes are essential to Cæsar's happiness, it is your duty as his owner to provide mouse-holes for him in place of those which he has already dug out around the hen-house, and not oblige him to rely on mine.

So, in all neighborly friendliness, my dear Mrs. Schimmelpink, I bring this to your attention.

Very truly yours,

——— ———.

I eyed it with satisfaction. There! that will perhaps have some effect, and save at least a police intervention. But first we'll give Cæsar one more chance, and fresh red pepper.

We did. Days passed, more days, a week, more weeks! yet Cæsar dug not. In fact he has not dug even a paw-print around there since. And what is even more significant, only the other day a fat, matronly white hen from that identical hen-house came pensively singing through the hedge; and instead of the customary hen depredations among the

flower-beds, with the directness of one heaven-sent and with the perfect Hausfrau gait she waddled to the very centre of that side of my little lawn and laid thereon an absolutely fresh and perfectly good egg!

Why *is* a hen, a *white* hen, if she be not a dove of peace, thus laying her 'olive branches' before my very door? Happy omen!

And now I am looking backward over recent history and happily deciding that the above is by all odds the most successful diplomatic letter that I never sent!

ON THE FRENCH METHOD OF CROSSING THE STREET

It is by observing some of the most trivial acts of human beings that we understand the most divine, and by appreciating the simplest works of God that we love the most complex. Thus poets and scientists alike have reached often the astounding principles that underlie the universal drama, as it is called, by the sudden consideration of a falling apple, a bouncing lid on a tea-kettle, a flower in a crannied wall. Why this should be so, I leave to those minds who have no bread and butter to earn. I am content to note the fact and profit by it.

I had long puzzled over the contradictory text of Tertullian: 'Credibile est, quia ineptum est . . . certum est, quia impossibile est.' To be sure, I would never admit to my friends that it puzzled me; to them I said it was sublime and hence mysterious; in the classroom I smiled with an *insouciance* found only in the hearts of those who have solved the riddle of the universe. I feel that I understand Tertullian better than he understood himself. For the passage from the up-stream side-walk of the Pont Neuf to the down-stream side-walk, at any time of day, — if actually accomplished, — belongs to that class of events properly called miraculous, whose existence depends, not only on their absurdity, but on their impossibility.

A Frenchman who wishes to cross the street never looks up and down, to see if the current of traffic is stilled. He knows that he would be wasting time. He pays no attention: he starts in and walks across. When he comes to a taxi-cab, he makes his way around it, or he lets it make its way around him. He looks out for himself, and the taxi looks out for itself. Thus both parties are placed on an equal basis; no class-privileges are involved; and the democratic rule of tolerance and fair play is exercised at all times. At this very minute, there are three bicycles, an omnibus, a delivery wagon, five taxicabs, two hacks, four push-carts, seven old women, nine soldiers, three children, five cripples, four errand-boys, one postman, and thirty-four pairs of young lovers in the street between the Quai des Orfèvres and the Quai de Conti; and all are pursuing their ends at any speed pleasing to them, and succeeding very satisfactorily. And on the curbstone stand an American major and colonel, both of whom, my field-glasses tell me, wear the D.S.C. ribbon, helpless, nervously waiting for that moment, which will never come, when the traffic will stop and the tides roll back to let the chosen cross.

There is something very significant in this turmoil. To an American it seems like a veritable chaos; as a matter of fact, I believe it is that deeper harmony which philosophers speak of sometimes, which reconciles the contradictions in things and makes the absurd the probable. As Plotinus says in the Ninth Book of the Sixth *Ennead:* 'Whosoever thinks that things are governed by chance and by caprice . . . is very far removed from God.' No, it is not good luck alone which guides these

people through the labyrinth: it is an intelligence like that which keeps the atoms moving in their smaller but no less crowded world, an intelligence which in America has been replaced by the 'traffic cop.'

A traffic cop, when you come to speculate on his being, is an insult to the human spirit. In intention, he is put there to do good; in effect, he does harm. He is meant to save lives by regulating traffic; but he breeds in the soul of man a cowardice which makes him lower than a taxicab, which kills what is manly in him. What does it avail a man to cross the street at the price of his soul? 'There is a double death,' says Porphyry in the ninth paragraph of his *Opinions*, 'one of which is known to all, whereby the body is loosed from the soul; the other is the death of philosophers, where the soul is loosed from the body. Nor does one always follow the other.' It is this first death which our traffic cops prevent; indeed, it is the only one they appreciate. But they do not know that by their sedulous care of the body they are preparing it for that very divorce from the soul which they are trying to avoid. The Frenchman who is allowed to mingle courageously with the fearful instruments of bodily death is educating his soul for a freedom which he could never attain through the cares of another. The loosing of the soul from the body is realized every minute beneath my windows and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. 'Certum est, quia impossibile est.'

We Americans have been very obstinate about this matter of traffic in France, and on the bridge which spans the Gironde at Bordeaux have instituted a system of regulations which would be tragic if it worked. Fortunately, the system is not to stem the flow, but to guide it; not to hold it up for those who would cross, but to keep it on those sides of the street to which American custom has assigned it. When we crossed the bridge before this innovation, our car would often be surrounded by a drove of pigs being driven to market, impeded in its progress by a reflective ox-cart. But I had learned that oxen are no match for a Cadillac in speed, and that it is very expensive to disregard a drove of pigs. And so I would lean back in the car and give myself over to the mixture of sounds that stirred about me: the cries of the drovers, the honk of the automobile horn, the cracking of long whips, the shouts of newspaper-venders, the clanging of electric-car bells, all harmonized by the strangeness of things that are foreign.

And then, one day, we arrived to find all this in confusion. Ropes had been strung to divide the bridge into alleys; marines dressed like M.P.'s were on guard to chase traffic into the right alley. Needless to say, none of these obedient marines spoke French; none was aggressive in showing his love for the French soul. There was utter Bedlam everywhere. A man would arrive with six sheep and a barking, frisking dog. He would try to cross the bridge. Out would dash a marine and try to direct him into the proper alley. But, alas, a wagon loaded with fagots and drawn by two horses not hitched abreast would have already started over. And the poor sheep-man would have to keep his sheep from under the wheels of a thousand vehicles, whizzing here and there, until he could take his turn. As a consequence, the traffic crawled over in two streams; but the ends were so jammed with swearing, cursing, yelling, barking, shrieking, yelping, mooing, lowing, braying, desperate, bewildered, frightened, and thoroughly demoralized men, women, animals, and vehicles, that one preferred infinitely to swim the river rather than attempt the bridge.

A specious order was obtained from

this experiment, but all the pleasure of crossing the bridge was gone. Of course, it might have been different. For after a man has been sufficiently operated by his government, he is unhappy without its ministration. Thus, in a town in Germany, where I happened to be playing the rôle of cunning old Fury, the Burgomaster was miserable when I told him that during the American occupation he would be left to his own initiative, so far as was consistent with our interests. The scheme did n't work: he had to have a superior, and was paralyzed when given the use of his limbs — or mayhap they had atrophied. A superior was furnished.

Now, the spirit of the Parisian needs no superior. Like all liberal minds, his is capable of making choices. And his is furthermore capable of changing its choices. There are two characteristics which I never found in Germany. I found that my Germans would do fairly well what they were told to do; that, if one made up their minds for them, they were not difficult to handle; but I never found one of them who could make up his own mind. They live according to their place in a hierarchy; they work like trained animals. A German would never attempt to cross the Pont Neuf. He would begin on one side and walk to the end; and having reached the end, would turn round and come back. He would argue that sidewalks were meant to be walked on by human beings, and that hence human beings should walk on sidewalks; and that anyone who attempted to cross the street where no crossing was labeled was a pig-hound and had best be fined. Of such is the Kingdom of Wilhelm. You will notice that their new republic is still an empire. They cannot choose.

The same freedom of thought which prevents the existence of traffic cops in Paris caused the erection in the very heart of the city of a monument from ancient Egypt, a monument whose inscription only the erudite can read, but whose symbolism in this most modern of places is irresistible. A Frenchman to whom I expressed my views on the subject agreed that it was a proper symbol for Paris life; for what is an obelisk, he said, but a phallos? He was an amusing man; but he came from Lyons, and hence cannot be said to understand the capital. The reason why the obelisk is so well placed is not his at all, but its simplicity of form and rigidity of pose. For were I to look for one thing which expressed the spirit of this splendid city better than another, I would seek it, not on the boulevards or at Montmartre, but in the Sorbonne and in the cold drama of the seventeenth century. I know that this would be a hopelessly fragmentary expression of what France and Paris mean; but it would be a fragment much more significant than any other. For the Sorbonne offers in its curriculum, not everything that was ever known, but those things which certain wise men think worth knowing; and the drama of the seventeenth century presents, not all the emotions experienced by man, but only those which certain intelligent artists think worth exhibiting in public, arranged in a manner best fitted to exhibit them. It is, in other words, the human power of choice in action; it is the Frenchman crossing the crowded street and choosing his own path.

THE WAR AND HIGHBURY

Anent those 'fascinating, compensating, curing nurses' of Trollope's, a Club member writes from Oklahoma to suggest that not more useful and more fascinating, but certainly as useful and as fascinating, nurses might have stepped from the pages of the inimitable Miss Austen. He fancies Elizabeth Bennet, Anne Elliot, and Elinor

Dashwood in a hospital managed by 'poor Miss Taylor,' with Emma in charge of the storeroom — who so expert in gruel and arrowroot? — and Miss Bates frequently coming in to share a 'beautiful little leg of pork' or some baked apples with the convalescents. Of course, that hospital was at Highbury, 'that airy, cheerful, happy-looking Highbury,' only sixteen miles from London; and in what house but the 'modern, well-built' Hartfield, empty since Emma's removal to Donwell Abbey? Equally of course it was a navy hospital. Miss Austen's preference for that branch of the service is too marked for that to be questioned.

For her part, said Mrs. Elton, she did not think it necessary for young women moving in the first circles to go into the hospitals; her second housemaid had gone, and she had made no objections: the girl was inclined to be impertinent — it was very proper for creatures of that sort to make themselves useful as nurses, but her sister Selina would be shocked at Mrs. Weston's taking in young ladies. Such doings were never tolerated at Maple Grove. Of course, it was all due to Emma Woodhouse, whose passion for the admiration of the other sex had always been so shockingly evident. Poor Knightley — she pitied him, but she had always known how it would be. She herself considered the preparing of hospital comforts, which could be done in one's own home, much more suitable work for women of delicate sensibilities; and she gladly gave the use of her drawing-room twice a week for the Sewing Guild. No one could believe the work it entailed. Only that morning she had been closeted at least an hour with her maid, making out the new directions for cutting out pyjamas.

I regret to say that under her chairmanship the Sewing Guild found difficulty in holding its members together, and the Hartfield pyjama supply was deficient until Elinor Dashwood appealed to her elderly friend, Mrs. Jennings. That warm-hearted woman opened her purse and her house, rallied her old city friends to her support, and kept the sewing-machines clicking fast and long in Berkeley Street. A similar appeal from Anne Elliot to Lady Russell set dozens of Bath dowagers to making surgical dressings. A steady stream of hampers for Miss Anne's sailors poured in from Uppercross, their packing with chickens, eggs, cream, butter, and jam being the event of the week to the whole Musgrove family. Mrs. Bennet's poor nerves would not permit her to knit, but whenever the horses could be spared from the farm, she drove to her sister Philips's and to Lucas Lodge, to collect socks and descant on the bravery of her three sons-in-law in France. Wickham was, of course, her favorite. Being in the regulars, he was early in Flanders.

As for that arch-bully, Lady Catherine de Burgh, when the guns in Flanders began to reverberate through Kent, she fled in terror to Pemberley. The Darcys gave her shelter, and by working on her pride of rank and sense of duty as a landed proprietor, finally induced her to make Rosings a refuge for Belgians, under the management of Mrs. Collins. Mr. Collins's spare time was occupied in writing daily reports to Lady Catherine, assuring her that the satin furniture was covered with holland, and that the refugees were allowed to use only the piano in the housekeeper's room. When the government accepted the early offer of Pemberly for a convalescent home, Lady Catherine took herself and her daughter off to Bath. She proposed to take her niece also, but the diffident Georgiana asserted herself. Her brother was in the artillery, and her job was to see that his supply of shells did not

fail. Before her aunt's wrath could fairly explode, Georgiana was out of the house and on her way to the nearest munition plant.

Her bench-mate there was Maria Bertram, finding at last peace and satisfaction in work that taxed all the energy of her vigorous, restless nature.

Mary Crawford followed her brother to France, and drove a motor ambulance with the same spirit and skill with which she used to ride Fanny Price's horse.

As for Fanny herself, her part was not in such deeds of derring-do; she stayed in her quiet rectory, 'working early and late, with neatness and despatch,' on comforts for her brother William and his Jackies on the North Sea, and her chaplain husband and his men in France. Many of their men, home on leave or convalescing, found Thornton Lacey a haven of rest.

Jane Bingley, too, stayed quietly at home, caring not only for her own little family, but for the children of her more active sisters. The little Darcys were there and so were the little Wickhams. The irrepressible Lydia was serving coffee to troop trains on the Somme, and many a Tommy went to the front heartened by her loud and jovial voice.

Jane Fairfax did not come to Hartfield, being occupied at Enscombe with recreation work for a neighboring training-camp. Frank Churchill won his commission early, served two years, had a touch of gas and was invalided home. Jane's nursing pulled him through, and he was back at the front before the end. Willoughby served, as luck would have it, in Colonel Brandon's own regiment, and each won the other's respect.

Colonel Fitzwilliam was in the first Expeditionary Force and became a brigadier-general. He also won a wife in France — no other than Mary Crawford. It was exactly the match to satisfy her ambition for position and his need for money, but I doubt if either of them knew it when they settled matters on a muddy roadside in Picardy, while his orderly tinkered with the engine of her ambulance.

Another and younger hero won his heiress at Hartfield. Commodore William Price, on leave from the North Sea, went there to visit his brother Sam, wounded in the Zeebrugge affair, and met Georgiana Darcy who was spending her leave with Elizabeth. Just how much Emma had to do with making the match, I hesitate to say. She disclaimed doing anything, but is certain that they dined more than once at the Abbey during their week of courtship. Another engagement that was made under her interested if not fostering eye was that of Lieutenant Sam Price and the little V.A.D. who wheeled his chair through the Hartfield shrubberies. Her name was Margaret Dashwood.

Commodore Price was not the only naval officer of our acquaintance who spent his leave in Highbury. Anne had the felicity of seeing her husband, Vice-Admiral Wentworth — of seeing him worn by the long strain of North Sea duty, but still with the old eager, impetuous ways. He was loud in his praise of the Americans coöperating with him. He had felt some compunctions, he said, remembering how he had taken their privateers in that lovely cruise off the Western Islands, but they did not seem to hold it against him.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Charles H. Grasty, a journalist of great experience, now correspondent of the New York *Times,* represented that journal at the Peace Conference. He has maintained close relations, political and personal, with Mr. Wilson for many years. Of his own history **Carleton H. Parker** once wrote: —

I was born on March 31, 1878. My father was a banker and orchardist. In the fall of 1896 I entered the University of California. The greater part of 1897–98 I spent farming. From 1898–1900, I was in college again, working during vacations in a coal-mine. In 1900 and 1901 I worked underground in Canada; following this, I was for six months a reporter in Spokane, Washington. At the end of this time I returned to the University, and graduated in 1904. From June, 1904, to September, 1905, I traveled in Europe and Africa; from September, 1905, to May, 1906, I was Secretary of University Extension at the University of California. After two years and a half in the employ of a banking house, I took a year's postgraduate work at Harvard. In 1910, I went to Germany and studied at the Universities of Leipzig, Berlin, Heidelberg, and Munich. In 1912 I returned to Heidelberg to take my examination for a doctor's degree.

The present paper embodies some of the results of the work to which he devoted himself during the last years of his life. He died March 27, 1918. His biography, by his wife, a human record of very remarkable interest, is now in its fourth large edition.

* * *

Carol Wight, because of ill-health, abandoned long ago the opportunity for a business career, and has since supported himself as a carpenter and, more rarely, as a mason.

When my health gave way [he writes], I had to give up study, and went later into business in New York, first in one of the big title and trust companies, and later as private secretary of a 'promoter,' or consolidater, of industrial concerns. Then, when my health broke again, I went to sea, and worked out of doors to get my nerves back in shape, principally at carpentry. At this trade I worked for the government during the war, and spent the last year of it at the League Island Navy Yard, with occasional excursions into New England farming. In the country districts a Yankee is always supposed to be able to do anything, and so I have driven wells and laid bricks, and practised other trades as well as my own. I have long been interested in the rise of the under classes (freedmen) at Rome, and wishing to compare their story with my own experience, I am at present here at Johns Hopkins, working in Latin and Greek. . . . I have really seen a good deal of good and bad in both camps, as I told you in another letter; and a man who is caught in either caste cannot free himself and repudiate it. The railroad president *must* run his railroad. He may want to give all he has to the poor, but his first job is to run that railroad and not to be a philanthropist.

* * *

William McFee has been honorably discharged from His Britannic Majesty's service, and he 'practised literature' for more than three weeks in New Jersey before he shipped again, this time in the South American trade. His welcome letters have been coming to us for the past year from H.M.S. Kharki, which, in our simplicity, we thought might be an anagram devised for our mystification; but —

No [he writes], the Kharki is not an anagram. She's an anachronism. She is a humble minnow who has to rush frantically after 35-knot creatures as fast as ever she can, and when she does come up with them, breathless and disheveled, where they lie majestically and enigmatically at anchor, she starts a battery of highly polished and efficient pumps in her auxiliary engine-room and feeds them out of a four-inch flexible copper teat, with oil. When they have drunk their fill, they wipe their mouths and say, 'Now you stop right here while I go out and do a clip to Smyrna and back. Shan't be long.' And she stops for a while, cleaning herself up and scratching herself in the sun, and very nearly falling asleep over it, when *zip* comes a wireless to proceed to such and such a place to oil so-on and so-forth. Such is her life, and no anagram could stand it for a week!

* * *

Edwin Arlington Robinson has long been known as a poet with a thoughtful philosophy of his own, and a talent for dramatic condensation unique perhaps in his generation. **John Buchan,** one of the most versatile of modern writers, is not more at home in the eighteenth century, which long ago he made his own, than in

the capital detective stories which soften the asperities of his career as a serious student of history and a historian, on a 'quarto' scale, of the world-war. Incidentally he is a member of the firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, the largest publishers in the world, we imagine. During the war, not neglecting the duties of which we have spoken, he was on the staff of one of the British armies operating in France, and later Director of Information to the Prime Minister.

* * *

Mr. A. Edward Newton is known to the readers of the *Atlantic* as the most genial of book-collectors and the author of *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, now generally recognized as the classic of its kind. To his partner and business associates (as perhaps they would be willing to allow us to state) he stands as a large factor in the success of the I.T.E. electric circuit-breaker, which the *Atlantic* recommends to every well-equipped American household. **Edwin W. Bonta** has that pleasant characteristic of the intelligent traveler — a pictorial mind. Who he is, is best described in a recent letter.

When America went into the war I signed up with the American Y.M.C.A., to help carry out their work among the Russian troops, and started learning the language. Our party reached Moscow in May, 1918, lived in Bolshevik Russia until September of that year, and then, coming out through Scandinavia, circled around to join the North Russian Expeditionary Force at Archangel. I was placed with Russian troops, and for months my life was lived 'in Russian,' some of the time in the rest camps immediately behind the front. I dwelt in the huts of the peasants, traveled with them, and spent hours in discussion.

With what result, other sketches by Mr. Bonta will show our readers.

* * *

In these concluding letters from Java it will be noticed that the author has changed her style to the married title, **Raden Adjoe Kartini.** Cut off by early death at the moment when her influence promised to be greatest, she has inspired others to continue her work. **Amory Hare** is a poet and a sailor's wife to boot. For many years she has been sending to the *Atlantic* poems beautifully descriptive of Nature's moods. The following brief summary of the first part of **Wilson Follett's** 'The Dive' is printed for the convenience of new readers.

Ronald Ronald, a youth of nineteen, spends his vacations at his grandfather's farm in Chiswick Valley, his mind steeped in the family traditions which he had learned from the talk of his grandfather Elijah and his uncle Eustace. Most important is the part played in the boy's impression by the river flowing through the valley, and its tributary, Salter's Run, which finds its way through a gorge to a narrow rock-ledge called the Shelf, over which it plunges into the 'Seven Farms Reservoir.' The water at the foot of the Shelf is of unplumbed depth, and Ronald's favorite amusement is to dive from the ledge, seeking, but in vain, to reach the bottom.

One day, he listens to his uncle Eustace's story of a Ronald Ronald of the eighteenth century, who had fought with Stark at Bennington, and came home on furlough to the farm, to his wife and their child, born in his absence. This Ronald, on the very morning after his return, was drowned in the old well on the place.

Before dawn the next morning, our Ronald Ronald, lying wakeful in bed, with the old family legends pursuing one another through his mind, until he was, not himself, but 'nobody in particular, — just a suspended consciousness played upon forcibly by a jet of other men's memories, sensations . . . and whirled round and round in them, churning them into a spray of images,'— dresses, leaves the house, and at last finds himself on the Shelf, and, in his half-waking, half-dreaming state, determines that he *must* reach the floor of the gorge, before certain proposed work on the dam 'had laid it prosaically bare to the inquisitive sunlight.' Stripping off his clothes, he flings himself outward and down. He seems to have found the bottom at last. A stinging pain in his head is followed by a mass of confused sensations. 'A blinding white light flashed upon him. . . . There was something that he must beat his way through until he came out clear beyond. He wished he understood what it was that . . . lay waiting for him beyond.'

* * *

Herbert Sidebotham, long military critic of the Manchester *Guardian*, now on the staff of the London *Times*, is a frequent contributor to these pages. **Edward W. Parmelee** is a master at the Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut. **Edward Yeomans,** a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, who knows as much about electrical pumps as Edward Newton does about circuit-breakers, is a civil engineer of Chicago. Whatever his success, he ought to have been a teacher, as readers of the *Atlantic* will soon come to know from the articles on classroom practice which will succeed his present stimulating paper. **William Beebe** is now Curator Emeritus of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park.

Graham Wallas, Professor of Political Science at the University of London, has had a long and honorable career in the field of education. He has given many of the best years of his life to the social development of his city as a member of the London County Council. In 1914 he lectured at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and is at present teaching for a season in this country. **George H. Cushing,** editor of the *Black Diamond*, the official organ of the coal-industry, is a recognized authority on the subject he discusses in this paper. During the war he devoted much time to furthering the efforts of the National Fuel Administrator to solve the urgent and complex problems of the coal-supply. **Gertrude Slaughter** and her husband were in charge of the work of the American Red Cross in the Venice district for ten months, and stayed on in Italy for some months after the Red Cross work was ended. Her book, *Two Children in Old Paris* (1918), has had a deserved success.

Many members of the legal profession have written to the *Atlantic* calling attention to an apparent discrepancy in the narrative of the author of 'Up from Insanity.' The writer stated that, while he was a newspaper reporter, he was instrumental in securing the conviction of a certain woman charged with murder; that the accused was once acquitted by the jury; and that subsequently she made a confession as to the murder and was sentenced to the penitentiary. The facts when stated thus have an incredible sound, but we believe them to be true. The history of the case is as follows:—

A certain woman, jealous of the marital felicity of her own sister, placed upon her dressing-table a box of poisoned chocolates. But the fatality exceeded her plan of operations, for the chocolates killed the sister and her husband, too, and made three other persons ill. The guilty woman was immune from suspicion because she had never in any way exhibited signs either of jealousy of her sister or of affection for her brother-in-law. The law, then, would have passed her by, but for a remark she chanced to make to the author of the *Atlantic* article, then a reporter on a well-known paper. She was tried for the murder of the man and acquitted; but subsequently, owing to new information, she was tried for the murder of the woman. The crime in both cases was the same, but the victim, and therefore the responsibility, was different.

We have alluded once or twice in this column to the use of the *Atlantic* now current as a recognized badge of social respectability. Some people are so good as to call it an emblem of distinction; but perhaps that case is not proved, and we fall back on the more established reputation. It is pleasant to hear from friends who go to the movies oftener than we do, that the heroine of 'Erstwhile Susan' is so fortunate as to be permitted to accompany with familiarity a certain lady of admitted social stability. To suggest this instantly to the bright eye of the movie fan was difficult, but the artist knew his job, and the lady carries her *Atlantic* with the name outside.

We venture to quote with appreciation from another authority on the niceties of social gradation. 'She was,' says the *Saturday Evening Post* of one of its heroines, 'what it is found convenient to call a good girl: that is to say, she said her prayers, read the *Atlantic Monthly* at least two nights a week to her silver-haired father, never used any scent save orris-root, and entertained no young men who did not meet with Mr. Fairley's approval.'

We could furnish other credentials, but they seem unnecessary.

At Judge Anderson's request, we call attention to the fact that in a considerable number of copies of the December issue containing his valuable paper on 'Our Railroad Problem,' there is an error in the footnote on page 847, where the citation of the Debs case is '158 Federal Reporter,' instead of '158 U.S.' The correction was made as soon as we were advised of the error, while the form was on the press, so that the citation is given correctly in something like half of the copies.

An intelligent observer who is a familiar correspondent of ours writes us thus interestingly of the complexities confronting British citizens to-day.

The Feminist question is complicated in this country by the surplus womanhood. This now amounts to over two millions. It is really very serious, and will lead to great restlessness and unhappiness from purely physiological causes. Practically England is the only country where masses of women of over thirty have not found

husbands. Consequently, you have a large electorate with little sense of responsibility, — with none of the responsibility that comes to a man in providing for wife and children, — and yet with the power of making laws. Sex-antagonism is a real thing. The psychologist knows that the real cause of this is often purely physical. In many cases under my observation a woman on the brink of divorcing the mate, who is admittedly unfaithful and has stayed away a long time, is easily induced to resume cohabitation when the absent-minded wanderer returns. Indeed, unnatural conditions having been created, we must expect a certain amount of abnormality.

Unfortunately, the women who have gained the upper hand in the political world are not of the best type. They are ignorant and aggressive, thirsting for notoriety, whilst the superior sort, of which there are many, — highly educated, well-balanced and soundly patriotic women, — hold aloof. Therefore it seems to me that we are in for a period of experiment, more or less crude and painful in its manifestations.

Then we have to deal with convention, especially in regard to morals. Illegitimacy has sprung up as one of the war-effects. How is that to be dealt with? Many observers think that the mass of women, in clamoring for the vote, are not merely interested in the franchise, — perhaps hardly care for it at all, — but want emancipation in its widest and broadest sense. They want to be free to do what they like, as a man is; they want latch-key liberty. I think they are right in their conclusions. The Land Girls, who adopt men's clothing, adopt also men's moral standards, so far as I can judge. With their petticoats, they have sacrificed much of the old-fashioned feeling of women. How far this is ephemeral, I do not know.

Take domestic service: that has gone by the board. I doubt if young women of the working class will come back to serve the middle classes any more. This must create profound differences in women's mentality, for women's cruelty to women was one of the causes of the servants' revolt. All these things have to be considered.

Then take the drink question: it has never been honestly and scientifically treated. The real cause of drink in England is bad cooking. Man drinks because his body is ill-nourished and he must have food. I was struck with this on visiting a big gun-factory in Sheffield recently. The food given to the men was either flimsy, in the shape of sandwiches, cakes, etc., or abominably cooked and almost indigestible. Masses of English women have no household science at all; they are a long way below the French and German women. It is a curious fact that, although we have the best meat in the world, it is worse presented than in any other country.

Perhaps women will go to the Colonies and develop themselves in that way. No doubt they will take a large part in politics. I think on the whole it will be better for politics, which has got into a terrible state of extravagance and ineptitude. But a great deal of the mediæval nonsense of Parliament must go. I can hardly believe that sensible women will tolerate the spectacle of the bewigged Speaker sitting in his ridiculous box, closed in at the sides and at the top, with all the ceremony that goes with it.

The insecurity of man's dominion is so notorious nowadays that we supposed ourselves quite immune from the attacks of those to whom triumphant Feminism is the single essential buttress of a righteous universe. We were mistaken, much mistaken.

Dear Scribe [writes one who in gallanter days might have been termed a ladies' man], Judging from the trend and tone of all your Master-Class matter, you do not consider the unpaid mothers as of that 'Sovereign People'; but I am one of them, and I have created five others under very crude, corrupt conditions, and I am cursed with a horrid habit of saying things that do not fit in and harmonize with the Costly Carousings, Wretched Writhings, Ghastly Gaspings of the World-Wide Wasteful Wickedness blazoned so boldly by all those who are so recklessly responsible for the Calamitous Collapse of Corrupting Competition and Exasperating, Extravagant, Expensive, Extreme, Exact language of all male Master-Class exploitation of the mothers of the world. Women, lay down your arms! You do not need to fight your own sex any longer. Hold up each other's hands! The sex-battle is on!

Nothing except life itself is so interesting as life as it is imagined. We think with pleasure of the cozy hours a reader might spend lost in the romances proposed to us by unknown friends. 'Dear Editor,' writes a Lady Georgian, 'Are you in the market for a serial story of twenty-eight thousand words, a romantic tale of a sadonic batchellor [*sic*] and a young society girl?' Another, with the precision of an orderly imagination, asks us, in replying, to 'please to refer to D.S.G. 5715–3995,' and proceeds, —

Dear Sirs: Attached hereto find a poem entitled 'Home,' which I trust you will find suitable to run in an early issue, and if satisfactory will send you others from time to time.

What style of story do you prefer? I have written over 350 short stories and 23 novels, none of which have ever been published. Let me have your interest and best offer. Have received flattering proposal from large film company, but would also wish to run them in several popular magazines. Shall await your reply together with check.

Very respectfully.

How pleasant such imaginings, and how swiftly glide the writer's hours until he receives the editor's reply!

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THE THIRD WINDOW

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

'I LOVE this window,' said Antonia, walking down the drawing-room; 'and this one. They both look over the moors, you see. This view is even lovelier.' She stopped at the end of the long room, and the young man with the pale face and the limping step followed and looked out of the third window with her. 'But — I don't know why — I hate it. I wish it were n't here.'

Captain Saltonhall looked out and said nothing.

'I wonder if you see what I mean,' said Antonia.

'No; I don't. I like it.'

The young man spoke gently and with something of a drawl, unimpressed, apparently, by her antipathy, and putting up the back of a placid forefinger to stroke along the edge of his moustache.

'One gets the hills, peaceful and silvery; one gets the walled garden and the cedar,' she enumerated. 'The little pond with its fountain is as serene as a happy dream. It's all like a happy dream. Yet — I wish there were n't this window here.'

'You could wall it up if you don't like it,' Captain Saltonhall suggested, his eyes, as he stood behind her, turning from the walled garden beneath to fix themselves with a rather sad attentiveness upon the head of the young woman. Her dark hair was near him, and the curve of her cheek; he thought that he felt against his the warmth of her shoulder in its thin black dress.

She looked out, motionless, for a little while; then, turning suddenly, as if with impatience of her thoughts, found him so near, and his eyes on hers. She, too, was pale and tall; but all in her was soft, splendid, and almost opulent, while he was sharp-edged and wasted. He looked much the older, although they were of the same age; both, indeed, were very young.

He did not move away as she faced him, nor did his look alter. Sad and attentive, it merely remained attached upon her; and if he felt any nervousness, it showed itself only in the slight gesture of his forefinger passing meditatively along the edge of his moustache.

It was she who spoke.

'Well, Bevis?' she said gravely. Her look asked, 'Have you anything to tell me?'

'Well, Tony,' he returned. He had, apparently, nothing to say.

She studied him for a moment longer,

and then, with an added impatience, — if anything so soft could so be called, — walking away to an easy chair before the fire, she said, 'You think me very silly, I suppose.'

'Silly? Why?'

'Because of the window — my hating it.'

He came and leaned on the back of her chair, looking across her head up at the mantelpiece where a row of white fritillaries stood in tall crystal glasses, their reflections showing as if through a film of sea-water in the ancient mirror behind them. There had been white fritillaries among the flagged paths of the walled garden, and, finding them again, he recognized that they had been the only things he had felt uncanny there; for he had always felt them wraith-like flowers.

'I think you'd better wall it up, quite seriously, if you really hate it'; he repeated his former suggestion. 'It would rather spoil the room. But I would n't, if I were you, live with a discomfort like that — if it's really a discomfort.'

The young woman beneath him laughed, a little sadly, if lightly. 'How you suspect me.'

'Of what, pray?'

'Oh, of unconscious humbug; of unconscious posing; of induced emotions generally. It's always been the same.'

'I rather like induced emotions in you,' said Captain Saltonhall. 'They suit you. They are like the color of a pomegranate or the taste of a mulberry or the smell of a branch of flowering hawthorne; something rich, thick, and pleasingly oppressive.'

'Thanks. I don't take it as a compliment.'

'I don't mean it as one. I merely said I liked it in you; and if I do, it's only because I'm in love with you.'

He lowered his eyes now from the fritillaries, to watch the very faint color that rose, very slowly, in her cheek. It could hardly be called a response. It was merely an awareness. And after a moment she said, still with her soft impatience, 'Do come and sit where I can see you. It's bad for your leg to stand too long, I'm sure.'

He obeyed her, limping to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, laying his hands on either arm as he lowered himself with some little awkwardness. He was not yet accustomed to the complicated mechanical apparatus, the artificial leg, which, always, he felt hang so heavily about his thigh. Antonia Wellwood's dark eyes watched him, with solicitude, it seemed, rather than tenderness; though indeed their very shape — the outer corners drooping, a line of white showing under the full iris — expressed so much melancholy sweetness that their most casual glance seemed to convey tenderness. The young people sat then for a little while in silence. Though the spring day was sunny, it was sharp. On a bed of ashes the log-fire burned softly and clearly. The silvery light of the high, northern sky shone along the polished floor.

The room was on the first floor, and, modern, like the house, imaged carefully — but not too carefully for ease — eighteenth-century austerities and graces. The walls were paneled in white; the chintzes were striped in white and citron-color. In spite of bowls of flowers, books and magazines, a half-knit sock here, its needles transfixing the ball of heather-colored wool, and the embroidery there with tangled skeins, it was an impersonal room, an object calmly and confidently awaiting appraisal rather than a long-memoried presence, making beauty forgotten in significance.

It was not a room expressive of the young woman sunken in the deep chair. Appointed elaborately as she was, in her dense or transparent blacks, her crossed feet in their narrow buckled

shoes stretched before her, her hands lying along the white-and-citron chintz, she was neither disciplined nor austere. Brooding, melancholy, restless, and with a latent exasperation, her eyes dwelt on the flames, and her wide, small lips puckered themselves at moments as if with the bitterness of unshed tears.

She did not move for a long time, nor did the young man who, his elbows propped, rested his chin on the backs of interlaced hands and surveyed her over them. He noted her, as he had done for many months now; just as, for months before that, he had, in France, dreamed over her; not her mystery, her clouded, drifting quality; he had perhaps got round that or perhaps given it up — sometimes he did not himself know which; but the pictorial incidents of her appearance: the black velvet bow in the gauze upon her breast; the heavy pins of tortoise-shell that held up her great tresses; the odd, dusky mark on her eyelid that looked like the freaking of a lovely, else unblemished fruit; her pale cheek; her child-like forehead; her hand, beautiful and indolent, with its wedding-ring. He dwelt on all these appearances with a still absorption, and whether with more delight or irony he could not have told; but it was an irony at his own expense, not at hers; for he had always been a young man aloof from appearances, tolerant yet contemptuous of their appeal, and he knew that they absorbed him now because he was in love with her, and he sometimes even wondered if he was in love with her because of them.

He did not, however, wonder much. Before the war he would have computed, analyzed, perhaps done away with his passion, with the fretting of over-acute thought. That sort of vitality, the analytic, destructive sort, had been, he imagined, bled, beaten, and cut out of him. He was now a wraith, a wreck of his former self, fit only for contemplation and acceptance. She was enough for him now, just as she was: ignorant, for all her accomplishment; indolent and self-absorbed; and she could more than satisfy him. The old acuteness remained, but it no longer tormented. He was aware of everything, and all he asked was to possess it all. That, however, did n't mean that he pretended anything. If he had no illusions and asked for none, he did not let her think he had them.

'When did you begin to know you were in love with me?' she said at last; and now, in spite of the tearful pucker in her lips and liquid fullness of her eyes, he knew that the theme was the one to which she had intended to bring him. But it had not been deviously; for all her shifting shadows and eddies, she was one of the straightest creatures he had ever known. Perhaps, after all, it was that quality in her, rather than the appearances, that accounted for his state.

'How long since I've loved you? Oh — since before Malcolm's death, I'm afraid.'

It was what she had feared; he saw that, and that it hurt her. Yet it pleased her, too.

'I never guessed,' she said.

He laughed. 'Rather not! How could you have guessed?'

'Women do — these things.'

'Perhaps you are less clever than other women, then, or I more clever than other men.'

'I don't think I'm less clever than other women,' said Antonia, and a smile just touched her lips; another evidence of that straightness in her. She was willing to smile, even though smiling might be misunderstood. Yes, more than anything, perhaps, it was her genuineness he cherished.

'You're cleverer than most,' he assured her. 'Far. But I'm cleverer than most men.'

'We are a wonderful pair!' she exclaimed.

And he agreed: 'We are, indeed.'

'And why was it?' she went on, more happily now; for — another precious point, and it seemed more than anything else to pair them — they were happy with each other. Apart from her woman's craving to feel her power over him, apart from his definitely amorous condition, they were comrades, and it crossed his mind, oddly, at the moment of thinking it, that this could not have been said of Antonia and Malcolm. Their relation had been that, specially, of man and woman, lover and beloved. He doubted, really, whether Antonia would have cared much about Malcolm had he not been a man and a lover. Whereas, had he himself been another woman, Antonia, he felt sure, would have made a friend of him.

These reflections took him far from her question, and before the vague musing of his look she repeated it in an altered form. 'Why did you begin — after having known me so long without?'

'Ah, that I can't tell. Perhaps it did n't begin. Perhaps it was always there. I knew it for the first time when I was ordered to France; that day I came to say good-bye to you and Malcolm in London — before he went.'

The name of her dead husband brought the cloud about her again. 'Oh, yes,' she murmured. 'I remember that day. I was horribly frightened over the war. I had a presentiment. I knew he was going to volunteer.'

'It could hardly have been a presentiment. He evidently would.'

She showed no resentment for his clipping of her dark pinions. It was as if she still hovered on them as she said, 'Of course. I mean presentiment of what came after that — what had to come. Don't you believe in Fate, Bevis? Perhaps it was that you felt in me. You had never seen me suffering before.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man, skeptically if kindly. 'However, I don't want to talk about it,' he added. 'That is, unless you do, very much.'

She looked up at him, still unresentful, but now a little ironic, though irony was not her note. 'You are an odd lover, Bevis.'

'Am I?'

'You don't like declaring your love.'

'I have declared it.'

'You don't like talking about it.'

'Why should I? Unless you'll talk about yours, too. What you mean, I suppose, is that you miss pleading and passion in me and would like to see them displayed. I quite understand that in you. Perhaps it 's what 's needed to bring you round. But I'm not that sort of person. I could n't do it naturally. I think, though you miss it in me, you'd not really find it natural, either. We're too clever, too civilized, I suppose.'

'I suppose we are,' she conceded, though a little wistfully. 'I don't exactly miss it. I know it's there. It's merely that I'd like you to talk about it, even if you don't display it.'

'I'm glad you recognize that it's there,' said the young man.

'Shall I tell you what I really feel about the window?' Antonia now asked.

Her back was to it as she sat, and its great cedar, cutting against the pale-blue sky, made a distant background to her head. Like a Renaissance portrait, sombre, serene, splendid in tone, the picture she made was before him: an allegorical figure of poetry, youth, or melancholy, with its dwelling eyes and spacings dark and pale. He was often to see her afterwards as she then looked across at him.

'We never lived here, you know, Malcolm and I,' she said, 'though Malcolm, of course, spent his life here until we married. But we visited his mother,

often, and I never thought about the window then. It was only after Malcolm's death, and hers, when I stayed here alone for the first time a year ago — alone except for Cicely.'

'Miss Latimer has always lived here, has n't she?' Captain Saltonhall inquired.

'Yes. But she is so much a part of it that it was like being alone. I used to walk up and down here and look out. Just a year ago it was; spring, like this. And, as I walked, I found that while I loved looking out of the front windows, I shrank, I could n't tell why, from looking out of the third, the end one.' Antonia turned herself still farther in her chair, leaning both elbows on the wide arm. 'I shrank from it, yet it drew me, too. And when I yielded, and looked, I felt frightened. And one day it came over me, as I looked out, that what I feared was that I should see Malcolm standing there, beside the fountain.'

Her voice had dropped. Her eyes dwelt on him, full of their genuine distress.

'Ah, I see.' Captain Saltonhall nodded. 'That was very natural, I think.'

'Why natural?'

'He had died so shortly before. Your thoughts were full of him. The place is full of him — with all the years he lived here.'

She listened to his alleviations, finding them, apparently, irrelevant.

'But why the third window? Why only that one? Why not the others? He is more on the moors than in the flagged garden.'

'A flagged garden, with a fountain and a cedar tree, is obviously a more suitable place for a ghost than the moors would be.'

'You do believe in ghosts and apparitions, then?'

'I don't know whether I believe in them or not. There may be appearances we can't account for. There's a good deal of evidence for them. But I don't believe they embody any consciousness. It's far more likely, from what I've read, that they are a kind of photograph of some past emotion.'

'But, Bevis, would n't it frighten you dreadfully to see one, whatever it was?'

'Perhaps. Yes. It might be very nasty,' he agreed.

'Yet if I could be sure that it embodied consciousness, as you say, it might frighten me, but it would mean such rapture, too. I should know, then, that Malcolm had survived death and still thought of me.'

'Yes. I see,' Captain Saltonhall murmured, rather awkwardly. 'Yes. Of course. That would be a great comfort to you.'

'Comfort hardly expresses it, Bevis.'

Silence fell between them for a little while, and when the young man next spoke it was still with the slight awkwardness. 'But then, if that 's what you need, you ought to like the third window and the chance you feel it gives you.'

She heaved a weary, exasperated sigh, stretching out in her chair, stretching up her arms, letting them fall again along her sides, while, sunken, extended, she seemed to abandon to him the avowal of her own perplexity and extravagance. 'I don't know what I want. I don't know what I fear. I don't know anything,' she said.

II

A step came outside at this point and, the door opening, there entered a woman, older than the other two, though still not old, with a bleached face and bleached wisps of hair, a straight, old-fashioned little fringe showing under her hat.

She paused at once on the threshold. 'Am I interrupting?' she asked. Her

voice was curiously high; not sharp or shrill, but high and reedy, like a child's.

'No. Not a bit. Of course not. Come in, Cicely,' said Antonia sadly.

She did not turn her eyes on the newcomer; but Captain Saltonhall did so, watching her as she crossed the room with her basket of spring flowers. She was dressed in weather-beaten mourning, with a knitted black silk scarf thrown back from her open jacket. The basket she carried was full of primroses and windflowers, and, setting it down on a distant table, she began to fill the bowls and vases that she had evidently placed there in readiness.

Her entry and her presence, which might be prolonged, were, he felt, very inopportune; yet Antonia showed no impatience of the interruption. Perhaps, indeed, Miss Latimer's presence was a relief to her, since she had really no answer to give to his rather arid and even provocative logic. It had been a little vicious of him to put it to her like that; but there was, he recognized, an instinct in him to show her that her perplexities were irrelevant and even absurd, rather than to argue with them.

She remained silent and sunken in her chair, slowly twisting her wedding-ring round and round her finger, and it must have been apparent to Miss Latimer that she had interrupted a conversation. He felt this to be a little unfortunate; why, he could not quite have said.

Miss Latimer, whom he had seen for the first time at dinner the night before, after his late arrival, had not endeared herself to him. He had not liked her stillness, or her whiteness, or her sudden piping voice. She was effaced, but not insignificant, and had an air, for all her silence, of taking everything in. Her small face, peaked and pinched rather than delicate, would have been childish, like her voice, were it not for her eyes. He reflected now, watching her move quietly among her flowers, that it was really because of her eyes he had not liked her. They were so unchildish; so large; so bright; so pale; and her broad eyebrows, darker in tint than her faded hair, gave them an almost startling emphasis. Her face seemed barred across by those eyebrows, and beneath them her eyes were like captives looking out.

The flowers at last were finished and placed, beautifully placed, beautifully arranged, the primroses in shallow white earthenware, the windflowers in glasses that showed their thin rosy stems; and when Cicely Latimer went at last, closing the door softly behind her, he felt himself draw a long breath of relief.

'That's a singular little person,' he remarked.

Antonia, it was evident, was not thinking of Cicely Latimer. Her eyes came back to him from far distances. Or were they far, those distances? Was it in shallows or in depths that her mind had lain dreaming?

'Is she a cousin, did you tell me?' he asked.

'Cicely?' She recovered his comment as well as his question and answered that first. 'She's a great dear, and not singular at all. Yes — a cousin — Malcolm's first cousin. A niece of old Mrs. Wellwood's.'

'And she's always lived here?'

'Almost always. Mr. and Mrs. Wellwood built the house, you know, when they were first married, and Cicely came to them here as a child. She had been left an orphan.'

'How old is she, then?'

'Oh, she must be quite old now,' Antonia in her secure youth computed. 'She was older, a good deal, than Malcolm; nearly forty, perhaps.'

'She's still in mourning, I see.'

'Yes. So am I,' said Antonia, not resentfully, but with an added sadness. 'It's not yet two years, Bevis. And

hardly more than a year since Mrs. Wellwood's death.'

'It's a matter of feeling, naturally. One does n't expect a cousin to wear mourning as long as a widow. But they were like brother and sister, I suppose.'

'Absolutely. Malcolm went to her with everything. He told her all about me when he first fell in love, and she helped him in it all.'

'Will she go on living with you here?'

'Go on? Cicely? Of course she will. I can't think of this place without her. I think it would kill her if she were to be taken from it. Mrs. Wellwood spoke to me about it before she died. It's like a sacred trust. She has a little money. It's not that. But she's as much a part of it as the trees and hills. She came to me at once, all the same, after everything happened, and said she would perfectly understand if I would rather start anew, quite by myself. There was n't a quaver or an appeal. She was, I saw, quite ready. She is the sort of person who is ready for anything. I told her that as long as she lived it was her home. I took her in my arms, and, in a sense, she's been there ever since. Though, in another sense, perhaps the deeper, it's I who am in hers. She takes such wonderful, such devoted care of me.'

'I see' — Captain Saltonhall was feeling for his cigarette-case. 'It's lucky you are so much attached to each other. — Do you mind? Will you have one?'

'Please.'

He was preparing to hoist himself out of his chair with the cigarette-case and match-box, but she sprang up and came to him.

'You can't give yourself these luxuries of convention,' she smiled, rather as if at an unruly patient. 'You must let me wait on you, rather. At all events till you get more used to it. Dear old Bevis. You're so brave that one forgets all about it.'

She leaned over him while he gave her a light, and then, the match having gone out in his rather unsteady fingers, leaned still nearer to light his cigarette from hers. But, gently, he laid his hands upon her arms and held her there, looking closely into her eyes.

'Do you love me?' he asked.

Her cigarette was between her lips. She could not answer. He released one hand so that she might free herself, and although the gesture might have brought an element of mirth into their gravity, she sought no refuge in it. Half-leaning, half-kneeling beside him, she made no attempt to draw away, and he saw her eyes widen in their grief, their perplexity, and their delight.

'I don't know, Bevis dear. — I don't know. How can I know?' she almost wept.

'You do know. I can tell you that you know, for I do. You love me.'

He had laid his hold again upon her and he slightly shook her as he spoke.

'I can't. I can't. — You must let me wait. You must give me time.'

'All the time you want. I've nothing to do but go on waiting. I'm ready for it. But don't be too cruel. What do you gain by it?'

'I don't mean to be cruel. Please believe that; please do.'

'You don't mean it; but you are. It's enough for you to have me here, waiting, and making love to you, day after day, month after month, as I did in London. I understand it all. You keep him like that, and you keep me. And what torments you is that you can't see how you can keep us both if you give me more.'

'Oh — Bevis! You are so horrible! So horribly clear! You are far, far clearer than I can ever be. Yet — no, that's not all there is to it. Give me time to think. I told you that I should think better up here, in his home — with you to help me. I can only think clearly if I'm given time.'

'You can't do anything clearly. You're always in a mist. You want to know yourself; I grant you your honesty; but your feeling makes a mist around you. Listen to me. Let me show it to you. You love him still, of course. I should n't care for you if you did n't. You'll go on loving him. And it will hurt sometimes. It will hurt me, too. People are made up of these irreconcilable knots. It can't be helped. We're here in life together, and we belong to each other, and there's nothing between us but a memory. Perhaps you could go on holding out against me; but you can't go on holding out against yourself. You want to be mine nearly as much as I want you to be. Darling Tony, your eyes are full of love as you look at me now.'

He had held her more tightly, drawn her more near, and now, his haggard young face lighted with the sudden ardor of his conviction, he saw his light flash back to him from her, so that, dropping his hands from her arms, he seized her, drew her down to him, enfolded her, and, feeling her yield, kissed her again and again.

'Bevis!' she whispered — amazed, aghast, yet, in her yielding, confessing everything.

When she drew herself away and stood up beside him, it was blindly, putting her hand out for the table, her face averted; and so she stood for a moment, while he saw that the color bathed her face and neck. Then he saw that the tears rained down. He had, strangely, never seen her cry before, though he had seen her at the earlier moments of her great grief. She had been frozen, gaunt, lost, then.

'Darling Tony — forgive me.'

'Oh,' she wept. 'It's not your fault!'

'Yes, it is. Don't ask me to regret it, but it is.'

'No, no. It's not your fault,' she repeated. And she moved away, blindly.

'Tell me you forgive me.' He had drawn himself up in his chair and looked after her.

'Of course I forgive you. I can't forgive myself.'

'That's just as bad. Must you go?'

'I must. I must. Later — we'll talk. I'll try to think. I'll try to understand. I'll try to explain everything.'

She had got herself to the door and she had not turned her face to him again. 'Don't despise me,' she said as she left him.

III

Though the traces of her tears were still visible, Antonia met him at lunch with composure. Like all the rooms at Wyndwards, the dining-room was too accurate and intended, and, darkly paneled as it was, the low mullioned windows looking out on the high ring-court, it had, through some miscalculation in the lighting, an uncomfortably sombre air. They sat there, the three of them, around the polished table with its embroidered linens, its crystal and silver, highly civilized and modern in the highly civilized and modern room. He and Antonia, at all events, were that. Miss Latimer, perhaps, belonged to a more primitive tradition. It struck him that he would have liked Wyndwards better if it had kept to that tradition — the tradition, in fact, of making no attempts. As it was, it did n't match Miss Latimer, nor did it match him and Tony. It was modern and civilized; but so differently.

Antonia leaned her elbow on the table while she ate and looked out at the ring-court. Miss Latimer never lounged. She still wore her hat and sat erect in her place, eating swiftly, and throwing from time to time a bit of bread or biscuit to the dogs. The task of talking to her fell entirely upon him, for Antonia, though composed, was evidently in no mood for talking. He

asked her questions about the country and its birds, beasts, and flowers, and she answered, if not affably, yet with an accuracy that betrayed a community of taste. She told him that they were rather too far north to get stone-curlews, as he had hoped they might.

'I found a nest once,' she said; 'but that was when I was staying with some people ten miles away.'

'What luck! Did you see the birds?'

'Yes. I hid near by for some hours and saw them going to and fro. I could have photographed them if I had had a camera.'

'What luck,' Captain Saltonhall repeated, with sincerity. 'I've only once had a glimpse of one, flying. Queer, watchful, uncanny birds, are n't they? with great, clear eyes.'

'They are rather strange-looking birds.'

It struck him suddenly that Miss Latimer herself looked like a stone-curlew.

'They've the same cry, nearly, as the ordinary curlew, have n't they?' he asked. 'You get plenty of those up here, I suppose?'

'Oh, yes. You can hear them any day. It is rather the same sort of cry.'

Antonia knew little about the country and was not observant of nature; but now, leaning her head on her hand and looking out of the window, she remarked, unexpectedly, 'I hate their cry; if it is the cry of curlews, I mean. Aren't they the birds that have that high, bleak, drifting wail?'

'Oh, I rather like it,' said Captain Saltonhall. 'Yes; that's the bird. It's the sort of melancholy ordained by providence to go with tea-time and a wood-fire, as eggs are ordained to go with bacon.'

'No,' said Antonia. 'It's ordained to go with nothing. It makes me think of something that has been forgotten; something that has given up even the hope of being remembered, yet that laments.'

'But the curlew is n't forgotten. It is probably calling to its mate.'

'Probably. I am not talking of the natural history of the bird. Its cry sounds like the cry of a creature that has been forgotten by its mate.'

'What do you think it sounds like?' he asked Miss Latimer. He distrusted the direction taken by Antonia's thoughts.

And, looking before her, seeming not to follow their definitions, she answered coldly, 'I think Antonia describes it very beautifully.'

After lunch Antonia said that Miss Latimer must show them the garden. He saw that she intended to keep this companion near them and would not, for the present, be alone with him.

In the flagged hall, wide and light, there were oaken chests and tables and large framed engravings of cathedrals. Antonia selected a sunshade from the stand. None were black; they were all pre-war sunshades, and the one she found made her lovely head, when they went out into the sunlight, seem still paler and darker against its faded poppy-red.

They turned first into the little walled garden of Antonia's fears.

'That cedar is the oldest thing here, is n't it?' asked Captain Saltonhall.

'The only old thing,' said Antonia, who walked before them. 'There was a border-castle here long ago — was n't there, Cicely? One can see bits of its ruined walls in the kitchen garden — and the cedar must have belonged to its later days. I'm glad it's all so new, are n't you? I don't like old places Not to live in.'

Miss Latimer, walking beside the young man, gave no expression of preference.

'How charmingly planned this is,' he said.

He stopped to look at the fountain, the fritillaries, and the stone bench under the cedar. He had never seen so many white fritillaries growing together; their alabaster and jade green, rising from narrow beds among the flags, seemed almost like another expression of the stone. Antonia had passed out into the sunlit kitchen-garden and Miss Latimer paused politely beside him. She agreed calmly to his praise, but it was as if, in answering him, she avoided some attempt at intimacy, and as if he could make no reference to the place without being too personal. This was rather funny, since, behind his praise, was the judgment that what the place lacked was personality; and he had n't the faintest wish to be intimate with Miss Latimer.

In the spacious kitchen-garden there were cordon fruit-trees around the vegetable-beds, and daffodils grew against the wall. Farther on, a wide herbaceous border showed already its clumps and bosses of green and bronze. Antonia still walked before them.

'She plans it all and does heaps of the work herself, with spade and fork, you know,' she said. 'Mrs. Wellwood kept only the one gardener and a boy.'

'It was she who planned it all,' said Miss Latimer. But she could not disown the work.

He was seeing her more and more clearly as one of those curious beings whose personalities are parasitic on a place. He doubted whether her thoughts ever wandered beyond Wyndwards. All her activities, certainly, were conditioned by it. It was not only that she dug and planted, hoed and watered in the garden. He felt sure that she cut out the loose chintz covers for the furniture; superintended the making of marmalade in spring and jam in summer; kept a careful eye on the store-cupboard, and washed the dogs with her own hands.

There were two dogs, an old Dandie Dinmont and a young fox-terrier, and he had, all the while they walked in the garden, a feeling, not a bit ghostly, amusing rather than sad, that they were bits of Malcolm's soul, the Dandie Dinmont the soul of his happy boyhood at Wyndwards and the fox-terrier the soul of his maturity. Miss Latimer would find in tending them the same passionate satisfaction she had in all of it, the place and the persons it still embodied for her and who survived in it, indistinguishably mingled. All of it was her life; she could imagine no other.

Antonia would never be that sort of woman. Places were, if not parasitic on her, at least mere settings and backgrounds. She made the silvery forms of the distant hills subservient to her beauty as, with her faded silken sunshade, she drifted before them along the paths. She wore still her little black-satin house-shoes, high-heeled and laced about the ankle with satin ribbon; and as she walked, she cast admiring but unobservant glances to right and left and stooped now and then to pat the dogs.

It was he who still did all the talking to Miss Latimer, earning, he felt, less gratitude for his accurate appreciation of her gardening exploits than Antonia won by the vaguest smile. But Miss Latimer was certainly an excellent gardener, and his interest in her theories of mulching and transplanting was not feigned.

It was not till after tea that he found himself alone with Antonia. The tea-table had been taken away, they were in the drawing-room, and Antonia was embroidering before the fire.

'Would she hate me if I ever did come to marry you?' he asked. He asked it without seeming to recall the morning and its avowal.

Antonia, following his advice, was selecting another shade of azalea green

to lay against her pearly gray; and as he considered the skeins she spread for his decision, he recalled how many summer afternoons before the war, when, on week-ends in the country, Antonia had held up a fire-screen or a cushion to ask, 'Is that right, Bevis?' while Malcolm smoked beside them, amused by their preoccupation over the alternative of pink or orange.

'Cicely, you mean?' Antonia asked.

'Yes. Would she resent it? Would she hate me for it — and you?'

Antonia considered, and he knew while she considered, her eyes on the azalea silk, that he filled her again with deep delight. He and his passion were there, encompassing, yet not pursuing her. She gave nothing and betrayed nothing, and she was secure of all.

'I don't think she could hate me. That sounds fatuous; but I believe it's true. I don't know about you. But no; I don't think she'd resent it. Why should she?'

'Well, caring for him so much and seeing me here in his place.'

'How brave you are, Bevis,' said Antonia after a moment, drawing out her silk. It was the quality in him to which she most often reverted.

'Am I? Why?'

'You are not afraid to remind me.'

'Why should I be afraid? I know your thoughts. But I'm not going to talk about them, or about mine. I want you to explain Miss Latimer.'

'There's not much to explain. She shows it all, I think. She's deep and narrow and simple. You don't like her. I can see that.'

'I can't imagine how. I'm constantly making myself agreeable.'

'To me; not to her. She knows as well as I do why you take trouble over her. Not that I blame you. I did n't think I should like her when I first saw her. And then I came to find that I did — more and more; very, very much. Or, perhaps, it is trust rather than liking,' Antonia mused. 'Poor little Cicely! Do you know, I don't think anyone has ever really liked her much. Not old Mrs. Wellwood, really, nor even Malcolm. It hurt me to feel, in a moment, that Mrs. Wellwood liked even me, whom she hardly knew, better.'

'I am not surprised,' Captain Saltonhall commented.

'No; but that's not relevant, Bevis; because one does n't expect one's mother-in-law to like one, however charming one may be. What I felt about it was that Cicely had starved her, just as she starved Cicely. Neither could give the other anything except absolute trust. Cicely was the fonder, I think, for old Mrs. Wellwood was cold as well as shy — cold to everyone but Malcolm; even with me she was cold; and even with Malcolm she was, always, shy.'

'Dismal it sounds, for all of them.'

'No, it was n't that. Cheerful and serene, rather. But all the same, Cicely is pathetic. And the more I think of her, the more I admire her. She's so individual, yet so impersonal, if one can make the distinction. There's no appeal of any sort; no demand. She never seems to need anything or to ask anything; perhaps that is why she does n't win devotion; the more self-absorbed and demanding people are, the more devotion they get, I'm afraid. At all events, she's absolutely devoted, absolutely selfless and straight.'

'What did they do with themselves, she and Mrs. Wellwood, when Malcolm was n't here to give them an object? I never saw his mother. He said she hated coming to town.'

'Oh, it was miserable to see them in town, as I did once; forlorn caged birds. Malcolm was their object, you see, even when he was n't here. And they lived together just as Cicely lives now alone. There are country neighbors, and the village, and the garden.

Cicely still goes to read to old bedridden women and to take them soup. I thought, in my London ignorance, that the lady bountiful was a figure of fun to everyone nowadays, flouted from the cottage door, and all the rest of it. But I've found out that there's nothing the cottager really loves so well. Independence and committees bore them dreadfully; they have all that here; there's an energetic vicar's wife, and she got even poor Mrs. Wellwood on her committee; it bores the village people, but it frightened her. Cicely never would. I can't imagine Cicely on a committee. She'd have nothing to say, though it would n't frighten her.'

He always had savored Antonia's vagrant impressionism. 'Did they read?' he asked.

'I should rather think so!' she laughed a little. 'They were great on reading. All the biographies in two volumes, and all the travels, and French *mémoires* — translated and expurgated. Cicely has the most ingenuous ideas about the court of Louis the Fourteenth. Novels, too; but they contrived always to miss the good ones. I don't suppose they ever attempted a Henry James or heard of Anatole France.'

'And never danced a tango, *à plus forte raison*, or saw a Russian ballet.'

'They did see a Russian ballet, that once they were up. Malcolm and I took them. I think it distressed Mrs. Wellwood, and Cicely was very dry about it. And they saw me dance the tango; I did it for them, here,' said Antonia; and involuntarily she sighed, although she did not look up at her companion. She and Bevis, adepts of the dance, had, before the war, danced together continually. 'They liked seeing me do it,' she said. 'They liked my differences and what they felt to be my audacities. But they'd have liked anything Malcolm did.' And then she came back to his first question. 'As far as that goes, my remarrying, if I ever did, as long as it was n't too quickly, and someone Malcolm liked, I don't for a moment think she'd mind.'

Captain Saltonhall did not agree with her, but he did not say so. They talked, thus, very pleasantly, till the hour for dressing, and after dinner Antonia sang to him and Miss Latimer.

'What shall it be, Cicely?' she asked.

And Miss Latimer said, 'The old favorites, please.'

So that Captain Saltonhall, who had only heard her sing Brahms, Duparc, and Debussy, heard now old English folk-songs and 'Better lo'ed you could na be.' She had a melancholy, sweet, imperfect voice, and though her singing had magic, it was the flute-like, expressionless magic of the woodland. She sang indolently, like a blackbird, and the current of the song carried her. But, as the song of the woodland bird may do, it moved him more than any other voice he knew; and as he sat, impassive, apparently, his hands clasped round his knee, he felt the tears continually rising to his eyes.

Miss Latimer sat staring into the fire. She was dry-eyed. But he felt sure that she, too, was only apparently impassive. He felt sure that the songs had been Malcolm's favorites, too.

(*To be continued*)

THE LURE OF KARTABO

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

A HOUSE may be inherited, as when a wren rears its brood in turn within its own natal hollow; or one may build a new home such as is fashioned from year to year by gaunt and shadowy herons; or we may have it built to order, as do the drones of the wild jungle bees. In my case, I flitted like a hermit crab from one used shell to another. This little crustacean, living his oblique life in the shallows, changes doorways when his home becomes too small or hinders him in searching for the things which he covets in life. The difference between our estates was that the hermit crab sought only for food, I chiefly for strange new facts — which was a distinction as trivial as that he achieved his desires sideways and on eight legs, while I traversed my environment usually forward and generally on two.

The word of finance went forth and demanded the felling of the second growth around Kalacoon, and for the second time the land was given over to cutlass and fire. But again there was a halting in the affairs of man, and the rubber saplings were not planted or were smothered; and again the jungle smiled patiently through a knee-tangle of thorns and blossoms, and the charred clumps of razor-grass sent forth skeins of saws and hanks of living barbs.

I stood beneath the familiar cashew trees, which had yielded for me so bountifully of their crops of blossoms and hummingbirds, of fruit and of tanagers, and looked out toward the distant jungle, which trembled through the expanse of palpitating heat-waves; and I knew how a hermit crab feels when its home pinches, or is out of gear with the world. And, too, Nupee was dead, and the jungle to the south seemed to call less strongly. So I wandered through the old house for the last time, sniffing the agreeable odor of aged hypo still permeating the dark room, recovering the empty stains of skins and traces of maps on the walls, and refilling in my mind the vacant shelves. The vampires had returned to their chosen roost, the martins still swept through the corridors, and as I went down the hill, a moriche oriole sent a silver shaft of song after me from the sentinel palm, just as four years ago he had greeted me.

Then I gathered about me all the strange and unnamable possessions of a tropical laboratory — and moved. A wren reaches its home after hundreds of miles of fast aerial travel; a hermit crab achieves a new lease with a flip of his tail. Between these extremes and in no less strange a fashion I moved. A great barge pushed off from the Penal Settlement, piled high with my zoölogical Lares and Penates, and along each side squatted a line of paddlers, — white-garbed burglars and murderers, forgers and fighters, — while seated aloft on one of my ammunition trunks, with a microscope case and a camera close under his watchful eye, sat Case,

King of the Warders, the biggest, blackest, and kindest-hearted man in the world.

Three miles up river swept my moving-van; and from the distance I could hear the half-whisper — which was yet a roar — of Case as he admonished his children. 'Mon,' he would say to a shirking, shrinking coolie second-story man, 'mon, do you t'ink dis the time to sleep? What thoughts have you in your bosom, dat you delay de Professor's household?' And then a chanty would rise, the voice of the leader quavering with that wild rhythm which had come down to him, a vocal heritage, through centuries of tom-toms, and generations of savages striving for emotional expression. But the words were laughable or pathetic. I was adjured to

'Blow de mon down with a bottle of rum,
Oh, de mon — mon — blow de mon down.'

Or the jungle reëchoed the edifying reiteration of

'Sardines — and bread — OH!
Sardines — and bread,
Sardines — and bread — AND!
Sardines — and bread.'

The thrill that a whole-lunged chanty gives is difficult to describe. It arouses some deep emotional response, as surely as a military band, or the reverberating cadence of an organ, or a suddenly remembered theme of opera.

As my aquatic van drew up to the sandy landing-beach, I looked at the motley array of paddlers, and my mind went back hundreds of years to the first Spanish crew which landed here, and I wondered whether these pirates of early days had any fewer sins to their credit than Case's convicts — and I doubted it.

Across my doorstep a line of leaf-cutting ants was passing, each bearing aloft a huge bit of green leaf, or a long yellow petal, or a halberd of a stamen. A shadow fell over the line, and I looked up to see an anthropomorphic enlargement of the ants, — the convicts winding up the steep bank, each with cot, lamp, table, pitcher, trunk, or aquarium balanced on his head, — all my possessions suspended between earth and sky by the neck-muscles of worthy sinners. The first thing to be brought in was a great war-bag packed to bursting, and Number 214, with eight more years to serve, let it slide down his shoulder with a grunt — the self-same sound that I have heard from a Tibetan woman carrier, and a Mexican peon, and a Japanese porter, all of whom had in past years toted this very bag.

I led the way up the steps, and there in the doorway was a tenant, one who had already taken possession, and who now faced me and the trailing line of convicts with that dignity, poise, and perfect self-possession which only a toad, a giant grandmother of a toad, can exhibit. I, and all the law-breakers who followed, recognized the nine tenths involved in this instance and carefully stepped around. When the heavy things began to arrive, I approached diffidently, and half suggested, half directed her deliberate hops toward a safer corner. My feelings toward her were mingled, but altogether kindly, — as guest in her home, I could not but treat her with respect, — while my scientific soul reveled in the addition of *Bufo guttatus* to the fauna of this part of British Guiana. Whether flashing gold of oriole, or the blinking solemnity of a great toad, it mattered little — Kartabo had welcomed me with as propitious an omen as had Kalacoon.

II

Houses have distinct personalities, either bequeathed to them by their builders or tenants, absorbed from

their materials, or emanating from the general environment. Neither the mind which had planned our Kartabo bungalow, nor the hands which fashioned it; neither the mahogany walls hewn from the adjoining jungle, nor the white-pine beams which had known many decades of snowy winters — none of these were obtrusive. The first had passed into oblivion, the second had been seasoned by sun and rain, papered by lichens, and gnawed and bored by tiny wood-folk into a neutral inconspicuousness as complete as an Indian's deserted *benab*. The wide verandah was open on all sides, and from the bamboos of the front compound one looked straight through the central hallway to bamboos at the back. It seemed like a happy accident of the natural surroundings, a jungle-bound cave, or the low, rambling chambers of a mighty hollow tree.

No thought of who had been here last came to us that first evening. We unlimbered the creaky-legged cots, stiff and complaining after their three years' rest, and the air was filled with the clean odor of micaceous showers of naphthaline from long-packed pillows and sheets. From the rear came the clatter of plates, the scent of ripe papaws and bananas, mingled with the smell of the first fire in a new stove. Then I went out and sat on my own twelve-foot bank, looking down on the sandy beach and out and over to the most beautiful view in the Guianas. Down from the right swept slowly the Mazaruni, and from the left the Cuyuni, mingling with one wide expanse like a great rounded lake, bounded by solid jungle, with only Kalacoon and the Penal Settlement as tiny breaks in the wall of green.

The tide was falling, and as I sat watching the light grow dim, the water receded slowly, and strange little things floated past down-stream. And I thought of the no less real human tide which long years ago had flowed to my very feet and then ebbed, leaving, as drift is left upon the sand, the convicts, a few scattered Indians, and myself. In the peace and quiet of this evening, time seemed a thing of no especial account. The great jungle trees might always have been lifeless emerald water-barriers, rather than things of a few centuries' growth; the rippleless water bore with equal disregard the last mora seed which floated past, as it had held aloft the keel of an unknown Spanish ship three centuries before. These men came up-river and landed on a little island a few hundred yards from Kartabo. Here they built a low stone wall, lost a few buttons, coins, and bullets, and vanished. Then came the Dutch in sturdy ships, cleared the islet of everything except the Spanish wall, and built them a jolly little fort intended to command all the rivers, naming it Kyk-over-al. To-day the name and a strong archway of flat Holland bricks survive.

In this wilderness, so wild and so quiet to-day, it was amazing to think of Dutch soldiers doing sentry duty, and practising with their little bell-mouthed cannon on the islet, and of scores of negro and Indian slaves working in cassava fields all about where I sat. And this not fifty or a hundred or two hundred years ago, but about the year 1613, before John Smith had named New England, while the Hudson was still known as the Maurice, before the Mayflower landed with all our ancestors on board. For many years the story of this settlement and of the handful of neighboring sugar-plantations is one of privateer raids, capture, torture, slave-revolts, disease, bad government, and small profits, until we marvel at the perseverance of these sturdy Hollanders. From the records still extant, we glean here and

there amusing details of the life which was so soon to falter and perish before the oppressing jungle. Exactly two hundred and fifty years ago one Hendrik Rol was appointed commander of Kyk-over-al. He was governor, captain, store-keeper, and Indian trader, and his salary was thirty guilders, or about twelve dollars, a month — about what I paid my cook-boy.

The high tide of development at Kartabo came two hundred and three years ago, when, as we read in the old records, a Colony House was erected here. It went by the name of Huis Naby (the house near-by), from its situation near the fort. Kyk-over-al was now left to the garrison, while the commander and the civil servants lived in the new building. One of its rooms was used as a council chamber and church, while the lower floor was occupied by the company's store. The land in the neighborhood was laid out in building lots, with a view to establishing a town; it even went by the name of Stad Cartabo, and had a tavern and two or three small houses, but never contained enough dwellings to entitle it to the name of town, or even village.

The ebb-tide soon set in, and in 1739 Kartabo was deserted, and thirty years before the United States became a nation, the old fort on Kyk-over-al was demolished. The rivers and rolling jungle were attractive, but the soil was poor, while the noisome mud-swamps of the coast proved to be fertile and profitable.

Some fatality seemed to attach to all future attempts in this region. Gold was discovered, and diamonds, and to-day the wilderness here and there is powdering with rust and wreathing with creeping tendrils great piles of machinery. Pounds of gold have been taken out and hundreds of diamonds, but thus far the negro pork-knocker with his pack and washing-pan is the only really successful miner.

The jungle sends forth healthy trees two hundred feet in height, thriving for centuries, but it reaches out and blights the attempts of man, whether sisal, rubber, cocoa, or coffee. So far the ebb-tide has left but two successful crops to those of us whose kismet has led us hither — crime and science. The concentration of negroes, coolies, Chinese, and Portuguese on the coast furnishes an unfailing supply of convicts to the settlement, while the great world of life all about affords to the naturalist a bounty rich beyond all conception.

So here was I, a grateful legatee of past failures, shaded by magnificent clumps of bamboo, brought from Java and planted two or three hundred years ago by the Dutch, and sheltered by a bungalow which had played its part in the development and relinquishment of a great gold mine.

II

For a time we arranged and adjusted and shifted our equipment, — tables, books, vials, guns, nets, cameras, and microscopes, — as a dog turns round and round before it composes itself to rest. And then one day I drew a long breath, and looked about, and realized that I was at home. The newness began to pass from my little shelves and niches and blotters; in the darkness I could put my hand on flash or watch or gun; and in the morning I settled snugly into my woollen shirt, khakis, and sneakers, as if they were merely accessory skin.

In the beginning there were three of us and four servants — the latter all young, all individual, all picked up by instinct, except Sam, who was as inevitable as the tides. Our cook was too good-looking and too athletic to last. He had the reputation of being the

fastest sprinter in Guiana, with a record, so we were solemnly told, of $9\frac{1}{5}$ seconds for the hundred — a veritable Mercury, as the last world's record of which I knew was $9\frac{3}{5}$. His stay with us was like the orbit of some comets, which make a single lap around the sun never to return, and his successor Edward, with unbelievably large and graceful hands and feet, was a better cook, with the softest voice and gentlest manner in the world.

But Bertie was our joy and delight. He too may be compared to a star — one which, originally bright, becomes temporarily dim, and finally attains to greater magnitude than before. Ultimately he became a fixed ornament of our culinary and taxidermic cosmic system, and whatever he did was accomplished with the most remarkable contortions of limbs and body. To watch him rake was to learn new anatomical possibilities; when he paddled, a surgeon would be moved to astonishment; when he caught butterflies, a teacher of physical culture would not have believed his eyes.

At night, when our servants had sealed themselves hermetically in their room in the neighboring thatched quarters, and the last squeak from our cots had passed out on its journey to the far distant goal of all nocturnal sounds, we began to realize that our new home held many more occupants than our three selves. Stealthy rustlings, indistinct scrapings, and low murmurs kept us interested for as long as ten minutes; and in the morning we would remember and wonder who our fellow tenants could be. Some nights the bungalow seemed as full of life as the tiny French homes labeled, '*Hommes* 40*: Chevaux* 8,' when the hastily estimated billeting possibilities were actually achieved, and one wondered whether it were not better to be the *cheval premier*, than the *homme quarantième*.

For years the bungalow had stood in sun and rain unoccupied, with a watchman and his wife, named Hope, who lived close by. The aptness of his name was that of the little Barbadian mule-tram which creeps through the coral-white streets, striving forever to divorce motion from progress and bearing the name Alert. Hope had done his duty and watched the bungalow. It was undoubtedly still there and nothing had been taken from it; but he had received no orders as to accretions, and so, to our infinite joy and entertainment, we found that in many ways it was not only near jungle, it *was* jungle. I have compared it with a natural cave. It was also like a fallen jungle-log, and we some of the small folk who shared its dark recesses with hosts of others. Through the air, on wings of skin or feathers or tissue membrane; crawling or leaping by night; burrowing underground; gnawing up through the great supporting posts, swarming up the bamboos and along the pliant curving stems to drop quietly on the shingled roof — thus had the jungle-life come past Hope's unseeing eyes and found the bungalow worthy residence.

The bats were with us from first to last. We exterminated one colony which spent its inverted days clustered over the centre of our supply chamber, but others came immediately and disputed the ownership of the dark room. Little chaps with great ears and nose-leaves of sensitive skin spent the night beneath my shelves and chairs, and even my cot. They hunted at dusk and again at dawn, slept in my room, and vanished in the day. Even for bats they were ferocious, and whenever I caught one in a butterfly-net, he went into paroxysms of rage, squealing in angry passion, striving to bite my hand and, failing that, chewing vainly on his own long fingers and arms. Their teeth were wonderfully intricate, and seemed

adapted for some very special diet, although beetles seemed to satisfy those which I caught. For once, the systematist had labeled them opportunely, and we never called them anything but *Furipterus horrens.*

In the evening great bats as large as small herons swept down the long front gallery where we worked, gleaning as they went; but the vampires were long in coming, and for months we neither saw nor heard of one. Then they attacked our servants, and we took heart, and night after night exposed our toes, as conventionally accepted vampire-bait. When at last they found that the color of our skins was no criterion of dilution of blood, they came in crowds. For three nights they swept about us with hardly a whisper of wings, and accepted either toe or elbow or finger, or all three, and the cots and floor in the morning looked like an emergency hospital behind an active front. In spite of every attempt at keeping awake, we dropped off to sleep before the bats had begun, and did not waken until they left. We ascertained however that there was no truth in the belief that they hovered or kept fanning with their wings. Instead, they settled on the person with an appreciable flop, and then crawled to the desired spot.

One night I made a special effort and, with bared arm, prepared for a long vigil. In a few minutes bats began to fan my face, the wings almost brushing, but never quite touching my skin. I could distinguish the difference between the smaller and the larger, the latter having a deeper swish, deeper and longer drawn-out. Their voices were so high and shrill that the singing of the jungle crickets seemed almost contralto in comparison. Finally, I began to feel myself the focus of one or more of these winged weasels. The swishes became more frequent, the returnings almost doubling on their track. Now and then a small body touched the sheet for an instant, and then, with a soft little tap, a vampire alighted on my chest. I was half sitting up, yet I could not see him, for I had found that the least hint of light ended any possibility of a visit. I breathed as quietly as I could, and made sure that both hands were clear. For a long time there was no movement, and the renewed swishes made me suspect that the bat had again taken flight. Not until I felt a tickling on my wrist did I know that my visitor had shifted, and unerringly was making for the arm which I had exposed. Slowly it crept forward, but I hardly felt the pushing of the feet and pulling of the thumbs as it crawled along. If I had been asleep, I should not have awakened. It continued up my forearm and came to rest at my elbow. Here another long period of rest, and then several short, quick shifts of body. With my whole attention concentrated on my elbow, I began to imagine various sensations as my mind pictured the long, lancet tooth sinking deep into the skin, and the blood pumping up. I even began to feel the hot rush of my vital fluid over my arm, and then found that I had dozed for a moment and that all my sensations were imaginary. But soon a gentle tickling became apparent, and in spite of putting this out of my mind, and with increasing doubts as to the bats being still there, the tickling continued. It changed to a tingling, rather pleasant than otherwise, like the first stage of having one's hand asleep.

It really seemed as if this were the critical time. Somehow or other the vampire was at work with no pain or even inconvenience to me, and now was the moment to seize him, call for a lantern, and solve his supersurgical skill, the exact method of this vespertilial anæsthetist. Slowly, very slowly, I lifted the other hand, always thinking

of my elbow, so that I might keep all the muscles relaxed. Very slowly it approached, and with as swift a motion as I could achieve, I grasped at the vampire. I felt a touch of fur and I gripped a struggling, skinny wing; there came a single nip of teeth, and the wing-tip slipped through my fingers. I could detect no trace of blood by feeling, so turned over and went to sleep. In the morning I found a tiny scratch, with the skin barely broken; and, heartily disappointed, I realized that my tickling and tingling had been the preliminary symptoms of the operation.

Marvelous moths which slipped into the bungalow like shadows; pet tarantulas; golden-eyed gongasocka geckos; automatic, house-cleaning ants; opossums large and small; tiny lizards who had tongues in place of eyelids; wasps who had doorsteps and watched the passing from their windows — all these were intimates of my laboratory table, whose riches must be spread elsewhere; but the sounds of the bungalow were common to the whole structure.

One of the first things I noticed, as I lay on my cot, was the new voice of the wind at night. Now and then I caught a familiar sound, — faint, but not to be forgotten, — the clattering of palm fronds. But this came from Boom-boom Point, fifty yards away (an outjutting of rocks where we had secured our first giant catfish of that name). The steady rhythm of sound which rose and fell with the breeze, and sifted into my window with the moonbeams, was the gentlest *shussssssing*, a fine whispering, a veritable fern of a sound, high and crisp and wholly apart from the moaning around the eaves which arose at stronger gusts. It brought to mind the steep mountainsides of Pahang, and windy nights which presaged great storms in high passes of Yunnan.

But these wonder times lived only through memory, and were misted with intervening years, while it came upon me during early nights, again and again, that this was Now, and that into the hour-glass neck of Now was headed a maelstrom of untold riches of the Future — minutes and hours and sapphire days ahead — a Now which was wholly unconcerned with leagues and liquor, with strikes and salaries. So I turned over with the peace which passes all telling — the forecast of delving into the private affairs of birds and monkeys, of great butterflies and strange frogs and flowers. The seeping wind had led my mind on and on from memory and distant sorrows to thoughts of the joy of labor and life.

At half-past five a kiskadee shouted at the top of his lungs from the bamboos, but he probably had a nightmare, for he went to sleep and did not wake again for half-an-hour. The final swish of a bat's wing came to my ear, and the light of a fog-dimmed day slowly tempered the darkness among the dusty beams and rafters. From high overhead a sprawling tarantula tossed aside the shriveled remains of his night's banquet, the emerald cuirass and empty mahogany helmet of a long-horned beetle which eddied downward and landed upon my sheet.

Immediately around the bungalow the bamboos held absolute sway, and while forming a very tangible link between the roof and the outliers of the jungle, yet no plant could obtain foothold beneath their shade. They withheld light, and the mat of myriads of slender leaves killed off every sprouting thing. This was of the utmost value to us, providing shade, clear passage to every breeze, and an absolute dearth of flies and mosquitoes. We found that the clumps needed clearing of old stems, and for two days we indulged in the strangest of weedings. The dead stems were as hard as stone outside, but the

axe bit through easily, and they were so light that we could easily carry enormous ones, which made us feel like giants, though, when I thought of them in their true botanical relationship, I dwarfed in imagination as quickly as Alice, to a pigmy tottering under a blade of grass. It was like a Brobdingnagian game of jack-straws, as the cutting or prying loose of a single stem often brought several others crashing to earth in unexpected places, keeping us running and dodging to avoid their terrific impact. The fall of these great masts awakened a roaring swish ending in a hollow rattling, wholly unlike the crash and dull boom of a solid trunk. When we finished with each clump, it stood as a perfect giant bouquet, looking, at a distance, like a tuft of green feathery plumes, with the bungalow snuggled beneath as a toadstool is overshadowed by ferns. The vitality of this growth was remarkable, and after we cut and planted a seventy-five-foot stem for a flag-pole, the joints sprouted green shoots so rapidly that we had to lower and trim it from time to time, in order to raise the flag.

Scores of the homes of small folk were uncovered by our weeding out — wasps, termites, ants, bees, wood-roaches, centipedes; and occasionally a small snake or great solemn toad came out from the débris at the roots, the latter blinking and swelling indignantly at this sudden interruption of his siesta. In a strong wind the stems bent and swayed, thrashing off every imperfect leaf, and sweeping low across the roof, with strange scrapings and bamboo mutterings. But they hardly ever broke and fell. In the evening, however, and in the night, after a terrific storm, a sharp, unexpected *rat-tat-tat-tat*, exactly like a machine-gun, would smash in on the silence, and two or three of the great grasses, which perhaps sheltered Dutchmen generations ago, would snap and fall. But the Indians and Bovianders who lived nearby knew this was no wind, nor yet weakness of stem, but Sinclair, who was abroad and who was cutting down the bamboos for his own secret reasons. He was evil, and it was well to be indoors with all windows closed; but further details were lacking, and we were driven to clothe this imperfect ghost with history and habits of our own devising.

The birds and other inhabitants of the bamboos were those of the more open jungle — flocks drifting through the clumps, monkeys occasionally swinging from one to another of the elastic tips, while toucans came and went. At evening, flocks of parrakeets and great black orioles came to roost, courting the safety which they had come to associate with the clearings of human pioneers in the jungle. A box on a bamboo stalk drew forth joyous hymns of praise from a pair of little God-birds, as the natives call the house-wrens, who straightway collected all the grass and feathers in the world, stuffed them into the tiny chamber, and after a time performed the ever-marvelous feat of producing three replicas of themselves from this hay-filled box. The father-parent was one concentrated mite of song, with just enough feathers for wings to enable him to pursue caterpillars and grasshoppers as raw material for the production of more song. He sang at the prospect of a home; then he sang to attract and win a mate; more song at the joy of finding wonderful grass and feathers; again melody to beguile his mate, patiently giving the hours and days of her body-warmth in instinct-compelled belief in the future. He sang while he took his turn at sitting; then he nearly choked to death trying to sing while stuffing a bug down a nestling's throat; finally, he sang at the end of a perfect

nesting season; again, in hopes of persuading his mate to repeat it all, and this failing, sang in chorus in the wren quintette — I hoped, in gratitude to us. At least from April to September he sang every day, and if my interpretation be anthropomorphic, why so much the better for anthropomorphism. At any rate, before we left, all five wrens sat on a little shrub and imitated the morning stars, and our hearts went out to the little virile featherlings, who had lost none of their enthusiasm for life in this tropical jungle. Their one demand in this great wilderness was man's presence, being never found in the jungle except in an inhabited clearing, or, as I have found them, clinging hopefully to the vanishing ruins of a dead Indian's *benab*, waiting and singing in perfect faith until the jungle had crept over it all and they were compelled to give up and set out in search of another home, within sound of human voices.

Bare as our leaf-carpeted bamboo-glade appeared, yet a select little company found life worth living there. The dry sand beneath the house was covered with the pits of ant-lions, and as we watched them month after month, they seemed to have more in common with the grains of quartz which composed their cosmos than with the organic world. By day or night no ant or other edible thing seemed ever to approach or be entrapped; and month after month there was no sign of change to image. Yet each pit held a fat, enthusiastic inmate, ready at a touch to turn steam-shovel, battering-ram, bayonet, and gourmand. Among the first thousand-and-one mysteries of Kartabo I give a place to the source of nourishment of the sub-bungalow ant-lions.

Walking one day back of the house, I observed a number of small holes, with a little shining head just visible in each, which vanished at my approach. Looking closer, I was surprised to find a colony of tropical doodle-bugs. Straightway I chose a grass-stem and, squatting, began fishing as I had fished many years ago in the southern states. Soon a nibble and then an angry pull, and I jerked out the irate little chap. He had the same naked bumpy body and the fierce head, and when two or three were put together, they fought blindly and with the ferocity of bull-dogs.

IV

To write of pets is as bad taste as to write in diary form, and, besides, I had made up my mind to have no pets on this expedition. They were a great deal of trouble and a source of distraction from work while they were alive; and one's heart was wrung and one's concentration disturbed at their death. But Kib came one day, brought by a tiny copper-bronze Indian. He looked at me, touched me tentatively with a mobile little paw, and my firm resolution melted away. A young coati-mundi cannot sit man-fashion like a bear-cub, nor is he as fuzzy as a kitten or as helpless as a puppy, but he has ways of winning to the human heart, past all obstacles.

The small Indian thought that three shillings would be a fair exchange; but I knew the par value of such stock, and Kib changed hands for three bits. A week later a thousand shillings would have seemed cheap to his new master. A coati-mundi is a tropical, arboreal raccoon of sorts, with a long, ever-wriggling snout, sharp teeth, eyes that twinkle with humor, and clawed paws which are more skillful than many a fingered hand. To the scientists of the world he is addressed as *Nasua nasua nasua* — which lays itself open to the twin ambiguity of stuttering Latin, or the echoes of a Princetonian football

yell. The natural histories call him coati-mundi, while the Indian has by far the best of it, with the ringing, climatic syllables, *Kibihée!* And so, in the case of a being who has received much more than his share of vitality, it was altogether fitting to shorten this to Kib — Dunsany's giver of life upon the earth.

My heart's desire is to run on and tell many paragraphs of Kib; but that, as I have said, would be bad taste, which is one form of immorality. For in such things sentiment runs too closely parallel to sentimentality, — moderation becomes maudlinism, — and one enters the caste of those who tell anecdotes of children, and the latest symptoms of their physical ills. And the deeper one feels the joys of friendship with individual small folk of the jungle, the more difficult it is to convey them to others. And so it is not of the tropical mammal coati-mundi, nor even of the humorous Kib that I think, but of the soul of him galloping up and down his slanting log, of his little inner ego, which changed from a wild thing to one who would hurl himself from any height or distance into a lap, confident that we would save his neck, welcome him, and waste good time playing the game which he invented, of seeing whether we could touch his little cold snout before he hid it beneath his curved arms.

So, in spite of my resolves, our bamboo groves became the homes of numerous little souls of wild folk, whose individuality shone out and dominated the less important incidental casement, whether it happened to be feathers, or fur, or scales. It is interesting to observe how the Adam in one comes to the surface in the matter of names for pets. I know exactly the uncomfortable feeling which must have perturbed the heart of that pioneer of nomenclaturists, to be plumped down in the midst of 'the greatest aggregation of animals ever assembled' before the time of Noah, and to be able to speak of them only as *this* or *that, he* or *she.* So we felt when inundated by a host of pets. It is easy to speak of the species by the lawful Latin or Greek name; we mention the specimen on our laboratory table by its common natural-history appelation. But the individual who touches our pity, or concern, or affection demands a special title — usually absurdly inapt.

Soon in the bamboo glade about our bungalow ten little jungle friends came to live, and to us they will always be Kib and Gawain, George and Gregory, Robert and Grandmother, Raoul and Pansy, Jennie and Jellicoe.

Gawain was not a double personality — he was an intermittent reincarnation, vibrating between the inorganic and the essence of vitality. In a reasonable scheme of earthly things he filled the niche of a giant green tree-frog, and one of us seemed to remember that the Knight Gawain was enamored of green, and so we dubbed him. For the hours of daylight Gawain preferred the rôle of a hunched-up pebble of malachite; or if he could find a leaf, he drew eighteen purple vacuum toes beneath him, veiled his eyes with opalescent lids, and slipped from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom, flattened by masterly shading which filled the hollows and leveled the bumps; and the leaf became more of a leaf than it had been before Gawain was merged with it.

Night, or hunger, or the merciless tearing of sleep from his soul wrought magic and transformed him into a glowing, jeweled spectre. He sprouted toes and long legs; he rose and inflated his sleek emerald frog-form; his sides blazed forth a mother-of-pearl waistcoat — a myriad mosaics of pink and blue and salmon and mauve; and from

nowhere if not from the very depths of his throat, there slowly rose twin globes, — great eyes, — which stood above the flatness of his head, as mosques above an oriental city. Gone were the neutralizing lids, and in their place, strange upright pupils surrounded with vermilion lines and curves and dots, like characters of ancient illuminated Persian script. And with these appalling eyes Gawain looked at us, with these unreal crimson-flecked globes staring absurdly from an expressionless emerald mask, he contemplated roaches and small grasshoppers, and correctly estimated their distance and activity. We never thought of demanding friendship, or a hint of his voice, or common froggish activities from Gawain. We were content to visit him now and then, to arouse him, and then leave him to disincarnate his vertebral outward phase into chlorophyll or lifeless stone. To muse upon his courtship or emotions was impossible. His life had a feeling of sphinx-like duration — Gawain as a tadpole was unthinkable. He seemed ageless, unreal, wonderfully beautiful, and wholly inexplicable.

GEOGRAPHY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

THE geography teacher is a girl of twenty-five or so, who touches up her face a little with paint and powder, wears the light-topped and high-heeled shoes and the short skirts of the 'shop lady' and her customer, and is teaching until some male picks her off the tree of the knowledge of good and evil as a ripe and desirable apple, thinking that the Garden of Eden goes with it.

She chose geography because she might just as well teach that as anything, and she seemed particularly good at remembering the boundaries of things and the principal rivers. She cares considerably less for geography, *per se*, than she does for a book of Hall Caine's. Its importance consists in the fact that you can make a living — $850 or $1000 a year — by teaching it to children. By the use of a book written by a man who was also interested in writing about geography as a means of making money, and by the further use of maps and globes manufactured by people who care no more for geography than the people who make stoves or hats, she can 'put over' a certain process called 'teaching geography' and get enough to pay room and board and allow something for her real interests besides; until, as stated, a stray man, looking into the little inclosure where she lives, has a queer feeling that this geography teacher is a rare and priceless thing to possess.

And so indeed she may be — but *not* as a geography teacher. As a fiancée and as a wife and mother, perhaps, her real life begins, and her life as a thinker about geography probably stops absolutely, and the last thing that you can catch that girl doing is giving a single thought to geography thereafter. That

is perfectly right. At last, she is honest.

But why should a person ever have been selected to teach children, to whom geography was *nothing* except so many dollars a month, and to whom children's aching minds were nothing except receptacles into which you could stuff a few maps and a few names — so that they might answer the necessary questions and move on to the next grade?

Here is the class: thirty children — say ten years old. They are like maple trees in April, all shivering with pistillate flowers to catch pollen, thirsty for the words that shall fertilize.

The geography teacher has a map on the wall. When the map is there, the children are asked questions like this: 'What are the main exports of the State of Massachusetts?' When the map is not there, the children are asked to bound the various states — to give the names of the capitals.

Even when they draw maps, — a most delicious diversion, — they get no sense of what they are about: that they are engaged in a most astonishing adventure of walking or riding or sailing with the people who first laid out the lines of those bays and islands and promontories, startling the beavers, or the walrus, or the moose, or the lion or giraffe.

It is one thing to draw the lines which inclose Hudson's Bay, for instance. It is another thing to think, while you draw those lines, or while you look at Hudson's Bay on the map, of old Captain Hendrik Hudson, sailing about up there in that most inhospitable and lonely place, making the map. And also that Hudson's Bay is there now, exactly as it was, and that you certainly must see it and not be satisfied with a map of it. All around it are little camps, very far apart and extremely quiet camps, where, in the deep snow, the Indian trapper goes softly about his ancient business and lives comfortably all winter where you would die in one week. But you could train yourself to live like that Indian. And that's one thing you hope you will not forget to do when you grow up — make a close friend of one of those Indians, and have him teach you geography — the geography of Hudson's Bay. For *he* knows it, oh, *how* he knows it! And yet it never occurs to him to teach it; nobody in school would think for a minute of bringing an Indian to teach children the geography of the place where he lives, — or a trapper, or a French-Canadian, a *voyageur*, — even though you could get him for less than you pay the young lady who cares much more for a well-furnished little apartment on Belden Avenue than for any nasty cold place up north or dirty hot place down south.

One time something incredible happened. A man from up that way, from Alaska, — a mail carrier, — did actually give a lesson in geography to a room full of children. And in order to do it properly what did he have to have — maps and books? Dear Lord, no! he had twelve or so Esquimaux dogs, and he had one dog in particular which he wanted particularly to talk about, a dog that was really a great gray wolf. That dog understood the geography of Alaska even better than his master did, and that dog and his master together so impressed the geography of Alaska on those children that their souls and bodies trembled and shook with the power of that experience, and thereafter, to their dying day, that lesson in geography was at least one perfectly real and ecstatic piece of life.

It would be something of the same thing if you could get the geography of the Malay Archipelago, for instance, taught by some native friend of Mr. Conrad's; if you could get Sven Hedin or Ekai Kawagouchi to pick a man from Thibet to teach the children about the

Himalayas. But no — they must be taught by someone who prefers the security of a flat to the rigors of climate on the open surface of the earth under the windy sky.

The superintendent picks out the geography teacher. The superintendent ventures only to the golf field, and his wife ventures to the musicale at the woman's club, and they both venture to a hotel at Holland, Michigan, for a few weeks in rocking-chairs there, taking pains to avoid sunburn and anything violent.

But I met a geography teacher once — a professional too: not an Indian, but a Norwegian. In point of fact I have met several geography teachers, but only one — this one — was a professional. The others were men who dropped in from the ends of the earth, who sat for a while at the table, or by the fire, sometimes on the floor, smoking and talking to the family about geography.

One used to talk about the Rocky Mountains and Arizona — about the Rocky Mountain sheep and the Moki and Zuni Indians. And as he talked he modeled the Rocky Mountains with his big hands, and painted the great walls of ochre rock; and there, on that sharp profile on the remotest ledge — look! — do you recognize that silhouette, that perfect thing? — the wild sheep! And one time, sitting under a precipice of a hundred feet, over his head poured an *avalanche* of wild sheep, landing like thistle-down, without a scramble or a slip, and poured down the valley like a turbid steam. And then the buffalo of the prairie, the cougars and the grizzly bears, the Indians of the Mesas and of the Pueblos. The great desert, the shadowy coyote, the naked Indian runner, with a red scarf about his black hair, appearing on one burning horizon, crossing your trail without a glance, disappearing over the other horizon in silence and beauty.

Another was a man who casually walked across Turkestan, Afghanistan, and some part of Mongolia and China. He knew how people live in the huge vacant spaces on the roof of the world, where the wind is incessant and terrific, and the sand blows like a torment of hell, and the shepherds move from place to place, following the scanty water and grass in their red-skin tents, and receive you with all the grace and dignity and courtliness of the great traditions of an ancient race.

You get some impression from both these teachers of geography that we people of the trolley car and the department store and cheap theatre are certainly no ornament to the earth or to the race of men. Rather, we are an abominable blemish, and against the poise and grace and courtesy and graciousness of these barbarians our own bodily characteristics and a considerable part of our mental characteristics are as dust and ashes.

That is their experience. They have met both kinds.

Then there was a man the other day, — just yesterday, — who stretched himself out in a chair, blew smoke up to the ceiling, and in the presence of my two boys who were congealed into stone images, who forgot to breathe, told a simple tale of the cocoanut business in New Guinea.

It appears he was invited to go into the cocoanut business, being engaged at the time in drifting through the opalescent mysteries and terrors of the Malay Archipelago. A big Dutchman made it seem most alluring to plant twenty thousand trees, wait ten years, and then make every year thereafter a dollar a tree from copra.

So he went down to look over the location where he was invited to spend the remainder of his life. It was a beautiful place beside those enigmatic seas — beautiful with that poisonous beauty,

that serpentine remorseless beauty, that we know so well from Joseph Conrad. And he was disposed to go in with the big Dutchman until somebody whispered the word 'Tigers.' He listened to that word and made a few inquiries. It appeared that the tigers in the cocoanut orchard were about as usual as the hornets in a peach orchard. Of course, if you could afford it, you rode on an elephant — notice the boys — and thereby avoided some risk. But, on the whole, the daily presence of that brightly burning beast — who could never be detected until it was a case of being a dead shot or being dead — made the cocoanut business seem less desirable than the lemon business in San Domingo, which now engages a part of his attention. What would New Guinea ever mean to those two boys if they got the news from New Guinea out of geographies and professional geography teachers?

But this professional I mentioned is a Norwegian. I suppose, because I know one real teacher of geography who is also a professional, that there must be others in the profession. For it is not at all likely that I know the only one. But this is certain — their value has never been realized.

This man walks the crust of the earth with adoration, as old John Muir used to walk it. And in the confinement of a city flat and a city school, with the crashing debasements of noise and the defilements of dirt and smoke, his spirit sweeps like eagles over all the mountains or wades with the heron in all the rivers of the world.

He made some maps of his own. How did they differ from other maps? They were so beautiful that as mural decoration they could not be excelled. Some indication of the mural value of a map may be seen in the Pennsylvania Terminal of New York City. And of course these maps had not a single name on them. A beautiful map is defiled with names, and yet it is the names only that make a map intelligible to the standard geography teacher, or to her superiors.

This Norwegian seems to think that the earth is not composed of cities and towns and railroad routes. It is a very strange, wild, and romantic place to live in still.

'Land and sea have, with the help of the sun, bred a curious fungoid thing that creeps over it. But that did not exhaust land and sea.

'They are yet young and sing at their work; and if you want to get a sense of how young and how vital and how generous and honest and relentless and terrible these giants of Jotunheim are, clear out of this! If you must be an insect, — a fly, — do not choose to be a house-fly about apartment houses, office-buildings, theatres, clubs: be at least a dragon-fly.'

Then the wistfulness of those faces of regimented boys and girls sitting before him caught in the nets of circumstance, prompts him to say, 'But my dear children, if you come to love the land, the sea, the rivers, the sky; if you come to love geography through thinking about geography, then you may be sure you will one day *experience* geography! And if you don't, then the door into geography is locked against you forever. There are those resounding words, "Unto him that knocketh, it shall be opened." All we can do in this class is to knock at the geography door lightly, timidly, perhaps, at first, but more and more resolutely; and before you know it, the door flies open — and there you find yourself, as I have found myself so many times, drifting along the lovely contours of the Alleghanies or the Blue Ridge, among dogwood and Judas-tree blossoms; exploring the bays and islands of Puget Sound, or the Florida Keys; drinking from glacial streams in the Dolomites, or climbing

among the purple rocks of Norway in the twilight and sleeping in a hut against the very stars. And without money and without price — that is to say, with so little money that you can get enough by saving on the things that are totally unimportant compared with this thing.

'For this seems to me to be Life, and Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness; and most of the goings and comings of men and women, who are old enough to know better, seem to me to be Death and Slavery and the Pursuit of Misery.

'I would like to state the whole case for geography, but I can't — it is too big. You know how it was with Thor when he tried to lift the Utgard snake, or throw down the old woman; and Thor was a god. I say, you can't even state the case for geography adequately, much less scratch the surface of the subject. You can do just one thing, you can associate yourself with this magnificent thing, first here in this class and afterwards outside, and see what it does to you.

'Geography makes all people what they are, as far as their vital habits and customs are concerned. There is no good-will about it, and no morality at all; so it has been hard to introduce those elements into human affairs. All the same, if you want to keep clear of the fevers and flaccidity and obesity of human society, you will have to get back to geography over and over again; and *not in parties* — far from it. You must go alone. The impact of parties, of groups of laughers and jokers and witty commenters and preoccupied duffers full of law or medicine or anything else, breaks all the little wires which carry those currents to the soul that David had in mind when he said, "He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

'And that is why I have written those words on the blackboard to-day, at the beginning of our acquaintance in geography: "He restoreth my soul." This is from one of the very greatest poems in any literature — by a shepherd who naturally expressed geography in every thought and word. And if your association with geography does not restore your soul, and even lead you in the paths of righteousness, then, children, I have not taught the subject, and you have not learned it.'

And so the year's work in geography begins. It is the work required by the school. But it is all kinds of geography together — it is synthetic geography — and it is informed by this geographer with something of its own profound and prodigious character, *plus* the reactions of a man who knows that children in schools are entitled, by every canon of honesty and fair dealing, to intellectual and spiritual bread, not stones.

Now there is, of course, a geography of information, but it does not become educational until it is transformed into a geography of inspiration. Most of the geography of information with which children are stuffed until they can recite it, — regurgitate it, — is forgotten. Naturally it has to be forgotten. There is no use, except the bad use of display, in remembering the boundaries of states, or, in fact, anything very arbitrary of that sort which takes the place of strong visualizations, both of the countries and of the people and animals and plants which live and die in them.

If you want to teach geography in the best way, you take the children to the place you wish to have them learn about. The geography book and its expositor usually take them to no place that they will remember.

Moving pictures are most valuable in producing the illusion. The Seventh Grade, for instance, can go to the Great Barrier and beyond with Lieutenant Scott — can see the killer whale's interest in the baby seal, and the big

sea-lions come up out of a hole in the ice and bask sleepily in their shining wet hides in a temperature of forty below, while the penguins nod approvingly nearby.

Yet what we have to depend on most are collateral books written by people who have 'been there' and who can state the case adequately, *plus* a teacher of geography who, if he has n't been there in body, has been there in spirit, and, in his own Patmos, has been transported and can also write a Book of Revelation, if called on to do so.

The policy of the open door for the spirits of children will be his rule of life. With him the child who lives back of the Yards in Chicago or in Avenue B in New York may escape the prison-house whose shades approach so early in life and into which he will certainly go.

The map of North America hangs here on my wall — a map by the Norwegian aforesaid. What should it suggest? Do you see the map, or do you see what the map stands for? Well, what does it stand for? It stands for a very beautiful but a very terrible thing.

A thousand years to it are but as yesterday, and its categorical imperative is, 'Return.' Generation after generation comes up out of it and goes back into it; and how differently they spend their time! While the lady in New York goes to Mouquin's after the opera, her sister in the Aleutian Islands is getting up to a breakfast of hot walrus blood and blubber. The dog-team is struggling across Labrador while folks in Florida are bathing in the surf. Silver or muddy rivers are moving forever. Steamers and trains poke painfully along, like insects in high grass. In little spots, illuminated by electricity and smudged with smoke, there is a rather repulsive swarming of the otherwise invisible human being.

The Valley of the Mississippi waves in wheat and corn. The Rocky Mountains stand rigid in the grimace of the last convulsive agony of the crust. The Gulf of Mexico holds in its bowl the elixir of life for an otherwise dead England and Scandinavia.

The migratory birds stream north or south, following those mysterious lines established by a million years of practice.

The oceans frame it in cobalt and foam. The clouds, the sky, and the stars roof it over with a great majesty, and the sun works the chemistry and the consolation that makes the thing go at all, turns mineral into vegetable, and allows the smallest cricket to chirp, and man himself to sing, under conditions that are really desperate.

The whole thing goes whirling on through black and frigid space — at an incredible pace. North America spins, in all its ponderosity, like a spoke in a flywheel. In other words, it is an unspeakable mystery, an atrocious contradiction, an extravagant anomaly. And will what you have to say about North America consist of everything that is dull and wearisome as a piece of bookkeeping or the minutes of the last meeting of the School Board?

WHERE WE STAND

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

CIVILIZATION? Is it learned and wealthy social organization? Or general gentility? Without agreeing on any ethical definition, we may admit that the most civilized state will be that wherein is found the greatest proportionate number of happy, healthy, wise, and gentle citizens. Whether civilization, judged by this standard, has ever been high, is more than doubtful; it was certainly still low before the war, and is at the moment even lower. The Great War was not a thunderbolt from the blue launched at an unoffending mankind: it was a stealing Fate carefully nurtured within the bosom of modern civilization; the natural and gradually reached result of a crude competitive system pursued almost to its limits — the climax, in fact, of the individual, political, and national rivalries which have been speeding to this end since the Middle Ages.

The march of mankind is directed neither by his will, nor by his superstitions, but by the effect of his great and, as it were, accidental discoveries on his average nature. The discovery and exploitation of language, of fire, of corn, of ships, of metals, of gunpowder, of printing, of coal, steam, electricity, of flying machines (atomic energy has still to be exploited), acting on a human nature which is, practically speaking, constant, moulds the real shape of human life, under all the agreeable camouflage of religions, principles, policies, personages, and ideas. After the discovery and exploitation of gunpowder and printing, the centuries stood somewhat still, until, with coal, steam, and modern machinery, a swift industrialism set in, which has brought the world to its recent state.

In comparison with the effect of these discoveries and their unconscious influence on human life, the effect of political ideas is seen to be inconsiderable. For theories arise from and follow material states of being, rather than precede and cause them. British Liberalism, for example, did not give birth to that hard-headed child Free Trade (by Wealth out of Short Sight); it did not even inaugurate the 'live and let live' theory; it followed on and crowned with a misty halo a state of long-acknowledged industrial ascendancy. Prussian 'will to power' did not cause, it followed and crowned with thorns, the rising wave of German industry and wealth. And outstanding personalities such as Gladstone and Bismarck are rather made outstanding by the times they live in, than make those times outstanding.

This is one of two sober truths with which one has to reckon in forecasting the future of civilization; the other is the aforesaid constancy of human nature. The fact that modern human nature is much more subtle, ambitious, and humane than the nature of primitive man, is not greatly important to creatures who live but three-score years and ten, and who in their mental and spiritual stature are on the whole no higher, and in physical development probably lower, than the Greeks and Romans.

A cataclysm such as this war makes

stock-takers of us all; and we are now recording in a hundred ways, with a sort of automatic busyness, where we stand, with the praiseworthy intention, no doubt, of standing somewhere else. We shall point out to ourselves where we failed, and what we have now to do, and probably proceed to do what our inventions and discoveries, acting on our general nature, make us. This fatalistic reflection, however, should incite us to effort, rather than discourage us therefrom; for it is no use laboring under illusions; mankind, which does not see the grip his discoveries have on him, is the more powerless against that grip. Nor is there any use in being blind about the sort of beings we are. Consider a moment that queer compound, average human nature. Plain everyday man, superior to his exploiters, pastors, and masters, in the qualities of hardihood, endurance, patience, and humor, is inferior to them in power of imagining, speculating, devising, competing, and telling others what to do. The competitive and scheming qualities of these leaders — of politicians, militarists, industrial captains and exploiters, of pressmen, labor leaders, lawyers, pastors, and writers — form, with the simple qualities of those they lead, that amalgam which we call average human nature. But leaders and led are almost equally deficient in pure altruism — the impersonal quality; so that, in sum, human nature is personal, strenuous, hardy, enduring, ingenious, shortsighted, combative, and competitive — just the right material to be stampeded by its own discoveries and inventions.

The war has not changed human nature by jot or tittle, and has added to, rather than taken from, our undigested inventions and discoveries: it has, for instance, developed engines of destruction, and flying machines, whether for purposes of trade or war, and increased general ingenuity and the possibilities of material production. What else has it done? It has carted the hay of old national boundaries and problems, — preserving, of course, the Irish problem, — and produced a luxuriant crop of fresh ones. It has destroyed some autocracies, and given such stimulus to so-called democracy as to threaten the world with fresh tyrannies of the part over the whole. It has disrupted Greater Russia, probably forever; and has wasted the youth and wealth of Europe to such a degree as to shift the real storm-centre of the world to the Pacific Ocean, and the three unexhausted countries lying east and west thereof. It has exaggerated the conception of nationalism, and, on the whole, lowered that of individual liberty.

It has brought forth the theory of a league of nations, which will, alas, remain a theory unless, to their uneasy surprise, the now dominant powers should suddenly become altruistic. It has greatly advanced the emancipation of women, and loosened family life. It has increased the hopes and wants of 'the workers' — a name which suggests a monopoly by no means existing. It has, by development of flying, turned both land-warfare and sea-power into gambles in the air. It has demonstrated the need for nations to be self-sufficing in the matter of food-growth, without inspiring, apparently, in this English land any real intention of so becoming. It has not, so far as one can see, altered in the least the only accepted ideal of modern states — maximum production of wealth to the square mile.

Now the sole hope that the future of civilization may be better than its past or present centres round the possibility of substituting for that bankrupt ideal the ideal of the maximum production of health and happiness; for, whatever the fashion of our speech and the complexion of our thought, this is not precisely

the same thing. To judge from the speeches of some of their leaders, the 'workers,' indeed, would seem to be feeling after such a substitution. But it may well be doubted whether many of their followers have risen to more than a partisan conception of the need, or fathomed the roots of the evil.

For an example by the way: there is going on in this country a great hubbub concerning coal-production, nationalization of mines, and so forth. Only a wildered pelican here and there croaks of the need to concentrate national attention on chaining the tides and using water-driven electricity, on opening up oil-deposits and abolishing altogether the need for coal. Coal is a curse, if there is any way of doing without. It has done more to destroy health and happiness than any of our great discoveries. And, even if it were rendered smokeless, it has still to be extracted, and millions of men in this beautiful world must work below ground. We are told, with clamor, that on coal-production our exporting power depends — power to pay for the food we now have to import. Only in apologetic whispers are we told that we should grow the food instead, — which is perfectly possible if we set our minds to the task, — and save that amount of need for coal. And why this fatalistic attitude about coal? Simply because we are still in the rut made by an exploited discovery acting on average human nature: we know that we have huge unextracted stores of coal; many of us own coal-mines or shares therein; more of us make a living by extracting coal; our rulers depend on the votes of a coal-worshiping community; *we want wealth quickly;* in sum, we are human beings and prefer each of us his own immediate profit to what will benefit us all in the future. That is a short concrete example of why the future of civilization looks so black.

We are all borne along in the car of industry, driven by that blind driver, our own competitive mood. What applies to ourselves applies to other nations. America and Japan are going our way fast, becoming town-ridden, industry-mad communities. The next great war will probably begin between them. Even the Chinese are now infected by the Western idea of maximum wealth to the square mile. Their 'advanced' men are saying, 'We must adopt Western methods or we cannot compete with Western industry.' Pursue Industrialism without the two basic safeguards, — self-growth of food by every nation, and the diversion of the spirit of competition to things of the mind, to art, and to sport and adventure, — pursue it thus unguarded, and civilization cannot hope to advance. Proceed as the nations may with plans for economy, for housing, sanitation, education, industrial expansion, a hundred other things, they cannot keep pace with the ruin implicit in their progress, while their ideal remains maximum production of wealth to the square mile.

Nations, like men, can be healthy and happy, though comparatively poor. Better, if need be, limit population scientifically, than go on scuttling and scuffling down this road of danger. Wealth is a means to an end, not the end itself. As a synonym for health and happiness, it has had fair trial, has failed dismally, and brought on us this war.

Remembering that human nature remains the same, that inventions are always with us, and that men almost invariably learn by experience too late, — 'si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait,' — civilization appears to be in an *impasse.* When we are assured by statesmen that the bad old world must and shall pass away, we naturally ask ourselves why — failing any real change of directing mood — it should become

anything but worse. Must we, then, throw up our hands and say, 'Well, we're only human beings: we do what we can, and after all, in some respects the world is better than it was, even if we *are* heading for a conflagration more hideous than the last'? Or is there any way in which we can try to struggle up out of the *impasse?*

If there be a saving way, at all, it is obviously this: substitute health and happiness for wealth as a world-ideal; and translate that new ideal into action by *education* from babyhood up. To do this, states must reorganize education *spiritually* — in other words, must introduce religion; not the old formal creeds, but the humanistic religion of service for the common weal, a social honor which puts the health and happiness of all first, and the wealth of self second.

The only comfort in the situation is the curious fact that, underneath all else, the sociability inculcated in modern nations by quick communications and incessant intercourse is already tending toward the formation of this new humanistic religion. But at present the tendency lacks proper machinery for expression of itself. The main object of education now is material advancement, with some honorable hankering after spiritual training. It should be the other way round. Boys and girls should be taught to think first of others in material things; they should be infected with the wisdom to know that in making smooth the way of all lies the road to their own health and happiness. It is a question of the *mood* in which we are taught to learn. That mood, from school-age up, should be shaped so as to correct, and not, as at present, to emphasize, our natural competitive egoism. None can do this save teachers themselves inspired by this ideal of service for the common welfare. The first need of civilization, therefore, is the finding and equipping of such teachers.

The teaching profession should be honored before all others; the direction of its ideals, standards, and curricula, the choice of its man-power and woman-power placed in the hands of the most truly enlightened and sweet-living persons in the state — not mere capable administrators or scholars, but men and women who have shown in practice that they can rise to an altruistic conception of human existence. States should spend money and effort as freely on this great all-underlying matter of spiritual education, as they have hitherto spent them on beating and destroying each other.

Economic production, science, development, discovery cannot save us, pursued in the rampant competitive mood. Trade is not a good in itself; it is almost, if not quite, an evil, fostering as it must the sharp and selfishly competitive qualities. Instead of the trading mood, we need a sort of universal sportsmanship, the basis of a mood which, competing keenly in things of the spirit, — in architecture, art, music, letters, and such science as ministers to health and happiness, — competing, too, in sports and in adventure, agrees to pool all productive and industrial endeavor, and to put the material welfare of mankind first, and the material welfare of self second; and we need that such a mood should be beyond and above all narrow national prejudice and partisanship.

The real and supreme importance of the League of Nations consists in its power of giving such a mood the first chance it has ever had in international affairs. For it must freely be confessed that, without this chance in *international* affairs, there is no hope that the mood will be adopted and fostered nationally.

Failing then the success of the League

of Nations in leading to the general establishment of this new mood governing our lives, civilization will continue to advance only in the public press and the mouths of statesmen in all countries, deeply, if unconsciously, committed to the devil. Nay, it must steadily lead us to another world-catastrophe many times worse than that we have just encountered, because of our blind progress in the use of destructive mechanism. In that event those of us who are left alive will console ourselves with the thought that we are human beings — of whom too much cannot justly be expected.

FIDDLERS MILITANT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

My adventures as a fiddler militant began with the extremely musical sound made by a postal card as it came clicking through the letter-slot. Filled with gloomy forebodings by what the examiner for the first Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp had told me a few days before, I had been watching that slot with a ferret's eye and the mind of a prisoner at the bar when the jury is filing in.

'You're all right,' the examiner had said, 'except your age. Of course, you know, your thirty-seven years are against you.'

But now through the slot this magic postal card, with its rich roseate hue, burst into the middle of Blue Monday. The resulting shade was a royal purple of triumph. It directed me to report as No. 2056 to the commanding officer at Plattsburg the day after to-morrow. Whoop-la! what a relief!

Then I turned the radiant thing over to the address side, half expecting to see myself already called by the honorable title of 'Candidate.' Name of a name! *It was addressed to another man!*

I descended into hell, and there and then decided to attend the Williams College R.O.T.C. and prepare for a more successful assault on the portals of the second Plattsburg. My plan of campaign was to execute a frontal attack in person, while dispatching my publisher on an expedition against the Washington flank, heavily armed with propaganda to the effect that the present chief need of the infantry was veteran writers thirty-seven years of age.

I will flit in an airy manner over my musical activities at Williamstown. You remember the one good thing that Philip Gilbert Hamerton said? He remarked that old writers like Sir Thomas Malory sometimes condensed a whole psychological novel into the single phrase: 'When twenty years had come and gone.' In like manner my adventures as a fiddler militant at Williamstown might be summarized in a still more compact formula, which was to recur so often in the reports of my scout officers in the trenches: 'N.T.R.'

Nothing to report. That is to say,

unless we except those Sunday afternoon groups around a certain hospitable piano, when dear old enthusiastic Walthers appeared, fiddle in hand and with double bars on his shoulders, and we played trios, while, at every other movement, I was spelled off by the nephew who, a few weeks hence, was to hitch his ambulance to a star, and his Ford 'cello to the ceiling of his ambulance, and 'fliv' about France for two years as an up-to-date good Samaritan, pouring in oil and gas, and fiddling his *blessés* back to life and the front-line trenches.

Stay! There *was* one bona-fide musical adventure, when my half-brother, the real honest-to-goodness pianist, came to spend a week-end with me. That is, everyone swore that he had rounded into a real pianist. Personally I did n't know, for I had n't seen more than twenty-four hours' worth of him since the early days when his musical performances, though vigorous, were exclusively vocal. I did n't know, for I never take such statements at second-hand any more. I've been disillusioned too often: I've got to be shown.

Well, here was the kid brother, and here was my own Gaspar, the strangest, funniest, oldest, nicest 'cello that the Italian Renaissance ever handed down for the ultimate delectation of that new world which had been discovered only about a half-century before its advent. And here was a genial professor, with a succulent Steinway grand set in the studio of his wife, whose paintings gladdened the eye whenever the eye had a measure's rest or so. What was it Browning once wailed about never the time and the place and the pianist all together? We fooled him that day.

> Time, you thief, who love to get
> Sweets into your list, put that in!

Here was the young upstart of a brother, whom I had mislaid all his life long, sitting down to Brahms sonatas for piano and Gaspar, and reading them at sight with the ease and *abandon* to the sound and sense with which I myself could read Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics:* yes, and with his delicious touch achieving that well-nigh mythical feat — for a pianist — of playing softly when he encountered the mystic hieroglyph *pp.* Now most manipulators of the ivories are so innocent of this accomplishment that they should not be called pianists at all. They should be called *fortists.* But this kid brother actually played the hyphenated piano-forte, holding a just balance on either side of the hyphen.

I was filled with a sense of the joy of life, and its absurdity. Here was I, after having hunted all over creation for a large part of thirty-seven years for the ideal chamber-music pianist, and having found only two or three (who would never stay put), stumbling inadvertently upon one in the bosom of the family. And here were we, not proposing to stay put, either, but — while ravished by the beauties of Brahms — both setting forth on diverging paths to slay as many of the compatriots of Brahms as possible.

One final vignette. The dormitories had been turned into barracks, and in the next room lived banjos, banjourines, mandolins, mandolas, guitars, guitarettes, ukeleles, and, in a musical sense, every creeping thing. During the day, we were given five minutes' rest between drill periods. During the night, we had an hour between lectures and taps. After meals, we had at least a quarter of an hour for undiluted repose. These periods were always employed, to the uttermost second, by the comrades next door, in laying offerings upon the altar of the Muse Polyragthymnia. The process sounded at times as if the altar were constructed of sheet-iron, and the gifts took the form of a

varied sheaf of kitchen utensils, let fall on it from a considerable height.

One Sunday evening Gaspar and I could no longer resist the siren lures of Music—not Heavenly Maid, but ready made. We entered next door, and close on our heels there thronged in performers upon the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, kazoo, snare-drum, and all kinds of music. The entire mantelshelf was replete with the entire banjo family, two deep. The trombonist sat enthroned upon the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, to the apparent disadvantage of the latter.

We were just at the height of a spirited rendition of 'They wear 'em higher in Hawaii,' whose sonority must have immobilized the clock on the distant tower, and made the wretched factory children of North Adams stir uneasily in their troubled sleep, when I saw a face peering in over the heads of all Williamstown, which were inserted raptly into the large window. The face was ghastly white. The eyeballs were well-nigh popping from their sockets. The whole expression was one of terrified stupefaction, which was transformed into malevolent comprehension when it caught sight of my own unworthy features.

The bow dropped from my nerveless grasp. With a low moan of shame, not unmingled with compassion, I recognized in that face the distorted features of one of the most celebrated organists of New York City. As a music critic I had once attacked him for not being sufficiently high-brow.

II

We were still a long way from France — in fact, the exact distance between Plattsburg and Brest; and we were lined up in company front, when an orderly arrived with a note for our captain. He read it and exclaimed, —

'Candidate Schauffler, report at once to the Post Commandant.'

Now you may dispatch a chap on a tight-rope reconnaissance from the top of the Metropolitan Tower to the top of the Flatiron Building, or cause him to patrol Fifth Avenue from Twenty-third to Forty-Second Street clad in his birthday clothes, and he will feel no more uncomfortably conspicuous than a three-days-old candidate, not yet reconciled to the eccentricities of canvas leggins, who should be haled without warning out of company front to visit the commandant on business unspecified.

The business was as yet unspecified, but, in the marrow of my bones I felt what was up. The commandant had discovered, through the detective service of his Intelligence Section, the damning fact that I was a poet; had added this up to my thirty-seven years like two and two, and had decided that such a combination could never make a doughboy. I was going to be kicked out and disgraced. Shedding my pack and Springfield, I advanced toward headquarters with inelastic tread.

The portal yawned. I girded myself together, stepped inside, schooled my features to look somewhat like those of the Admirable Crichton in the first act, where he is a butler, and pulled off a well-nigh perfect textbook salute. The commandant pulled off a far less perfect one, smiled pleasantly, rose to his feet, and, to my utter astonishment, shook hands in a genial manner and offered me a chair. This, thought I in bewilderment, is not what any of the books have led me to expect. It is administering the fatal pill dissolved in a large, sweet Martini.

'So you're a fiddler militant,' observed Colonel Wolf. 'I know all about you. I've read your stuff. Pleased to meet you. Now, won't you play that big fiddle of yours for the men some

night in our open-air stadium? And I want you to serve on the entertainment committee.'

He pressed a bell and introduced me to his adjutant. I explained to the adjutant that I'd be glad to play if I could brush aside certain slight difficulties which were: —

1. I was out of practice, owing to the exigencies of squads right and right-shoulder arms.
2. I had no music.
3. I had no accompanist.
4. I had no 'cello.

Apart from this, I was quite ready.

The adjutant expressed his confidence that I would easily make as nought these trifling handicaps. 'You know,' said he, 'America expects each man to do the impossible.' Then he introduced me to my fellow members of the Entertainment Committee: Candidate Bud Fisher, Candidate Robert Warwick, and others equally good and great.

It next fell to my lot to direct the activities of these gentlemen in decorating the stadium stage with evergreen branches, — to secure which we reverted to type and became arboreal, — and with ferns, to secure which we groveled in the thick undergrowth of deep swamps. To this day I recall with pleasure the appearance of a renowned but sedentary sporting editor as he swung from branch to branch, and that of a celebrated but somewhat sybaritic tenor as he emerged from that swamp, having bitten the muck and mingled it with his golden vocal cords.

To complicate matters, we had all just had a 'shot in the arm' that noon, which was taking with especial virulence. It was a sorry-looking crew of celebrities who, under my temporary control, stood about viewing their handiwork as exterior decorators and working their poor arms like pump-handles in a misguided and vain attempt to ward off stiffness. I wish I could introduce a snapshot of them at this point.

It now occurred to me that I must play in public that evening; so I obtained an extension of respite from 'Squads right,' hurried into the metropolis, and persuaded the leading, and in fact the only, 'cellist to lend me the leading, and in fact the only, 'cello of Plattsburg.

I still remember with mingled emotions that night's performance. Aside from the fact that an icy wind blew full upon the ill-starred dog-house that I clutched between my knees, thus rapidly altering the pitch of the strings while I played; and that my arm was so stiff from the shot and the subsequent tree-climbing and wallowing that I could scarce lift hand to string; and that a laboring freight locomotive came puffing and groaning along on the tracks nearby and quite drowned out the latter half of the tune, the performance was fairly successful in showing that as an amateur fiddler I was an excellent soldier. For no performance could have failed entirely, with that radio-active accompanist pushing on the reins at the piano behind my back — he who had composed 'The Last Long Mile' only the day before, and given it its first performance just before my solo.

Will any Plattsburg man ever forget the sings we had while waiting for those sempiternal lectures? One dramatic moment comes back vividly to mind, when the entire body of candidates, who had never before sung together anything more devotional in character than 'The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling-a-ling,' suddenly burst forth by common telepathic consent into a superb, nobly moving rendition of 'O Come, All Ye Faithful.'

An eccentric old party, dear to the hearts of all R.O.T.C. men, used to visit us once in a while and teach us to improve our tones of military command

by vibrating our 'head spaces,' — presumably the places where the brain ought to be but was n't, — and by holding our noses and blowing through our ears, and other devices generally supposed to be acquired only through interminable and expensive courses of lessons with singing teachers whose names end in *ini* and *elli*. This gentleman's name, however, ended as soon as it began. He was prosaically but fittingly known as Mr. Noyes. It was the second most fitting name I have ever known. The first belonged to a lady who weighed five hundred pounds and rejoiced in the name of Madame Hellbig. Mr. Noyes's name was, as the grammarians would say, highly onomatopoetic, if one might judge from the volume of tone he produced from us three thousand candidates.

His methods were as short as his name. Reasoning from the swiftness with which he taught the gang 'Keep Your Head Down,' and 'K-k-k-Katie' in about ten minutes apiece, I believe that Mr. Noyes could have taught us César Franck's monumental oratorio, 'The Beatitudes,' in three sittings — provided, of course, that instead of allowing the pious words of the original to reveal that this was 'high-brow music' the damning fact had been camouflaged by translating the text into the popular idiom of the doughboy.

Thus, for example, instead of the part about they that mourn being comforted, the candidates would have gulped down Franck's soothing strains to such words as, —

> 'What's the use of worrying?
> It never was worth while.'

Such low-browness was, of course, most deplorable, but I did not raise my voice in denunciation, knowing full well the truth of that portion of Scripture which declares: 'A prophet is a los in his own company.'

III

The months at Plattsburg resolved themselves into a second lieutenant's commission in the infantry. My instructors informed me rather apologetically that they would have given me a higher rank if I had n't been a fiddler and a poet; the inference being that, to have a mixed command consisting of young-lady muses and young-gentleman doughboys would not be considered the thing in the best military circles. It would be an affront to the conventions of the most conventional set in the world.

As for me, I was delighted to get any commission at all. For I had long ago resolved that, if I received in lieu of a commission that bitter and acrid fruit, the raspberry, I would enlist. And I did not begrudge the handicap of the muses. For I would far rather be a gold-barred fiddler militant in crowded barracks than dwell in the tents of Colonel X at Camp ——. Colonel X was our most celebrated low-brow. He it was who scolded his bugle-corps for the monotony of their four-noted music. 'It's all too much on the same key,' he said to the leader. 'Liven things up with some runs and trills and flourishes. Now for to-morrow I want you to play, "Joan of Arc."'

It was no other than Colonel X who once broke up a rehearsal of his regimental band by waving his arms in an impressive manner and roaring, 'Here, what're you trying to do?'

Leader. We are rehearsing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' sir.

Colonel X (leveling a minatory finger at the alto, tenor, and bass trombones). I want to see those instruments dress up. Want to see those trombone-slides all go in and out together in a military manner!

On another occasion this colonel stopped the same unfortunate band

with a rough, 'Here, here, what's all this foolishness?'

LEADER (patiently). What, sir?

COLONEL X (withering the solo trumpeter with a glare). Why isn't that man working?

LEADER. He has four measures' rest before his solo, sir.

COLONEL X. Now then, I want you to understand that I won't stand for any more of this slacking. Want you to get music that will keep every man busy all the time. Make 'em all work! Make 'em all work!

By good luck I was not assigned to this colonel's outfit, but to the finest regiment in the 79th Division. The 313th Infantry, besides containing the best fighting men in camp, had the highest quota of gentlemen and sportsmen among its officers, and the best band. (This is invariably the way every soldier talks about his own outfit.) Our band was directed by Louie Fisher, then an enlisted man, later a captain and the leader of Pershing's band. As Regimental Intelligence Officer, I commanded the first platoon of Headquarters Company, which included among a vast and heterogeneous throng Louie Fisher and his musicians.

One reason why our music was so good was that Fisher had an eagle eye peeled all the time for promising material. One day he came to me in high excitement and said, —

'I've made a wonderful find!'

'Where?'

'In a rifle company. I know him. He's the greatest pianist within a hundred miles. Came to camp two weeks ago, a raw recruit. They've had him out there on the parade ground dragging a rifle around till he's half dead. I've asked for him for the band, and got him, by Jove!'

'But you can't use a pianist in the band.'

'No, but we can set him learning some other instrument. He's an all-around musician. What would you advise?'

I advised the oboe. The oboe was as rare as the dodo. Now that we had a good musician at our mercy, here was a chance to supply a long-felt want. So our pianist was given an oboe, and soon was making day hideous within a radius of one hundred yards.

That evening Fisher brought him over to the Y.M.C.A. hut to show me what he could do. I can never get out of my mind how incongruously noble and beautiful was his rendering of Chopin's B minor Sonata and the A minor Prelude and Fugue of Bach, as it competed with the rip-roaring atmosphere of that hut. It was as if, out yonder on the bayonet course, someone had hung up the Hermes of Praxiteles by the neck in one of the gallows, instead of the usual straw-stuffed dummies of Boches, for the yelling doughboys to jab with their bayonets as they rushed past. And, looking somewhat like a Hermes thus treated, our pianist rose up after he had finished the Bach selection, amid the ribald though innocent whoops of his fellow doughboys, and declared that he could play no more.

Remembering how the muse had been penalized at Plattsburg, I had thus far kept from Camp —— the fact that I was a fiddler militant. But now, in the enthusiasm of finding this great virtuoso in spiral puttees, the truth somehow leaked out. It did n't matter so much, however, because I had already exchanged my gold bars for silver, and because we had no such low-brow colonel as the one who insisted that the trombone slides must all go in and out together.

In fact, our colonel sent for me and said that he liked music a lot, and would n't I take my 'cello along over to France, so that, in the regiment's

moments of relaxation, I might play to them with the new pianist.

I said I would be glad to play for them if it would n't be held against me and put down as a large black blot on my efficiency record; but that my 'cello was nearly as old as Columbus, and that such a fragile and temperamental rarity would stand just about as much chance in the A.E.F. as a butterfly in a hamburg-steak machine.

'All right,' said the colonel; 'then we'll buy you a good, strong, tough, armor-plated 'cello out of the regimental fund. We've got to have that music.'

So next day Fisher and I went into Baltimore and bought the regiment a 'cello, quartermaster-proof, yet sweet and mellow withal. Very fittingly, we were helped by a gentleman who was a good amateur musician on the flute, and had been a close friend of that flute-playing hero of my boyhood, the noble poet and musician militant, Sidney Lanier.

I saw this patriotic amateur draw the violin dealer aside and whisper to him in an authoritative manner; and I have always attributed to this whispered conversation the fact that our available three hundred dollars bought a 'cello that seemed to me worth more like five hundred, together with a good bow, an almost bomb-proof case, and enough strings, glue, clamps, sound-post setters, and extra bridges and tail-piece gut, to guard against most eventualities in the S.O.S., except those which the insurance policies so elegantly denominate 'foreign enemies and civil commotions.'

Alas for the best-laid plans of fiddlers militant! The bomb-proof 'cello duly arrived at Camp —— along with our embarkation orders. There was no time to play it to the regiment — only to nail it up in its immense coffin, along with half of my musical library. With the rest of the heavy freight, it set forth for France a few days ahead of us.

> Now follows the dim horror of my tale,
> And I feel I'm growing gradually pale;
> For even at this day,
> Though its sting has passed away,
> When I venture to remember it, I quail.

The following day I was informed by the colonel that we had lost our great pianist. Colonel X (the one who had admonished his band leader to 'Make 'em all work!') had for some reason become even more acutely than ever dissatisfied with that functionary, and, hearing of our pianist, wished to give him the position. He promised to make him a commissioned officer at once, if the 313th would let him go. And our colonel, not wishing to stand in the young musician's upward way, reluctantly consented.

A few days later, however, in marching past Colonel X's barracks, *en route* to the Leviathan, I noticed our pianist, still clad in the blue jeans of the enlisted man, watching us wistfully from the side of the road. Could it be, thought I, that a colonel who could insist on the bugles, with their four notes, playing 'Joan of Arc,' might be so far swayed by his vague general distrust of music, that he could bring himself to grab a great pianist on the pretext of commissioning him, and then withhold the commission in order to stymie the divine art? The event proved that it could be. Our pianist retained to the end the blue jeans of the enlisted man.

But poetic justic overtook the wicked Colonel X. Let me anticipate and show him in action. In a crisis of the Meuse-Argonne offensive a piece of shrapnel came and severely wounded him in the canteen. Feeling his life-blood chilling in his veins and gushing rapidly down his limb, he raised a frantic howl of

'Tourniquet! tourniquet!' First aid appeared and examined the colonel, and pointed out to him that the skin had not even been broken by the projectile. 'Makes no difference!' cried Colonel X. 'Get to work here. I won't have any of this slacking. Tourniquet! tourniquet!'

The tourniquet was applied by the furtively grinning medical staff. It was applied with considerable force, however; and after a time, when all the water had been shed (for he had but one canteen to give for his country), the sufferer decided to take his chances without the aid of science. Not long after, Colonel X was relieved from duty on the field of honor, for incompetence. Long may he rave!

To return to the regimental 'cello. It was raped from me more utterly than my pianist. This time, however, I suspect, not Colonel X, but the Boche. It was seen to leave these shores. So far as can be learned, it never landed in France. There is a chance, of course, that it may have been diverted to some other route. At this very moment it may be the soul of the musical life of the bazaars of Bagdad, or be brightening the long winter nights of Archangel. But my personal belief is that it was submarined.

But, even if it had been submarined, it would have floated, unless weighed down too much by all that heavy sonata music. I never look out of my Larchmont window across Long Island Sound without scanning the offing for a 'cello cast upon the waters. And I always retain the hope that glue, which was a part of its trousseau, is insoluble in brine.

Too bad, even for purely military reasons, that it should have been submarined! In open warfare, for example, a 'cello would be invaluable. I can imagine few more effective weapons. Getting out the long, sharp end-pin, fixing it in place like a bayonet, and then bearing down resolutely upon the foe, you would transfix with astonishment every Hun that beheld you, until you had transfixed him with the end-pin.

Alas for all these vain imaginings! In my inmost heart I fear that the regimental 'cello is no more. But my chief regret is that it had to perish so fruitlessly. Now, if that 'cello had only been submarined along with Colonel X, and had gone down under him irrevocably while he was using it for a raft and screaming to his staff for a life-preserver, I should be resigned to the sacrifice. It would have perished in a worthy cause.

TRYSTS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

My father and my mother sleep
Under the snow and dead rose-stem.
Not once in many months I keep
A tryst in that still place with them.

Their faces from my walls look out.
Not many times I sigh and stay
To speak with them, or turn about,
Whispering, 'How excellent were they!'

But green-speared, gold-tubed daffodils
Make my cold windows shout with spring.
Leaning across the lovely sills,
My mother helps my harvesting.

And when I sit in the sun and mend,
She plies the needle, telling me
Deep thoughts that make me more her friend
Than little foolish daughters be.

In church, the high dim pulpit blurs.
My father's eyes burn dark and proud.
I know their dreams. His spirit stirs,
Unspent across the careless crowd. . . .

My father and my mother sleep
Under the snow and dead rose-stem.
They do not wonder why I keep
No tryst in that still place with them.

Smiling, they pass and touch my hand.
'Child! child! — At last you understand!'

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

NON-COMMITTAL

BY EDWIN BONTA

My office-door stuck badly. In fact, it had stuck badly ever since Mefódi settled me in these new quarters. But I was obliged, nevertheless, to close it after me as I came in; for it was cold in the hallway, and I had already grown to require the same hot, air-tight room the Russian peasant loves.

A dozen times I had told Pável to plane off that door; a dozen times he had assured me he would do it 'this hour'; and a dozen times I had found him curled up behind the kitchen stove reading *Nat Pinkerton, King of the Detectives*, beloved by young Russia as well as young America.

The building Mefódi had found me was the former People's House of the town of Páchipolda, of which his little village of Kófkula was, as it were, a suburb. The typical people's house was a community centre, consisting chiefly of a theatre and a large tea-room or *bufét*, and was admirably suited for the entertainment of the many troops quartered here at present.

Like all buildings of the region, it was built entirely of logs, cleverly seated one on the other, and caulked with moss against the cold and the fine, driving snow. The logs showed everywhere, inside as well as out.

I had told Méfodi that I needed a cook for our establishment, and he had promised to send in a girl who he was sure would be what I required. And he soon kept his word.

Just as I had settled down to my work on this particular morning, there was a knock at the closed door.

'May I?' asked a shrill girlish voice.

'Please!' said I.

The knob turned and an arm pressed heavily against the door; but nothing budged.

'Unlock!' ordered the voice outside.

'Not needful, already unlocked!' I replied.

Upon which a powerful shoulder was applied as well. Door, frame, and log-wall creaked in protest; but something just had to give, somewhere. There was a loud crack, a shriek of rending fibres, a great splinter ripped off the door-frame — and a placid peasant girl proceeded slowly and serenely into the room.

As she stood and crossed herself before the ikon, I noted her low brow, her broad cheek-bones plumply upholstered, her wonderfully clear and rosy complexion, and the brilliant whites of her cool gray eyes.

Her brief devotions ended, she turned herself to me.

'Be in good health!' said she.

And who would not wish to be, with such an example to emulate?

'Sit down,' said I.

She seated herself facing me, and breathed a deep, deep sigh. I hastily weighted down the loose papers on my desk.

'So Méfodi sent thee to me?' I asked.

'Sent,' echoed the shrill voice.
'How do they call thee?'
'Me?'
'Thee.'
'By Irína.'
'To thee how many years?'
'To me?'
'To thee.'
'Twenty and some.'

At times the 'some' proves to be twenty-five, but in this case it is quite evident that it is not. And, moreover, why should n't we respect a woman's reserve?

'Art married?'
'I?'
'Thou.'
'Praise God!'

For which? Now we know no more than we did before. But if she is, he will soon be living in the kitchen too, and we shall know within a few days at latest.

'Canst cook?'
'I?'
'Thou.'
'Can.'
'Canst cook well?'
'*Nichegó!*'

Here is a useful word! Literally it means 'neither of what,' is generally translated 'nothing,' but can mean anything. If you asked a suffering soldier in hospital if the pain was hard to bear, and he replied 'Nichegó,' there would be no doubt what he meant to convey. Or if you had occasion to say, 'Nura, if you mind my kissing you, you have only to say so,' and she replied, 'Nichegó,' again, you would know exactly what was meant.

But this answer of Irína's is a poser. Does it mean that she can cook nothing at all, or nothing to speak of, or nothing to complain of? I decide to try another tack.

'What canst cook?'
'I?'
'Thou.'
'What is it wished you to cook?'

What indeed? Worse and worse. How do I know what I want cooked? I never was a housewife before! And for the life of me, all that I can think of is ham and eggs. And I know very well that we don't want ham and eggs. Moreover, where should we get the ham — and where should we get the eggs?

Surely the only thing to do is to take her on and try her. But how much will she expect us to pay?

'What did they pay thee last?'
'Whom, me?'
'Yes, thee.'
'God knows.'
'Knowest thou?'
'Know not.'
'Why not?'
'Never did not serve before.'
'Well, how much would it be wished thee to receive?'
'Me?'
'Thee.'
'God knows.'

That we are quite willing to admit; but a direct reply from that source is just as hard to get as a direct reply from Irína.

'Now, very well, Irína, we will give thee eighty roubles a month and thy board.
'Give me?'
'Give thee!'
'Now, give then!'

So Irína agrees for eighty roubles a month and establishes herself in our kitchen.

There she may be found any morning after seven. There you may hear her throaty voice singing over her work up to ten o'clock at night — the strange minor melodies of the peasant world.

And she still contents herself with eighty roubles. Lazy Pável, who continues to tend our stoves indifferently, and who chops the wood, has to receive two hundred roubles a month — but he's a

man. Irína works fifteen hours a day, cooks for nine of us, makes cocoa and tea for three hundred soldiers every day, helps Pável chop the wood when he is particularly lazy, and even insists on doing our washing and mending rather than let it get into other hands — so she says.

All power to the future Russia! And may the day soon come when womankind has the name, as well as the game, of running it!

INTELLECTUAL AMERICA

BY A EUROPEAN

I

My first 'hobbies' were geography and ethnology; later came botany and zoölogy, then history and sociology. At the age of sixteen I began to study philosophy. I still remember the deep emotion which I experienced when I made my first philosophical reasoning, reproducing the argument of Descartes's *Discours de la Méthode* from some remarks found in Bourget's *Le Disciple*. This pushed me into philosophy at once. I found in the latter much more complete satisfaction than in anything I have ever studied, and I would have probably settled down very early to a peaceful student's career, if it had not been for the fact that, shortly afterwards, I came to the conclusion that my proper vocation was literary productivity, particularly poetry.

I had by then a rather wide knowledge of Polish, French, and German literature; I was a fast reader, and not only read much while at home in the country, but during my years in gymnasium used for literary reading most of the five or six hours which I spent daily in class. But I could not distract my attention entirely from what was going on in the classroom, and gave up all attempts to read there anything more difficult than literature. Thus, I think, I read more of it than was good for me, in view of my already strong romantic tendencies. I memorized an enormous amount of poetry in all the languages I knew, even in Russian, though I was ashamed of liking some of the latter and never confessed it. I began, of course, to write verses rather early, at ten or eleven, but did not give much attention to them until my first fully conscious love-story, a very simple and uneventful case of a 'platonic' love for a girl a little younger than myself. My love lasted nearly two years. I never told the girl a word about it, but expended my feelings in a flood of poems which, to my great detriment, won much applause from my school friends and real encouragement from older and more experienced critics. At seventeen I began to publish in magazines, and at eighteen began to be noticed, so much so that one of my poems was put in an anthology. All this gave my life for several years a definite ideal toward which my ambitious efforts and aspira-

tions more and more completely converged.

I do not remember in detail the process by which my active ambition became gradually absorbed by poetic productivity, but between seventeen and eighteen my dream became very definite: it was to become the great poet whom Poland needed. For over three years this was the chief interest of my life, along with two or three romantic and purely platonic love-stories. I learned English, and partly Spanish and Italian, in order to read the poetry of these literatures in the original. The content of my poems continually grew in philosophical, social, and mystical suggestions — and the poems in size. I actually began to think that I was going to discover, by a half-philosophical, half-æsthetic intuition, some new all-wonderful meaning of life, — reveal a new ideal which would give Poland a new spiritual energy.

Gradually, however, at the end of this period some doubts began to rise in my mind, not as to my power of discovering or creating new ideals, but as to my ability to give them adequate poetic expression. The success which I had with small lyrical poems failed to extend to my larger productions. A dramatic poem was refused by the best literary review on the ground of æsthetic imperfections, and although I published it in book form, it was coolly received. An epic and two dramas which I started were greeted without enthusiasm by friendly critics to whom I read them: though my ideas were praised as deep and original, their execution was judged inadequate. I could have continued writing occasionally small pieces, and have ranked among third-rate, or even second-rate poets, while doing something else as my main occupation. But I would not even think of accepting such a modest rôle after my grandiose dreams.

This was also the time when my aristocratic aspirations, temporarily revived, received a final blow as a consequence of my acquaintance with the standards of the highest aristocracy. Curiously, however, this double shock, far from diminishing the intensity of my ambition or my faith in myself, seemed to raise both to a still higher pitch. I resigned all expectations of becoming a member of the aristocracy; but the consciousness that there was an unattainable limit to my ambition in this line made me want to rise higher than I had ever dreamed of in some other line. National greatness would not satisfy me any longer: I wanted world-fame and world-influence. On the other hand, I felt that I had to resign the hope of ever getting to be very prominent as a poet, since my capacity of literary expression was limited; but this made me put more faith than ever in the content of what I could say, in the ideas which I expected to promulgate. In short, I not only did not cease to believe that I was able and destined to bring a great 'revelation' to men, but I wanted and hoped that this revelation should regenerate, not only Poland, but all mankind.

The only difficulty was the question of the form in which my revelation was going to be promulgated, since the literary form had failed. In my cooler moments I thought, indeed, that the content of my revelation, which reduced itself to a few social, ethical, and metaphysical ideas, might and should be simply developed, with much hard work, into a more or less original philosophical theory. But in my periods of enthusiasm, which were much more lasting, this prospect of laboring for many years in order to bring forth a mere theoretic system which would appeal only to intellectuals and have none of the emotional power necessary to revolutionize the world, seemed far

from satisfactory. What I wanted was a quick, direct, strongly emotional influence upon the masses, easily reaching everywhere. Examples of great religious founders and reformers stirred my imagination; and in the state of exaltation in which I found myself as a consequence of my abnormal social life, of my absorption in poetry, and probably also of suppressed and romantically idealized sexual needs, the idea of becoming a religious founder, of proclaiming an 'ethical religion' of the type of Buddhism but radically different from Buddhism in its optimistic affirmation of life, was too suggestive not to lead to an attempt at realization. Nietzsche's works, which I read then for the first time, helped crystallize the plan.

But it was evident to me that, particularly after the time spent in luxury, flirtation, and revelry in aristocratic circles, I needed a preparation for such a task. And from the histories of religious movements I drew the conclusion that one of the chief obstacles to the success of such an enterprise was the initiator's social bonds, the social group of which he was a part, and the habitual conditions of his life. I resolved therefore to break off entirely all my social connections. Profiting by an opportunity to go abroad, I left for Switzerland and there arranged a stage-setting which made the local authorities conclude that I was drowned in a lake.

With very little money, I passed to France. I thought that what I needed most at that moment was a life of hardship and strong discipline, and also a closer acquaintance with the life and the psychology of the lower classes. With this idea, I enlisted as a private in the French army.

(*After a very brief period of service, the author was discharged because of disabling injuries. He then entered the editorial service of a spiritualist magazine in France, with which he remained a few months; then went to Switzerland to continue his studies, and there married a Polish girl — a fellow student. Four years later he returned to Galicia for his doctor's degree.*)

II

I was then twenty-eight years old. During the five years of my studies, partly under the influence of my marriage, but chiefly perhaps because of very hard and continuous intellectual work, all my tendencies became in a large measure redefined and stabilized on the basis of intellectualism. I settled definitively upon purely theoretic aims and decided to lead a purely intellectual life, without letting any external or internal factors disturb my activities. I confined all my desire for new experiences within the field of theoretic research. I had a placidly happy home life, and lost apparently all desire for change in love-matters, which before my marriage had been very marked. I excluded all economic considerations from the field of my attention, deciding not only never to work for economic advance, but not even to bother about economic security; living on whatever I could get, much or little, without thought about the future, and giving as much energy as possible to economically disinterested intellectual work.

This plan did not prove very wise, because it brought me more economic troubles than a regularly sustained interest in economic security would have done; but it did work for several years, and was not even disturbed by my family situation; for my wife willingly accepted it, and my only son, born during the time of my studies, was brought up by my wife's parents who, except later for one year, always refused to part with him. My wife spent with them a few months every year, and as

I loved her, these separations were my only serious trouble. I gave no more thought to 'aristocratic' pursuits, and became in so far a democrat that I came to the conclusion that the social rôle of birth-aristocracy, and of the specific standards evolved under its influence, and consciously or unconsciously imitated even by democratic societies, was growing more and more useless.

But I was still emotionally repulsed by any familiar contact with the uneducated, and all my reflections about social organization led me to the conclusion that some aristocratic system was indispensable to prevent the further growth of ochlocracy in modern society. The only organization which appeared compatible with cultural progress was, in my opinion, an institutionally guaranteed rule of a freely recruited intellectual aristocracy, taking the term 'intellectual' in its widest significance. But I had no ambition whatever to play a leading social or political rôle; on the contrary, I decided carefully to avoid all temptation to obtain any kind of practical influence upon social life. Neither did I return to literary activities. I was, indeed, more than ever determined to achieve greatness and fame, but exclusively in the theoretic line. This gave me a feeling of security which I had never experienced before. I felt that the success of my aspirations was almost entirely in my own hands, dependent on my conscious will alone. I knew that in the theoretic field the objective importance of human products was due at least as much, if not more, to the intensity, persistence, thoroughness, and good method of intellectual work than to original talent, and I knew that I had enough of the latter to develop a new philosophical system on the basis of the leading ideas which I already had, and which certainly were not commonplace. I had plans for philosophical work enough to fill two normal lives, all laid out, and I looked calmly into the future.

However, the conditions in which I found myself after returning to Warsaw were not very propitious for the realization of my plans, and made me see, after some time, that I could not be as independent of external circumstances as I had hoped. A professorial career was practically excluded, as the University was Russian, and private Polish schools were poor, and, except for two, were on the gymnasium level: that is, they had only a little logic and psychology in the upper classes.

I took a position in a social institution and became superintendent after a year; but even this did not pay enough to make a living. Some help could be obtained from the Mianowski Institute, whose aim was precisely to assist scientific workers; but even so, I had to supplement my income by private lectures, translations, and the like, all of which left relatively little time and energy for the thorough great works which I had planned.

There was, indeed, something to compensate in a certain measure for these disadvantages. If material conditions were bad, moral conditions could not have been any better. The encouragement extended to intellectual workers by all spheres of Polish society was incomparable; I can appreciate it fully only now, in comparison with America. Thus, when I published a philosophical book, — and a very hard one to read, — not only bibliographical and philosophical journals, but popular magazines and daily newspapers gave detailed accounts. I remember a critical review running through two issues of a monthly magazine, and one of the leading dailies giving a full-sized page to its analysis. All this was done without any personal 'push,' and mostly by men whom I did not know.

In the congenial sphere of intellectual

workers, penetrated with the highest scientific aspirations, animated by continual discussions, always ready with enlightened criticism, or appreciation, I enjoyed my theoretic activity thoroughly, and did during the three years and a half of my stay in Warsaw more work than many a scientist who has only some university teaching to do for his living. But I felt that this could not continue indefinitely; my health began to break down, and I saw that, if I wanted to realize at least a part of my philosophical plans, I had to find some way of living which would not force me to spend most of my time and energy on practical occupations.

My social work brought me in contact with the emigration problem, and I had often to study the question of the opportunities which various countries offered to the emigrant. I began to think seriously about leaving Poland and trying somewhere else for a university career, which seemed the only one compatible with free scientific work. I knew that in Western Europe universities were crowded with candidates for professorships, and that I would have to teach as *Privat Dozent* for many years, which was, of course, out of the question, since I had no money. In Russia it was very easy; but Russia was excluded for patriotic reasons. South America attracted me, for no definite reason — probably because of some forgotten childhood associations. But it was too isolated from intellectual centres; moreover, since I always wanted a more than national recognition and intellectual influence, I had to choose a country whose language was more generally known than either Spanish or Portuguese.

Thus, North America was the only country worth trying. I cannot say that American conditions, from what I knew about them, seemed particularly attractive. Of course, the American traditions of political liberty had a strong appeal for me; democracy, at that stage of my evolution, seemed also all right as far as it went. But I was rather repelled by the American 'cult for money,' as the phrase went in Europe. I well remember the unpleasant astonishment with which I heard an American statistician employed by the government, a man of high scholarly achievements, calmly tell me that few really intelligent and efficient men in his country went into university work, because there was no money in it. The practical tendency of the American mind, the heedless rush of American business, the excessive industrialism, did not seem very enticing; nor, on the other hand, did I like the reports about American religious and moral conservatism. But all these, I thought, were marks of a new country which had to build the foundations of its material prosperity before developing a higher intellectual culture, and I saw in the recent growth of American science and philosophy proofs that this development had already taken its swing.

I expected to find here a fresh enthusiasm for intellectual progress, an intense faith in the unlimited possibilities of future scientific productivity, which would give this country the leading place among the nations of the world in science, literature, and art; a desire to raise higher and higher the standards of intellectual values, and a ready welcome for every new worker who could contribute in some measure to create this wonderful future.

Besides, emigration to America was less objectionable from the Polish national standpoint than emigration to any other country, not only because of the pro-American sympathies which had existed in Poland since the time of Pulaski and Kosciuszko, but also because there already was a large and well-organized Polish population which

lacked intellectual leaders; and I imagined that, on the ground of my education and of the rôle which I had already begun to play in the intellectual life of Poland, I could easily become the intellectual leader of American Poles, particularly since I did not expect from them any material or political profit.

III

With such ideas, I took the first opportunity which presented itself, in the form of some work to be done for Professor X, a prominent American sociologist whom I met in Poland. I came here and settled in one of the most important American university centres, within a short distance of a big city. My wife accompanied me, but we decided, in view of the general uncertainty of my future and at the request of her parents, to leave our son for some time still with them.

My first impressions of the external aspect of American cities were such as I expected them to be, but my first experiences with American people were very pleasant and, in certain respects, a surprise. I came in contact, during the first few months, with three different types of Americans. The first was a university group whom I met chiefly through Professor X, and who were certainly as broad-minded and intellectual as any European group I knew, although perhaps their interest in theoretic pursuits seemed somewhat less intense, and I missed in them that enthusiasm for and faith in the future of American science which I hoped to find. The second was a small 'society' circle to which I had some letters of introduction, and which was as refined in its intellectual and æsthetic attitudes as any European aristocracy, though it struck me as prematurely *blasé*, as if it were already tired of wearing an imperfectly fitting and foreign-made garb of culture, reminding me in this respect of some Russian aristocrats whom I had met in France. The third group was that of social workers, professionals and volunteers; they seemed to me as full of social idealism as European social workers and reformers and more practical, though, with few exceptions, narrower intellectually.

On the other hand, I suffered a complete disappointment with regard to American Poles, who appeared to me, at first contact, to have preserved none of the positive features of Poles in Poland, and to have acquired, in an absurdly exaggerated way, all the negative features currently associated by Europeans with American society. As to my expected intellectual leadership, I saw at once that there was not the slightest chance for it. Not only were the appreciation and the standards of intellectual values very low, but whatever demands in this line existed were already monopolized by those educated or half-educated immigrants who had come here before me, who maintained their positions by serving the interests of their political, economic, or religious 'bosses,' and, with few exceptions, looked upon me as a very undesirable possible competitor. A dozen really superior men were scattered all through the country and had mostly very little influence. There was no possibility of any disinterested organization for intellectual purposes. I dropped therefore entirely all plans in this line, and although my opinion concerning the Poles in this country has somewhat improved since then, I maintained very little contact with the Polish colony.

Just after I left Poland, war broke out, and a year later all communication with that country was severed because of the German occupation. A few months after my arrival in America my wife died. As a consequence of all this, I found myself completely isolated from

all 'old country' associations, and for four years lived a purely American life in an exclusively American *milieu*. I took my 'first papers' early enough to become a naturalized citizen immediately at the end of the five years of residence required by law. From my modest income, I contributed to all the war-funds, and I participated in some activities connected with the war, in spite of my aversion for political life.

I could read and write English before I came here, so that I began to publish in this language after six months. I spoke it with more difficulty, and with a strong foreign accent, which, however, gradually decreased; so that after two years and a half I could not only lecture at the university but even gave several public lectures. My second marriage, with an American university girl of Irish descent, contributed still more to my taking root in America, so that now I feel perfectly at home in this country, have no feeling of strangeness connected with it, and like it sincerely. But this does not mean that I feel fully adapted, or ever expect to become fully adapted, to American conditions as they are now. I could do it only by resigning those cultural values which I have learned to appreciate after many years of hard struggle with my own character and with external circumstances, and which up to this moment I consider, and always hope to consider, the highest values which humanity has yet developed — I mean pure science, intellectual and moral freedom, and cultural idealism.

In a few details America seems to have exercised a positive influence upon me, by giving in a sense a final impulse to an evolution which was already approaching its end before I came here. Thus I freed myself from the last unreasoned remnants of my early tendencies to social distinction on the aristocratic basis, dropped much of the European social formalism, and came to appreciate the simplicity of personal relations in this country. My democracy, formerly accepted for intellectual reasons but rather distasteful to me emotionally, became more genuine, in the sense that I am no longer personally affected by any familiarity of people of the uneducated classes, although they still bore me. It may be, however, that this democratization is nothing but indifference to superficial social contacts. Theoretically, I am still sincerely convinced that democracy should reduce itself exclusively to equality of opportunities and not be a rule of the demos; and that the slogan of the equality of men is not only false, but socially harmful in the long run, whatever may be its provisional utility in helping to overthrow old institutions which, by sanctioning a political or social hierarchy based on extrinsic circumstances, prevent the development of a hierarchy based on the social value of human individuals.

In practical matters, American influences made me revise my former contempt for economic considerations. Though I am still as much as ever disinclined to make the acquisition of money an aim of my activities, and should consider a subordination of intellectual to economic purposes in my case equivalent to complete moral decay, I see the necessity of a wise and careful use of money as an instrument helping to attain intellectual aims. Economic security on a 'minimum of comfort' basis has become a secondary but important object of my tendencies, and I am determined to reach it, either in the form of a modest but permanent university position, or in that of a small capital which would permit me to live somewhere in very simple conditions, but free to work along theoretic lines for the rest of my days.

In theoretic work also I am conscious

of having been influenced by America. I have learned to appreciate much more the value of concrete monographic research and of that particularistic, direct, free, and sincere mental attitude toward phenomena which characterizes the good American intellectual workers. This phase of my intellectual evolution was so marked, that for a time I thought of giving up philosophy for sociology. But a partial reaction came; I began to miss in sociological work the unity and continuity of purpose, the generality of fundamental problems, the wide intellectual horizons which constitute for me the charm of philosophy; and thus I finally decided to continue both types of investigation and to realize as much as possible of my old theoretic plans while remaining open to new and more concrete suggestions.

IV

In other lines, however, I have hardly come any nearer to American life. Two reasons prevented my 'Americanization' in the deeper sense of the term: the divergences which I began to discover, after a longer stay in this country, between most of the aspirations actually predominant in American society and certain ideals which, in my cosmopolitan training, I have learned to revere as the best part of human civilization, independent of national differences; and, more particularly, the attitude of American society toward foreigners and foreign values.

The better I became acquainted with American conditions, the more I realized that my first impressions of American society were not sufficiently accurate. I saw that the group of university men whom I happened to meet first was really a select but small minority; that the majority of professors and — what seems to me even more discouraging — the majority of students lack either intellectual freedom or intellectual idealism; are either narrow-minded and unreasonably conservative, or interested, not in science but in jobs, or in both. I saw further — a thing which my American friends told me at once, but which I would not believe — that the over-refined, æsthetic group of society people whom I met were especially and with difficulty selected by my hosts, and my impression is now that, while a certain tendency to refinement in such superficial matters as home-furnishing, and a certain delicacy in personal relations outside of business, are more common in this country than anywhere in Europe, refinement in these lines curiously coexists with roughness in others; and that American cities, with their mixture of horrid business centres, slums, charming residential quarters, and beautiful parks, are a fair symbol of the average American psychology.

Finally, social idealism, active interest in other people's welfare, and willingness to make sacrifices for a humanitarian cause are certainly oftener met here than in the middle or upper classes of any European society except Polish (the lower classes seem to be more altruistic everywhere). Not being very altruistic by nature, I have frequently acknowledged and admired the superiority of many Americans in real goodness. But I cannot understand at all how, alongside of this kindheartedness, there can be so much ruthless 'struggling for existence,' and such naïve, unconcerned, often brutal egotism as is found in the whole field of American business; and I try to explain this to myself by a curious traditional separation between two domains of interest: a week-day set of practical attitudes, and a Sunday set of religious attitudes, all idealism being connected with the latter and entirely excluded from the former. The separation is no longer

explicitly grounded in this distinction, and yet the two groups of associations remain divided and do not blend.

There are other features of American life which make active participation in it rather difficult for me. First of all, there is the lack of social freedom, the oppression of the individual by all kinds of traditional or recently created social norms. Since I am not politically active, this social tyranny affects me much more than any amount of political despotism could do, particularly as it extends to the intellectual domain. I feel more bound in the expression of my opinions here than I felt under Russian censorship in Warsaw, despite the fact that I am not in the slightest measure inclined to political, social, moral, or religious revolutionism of any kind, and was considered in Europe, even by the most radical conservatives, a perfectly 'inoffensive,' mildly progressive intellectualist. Further, I feel the impossibility of following the ceaseless rush of American practical life without losing all power to concentrate and to reflect, and without sacrificing my hope of creating really lasting intellectual values which need time and continued effort to mature.

On the other hand, American social life has little positive attraction for me after Europe. I miss here entirely the atmosphere of intellectual encouragement, of interest manifested both in fight and in response; my social standing as a theoretic worker certainly is far from what it was there, and the amount of social recognition which can be obtained here for intellectual achievement seems not much worth struggling for.

For all these reasons, I am inclined to withdraw as much as possible from social life into solitude; two or three friends are practically all I care to see. This inclination is, moreover, in harmony with the strong revival of romantic love-attitudes — stronger than ever before — which I experienced in connection with my second marriage. My desire for response tends thus to be fully satisfied by my home-life. As to my desire for recognition, the satisfaction which it needs becomes more and more indirect. I am less and less desirous of any kind of social recognition which can be obtained by personal contact with social groups, and inclined to work exclusively for a less dazzling, but more permanent, fame among intellectual workers only, independent of country or epoch.

And yet I am sincerely interested in America — but in the future rather than in the present America. My incipient enthusiasm for American cultural development never has had any chance to mature, because I realize at every moment that American society does not feel any need of my or any other 'foreigner's' coöperation; that it is in general perfectly satisfied with itself and perfectly able to manage its own future in accordance with its own desires; to create all the values it wants without having any 'imported' values thrust upon it.

In analyzing the evolution of my attitude toward this country, it seems to me that much of my growing criticism and dissatisfaction with American conditions has been due to the gradual realization of this self-complacency of American society, which, by a natural reaction, sharpened my critical tendency and made me see more clearly all the weaknesses of American life to which I should otherwise have paid less attention.

This self-complacency seemed to me particularly manifest after America entered the war. Of course, I am perfectly well aware that every healthy and normal nation should have faith in itself, should consider its fundamental values the best in the world and itself the foremost nation *in potentia* even

if not *in actu*. I have met this attitude everywhere, and was not surprised at finding it here. And yet, there is a difference. In France, in Germany, in Italy, in Poland, this attitude manifests itself toward other national *groups*, but not toward individual foreigners when they come to live and work in the country. On the contrary, I have myself experienced, during my travels abroad, and I have seen manifested toward incomers in Poland (unless they were members of the oppressing nation) an attitude which I may call intellectual hospitality, a tendency to learn, to appreciate, and to utilize whatever values the foreigner may bring with him, unless, of course, he brings nothing but unskilled labor. No European society I know acts as if it possessed and knew everything worth while and had nothing to learn; whereas this is precisely the way American society acts toward a foreigner as soon as he ceases to play the rôle of a passing 'curiosity,' and wants to take an active part in American life. I do not think most Americans realize how revolting is, to a more or less educated immigrant, their naïve attitude of superiority, their astonishing self-satisfaction, their inability and unwillingness to look on anything foreign as worth being understood and assimilated. I believe, judging even less by my own experience than by the experiences of others, that the unanimously critical standpoint taken toward this country by all, even if only half-way educated and socially independent immigrants, and their universal attachment to and idealization of the 'old country' values, are provoked by this 'lording it over' the immigrant, his traditions, his ideals; by this implicit or explicit assumption that Americanization necessarily means progress, that the immigrant should simply leave all he brought with him as worthless stuff, — worthless, at least, for this country, — and instead of trying to introduce the most valuable elements of his culture into American life and select the most valuable elements of Americanism for himself, should merely accept everything American just as it is.

In the same line, and perhaps even more revolting to the reflecting foreigner who comes with the idea of working and settling in this country, is the current tendency of American society to interpret the relation between the immigrant and America as that of one-sided benefit and one-sided obligation. This is, again, an attitude I have not met in Europe, though European countries are incomparably more crowded than America. Here the immigrant is continually given to understand that he should consider himself privileged in being able to profit by American institutions and earn his living in this country; that he should be perpetually grateful to America for having given him the opportunities he has.

I omit here the fact that the immigrant is discriminated against in many lines simply because he is a foreigner and independently of the question of his efficiency, and thus is not given the same opportunities as the born American, while his obligations are the same. Even suppose this inequality to be nonexistent, the assumption that, when the immigrant 'gets a job' he is getting more than giving, is to me entirely incomprehensible, since, even if he is only a working hand, his work, like every human work, creates a surplus of values which goes to increase the stock of American material culture, and the latter is, in a continually growing proportion, precisely the agglomerated surplus of immigrants' products. And perhaps because of my intellectualistic traditions — this assumption, when applied to intellectual activity, seems to me not only to be unjust but to imply

a morally degrading attitude toward the highest human ideals.

I experienced this lately with regard to myself, when searching for a permanent university position. Several of the persons to whom I applied, without in the least questioning my qualifications, suggested very clearly that jobs in American universities should be reserved for American students, and gave me to understand that I need not stay in this country since I certainly could find now a position in Europe. In general, the prevalent conception was that obtaining a position would be a benefit for me, and that there was no reason for giving such benefits to a stranger, however efficient he might be. I never saw as clearly as then how wide the discrepancy still was between the average American attitude and my own, and how little I am adapted to American life in its deeper significance, in spite of my nearly complete superficial adaptation. For it seemed to me, first, that what I came to offer to this country — my scientific talent, training, enthusiasm and idealism — had no economic equivalent whatever and could not be expressed in terms of job and salary. And even if it were put on the ground of an exchange of values, I would give by my teaching alone more than I could ever receive from the institution, while my scientific work, helping to promote American culture, would be an additional surplus, establishing definitely in my favor the balance between American society and myself.

V

I do not want to draw too hasty generalizations from my observations. I certainly have experienced as much intellectual hospitality from some Americans as I would from any men in any country. But the fact which discourages me is that I have found this hospitable attitude only in very few, and these the most highly cultivated and intellectual men I know here. Men of this calibre are rare everywhere, and cannot in any sense be considered representative of the public spirit. The continually rising wave of narrow nationalism in internal and external policy; the growing mistrust and aversion to 'foreigners' manifested in the press; the reaction against the first great idealistic movement of international coöperation started by President Wilson — all this makes me feel that a foreigner who does not care to live exclusively in his own racial group, but wants to be a member of American society, and who at the same time is not satisfied with passively adapting himself to existing conditions, but would like to coöperate in creating new and higher values, has no place in this country at the present moment.

Of course, I am fully conscious that my inability to adapt myself completely and really to American life is due to the fact that my tendencies and views have a different bias from those of an average American. I am also perfectly willing to acknowledge that this fact may have made me overlook some valuable elements of American civilization which, because of their specifically American character, I have failed to understand and to appreciate properly, however sincerely I have tried, for the sake of my own development, not to miss any important features of this civilization. But this does not seem to be the main point. No individual can assimilate all the values of a modern civilized society, and I know many Americans for whom American civilization contains and means much less than it does for me.

Now, my personal bias is certainly no longer a class bias: if there are any specific class-attitudes persisting subconsciously in my personality, — and I

do not think there are, — they have nothing to do with the actual problem of my adaptation to American conditions. Nor is my bias in any particular way national. However great may have been the rôle which Polish national ideals have played in my life, my psychology seems to me less specifically national, to contain less specifically racial elements, than that of any individual Pole, Frenchman, Italian, German Russian, or American I have ever met. I have been subjected to so many heterogeneous national influences even before coming to this country, French German, Russian (through literature and direct social contact); English, Italian, Spanish (through literature chiefly), — that I am probably more of a cosmopolitan than most of the foreigners who have ever come to this country. I have, at various times, actively participated in the intellectual life of three different societies besides my own, — French, Swiss, American, — using in each case a different language, needing each time only a few months of preparation, and mixing intimately with the respective groups.

This fact seems to me sufficient proof of the lack, on my side, of any racial obstacles to my adaptation. My bias is, if anything, a professional bias. I certainly have an exalted conception of the function which the scientific profession can and should fulfill in human society, and which entitles it to demand that minimum of favorable social conditions which is absolutely indispensable for intellectual productivity. I also believe that all scientists have an obligation to maintain certain professional ideals, the most important of which are continual perfecting of the standards of theoretic validity in so far as compatible with intellectual efficiency on the given stage of human development; disinterestedness in theoretic pursuits (the only personal reward which the scientist has the right to expect is recognition based exclusively on the objective importance and intrinsic perfection of his work, and, therefore, necessarily slow to come and limited to the most intellectual part of society); freedom of mind and sincerity of expression; enthusiasm for scientific work and for the development of human knowledge in general; and, finally, 'true brotherhood' of all scientific workers in the domain of science, manifested in reciprocal interest, serious and thorough criticism, deserved appreciation, encouragement and help in intellectual pursuits, all this independent of differences of class, race, or religion, which may divide scientists as social individuals, as members of concrete groups, in other fields of cultural life.

I have drawn these my conceptions about the scientific profession, not from the social tradition of any particular class or nation at any particular moment of its existence, but from a comparison of the greatest human civilizations, past and present. The more complete and highly developed a civilization, the more perfectly are the professional demands and ideals of the scientist realized in it. I was thus justified in expecting to find these ideals recognized and active in a nation with a material culture as progressive and with claims of a general civilization as high as those of American society. It seems to me, therefore, that I can hardly take upon myself the fault of my disappointment.

CORPUS DELICTI

BY H. T. AVERY

No departure from Forestport ever caused so much discussion as that of William Wadsworth Wildman.

During his career in Forestport Mr. Wildman was the cause of much controversy; for he was so voluble and argumentative that, when there was no one else with whom to dispute, he would talk vociferously to himself.

As he was extremely eccentric, Mr. Wildman received considerable attention from the citizens of Forestport.

One of the chief causes of Mr. Wildman's many angry arguments was his name. He hated his name, and the people, knowing this, were ever prone to wave it before him. Conversation became intense when anyone addressed Mr. Wildman as 'Waddy.' Therefore, it just naturally followed that everyone addressed him as 'Waddy,' and that the gates of oratory were thereby kept continuously unlocked.

'If you call me "Waddy," I'll not answer you,' he would say; 'but if you'll call me "William," I'll answer you every time.'

'All right, Bill,' the other person would say.

And then Mr. Wildman would launch into an excited tirade to explain that his name was not Bill, or Willy, or Wad, or Waddy, or Wild, or Wildy, or anything but William Wadsworth Wildman, plain and simple — no more and no less.

In addition to his name, Mr. Wildman's wife was a persistent cause of controversy and a constant source of annoyance to her husband. She was a shiftless, careless housekeeper and an inferior cook, and Mr. Wildman loved good food and a neat house. And so, as he never could get any food that was palatable at home except when he prepared it himself, and as Mrs. Wildman was lazy and prone to let William do his own cooking, Mr. Wildman was unceasingly unhappy when he was in his own house.

In addition to this, his wife was constantly heckling him to keep him at work at jobs that would bring in some real cash, instead of devoting so much of his time to his 'crazy inventions.' As Mr. Wildman was a dyed-in-the-wool inventor, with all the high aspirations and vast expectations of the true inventive genius, his wife's reference to his inventions constantly kept him in a frenzy.

By vocation, as has been noted, Mr. Wildman was an inventor; by avocation he was a carpenter. His time he managed to divide about equally between his vocation and his avocation. As the latter brought in the only income that he was able to provide for himself and his wife and two daughters, living conditions in the Wildman house were both meagre and precarious. Furthermore these conditions were an ever-present source of controversy and discussion. Indeed, home circumstances interfered terrifically with Mr. Wildman's pursuit of his vocation, and prevented the fruition of most of his constructive visions.

However, after many patient years of thought and toil, Mr. Wildman perfect-

ed and secured a patent for his 'Fire-Escaper.' This contrivance was an intricate scheme of mechanism which would save merchandise in a store from being burned in case the store-building took fire. It provided for placing all shelves, counters, and furniture on wheels, and for a series of ropes and strings attached to a very heavy weight at the rear of the store. Likewise it provided for dividing the entire store-front into two sections, like vast French windows, which opened outward when occasion required.

The contraption operated on the theory that, in case of fire, one of the strings or ropes would burn through, and this would release the weight, which would throw the doors wide open and shoot the counters, shelves, and enwheeled contents of the store out into the street, where they would be saved from the flames. At the same time the weight would violently ring a bell on top of the store, thus arousing the bucket brigade; for this was before Forestport had a system of waterworks or even a volunteer fire department.

A few years earlier there had been a devastating conflagration in Forestport which burned all the stores on one side of Main Street, — and the best side at that, — with such great loss to the owners that fire was genuinely feared in the town.

After much negotiation, and by giving him a half-interest in the patent, Mr. W. W. Wildman persuaded Ezra Scott, the local shoe-merchant, to put in the 'Wildman Fire-Escaper.'

Mr. Wildman did all the work of installation himself, and did it well.

For several weeks thereafter Mr. Scott slept soundly in his sense of the security of his merchandise, although Mr. Wildman suffered from insomnia as he lay awake furtively hoping for the fire in Scott's store that would vindicate the Wildman Fire-Escaper and bring it into well-deserved recognition.

At about two o'clock one morning in June, when a terrific thunderstorm was raging, the moment of vindication for the Fire-Escaper arrived. It was announced by the wild ringing of the fire-bell on the roof of Scott's store.

Forestport heard, rose *en masse*, donned scant clothes, and rushed to the scene of the fire. By the illumination of the lightning-flashes they saw the entire contents of Mr. Scott's shoe-store out in the street, being thoroughly soaked by the torrents of rain that were pouring down.

Into the store they rushed to discover the fire. A thorough investigation revealed the fact that there had been no fire, but that presumably a mouse had gnawed one of the ropes in two and released the Fire-Escaper.

The heavy damage to Mr. Scott's shoe-stock, the disappointment of the unexpected happening, and the bantering of the townspeople quickly drove the inventor into a state of mind highly perturbed. For several days after the Fire-Escaper fiasco Mr. Wildman showed pronounced signs of irritation and a distinctly hostile animus toward everything and everyone, particularly toward his wife, who suffered an unusually prolonged spell of bad cooking about that time.

On a Sunday morning soon after, when another storm was in progress, Mrs. Wildman sternly told her husband to step out and bring in an armful of wood and start a fire, or there would be no breakfast served in the house that morning.

Mr. Wildman always hated doing chores, and especially he hated fetching wood from the backyard.

'Oh, hell!' he muttered, as he put on his hat and stepped out and slammed the door sharply shut. He pulled his hat down tight and walked briskly toward the woodpile.

However, William Wadsworth Wildman did not return with the wood. So many minutes elapsed without his reappearing, that Mrs. Wildman went to the door and called his name loudly. She received no answer and made a search for her husband.

William Wadsworth Wildman had disappeared!

On Monday morning Mrs. Wildman called in the neighbors, but no trace could be found of her husband. Then she went down and consulted Squire Palmer the village attorney.

Shortly after, all of Forestport had turned out, and a minute search was conducted for Waddy Wildman.

Not a trace of him could anyone discover—he had completely disappeared.

As the days went by, the search went on, but all without avail. Waddy had vanished.

The little cottage where he lived, with its acre of land, was all the property he had, and the title to that was in his own name; so that, unless he returned or some proof could be secured that he was dead, seven years would have to elapse before Squire Palmer could bring a proceeding to have W. W. Wildman judicially declared dead and the property transferred to Mrs. Wildman and her two daughters.

As there was no one else to provide for her and the girls, Mrs. Wildman, who had some talent in that direction, became a seamstress, and began the task of providing for the Wildmans.

As the months slipped by, the mystery of Wildman's disappearance continued increasingly to absorb the attention of Forestport. But nothing came of the vast amount of detective work, conjecture, searching, and discussion of the case. Bill Wildman had left no sign of the direction he took after he slammed the door shut that last time on that June Sunday morning.

As the girls grew older, they were able to help their mother, with the result that the combined efforts of the three yielded them a more certain and better existence than Mr. Wildman had ever provided, and they really found life much more peaceful and, after all, more enjoyable, than under the régime of the husband and father.

With the way that time has in Forestport, the years slipped by until seven of them had elapsed since the departure of Bill Wildman, and Squire Palmer, in accordance with the statutes and procedure in such case made and provided, brought legal proceedings on behalf of Mrs. Wildman and her two daughters, with the result that William Wadsworth Wildman was judicially declared dead, and his real estate was accordingly turned over to his heirs and next of kin.

Two years later, on a Sunday morning, — the ninth anniversary of the disappearance of W. W. Wildman, — his wife and two daughters were eating breakfast in the Wildman home and visiting cheerfully together. Suddenly the door opened, and a man stepped in with an armful of wood which he proceeded to throw into the wood-box. Then he turned to the three astonished women and said, 'There's your damn wood!'

It was William Wadsworth Wildman — absolutely no doubt about it. Except for being slightly gray-haired, he was the Mr. Wildman who started for the wood nine years before. Further, he drew a chair up to the table and sat down, without the slightest suggestion that he had not been regularly at the table during all those years.

Of course, Mrs. Wildman and the two girls plied him with a score of questions as to where he went and why.

'I went after the wood, and I got it, did n't I?' This was the only explanation that they could get out of W. W. Wildman.

Not one word could they get from him as to where he had been all those nine years. He was working on a basket-making machine which would very soon make him rich, and he did not wish to be disturbed.

Finally, Mrs. Wildman sent one of the girls for Squire Palmer, who soon appeared at the house, and after saluting Mr. Wildman, undertook to cross-examine him. But not one word could Squire Palmer get from Mr. Wildman other than, 'I went after the wood, and I got it, did n't I?'

And then it developed that Mr. Wildman did not know he had ever been away. Nine years had completely gone out of his life and memory.

He refused to believe Squire Palmer was serious when the Squire told him that nine years had elapsed while he was getting the wood.

Then Squire Palmer sent for Doctor Record, who conducted an examination, only to confirm the conviction that Bill Wildman had lost all knowledge of himself for nine years.

Then Doctor Record confided to Squire Palmer that 'something must be the matter with Waddy's mind.'

'Matter with his mind!' exclaimed Squire Palmer; 'why, sure there is — it's gone!'

If Bill Wildman's disappearance was a subject for excitement in Forestport, his reappearance caused an even greater sensation. And the baffling thing about it was that old Bill Wildman, to all intents and purposes, seemed just as sound mentally as when he disappeared, except for the complete blank of nine years. He acted just as if he had never been away, only he was much more irritable, loquacious, and domineering.

The day following his return he called at Squire Palmer's office and told the Squire that he was going to mortgage his place to raise some money to use for the completion of his basket machine.

When the Squire told him that he, William W. Wildman, had been judicially declared dead and that the place had passed to Mrs. Wildman and the two daughters, Waddy nearly blew up. 'Me dead!' he shrieked. 'Well, I'm a pretty lively corpse, I guess. It's a damnable fraud! I'm William Wadsworth Wildman, and I'm alive, and you and no court could n't go and make the mistake of deciding that I'm dead. You never proved no *corpus delicti*, nor you can't prove any. You 've got to straighten out this fool business right off and get me legally resurrected, so I can get my property and my patents.'

Squire Palmer was diplomatic and talked gently to Mr. Wildman, promising to get matters straightened out as quickly as possible. Then there followed several conferences between Squire Palmer, Mrs. Wildman, Doctor Record, and others, with the result that William Wadsworth Wildman was unofficially pronounced to be unbalanced mentally. Also these conferences arrived at the conclusion that it would be the best thing for William W. Wildman, his family, and all concerned, if he were committed to some institution for frail-minded persons.

Squire Palmer thereupon took William Wadsworth Wildman into the private office of the local legal shrine and explained many things at great length. The general tenor of his explanation was that William Wadsworth Wildman had never been happy in his home life and probably never could be, in view of the incompatibility existing between him and Mrs. Wildman. That he, William W. Wildman, was indeed a lucky man, by reason of having been declared judicially dead, because this judicial proceeding released him from all responsibility to his wife, his family, and everyone else — in other words, dead

men can have no living responsibilities.

'But,' interrupted Bill at this stage, 'how about this *corpus delicti?* They never proved it, and you can't be dead without a *corpus delicti,* can you?'

Squire Palmer explained that Mr. Wildman's complete disappearance for several years constituted a judicial *corpus delicti,* as it were, which he said was extremely fortunate for Mr. Wildman, because the state, having declared Mr. Wildman prematurely dead, as it were, would perforce be compelled to provide for his comfortable living as long as he remained a judicial corpse, as it were.

Squire Palmer then explained how he had taken the matter up with the state authorities and forced them to let Mr. Wildman live at state expense for the rest of his life at the Gowanda State Hospital. There Mr. Wildman would have a fine room, splendid, well-cooked meals, the full enjoyment of a thousand acres of farm and park lands, access to work-shops and tools wherewith to work out his inventions, freedom from responsibility and annoyances, and, in short, an ideal life for the balance of his years.

William Wadsworth Wildman liked this suggestion immensely, and was profuse in his thanks for all Squire Palmer had done for him.

Two days later, after certain formalities had been gone through with, William Wadsworth Wildman said farewell to Mrs. Wildman, his two daughters, and Forestport in general, and, accompanied by Squire Palmer, was driven away to Gowanda.

At the beautiful home for the insane high up in the Cattaraugus Hills, Mr. Wildman was given a comfortable room, and introduced to the authorities and attendants, and shown all over the attractive premises.

After eating a substantial meal, he was exuberant with happiness. 'I'll tell you, Squire Palmer,' he said to his attorney, 'I like this place — it's a regular judicial heaven, ain't it?'

After arranging with the superintendent to allow Mr. Wildman as much freedom as the latter's harmless condition might permit, and for the old man's comfort, Squire Palmer bade Mr. Wildman farewell and drove back to Forestport.

Several weeks elapsed, during which Squire Palmer received reports from Gowanda showing that W. W. Wildman was extremely comfortable and happy. One day he received a letter from Mr. Wildman. This letter was marked 'Confidential,' and demanded that Squire Palmer come at once to Gowanda, to confer with the writer on a most important matter.

When Squire Palmer arrived at the hospital on the following day, he was shown up to Mr. Wildman's room, which was extremely bright and cheerful.

Mr. Wildman was clearly laboring under considerable excitement as he addressed Squire Palmer.

'I'm worried to death!' he said.

'Over what, William?' asked Squire Palmer.

'Over this *corpus-delicti* thing of being here.'

'What have you to worry about? What's wrong?' said Squire Palmer soothingly. 'Everything's all fine here, is it not?'

'Yes, in a way, it is,' Mr. Wildman went on. 'I've got the finest room I ever was in. It's wonderfully comfortable here. The grounds and the farm are beautiful — just perfect. The workshops are fine, and I'm doing wonderful work on my inventions. And the food — honest, Squire Palmer, it's as choice as anyone could ever wish for; and the Superintendent and the help here are amazing kind. Why, do you know that no one ever calls me anything but "Mr. Wildman," or once in a while "Wil-

liam," when we're visiting along on my inventions that they're all interested in. Why, I'd be the happiest man in the world being *corpus delicti* here, if it was n't for one thing that worries me almost to death.'

'What's that, William?' asked Squire Palmer.

'Well, it's because there's a lot of people here that's crazy as bed-bugs; and I get so worried thinking that some of those fool people over at Forestport may think my being here is sort of queer. I don't mind, Squire Palmer, being thought *corpus delicti*, but by heck!' he said vehemently, 'I'd go mad if I figured that that Forestport crowd thought I was *non compos mentis!*'

THE MAGIC TABLE

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

THE man in the train looked pale, haggard, and unhappy, and his face kept twitching in a pitiful and miserable way when he told me his story.

'You must know,' he said, 'that even as a very young man I felt a deep and profound love for order, rule, and measure, for logic and rationality. Mathematics was my favorite study, and the idea that two and two always and under all circumstances make four was to me a thought of strange spiritual consolation and of a real intellectual joy. I found in this and in similar ideas all the inner support and all the sustaining help that other men derive from religion, philosophy, and poetry. My world was a sensible, logical, rational world, a world where cause and effect corresponded with each other, where one fitness was capped by another fitness, and where discipline and order were paramount virtues. So I lived happy and satisfied, until I made the fatal resolve to purchase the Magic Table.'

'The Magic Table?' I exclaimed, surprised.

'Yes, yes,' he said impatiently, 'the Magic Table. Have you never heard of it? Every child would know it at once. It is the old Wonder-Table to which you say, "Table, spread," and then it spreads for you and serves magic dishes. I bought the table from a brown, ragged, and dirty-looking Armenian or Syrian whose outlandish gibberish I only half understood, and who, with a wailing and singing voice, always repeated, "Dah-mahs-koos, Dah-mahs-koos," like an incantation or a prayer. As far as I could gather from his words, the table had been since the most ancient times in the possession of his family, and he wanted to sell it only to send his consumptive sister to the south. And then he wailed again and looked miserable and unhappy, and touched me pleadingly with his brown and snake-like hands, and sobbed out queer and fantastic Syrian words; and at last — out of impatience and disgust, and simply to get rid of him — I bought the accursed table for the price he named.'

'Of course,' I said, 'it was all a

swindle, and the table was quite a commonplace one?'

'Oh, it was the Magic Table right enough,' he replied wearily; 'only its magic was somehow spoiled, and this almost drove me crazy. Well, as I said, I bought the table, had it dusted, put it somewhere in a dark corner of my apartment, and then, not because I believed in it, but as a silly joke, I said to it, "Table, spread." I had wished for a brown and succulently roasted fowl, and the next moment a bottle of wine stood on the table. I was delighted; I had never seriously thought that there could be any magic in this old brown piece of wood; and to my further surprise, I found the wine quite excellent. Only, the pity was I had no appetite for wine; what I really wanted was roasted fowl. Therefore I said to the table, "Old top, you are quite marvelous and you are worth your weight in gold, but you did not understand me properly. Your wine is good, but I ordered a roasted chicken. Spread again, table, and serve me what I want." This time the table spread, and a big sugar-encrusted fruit-cake stood before me.

'As these mischances happened again and again, I presumed that the table understood only Syrian or Arabic. I then bought some dictionaries and studied assiduously the names of the things I wished for; but all my efforts were in vain. Whatever I asked of my table, I always received something else. The things I demanded, the things I was really longing for, I could never get; and only those for which I did not care in the least were given to me. When I was almost famished with hunger, drink appeared; when I was thirsting for something cool and sweet and refreshing, hot and spiced dishes steamed on the table; and by-and-by it seemed to me that there was some malevolent power hidden in the table which consciously and in pursuance of its own wicked purpose thus thwarted my every desire.

'After a while the table absolutely haunted me; it affected my nerves — and yet I was helpless. If some machinery, some spring, some motor had regulated the table, I could simply have taken the whole thing apart and repaired it; but it was a Magic Table, its property was all a Wonder, and before a Wonder that does not work properly we are helpless, we can do nothing.

'At last I tried to conquer the table with the weapons of sense and reason. To find the rule of his ruleless whims, I made long charts and lists, wrote on one side what I had asked for and on the other side what I received; but even this plan proved a failure: I could demand the same thing twenty times, but I always got something else. Yet it was always another something else, and I recognized, to my despair, that the laws of reason did not govern my table; that I stood before something absolutely irrational, and that its whole existence was an anomaly in a world of rule and order.

Other people might have suffered less, but I, who had always delighted in clearness, fitness, and rule, who was enamored of logic and who worshiped reason and sense — I could not stand this lawless force in my house, I could not stand it in the world. I hated the table with a bitter and consuming hate, and I tried to destroy it. Every evening I hammered it to pieces, but my weapons did not prevail against it, and every new morning I found it again whole and sound. Sometimes it even seems with a triumphant malevolency to mock me and my useless efforts. Do you now understand what I went through, and what I suffer?'

He looked so excited and threatening that my only thought was to calm him.

'Of course,' I said as consolingly as I could, 'of course I understand you. Do we not all suffer in the same way, and do we not all carry the same burden? Is not Life itself a spoiled Magic Table that does not work properly? Do we not all receive only those things for which we have hardly any use, and do we not always pray in vain for the gifts we really demand? Are we not just as powerless and helpless as you are, because Life also is not regulated by a motor, or a machine, or a spring? Life, too, is a Wonder and a Marvel, and before the Wonder our reason can do nothing. After we have tried a thousand lists and charts, and used one formula after the other, do we not all come at last to the bitter insight that Life is senseless and without proper rule, and a constant contradiction to all logic and rationality? And in the end, in spite of our disillusionment and disenchantment, and in spite of the constant consciousness of being fooled, we yet have to confess that Life is stronger than we are and more powerful; that we cannot destroy it and cannot thwart it; that it is strange, and wonderful, and eternal.'

I had spoken as quietly as possible, and by-and-by the excitement of the stranger abated. He looked now very old, very tired, very unhappy, and extremely weary; and after a while he fell sound asleep in his seat. Later, in came his physician, who had been, for a while, in the smoking-car, and began to gather their luggage together.

'A hopeless case,' he said, looking at the sleeping man. 'Fortunately he is harmless. I suppose he has been tell-you his Magic-Table story. That is one of his fixed ideas. He is really quite incurable.'

'How sad!' I said, 'and yet his trend of thought is absolutely logical and rational.'

'Well,' said the physician, 'don't you understand that anyone who thinks absolutely logically and rationally is simply bound to become insane; and that only those who are willing to admit some irrationality into their scheme of things can hope to keep sane? It seems a kind of intellectual vaccination. He who is a little insane can keep most of his sense intact; but he who insists on an absolute and merciless saneness quite loses his mind.'

With this mystical and rather unmedical statement, he woke his patient, gripped his bags, nodded to me, and left the train. But the face of the haunted man and his story of the Wonder-Table hovers still like a dark and ominous cloud on the far horizon of my memory.

NEW LIGHT ON LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THE larger part of our information concerning Abraham Lincoln's boyhood is derived from his own brief reference to that period, and from the self-centred statements of his cousin, Dennis Hanks. These, and other historical fragments, have been worked over and presented so repeatedly that sometimes we forget how really meagre are the underlying data.

In the winter of 1909 I came into possession of an entirely new source of information concerning Lincoln's boyhood. In a remote corner of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, I found a man whose mother, a cousin of Lincoln, had passed her childhood with him in his father's family, and had preserved a store of family history, tradition, and anecdote concerning those early years. Since that time I have intended to make this information public, but the nomadic and very busy life of a civil engineer has heretofore prevented.

The family of Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham, while in their Indiana home, consisted of his two children, Abraham and Sarah, and a flock of orphaned, or partly orphaned, children from at least four different families. Among these was a niece, Sophie Hanks, just a month younger than Abraham, who lived in the family of Thomas Lincoln until she was married. The remainder of her life, except for a visit to Indiana, was spent in primitive Ozark Mountain communities, separated from the companions of her childhood. The records of her recollections of Lincoln's early years and of the family life of Thomas Lincoln are very largely separate from and independent of all other sources. Sophie Hanks died in November, 1895, but her three children, living in different localities in the Ozarks, have retained a part of the information they received from her.

Sophie Hanks's mother, Sarah or Polly Hanks, was a sister of Lincoln's mother. Though she never married, she had six children, all of whom lived to maturity, bearing their mother's name.

The discovery of the family came about in this manner. The most interesting vacation adventures I ever have experienced have resulted from trips into regions unknown to me, and without any specific destination. During the winter of 1908 and 1909, while engaged in planning the reclamation of the 'Sunk Lands' of northeast Arkansas, I spent one of these vacation periods on a short trip of exploration in the Ozarks. These mountains as a whole are monotonous rounded hills covered with scrub timber; but there is one section in northwest Arkansas, of perhaps a thousand square miles, not crossed by any railroad, where one finds cañons with lichen-covered walls, steep mountainsides where cedar, oak, and beech grow with a luxuriance not seen in more northern latitudes, and where the mountain scenery will compare in beauty with anything the eastern states

can offer. I had heard vaguely of the attractions of this region, had once before penetrated a corner of it, and on this occasion set out in that general direction.

The next morning found me on an Iron Mountain train, following the banks of the White River toward the summit of the Ozarks, with a ticket that would pacify the conductor until about noon. Noon came, but, as the rounded, weather-worn mountain-tops seemed to offer small chance for adventure, I continued during the afternoon, paying the fare in cash, a station at a time, hoping for something to turn up. Nothing did turn up, and when, about sunset, I saw a stage awaiting the arrival of the train at the little station of Bergman, I decided to rest my chances for interesting developments with this other mode of travel. The stage was bound for the village of Harrison. That we were still in the land of culture and refinement was evident from an advertisement by the roadside which read, 'When you get to town, take a bath at the Midway Hotel.'

The hotel was not disappointing, and neither was the rangy saddle horse on which I started early next morning for a trip farther into the mountains. We passed rolling hills with their groves and well-kept farms, and the little town of Gaither, a peaceful, sleepy burg at the foot of the mountain; then a long road over the mountain, with a glorious view from the top in the soft gray morning; and finally down into the valley of Buffalo Creek.

That day on Buffalo Creek would have compensated for many a futile vacation adventure. There were sheer lichen-covered walls hundreds of feet high, sweeping in great curves with the bends of the creek; crevices and smaller creek valleys densely grown with cedar and hard woods; and here and there, perched in a cranny of the hills, a log cabin overflowing with children. I stopped for dinner at one of these. There were the great stone fireplace, the hand-made hickory furniture, hand-woven baskets, and puncheon floors, all a reproduction, I suppose, of a typical English cabin of three hundred years ago; and there were archaic forms of speech which even in Shakespeare's day had disappeared from all but uncultured or primitive communities. After dinner I sat for a time by the fireplace, talking with the father and telling stories to the children, who had never heard of Mother Goose.

During the afternoon the road climbed upward, crossing the creek from side to side, and toward evening the cañon was not so deep. Stopping at one of the cabins, I was informed that at Low Gap I could cross the mountain-range and reach another valley. Not wanting to retrace my path, I left the creek, and was fortunate to reach the gap after nightfall, for a heavy snowstorm came on, covering the trails. The night was spent at a log cabin, where an Irish boy from Chicago was 'holding down a government claim' during his mother's absence. The next forenoon's travel was through another valley or cañon, not so deep, but more picturesque, with many shady cliffs and little waterfalls, finally widening to a flat valley, perhaps a mile wide, occupied by farms. Then, just before noon, came the little town of Jasper, the seat of Newton County, distinguished as the only county in Arkansas which has never been invaded by a railroad.

The village hotel at Jasper evidently was a residence, remodeled to care for guests. These consisted of the village schoolmaster, an occasional timber-cruiser, lawyers and litigants during terms of court, and at intervals a traveling man. Our landlady's husband served as physician — 'practising physic,' he called it — for the village and for a

large surrounding country. The people were so abominably healthy, however, that in a tributary population of perhaps five thousand, there was at that time but one patient, a case of chronic stomach trouble; so the doctor's wife helped out the family revenues by keeping a hotel.

II

It was the 15th of February, 1909, and on the hotel table lay a recent copy of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, with a description of the dinner given the week before at Springfield, Illinois, commemorating the centennial of Lincoln's birth. The doctor apparently noticed my interest in this account, and when conversation had become established, he made a remark which seemed to indicate that he knew something of Lincoln. To my direct question he replied, 'Why, yes, my mother grew up with Abe Linkhorn. When I was a baby Abe held me in his arms and nursed me.' Further questions convinced me that here surely was a man of good intentions.

A snowstorm outside, and the fact that I had already made twenty miles over mountain roads and trails, offered sufficient excuse for postponing the further journey until the next day; so, with the horse cared for, I settled down for an afternoon and evening's visit. As the doctor provided wood for the hotel and helped in the preparation of the meals, our conversation was frequently broken. The schoolmaster, too, interrupted, expressing his scorn for so humble a source of information. Ida Tarbell knew all about Lincoln, he said, and had written it in a *magazine*.

The doctor answered questions willingly, but I found I did not know what to ask. With but superficial knowledge of Lincoln's boyhood and family history, nearly all details were new to me, and the fragments of the latter were without special significance. When I left next morning, therefore, it was with the promise that I might come again, and I resolved in the meantime to know more about my subject.

A second visit was made in May, at which time the doctor accompanied me by horse and buggy to Limestone Valley, thirty miles farther into the mountains, where we visited his half-sister, Mrs. Nancy Davidson, and her husband. She told more of Lincoln and also allowed me to search through an old wooden chest that had been her mother's. A letter in this chest from Dennis Hanks referred to another of Lincoln's semi-adopted brothers as having moved many years before to Douglas County, Oregon. Correspondence with all the postmasters in Douglas County located this branch of the family near the little town of Riddles. My wife was about to start on a trip through the West, and stopped at Riddles, securing such information as was available from John Hanks, who also, in his boyhood, had known Lincoln. A trip through the Ozark Mountains in Missouri finally located the doctor's half-brother, John Lynch, and his wife, in a little cabin a few miles east of the old town of Iron Mountain. Mr. Lynch was very old, and while he fully substantiated the fact of his mother's early life with Lincoln, his memory was fading and he could add few new facts.

During 1909 and 1910 a search in the Congressional Library at Washington for data concerning Lincoln's boyhood was followed by correspondence with the doctor, and his remembrance was recorded touching many points of interest. Then, in July, 1910, on a third visit, we took a two days' trip by team and buggy up Buffalo Creek. On this occasion a few remaining points were discussed. The doctor's wife is much younger than he, and has a more creative memory and well-developed imag-

inative powers, capable of filling in any gaps which may occur in memory. The data furnished by her properly belong to a less limited type of narrative, and are not included in this account. I have endeavored fully to recognize the obligation of historical accuracy, and have striven to avoid any unjustified appearance of consistency or precision in the account. All of the information, except as otherwise noted, was furnished by the doctor.

The doctor is a tall, sparely built man, with stooping shoulders. In wearing a red handkerchief about his neck, instead of a tie, as well as in other features of his dress, he conformed to the customs of the Ozark country. He was born in Dubois County, Indiana, December 26, 1843. In the spring of 1847 he moved from Indiana to St. Francis County, Missouri. Before the Civil War he went to school two or three months each year. During the war schooling was interrupted; but after its close he had two years more of six months each. Then, from 1868 to 1874, he taught school for seven months each year, four months in the public schools and three months in 'subscription schools.' 'While I was teaching school, I was studying medicine at every chance, and in 1875 I went in with Dr. Thompson as full partner in the practice of physic, and have been in active practice ever since.'

Since 1874 he has lived in Jasper, Arkansas, until shortly after I met him, when he moved to Harrison, Arkansas, giving up his practice. As he left Jasper for his new home, he forded Buffalo Creek, and threw his medicine case away into the swift water. For nearly half a century he had fought that mountain stream, winter and summer, in flood and during low water. He told me of wild night-rides over the mountain trails, of his terror-stricken horse pursued by a panther that followed close by, but apparently did not dare to attack; of making long détours for swollen streams, leading his horse along obscure mountain paths, skirting narrow ledges, or tearing through tangles of undergrowth. Twenty or thirty miles from home these trips would sometimes take him. On reaching his patient, he generally found a primitive log cabin, open to the weather, absolutely lacking in sanitary provisions and lacking also in knowledge of cooking beyond corn-bread and pork and a few other primitive foods. He was doctor, surgeon, nurse, cook, and often housekeeper.

The doctor and his family were independent people, living within their resources and asking odds of no one. The doctor's father, although urged by his wife to vote for Lincoln, refused to do so. John Lynch, the doctor's half-brother, also voted against Lincoln in 1860. He gave as his reason that his father was a Whig, 'and you know a boy is usually what his father is.' He was a soldier in the Civil War, and nearly died there. He was proud that only once did he ever try to profit by his relationship to the President. On that occasion he whipped an officer who had insulted him, and fearing that he would be court-martialed and shot, he made known his relationship.

Such are the sources of our information. The new facts collected about Lincoln's boyhood are not numerous. As important perhaps are the information concerning his father, and an accurate picture of the conditions of family life under which he lived.

III

It is only by comparison with its surroundings that we can get a true idea of the character and the significance of the Lincoln home. The present-day sod-house of the far western Canadian home-

steader is a self-respecting structure, housing the family and reasonably serving its purpose under primitive conditions. But if we compare it to even a poorly equipped tenement house in New York City, the sod-house, in its dirt and its lack of light, air, and sanitation, seems intolerable. The general conditions in and about the home of Thomas Lincoln have been described with reasonable accuracy, but through implied comparison with different conditions of living, they have been made to appear exceptionally poor and mean. The fact seems to be that Thomas Lincoln in his home life arrived at about the same stage of development as his neighbors. If the boy Abraham had grown up in any neighboring home, his habits of life and his physical surroundings would have been about the same. Modern life has swept away most of this primitive culture, but to-day, in out-of-the-way regions of the Ozarks, are still to be found homes where Thomas Lincoln might drop in and feel at ease.

Commerce, other than neighborhood barter, hardly existed in Thomas Lincoln's environment. The neighborhood was very nearly complete in itself, furnishing its own food, cloth, shoes, and farm-equipment. There being no market for corn, there was little incentive to raise more than could be used at home. This spirit still lingers in out-of-the-way places, where, in response to the question, 'How much corn did you raise this year?' I frequently have received the answer, 'We raised plenty of corn,' or 'All the corn that we need.' The doctor spoke of the gratification in the early days over an extra large crop, its significance being that it would not be necessary to raise so much the following year. With little to buy, and with still less to sell, the environment seemed to furnish small stimulus to commercial ambition.

Many people have asked how it could come to pass that Lincoln, growing up in a mean environment, and lacking culture and education, could become 'the first American,' and interpreter of democracy to all the world. As a primary essential, he was of sound stock, and had great personal capacity. But that was not all. Very generally, American public men before Lincoln had grown up in the environment of slave and free, master and servant, employer and employee, rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian. How many of them were born and bred aristocrats, trying to interpret democracy to America? But Lincoln grew up in a democracy. The economic equality of his boyhood neighbors would satisfy an advanced social revolutionist to-day. None were rich, and none without food and shelter. If one man worked for another, it was to accumulate a stake, that he might soon become independent. It was not necessary for Abraham Lincoln out of his mind to create a new conception of democracy. He grew up in a democracy, observed it, and appreciated it, and then lived and spoke what was in his heart. As a man, he did his best to do away with the physical limitations of his boyhood environment by the building of roads and by encouraging industry, while at the same time endeavoring to retain equality of opportunity. He did not confuse primitive living with democracy.

The primitive environment of Lincoln's boyhood strongly favored this economic equality. The country was newly settled by vigorous, adventurous men, who had brought little or no property with them. There had not been time for separation of those of greater and less natural ability. There were no immediate traditions of aristocracy or of servitude. The lack of transportation, of markets, and of cities prevented the accumulation of wealth, while free

land, free fuel and building material, and abundance of wild game, prevented poverty from being acute. Everyone had to work for a living, and everyone could get a living by working.

Venison was abundant, but was considered too 'dry' to be palatable, unless cooked with plenty of pork. Potatoes were not a common food, though they were occasionally raised. As Lincoln's neighbors were not aware that they could be gathered and stored for winter use, they were dug from time to time as they were used, until they froze or rotted in the ground. Very few vegetables were known. Wild berries and, after some years, apples and peaches were available during their seasons, but there was no knowledge of canning or preserving by modern methods. Blackberries and peaches were preserved in the alcohol caused by their own fermentation, and sometimes apples were sliced and strung on strings to dry in the sun. Very little wheat was raised, as it had to be cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, and carried to some small water-power for grinding. Cornmeal was made by grinding on hand burrs at home, and later at the water-mills that were built on small streams all through the country. A few of the most prosperous people kept milk-cows. During the fall, when hogs were fattening on nuts and acorns, pork was abundant. At other seasons there were wild turkey, bear, venison, coon, squirrels, and ground-hogs. Coffee was rare. The doctor's mother used to tell him of 'the first coffee she ever saw. Her and Abe was at Uncle Jimmie Gentry's, and they did n't know what it was.'

Clothes were as simple as the food. As the doctor related, 'Abe, after he was fourteen years old, had a pair of leather pants made from deer-hides. All the shoes they had were made at home from home-dried hides, one pair a year, and they came along about Christmas. Abe, after he was grown up, had a shirt of home-made linen, dyed with walnut bark.'

In reply to my direct question whether the recorded statements of 'Uncle Tom's' shiftlessness were true, the doctor replied, 'Well, you see, he was like the other people in that country. None of them worked to get ahead. They was n't no market for nothing unless you took it across two or three states. The people raised just what they needed.'

John Hanks in Oregon expressed himself very strongly as to the comparative status of Thomas Lincoln. He held that 'Uncle Tom' was not poor as compared with his neighbors, but that along with them he lived under primitive conditions.

Not only did Thomas Lincoln meet the usual social and commercial standard of success, but in two instances he gave evidence of aspiring to a larger life than his neighborhood afforded. The first case was his effort to bring with him a boat-load of whiskey from Kentucky to Indiana. The doctor related this story substantially as it is given in other sources. 'Uncle Tom went ahead of the family with a boat-load of whiskey. He had several barrels. On the way down Rolling Fork, I believe it was' (on other occasions the doctor called this Roaring Fork and Little Fork), 'his boat upset and he came nigh losing all of his whiskey. He did not lose it all.'

On a later date, after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and before Thomas Lincoln married a second time, he tried again to break into a larger field of activity. To use the doctor's words, 'Uncle Tom left his trade and thought he would go into the speculatin' business. He made him a flat boat, and bought a load of pork — mostly on time. Pork was cheap them days. The hogs fattened on mast' (nuts and acorns), 'and did n't cost them nothing.

He started down the Patocah, and then down the Ohio. He got way down there somewhere by Devil's Island, and his flat boat upset and he lost everything, and pretty nigh got drowned himself. He did n't have no boat to come back with, and so he came back up the river on foot, all the way. Then he went to work at his trade again, and paid up all his debts.'

The fact that Thomas Lincoln paid his debts after this experience, a labor which required several years, was repeatedly impressed upon me during my various visits with the doctor. The family traditions are colored throughout with a high regard for Thomas Lincoln's character, for his patience, kindness of heart, and honesty, and his finer sensibilities. Frequent reference was made to his consideration in disciplining his children. 'Uncle Tom would not whip Abe or scold him before folks, but he would take him by himself and tend to him after they was gone. People in them days believed that whipping was good for children. Ma said she must have been pretty good, because she never got reproved or scolded very much.'

The doctor outlined Thomas Lincoln's calling in this manner. 'Uncle Tom was a wheelwright. In them days it was a pretty good trade. You see, in them days every family had to have a big spinning-wheel and a little wheel. Uncle Tom made the *little* wheels. In a family where there were several girls they had sometimes three or four wheels.' The doctor's sister gave a similar account, drawing particular attention to the fact that Uncle Tom was a maker of '*little* wheels.'

Perhaps a year after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Thomas Lincoln made a short trip to Kentucky, and while there married a widow, a Mrs. Johnson. 'Mother said she was his old sweetheart, before he ever saw Nancy Hanks,' related the doctor. 'When he went back, I guess he had her in view. When he got there she was washing in the yard. He went along just like he was walking by, and leant up against the fence and talked to her. He proposed marriage, and she said, "I owe too much." "How much?" Uncle Tom asked her, and she replied, "Two dollars and a half." Uncle Tom volunteered, "If that's all, I'll pay that"; and the match was made up right there. I've heard mother laughing about that many a time.'

While Mrs. Johnson was lacking in ready money, yet, according to the doctor, 'She was right good for property. She had right smart.' And Uncle Tom brought back, not only a wife, but a wagonload of her furniture. 'She inquired and found out all about Uncle Tom, and how he stood in business.' In describing his possessions, 'Uncle Tom told her all about the bed he had, how it stood so high from the floor on four corner posts, and had a top bent over so; an' he told her all about it, like it was a wonderful bed. And I have heerd mother tell about when his new wife saw that bed. She stood there in the doorway and looked and looked at it, and then she laughed. She said everything Uncle Tom had told her was true, but she thought it was some fine bed, and it was only a hickory one he had made himself. An' the fine top was a hickory pole that come up from behind the bed, an' he had bent it over and bored a hole in the wall and put it through the hole. You see, he was a wheelwright, and could do good work at such things.'

'Mother told me many times,' said the doctor, 'about the first house Uncle Tom built when he came to Indiana. It was a three-cornered house, made out of three rows of logs, with a fireplace in one corner.' He lived just through the winter in this shanty. In

talking about it, he called it his 'winter castle.' 'How I come to know what kind of a house Abe Linkhorn lived in,' said the doctor, 'mother and I was coming from Jasper to Limestone Valley one night when we come to a little house this side of Limestone Valley, and she made me drive around it. She said it was just like the house Abe Linkhorn lived in. Uncle Tom built another house afterwards.'

IV

Abe Lincoln's few schooldays were spent at a 'blab school': that is, one in which the children 'read out,' Chinese fashion, at the tops of their voices. During his boyhood nearly all schools in his neighborhood were of that type. Later the silent school competed for public approval. The supporters of the 'blab-school' idea held that it prepared for actual life; that a child who could master his lessons in such a din could think and read without distraction in any other environment. Perhaps the fact that most of these people had no place to read except in a one-room or two-room log cabin, surrounded by a large family, may have added zest to their partisanship.

The doctor's mother, Sophie Hanks, attended school with Lincoln. She remembered that it was a long walk, about three and a half miles, and that going and coming Abe frequently could be heard 'reading out' in the approved manner, so that he was audible at a considerable distance from the path. Dennis Hanks went to school at the same time, though for a shorter period than Abe or Sophie. Sophie Hanks's knowledge of Abe's schooldays was limited to the period in Indiana, under the teachers Swaney and Crawford. During this period his attendance never was regular, and he sometimes would be absent for several days at a time. According to the doctor's sister, when Abe was small, 'just a slip of a feller,' he was 'to'lable lazy,' and did not like school. The doctor insisted that Abe was not lazy; 'but he was easy-going.' He was a good hand at anything he undertook, 'but he did n't hunt work.'

The doctor had a version of Lincoln's discovery of a grammar. 'A schoolmaster told Linkhorn one day that if he wanted to talk and write correctly he ought to learn grammar; that that was a standard to show him what speech was right and correct. Linkhorn did n't know they was such a thing as a standard of speech for language; and when the schoolmaster told him this, he walked twelve miles to get a Kirkem's grammar, and he kept it right with him till he knew it by heart. They was n't anything in it he did n't know. Kirkem's grammar was putty near a leading grammar in them days. It was a good grammar because it explained the reason for everything.'

The tradition is that Abe got so he could 'beat the teacher' at his lessons; but the doctor remarked, 'I don't reckon he was much of a teacher.' It is also a part of the account that he 'tried the teacher every day.' But if he did not like to go to school, he did like to read. He borrowed every book in the vicinity. *Robinson Crusoe* he knew by heart. 'You know that was an old fable years ago,' added the doctor. Among other books Abe read were one or more ancient histories, a history of the United States, and the *Arabian Nights*.

The usual opinions to the effect that Abraham Lincoln was a sickly child do not find support in the stories handed down by the doctor's mother, who grew up with him. 'He was very firm and straight,' both physically and morally. He 'grew up very early,' and was large for his years. Sophie Hanks evidently was much impressed with Abe's physical ability. 'If they was anyone that

was an expert at any kind of athletics,' related the doctor, 'Abe could do it better. I've heerd mother say many a time that Abe would stand flat on his feet and lean back till his head would touch the floor. I got so I could stand on a trundle bed and lean back till my head touched the bed, but I was always afraid to try it on the floor for fear I would fall and hurt myself. It was mother telling me about Abe Linkhorn that started me at it. One of my playmates got so he could stand on the flat of his feet and reach backwards and touch the ground.'

So much for the noble example. 'He would stand on a corn-cob and turn enunder it.' I thought to take the opportunity to correct statements which have been written to the effect that Abe Lincoln was fond of cock-fighting; but the reply I got to my inquiry was, 'Cock-fighting was very prevalent in those days, and Abe took considerable interest in it.'

He hunted a great deal. 'I remember mother telling about the first time he killed a turkey,' related the doctor. 'He brought it home and told the people all evening about killing that turkey, and when he went to sleep, he talked in his sleep most of the night about that turkey. The folks deviled him in the morning for talking about the turkey in his sleep.'

He did not use tobacco as a boy, was not profane, and did not drink whiskey 'except as Uncle Tom would have all the children to drink a dram before breakfast for health.' John Hanks, of Douglas County, Oregon, remembered the only time he saw Lincoln touch whiskey. It was at a bee-hunt. Lincoln mixed some honey with whiskey, tasted it, and said, 'Den, that tastes pretty good.' His only recorded illness was an occasional attack of malaria. The nickname, 'honest Abe,' attached to him while he was a boy.

Another commonly accepted belief which the doctor vigorously resented is that which holds Lincoln to have been sober and gloomy. According to the traditions of this family, he was just the reverse — bright, full of life and of fun, and very talkative. 'He was quick to learn, forgot nothing, and always wanted to tell what he knew.' The doctor repeated many times accounts of Abe's weakness for 'putting in' or interrupting a conversation when, in the relation of some incident, the truth would be departed from, or some item of the account which he considered important would be left out. 'And when the company would leave, Uncle Tom would take Abe and talk to him about "putting in" when older people were talking.' This tendency to break into a conversation was mentioned as Abe's outstanding weakness.

He did not like girls' company, but was 'a great fellow to be with the boys.' He was known for good-nature, even temper, and for seldom becoming angry. He would go to all the dances in the country, but would not dance. Off at one side, with the boys gathered around him, he would tell jokes and funny stories, and would relate what he had read. For their further edification he would turn handsprings, stand flat-footed, and lean back until his head would touch the ground (this last item was many times related, and evidently formed a substantial part of the basis of the doctor's admiration for Lincoln), and would perform many other athletic stunts. Sometimes at such dances, 'it would be hard to get enough boys to stand for a set,' because Abe's company was more interesting. At wrestling, 'nobody ever throwed Abe unless he was a heap bigger than him.'

The commonly repeated stories about Lincoln's reading by a fireplace at night are supported by these family accounts. The doctor's sister said, 'I've heerd

mamma tell about how Abe would gather brush of an evening to make a light with of a night to read by. He would lay down with his feet *there* away from the fire and his head *there* by the fire, and he would read a long time.' He was an eager listener. 'Whenever anyone was talking, Abe was right there.' He observed keenly, and never forgot.

The self-reliance so evident in later life was not absent during Lincoln's boyhood, as the following story indicates. It was at the time of Thomas Lincoln's trip down the river after the death of Lincoln's mother, and before Thomas was married the second time.

'When Uncle Tom went away, he left Abe and his sister and my mother there, and left one fat hog in the pen. It was a big, fat hog. The way she said, I guess it would weigh nigh two hundred pounds. He said if they got out of feed, they could go over and get Mr. Greathouse to kill the hog for them. Mr. Greathouse was a neighbor and a little o' kin. When the hog was needed, Abe said they would n't go get Greathouse to kill the hog. He said they would kill it themselves. So Abe went over to Greathouse's when Mr. Greathouse was n't to home, and Mrs. Greathouse let him take the gun. He must have been a little feller, 'cause ma said, when she see him coming, the shot-pouch hung almost to his knee.

'Abe took the gun out to the pen, and pointed it through the rails, — so, — and took aim and shot the hog dead all right. And then he and my mother went into the pen and tried to take the hog out. But they could n't budge it. So they went and got some boards and put them down in the pen, and they had the water already hot, and they took the entrails out, an' cut it up right there in the pen, and carried it out in pieces. And they did a pretty good job.'

John Hanks, the Oregon relative, gave the very confidential information that 'Lincoln was as much of a infidel as anyone could be. I would n't like to say how much; but he was good and moral.' When I quoted this to the doctor on a later visit, he replied, 'There was a sense in him that he could not narrow himself to the religion of that time. In them days, if a man doubted the Bible being exactly true in everything, and if he did not believe in fire and brimstone, he was called an infidel. Lincoln said he could take some things from all the churches and make a better church than any of them. If Lincoln was an infidel, a good part of the people to-day is infidels, for most people is coming to believe like he did.'

This family's knowledge of Abraham Lincoln fades away where our more complete knowledge of his life begins. Telling his story of how Lincoln grew up in Indiana, the doctor concluded, —

'And then by and by Uncle Tom's other wife died, and he and Abe went away. They went to Sangamon County, Illinois, and Abe drove a pair of steers all the way. We don't know much about Abe's life after he left Indiana, but some of the men Linkhorn knew in Illinois has written things about his early life. And they has made mistakes. Some of the things they say is true and some ain't true.' The doctor recounted sketchily a few items of Lincoln's early days in Illinois. 'And then Abe, he got the post-office over there, an' he got work in the store, and then bymeby they got him into the legislature. One of the first things he done while he was a statesman was when they was a bill up to move the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. The legislatures used to meet then at Vandalia. One day all the friends of Springfield was away, and they was a quorum and the sargent was there and would n't let anybody out. And they was goin' to pass their bill while the friends of Springfield was n't there. And Abe, he went to the win-

dow and hung out and dropped about fourteen feet. And four or five other fellows followed him, and he busted the quorum that way. But the time the people begun to find out what Abe was good for, was when he began to have them talks with Mr. Douglas.'

Several of the places and persons associated with Lincoln's boyhood were more or less familiar to the doctor. Concerning Thomas Lincoln's neighbor, Mr. Gentry, he said, 'My mother lived for a short time with him. He thought a sight of her and Abe. She never had a better friend. She always spoke of him as Uncle Jimmy Gentry. I think he was a distant relative, and was a good liver for that time. It seems to me he kept a little store, but I am not sure. Gentryville took its name from him.'

The Johnson boys, sons of Thomas Lincoln's second wife, did not stand high in the family estimation. Abe found it necessary to restrain his stepbrothers from vulgarity and common coarseness of behavior. In case of dispute, Abe's word was always taken over theirs. When these stepbrothers tried to explain themselves out of a scrape, they frequently were confronted with the remark, 'Wait till Abe comes, and then we will know the truth about it.'

When I asked the doctor about the various reports that Abraham Lincoln was an illegitimate child, he replied, 'Those stories about Abraham Linkhorn being an illegitimate child are untrue. Aunt Nancy and Uncle Tom were married regular. But his mother was an illegitimate child. I have always understood that from what my mother said about it. But my cousin said that his mother told him that our grandmother Hanks and Linkhorn's mother were half-sisters and also cousins. My mother never told me that, but I have often heard her say that we were badly mixed.

A CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY

BY RALPH R. PERRY

I

SHE was not the biggest transport in the service, but as I went over the side for the first time she looked as big as the Leviathan to me. I had been a sailboat man during the war, and transports, commanded by sure-enough regular navy captains with four stripes, were out of my ken. So when the officer of the deck told me to go to the executive office 'in the passageway under the bridge,' to give my orders to the ship's writer, I went in a condition of most painful modesty. I had always known that an ensign did n't amount to much, but I had never realized before how extremely little it was.

There were two doors in 'the passageway under the bridge,' both open. No one was in sight. I hesitated, and went in the one to the right.

As I entered, a tall officer in his shirt-sleeves sprang from an armchair

and transfixed me with a leveled forefinger.

'When I want to see you, sir,' he barked, 'I'll *send* for you! Good-day!'

'Who,' I asked one of my fellow insects, 'is the skipper of this wagon?'

'Why?' said he. 'Have you met him already?'

'You might say I had had — dealings with him.'

'Is n't he a tarrier?' my friend remarked. 'Do you know, I think they *started* calling ensigns insects on this ship.'

During the first two months of my service on board I saw the captain very little. I was doing duty as junior officer of the deck. His duties, according to the Naval Regulations, are 'to assist the officer of the deck in his duties . . . and to inspect the ship at least twice in each watch.' Since the Armistice, in a ship not cruising in convoy or formation, he spends most of his time helping the officer of the deck to look, and that section about inspecting the ship is very helpful. I found it so. For when the Old Man came up the bridge by one ladder, somehow I always had an inspection to make, and down I went by the other. The officer of the deck used to call this deserting a post of duty in the presence of the enemy. Poor fellow, he had to stay on the bridge, and the Old Man was quite impartial. He would call down a lieutenant commander as readily, as pointedly, and in very much the same terms that he would use to the humblest ensign of us all.

The trouble with the Old Man from our point of view was that he was entirely too efficient. He saw things a captain has no business to see — little things which are always in disorder about a ship, and of which the officer of the deck took no notice — until afterward.

I have reason to know, for one morning the Executive sent for me.

'Beginning to-morrow,' said he, 'you will go on watch every morning from eight to twelve o'clock as officer of the deck. The captain decided to give you that watch so he could keep an eye on you; and if you do all right and keep on the job and keep your eyes open, he says he will put you on regular watch duty. If you don't,' he continued (and was there a shadow of a smile in his eyes?), 'you are liable to spend ten days in your room. Don't be worried. The captain is n't so terrible if you're up to your work.'

Now the eight-to-twelve in the morning was the watch we dreaded most. The Old Man was liable to spend most of it on the bridge, and to run up unexpectedly at the most inopportune times. It was fine for the Exec. to tell me it would be all right, but I couldn 't help feeling he was very cheerful about my troubles. For even in as simple a matter as routine watch-duty, it is one thing to stand by and see it done, and another thing to take the initiative and issue the orders yourself. I was taking no chances. The rest of the day I spent with the junior officer's friends — Knight and the *Watch Officer's Manual.* Both these books have full notes on 'Hints to the junior officer doing line duty' — only it takes nearly five pages to itemize all the things the O.O.D. is expected to carry out in the eight-to-twelve watch, and con the list as I would, I was afraid I should leave something out.

I went on watch in fear and trembling, and got along swimmingly until seven bells. The Old Man had come on deck, passed the time of day very pleasantly, and gone below without a comment. I thought he was giving me a day of grace, and with only a half-hour more before I was relieved, I figured that my dangers were over.

These meditations were interrupted by the captain's orderly. We called him the Stormy Petrel.

'Sir,' said he, 'the captain would like to know why the ship's bell has n't been cleaned for the last two days.'

I said to myself, So would I. Long as I had been on the ship, I knew of no one giving an order to clean it. I looked over the bridge-dodger at the bell. It was green, right enough.

'Quartermaster,' I snapped, 'why did n't you clean the ship's bell this morning?'

The quartermaster was deeply concerned. We were apt to be deeply concerned when the captain's orderly was about.

'Why, sir,' he replied, 'the bridge gang never has cleaned that bell.'

'Certain of that, are you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Who does do it, then?'

'I never saw anybody do it, sir.'

There was evidently no hope here.

'Send for the messenger, the bugler, and the bo'sun's mate,' I ordered.

These, let me add in explanation, are all the men who have anything to do about the bridge. They came.

'The ship's bell was n't cleaned this morning,' I began.

The bo'sun's mate looked at the messenger, the messenger looked at the bugler, and all three looked at the quartermaster.

'It's not my job, sir,' they said in unison.

I turned to the orderly. Time was passing. 'Tell the captain we're cleaning it right away,' I said. 'And in the future, messenger, you are the man who cleans that bell. Every morning. In the morning watch —'

The orderly was back on the bridge.

'Sir, the captain says that was n't what he asked. He wanted to know *why* the bell had n't been cleaned for two days.'

The navigator had come out on the bridge.

'What on earth shall I tell him, sir?' I asked.

He snatched up his sextant and headed back for the chart-house.

'You leave me out of this,' he shot back over his shoulder.

So I thought hard. Why had n't the bell been cleaned? How had it ever been cleaned? Apparently it had been accustomed to clean itself, and had gone on strike. And two days! I'd only been O.O.D. one.

'You tell the captain,' I said to the orderly, 'that I don't know why the bell has n't been cleaned. But that I intend to know hereafter.'

If I should go back into the service and take a deck watch again, I know the first thing I shall do — I shall look to see if the bell is clean. But I wonder who does clean it? For after I came off watch I wanted to find out who was prescribed by the customs of the sea to clean the ship's bell. Perhaps I'd been unjust to the messenger. So I hunted up our old boatswain, twenty years in the navy. If any man in the ship was as seagoing as the captain, it would be he.

'Boats, who cleans the ship's bell?' I asked.

'Well,' he reflected, 'according to Regulations, and in the old navy, the ship's cook is supposed to clean the bell. But he don't do it no more.'

'But who does do it? The captain asked me this morning.'

'Well, son, to tell you the truth, I don't know. But I know the bo'sun's mate don't.'

It must have been a month afterward that the captain came on the bridge while I had the deck. He was feeling very genial that day, and we were talking. I took my courage in both hands.

'Captain,' I asked, 'would you mind

telling me who does clean the ship's bell?'

He put his head on one side. 'Humph!' said he, and went below.

II

My next watch was on Sunday, and the four hours passed without any collision with the captain, although there were a few minutes when I expected to see his orderly coming with another poser. Part of the Sunday routine is to make church call. To do this, you find where the chaplain wants to hold services and have the boatswain's mate prepare the compartment for him, and then, at the appointed time, you sound church call, hoist the church pennant over the ensign, pass the word to put out the smoking lamp, and toll the bell. Now, I do not see anything obscure in an order to toll the bell. I believed it was generally understood that, if you wished to call people to a church, you rang a bell slowly; if to a fire, you rang it fast, at sea or anywhere else. But the messenger tolled that bell as if he were on a tanker loaded with gasoline and TNT on fire fore and aft. I did n't hear from the Old Man; probably he had gone aft; but the first division who came to answer the fire-alarm were quite bitter about it.

The incident should have warned me that messengers were not to be trusted; and yet the next day, when it was time to set the ship's clocks to local time, which is done every day at eleven, I had no foreboding of disaster.

'Messenger,' I ordered, 'report to the captain the deck clock has been set ahead twenty-three minutes.'

'Yes, sir,' he acknowledged, and vanished.

Almost immediately the Stormy Petrel came up on the run. He looked like a stockbroker who has been caught short on the market. At the time there was an orderly in the brig for reporting 'Eight o'clock and barometers wound.' This orderly seemed to have visions of the adjoining cell.

'Please, sir, what did you tell the messenger?' he panted.

'That the deck clocks had been set ahead twenty-three minutes.'

'Well, he told me that the chronometers had been set ahead twenty-three minutes, and that's what I reported to the captain. And when I reported it, the captain, he says, "What's that?" And I told him again, and he started acting up outrageous. He's working on the messenger now, sir, and the messenger he's trying to say that's just what you told him; but the Old Man don't give him much chance to talk. By the way, sir, the captain wants to see you when you come off watch.'

I spent the rest of the watch wondering whether I would be relieved from duty for ten days or only for five, except when a very meek messenger crept up the bridge-ladder. I felt like 'working on him' myself; but after what the captain must have said to him, I knew my best effort would be only balm. So I just said, 'Well?'

'Mr. Perry,' he asked faintly, 'is there any difference between a clock and a chronometer?'

When I reported to the cabin, the captain seemed to be in very good humor, but he always had perfect control over his emotions. He began instantly in the voice of one who has just recovered from anger.

'The messenger came down this morning with a ridiculous report. It's your fault. I know you did n't tell him any such thing,' — he must have seen the amazement in my face, — 'but did you make him repeat that message back to you?'

'No, sir, I —'

'Never mind that! Is n't there an

order to that effect in the captain's order-book?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then why did n't you execute it? Thought it was a routine report and it would n't be necessary, did n't you? See what happened, don't you? Who's captain on this ship?'

I did n't answer. As to that, there was never doubt or discussion.

'So!' he went on. 'I'm the judge of the necessity for orders. You execute them. I'm tired of issuing orders and having you watch officers initial them and go right on doing what you think best!'

He dropped his voice. 'And another thing. Remember there's no such thing as a trivial matter in the navy. You've got to run a ship one hundred per cent right. Good-day, sir!'

As I relieved the deck the next morning, I found a new messenger on watch.

'Come here, lad,' said I. 'What's a barometer? What's a psychometer? What's a chronometer? Good! What's the only thing you ever do to a chronometer? Don't know that? Wind it. Wind it at twelve o'clock. Understand? And messenger! If I give you any order, even if it's only to call my relief, you repeat what I say loud enough for me to hear you.'

My record for the first three days was too lively to continue, and as the weeks passed I began to know my watch and the captain better. His moods varied a great deal. One day he would say, 'Good-morning!' very cheerfully, and spend an hour pacing the bridge, talking on any subject under the sun and dropping many a hint on the proper way of performing watch-duty in the course of an anecdote. The next morning, perhaps, he would nod in answer to my salute, without saying a word, and stand with his head on one side near the rail, leaning forward now and then to bite the bridge screen. These were the mornings the junior officer had an inspection to make, and the quartermaster found something to do on the signal bridge. Everyone disappeared except the officer of the deck, and he did not stay from choice. The Old Man would stand silent, biting the rail, his eyes roving over the decks and the rigging. Then he would twist his lips and speak.

'How long are you going to stand there looking at that windsail before you trim it?'

If he said nothing, you might be sure that there was nothing wrong to be seen. His eyesight was uncanny. For example, during the trip west we hung a large number of signs on the life-rafts and in the passageways to guide the troops. We had been in the habit of securing these with rope-yarns, which are not very neat, and the day before, the captain had issued an order that all the rope-yarn was to removed, and the signs secured with tarred marline. This job had been done the previous afternoon. I had an idea that trouble might arise through some oversight, so as soon as I went on watch, I looked carefully at the signs in view from the bridge. In every case, so far as I could see, marline was used. The captain bit the rail that morning. Suddenly he wheeled to me.

'Has all the rope-yarn been replaced by marline?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Nonsense! There's rope-yarn there on the second life-raft nest! Why don't you use your eyes?'

I could n't see it even then, but I sent the messenger on the run. A rope-yarn had been used, sure enough. In tying up that particular sign the sailor had run out of marline, and tied a six-inch rope-yarn to the end of the cord, to give him enough slack to make the knot. The captain picked that sign out of some forty in sight, and noticed that

little six-inch patch a hundred and fifty feet away.

No one ever forgot a calling down from the captain. It was blasting, yet it never left you angry because it was so definite. An ensign does n't mind being called down, at least, not after a while. He seems to exist for that purpose, and as long as he is brought on the carpet for some distinct oversight, he can charge the incident to experience. But it makes a man's blood boil, junior officer or not, to be rated in round terms for nothing in particular, without being able to reply; to be told he is neglecting his duty, without having the duty he is neglecting specified. He feels that the man talking got up out of sorts, and is working off his bad temper on him because it can be done with impunity. I have been scolded for half an hour — it could not be called anything but a scolding — because the bridge was dirty; and this ten minutes after we had dried down the deck, when there was not a spot visible. But never by the captain.

Only once did he ever take me to task without cause. We were coming out of St. Nazaire. I was not on duty, but the last time my room-mate had stood a watch at the engine-room telegraphs he had received a tongue-lashing from the captain which gave him a lively dread of the job, and I consented to take his watch. I did n't know anything about the conditions under which we were leaving port, and was n't expected to. As I stepped on the bridge on the port side, the captain appeared on the starboard.

'What's the draft of the ship?' he asked.

That was a matter for the officer of the deck. I did n't know, and said so.

'I wish you'd understand this is a ship, not a roof-garden!' he retorted.

It was at the engine-room telegraphs that we learned another aspect of the Old Man's temperament. At sea in calm weather he was critical, acid, and exacting. In a blow or a fog he would humanize. The more critical the situation of the ship, the quieter, the more courteous, the less excitable he became. He used to delight in docking the vessel without a tug or a pilot, and occasionally he got into some narrow corners. His seamanship was a beautiful thing to watch.

It happened while making a dock at Newport News under particularly nasty conditions, that a very green ensign was at the telegraphs. The Old Man was turning into the dock and balancing the ship against the current with the engines, starboard engine against the tide. He got her steadied.

'Both engines, ahead one third!' he ordered, intending to shoot in to the pier.

The ensign swung both levers, not to 'Stop,' not to 'One Third Ahead,' but to the space between, — 'Fire,' — and stepped back proudly. The engine-room began jangling the telegraph bell, trying to find out what on earth the bridge wanted. Not that, they knew.

The captain was standing on the starboard rail of the bridge, holding on to an awning stanchion. As the gong kept ringing, he turned to look at the engine-telegraphs. His eye fastened on the signal indicated — 'Fire.' The ship's head was swinging toward the bank, but the captain seemed to forget about the ship. He jumped down from the rail, walked over to the ensign, and laid his hand lightly on his shoulder.

'You may go below, sir,' he said kindly. 'You've done everything for us you can!'

My seafaring days are over now. But if it ever happens that I must don uniform and put to sea again, which God forbid, I know the captain I want to sail under.

HOMESICK BY THE SEA

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I saw great ships leap to the sea,
  Magic on their prows!
I saw there was no ship for me,
  Homesick for hemlock-boughs.

For my masts on the mountain-side
  Rise where whispering
Winds move over their swaying tide —
  There they rock and sing;

For my masts on the mountain-height
  Spread green silken sails
Whose netted shadows drip with light
  Within the dusky trails;

And there my mountain faithfulness,
  As though deep sea were there,
Above the valley voyages,
  An eagle through the air.

Far heart-heard mountain-murmur, cease!
  The ships are swift and proud!
My heart is crying for release,
  As a wave cries aloud,

The wave that cries my name to tell
  Of singing wild sea-birds
And flocks of foam. Bid me farewell,
  My haughty hemlock herds;

For I have seen the leaping ships!
  Fade and set me free,
Far flowers, to pluck, where a white prow dips,
  The blue flower of the sea!

THE LABOR POLICY OF THE AMERICAN TRUSTS

BY CARLETON H. PARKER[1]

THE policies of the trusts, be they labor, financial, or market, are dominated in the end by the central offices in New York or Chicago. There, immune to the influence of the physical operations of production, sit the directors in their detached, unreal atmosphere. Driven by the demands of an abnormal market on the street outside, they create rules for pay, and establish hours of labor, without knowing or questioning whether the human element in production can bend to the order or not. Absentee capitalism and absentee control have become real words in the economic vocabulary of recent years.

No centre understands a labor problem less, or fears it more, than a financial and banking community. A strike has always been a Wall Street bogey. Business is impatient to see the open shop established. This desire does not seem to be stimulated by an aversion to paying union wages, but rather by a wish to have industrial conditions placid and controllable. This dislike of dividing power with any force, least of all a union, coupled with the mounting profits and surpluses since 1900, has caused capital to be both temperamentally ready for trouble, and prepared financially to meet it.

[1] This paper was written in August, 1914. The war, with its consequent restriction — almost stoppage — of immigration, its consequent tremendous impetus to trade-unionism, brought about an industrial situation which could not wholly be foreseen. But as a background of the present labor situation its value is unimpaired. — C. S. P.

The technique of production has carried the industrial undertaker off his feet. There seems to be no limit to the displacement of labor or the reduction of costs through the automatic machine. Undreamed-of speed has been attained in cotton and woolen mills. If organizations of labor have left with the employer one memory, it is that of restriction of output. Whether this was an important union policy or not, it remains the preëminent union characteristic in the mind of the master. Nothing excites his irritation so much as the slowing down of technical improvements or the speed of machinery. Scientific management, the industrial sensation of the hour, outrages all union principles. The invention of the so-called high-speed tool steel, heralded as one of the greatest inventions of the past twenty-five years, would find its value greatly reduced if union rules were in force. If one mill were non-union and were left free to exploit the new technique unhindered, the union mills, slowed down in the evolution, would at once fall badly behind in the competition. A union-free labor force was imperative in the minds of the new industrialism. How could this be ensured?

European immigration answered this question so completely that it is commonly charged that the employers are responsible for the coming of the millions. There is little doubt that the manufacturers, having first been taught the value of a subservient, disorganized, and patient immigrant labor

force, made efforts to keep the flood coming; but the migration was at the bottom stimulated by forces over which they had no control.

The immigrants offered the prospect of an organization-free labor force, a force in which technique could receive its fullest expansion, and they were welcomed. Industrial simplification made a place for them, and the news went to Europe that agricultural laborers could find immediate industrial work in America. They came. Against them the trade-unions organized the closed shop. From the beginning, the unions knew it was a death-struggle. They could not unionize the newcomers; they must try to keep them out of the industries. The employers were determined to bring the immigrant in, and in industry after industry an anti-union programme was adopted. It will be profitable to follow this contest through some selected industries.

I

As iron and steel is the basic national industry, the trade-union policy of its control has furnished the rule of conduct for the rest of the American industrial world. Since labor policies of the aggressive type are naturally diplomatically secret and based upon both information and aim private and intimate, it is very difficult to find formal record of such policies. It is fortunate that such a record is in existence regarding the trade-union policy of the United States Steel Corporation.

From the time of the disastrous Homestead strike in 1892, until 1900, the only considerable steel-workers' union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, remained weak and on the defensive. In 1900, the association, alarmed by the consolidation of many independent companies into the smaller steel trusts, which were later to form the United States Steel Corporation, passed this resolution:—

> Should one mill in a combine or trust have a difficulty, all mills in said combine or trust shall cease work until such grievance is settled.

This rule the new Steel Trust met by announcing that each constituent company controlled independently its own labor policy. However, the minutes of the corporation show that a trust labor policy had been discussed at practically all meetings. On June 17, 1900, the following declaration of policy was formulated:—

> That we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor, and advise subsidiary companies to take a firm position when the question comes up, and say that they are not going to recognize it, that is, any extension of unions in the mills where they do not now exist; that great care should be used to prevent trouble, and that they promptly report and confer with this corporation.

A few weeks later the following appeared in the minutes:—

> The president reports that the superintendent of the Wellsville sheet mill down on the Ohio River had discharged 12 men who were endeavoring to institute a union lodge.

Another interesting feature of the corporation's policy was the plan to agree, if it became imperative to make a mill a union mill, and then quietly close it down. In one executive meeting, the chairman signified his willingness 'to sign the scale for the McKeesport mill and keep it shut down.'

At this moment the Steel Corporation wanted peace. Its shares were to be worked off on the New York market, which is supersensitive to labor trouble. At the same time the corporation wished to hold the union back from its threatened expansion, for this would make the eventual struggle more costly and the outcome more questionable.

But one of the subsidiary companies overturned the plans for peace.

The American Sheet Steel Company had signed an agreement with the Amalgamated Association covering two thirds of its mills, but had largely nullified this unionization by a policy of shutting up the union mills. The Journal of the Amalgamated Association shows the following condition, in 1901.

	Number of Plants	*Stand of Rolls*
Union mills at work	11	67
Union mills idle	9	33
Non-union mills at work	7	68
Non-union mills idle	None	

Thus, by enlarging and improving the non-union mills, the company had insensibly jockeyed the union out of its position.

The union met this situation by demanding that the Sheet Steel Company sign an agreement covering all its mills. This the company refused to do, and on July 1, 1901, a strike was called by the union against both the American Sheet Steel and the American Steel Hoop Company.

The United States Steel Corporation desired peace even at this time, and an offer of a conference, ostensibly put forward by the subsidiary companies, was made. This conference was held, and the union was offered a settlement which included not only the retaining by the union of all steel mills previously controlled, but the unionizing of six additional mills. This offer was refused by the men, and the steelworkers were called out of all the mills of the trust on August 10, and a general strike instituted.

The workers in the Middle West refused to go out, and popular support of the strike did not materialize. It dragged along until mid-September, when the union was forced to surrender and sign a disastrous compromise. Fourteen mills were lost, and the twenty allowed to unionize were chiefly small ones and were doomed to an early dismantling. Three were at that time condemned, and twelve were soon after abandoned. All the strong mills, which normally could handle the entire output, were left non-union. The union had spent over $200,000 on the strike, the members were bitter, and the lodges now scattered.

From 1902 to 1907, the union played an ineffective part, and lost one mill after the other. On June 30, 1909, the agreements of the union with the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, covering fourteen mills, were to expire, and on June 1 the company posted the following notice: —

> After a careful consideration of the interests of both the company and its employees, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company has decided that all its plants, after June 30, 1909, will be operated as 'open' plants.

The Amalgamated Association officials tried to obtain a conference with the trust officers, but the latter declined to open the matter. To call a strike was the only move left to the union, and on July 1 the union men in all the fourteen mills, with a single exception, were called out.

The Trust both secured strike-breakers and switched orders to the non-union mills, which were not affected by the strike. When the union attempted to hold town meetings and organize, it was prevented by the Trust's non-union mill officials in these localities, and the organizers were forced to leave town. On May 1, 1910, the Trust raised the wage-scale to a point above that obtained by the union. On August 27, after an ineffectual fourteen-months' struggle, the strike was declared off.

This practically ended the activity of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers until the

war-period. The decline of its membership is illuminating.

1891	24,068	1908	7,492
1892	20,975	1909	6,295
1893	13,613	1910	8,257
1900	14,635	1911	4,355
1905	10,904	[1912	4,318
1906	11,410	1917	12,568
1907	10,216	1919	32,500]

The union was eliminated completely from the plants of the United States Steel Corporation, and of the 275,000 employees in the steel industry in 1912, the two steel-workers' unions, the Amalgamated Association and the rival Sons of Vulcan, had a combined total of 5730 members. This small strength was found in the puddling mills and in the small steel mills of the West.

The large so-called 'independent' steel companies have carried on the same policy hostile to unionism. One big company forced the workmen to sign the following: —

> This is to certify, that I am not now connected with any labor organization; and I further agree that, while in the employ of the —— Steel Company, I will not in any way, directly or indirectly, join or have anything to do with any labor organization of any kind whatever.

The unions are gone from the steel industry.[1] Their restriction of output, of hours of labor, and of speed of machines, was a constant irritation to the new captains of industry, hot with ideas of developing a scientific technique, displacing men with machinery, and increasing output. There is now a twelve-hour day and a seven-day week. The works are union-free, and one of the best critics of labor conditions in steel has said that a secret service in the United States Steel Corporation ferrets out the organizing or criticizing spirits among the men, and they go. The men are convinced of this espionage and suspect even their partners working beside them. The Jones and Laughlin Company are always warned ahead when disloyalty and sedition threaten, and the men implicated are dismissed. Not only does the steel industry need a pliable labor force, but it intends to keep it from being educated and spoiled by any form of labor organization.

[1] True until 1917. — C. S. P.

II

The story of the strike in 1904 in the slaughter-house district in Chicago becomes an analysis of the labor policy of the big packing-houses and a description of the driving factors in its creation.

The number of women in the meat industry was 2.9 per cent of the whole in 1890, 4.3 per cent in 1900, and in the Chicago industry in 1904, 9 per cent. When the native-born women, suffering from alternative speeding up and piece-work price reductions, struck in 1900, they were not only beaten, but 'black-listed,' and their fragile union disappeared. Their places were taken by immigrant women. Later, these women organized; and although the Trust at once discharged the fourteen charter members, the union grew to a membership of 1200. But the union failed in its effort to draw in the newly arrived foreign women, and to-day the Bohemians and Poles and Lithuanians are very rapidly increasing in the industry, even flowing over into other lines, where they displace men in the heavy and disagreeable work, such as stuffing cans and trimming meat.

In the meat industry as a whole, in 1914, about a fourth — according to union statistics — of the workers received less than twenty cents an hour. It was for this fourth that the amalgamated union struck. The motive

which prompted the strike was, in fact, entirely one of self-preservation. The union saw that, through the minute division of labor, promotion from the ranks of this 25 per cent unskilled labor to the upper semi-skilled ranks could be made with hardly any previously acquired training. They saw that they must unionize and raise the rate of pay of the 25 per cent, if they were to protect their unionized skilled trades which stood above. The six big packers argued that the rate of pay of these low-paid unskilled laborers was regulated by 'supply and demand.' 'The 5000 immigrants who hung each morning about the company gates put the price at sixteen cents an hour, not we.' That the Trust was able to pay never came into the contention. 'Independent' companies, which did not enjoy the manifold advantages of the Trust, were able to pay these wages and make money. The union, therefore, in reality, either had to organize the casuals at the gates, or give up.

The census of 1900 showed that the industry in America hired, at one time in the year, 81,416 workmen, and a few months later in the same year 57,119. In other words, nearly a third of the employees were discharged in one year. This gives a wide-open door for the new non-union men to be hired, and for the union men to fail to be taken on again. Since all the 25 per cent unskilled low-paid laborers are non-union, these could easily be advanced to take the place of union men in semi-skilled places. The strike in 1904 was broken by the bringing in by the Trust of skilled men to Chicago from their branch houses, — a potent example of one weapon always in the hands of a trust, — and negroes and Greeks for the unskilled work. It was a strike of the Americanized Irish, Germans, and Bohemians in behalf of the unskilled, ununionized Slovaks, Poles, Lithuanians, and negroes. The strike was broken by the introduction of the very class for whose benefit the strike had been organized. Since it has been the self-evident policy of the Beef Trust to use immigrants to keep their factories union-free, and the workmen an unorganized mass, it becomes enlightening to follow the substitution of races in the industry.

This substitution of races in the stockyards has gone on without halt or interruption for more than twenty years. In the strike of 1886 the workmen were American, Irish, and German. Bohemians were introduced after 1886, and when they had driven the Americans entirely out of the stockyards as unskilled wage-earners, they mounted into the skilled work. In the two 'killing gangs' in 1904, twelve of the twenty-four men getting $4.50 a day were Bohemians. The Bohemian has largely driven out the Irish and Germans, and now the Bohemian is being threatened, in his turn, — in the skilled end of the industry, — by the Poles, who in turn, in the last few years, are being driven out of the lower-paid and disagreeable work by Slovaks and Lithuanians. The latter and the negroes seem content to remain down at this low level. They do not press up, like the Pole or the Bohemian. The Italians and the Greeks shun the stockyards.

The Immigration Commission's report of 1911 gives the percentage of employees in the meat industry who are foreign-born as 60.7. One of the largest packing houses in Chicago estimates that, whereas the English-speaking races formerly made up slightly over three fifths of the workers in the plant, to-day they are about one third. The Germans have decreased by over one third, the Bohemians by almost one half. On the other hand, the Poles and Slovaks have increased in numbers by

almost 50 per cent, and the Lithuanians, Russians, and Hungarians by 388 per cent.

The strike of 1904 was beaten, first, because the employers — that is, the Trust — had unlimited millions to put out in defense of their labor policy, and had their branch-house organization to call on; second, because the technique of the industry allowed the use of the hordes of unskilled, non-English-speaking labor offering themselves at the gates.

The industrial statistics for the industry show the increasing part played by the plant and its machinery, as compared with human labor. Between 1899 and 1900, a period of tremendous growth in slaughtering, the number of workers increased but 25.8 per cent, horse-power used increased 129.3 per cent, materials 75 per cent, and capital invested 97 per cent.

The next point of importance is — what labor policy did the Beef Trust follow after the strike, and what happened to the union?

The old rule of seniority in promotion, formerly established and maintained by the union in the industry, now disappeared. Promotion became unorganized: the men competed among themselves for the favor of the foreman or superintendent. The old trade-harmony among the workers, so essential to unionism, has been lost. There is no safety in a job, since one can now be displaced by a favorite who has received a forced week's schooling as a 'go-between' workman. The employers before the 1904 strike had made trade-agreements with the unskilled workmen's unions. Since that date the Trust has refused to recognize them and their collapse has been complete. In 1907 the membership of the Butchers' Union was only half what it was in 1904. This union consists of skilled workers only, except in cities like Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Evansville, where half the union members are unskilled. But it is illuminating to note that the unskilled workers in the union in these cities are employed only by the 'independents,' and in no case by the Trust.[1]

Before the strike of 1904 there existed in Kansas City, South Omaha, St. Joseph, East St. Louis, and San Francisco 'packing-trade councils.' These were councils, or central organizations, built up from all the unions in the meat and slaughtering trades except the meat teamsters. These councils were purely war bodies, and strove to unite all the unions in order to make the grievance of one the concern of all. After the disastrous defeat in the 1904 strike, all these militant bodies disappeared, and the councils continued to exist only in Chicago and New York. The essential fact in the situation is that the present packing-trade councils are formed in only two cities, New York and Chicago, where there are 'independent' packing-houses which are neither controlled nor owned by the six Trust packers, that is, the Beef Trust. And moreover, a still more important indication is that in all those cities where the packing-trade councils of the slaughtering industry have gone out of existence, except on the Pacific coast, the stockyards and

[1] To bring the situation between the unions and the packing industry up to date, the following quotation is given from the President's Mediation Commission of 1918: 'As is generally true of a large industrial conflict, the roots of the labor difficulty in the packing industry lie deep. The chief source of trouble comes from lack of solidarity and want of power on the part of the workers to secure redress of grievances because of the 'systematic opposition on the part of the packers against the organization of its workers. The strike of 1904 destroyed the union, and for thirteen years the organization of the yards has been successfully resisted. In 1917 effective organization again made itself felt, so that by the end of the year a sizable minority, variously estimated at from 25 to 50 per cent, was unionized.' — C. S. P.

packing-houses are all owned and controlled by members of the Beef Trust. This becomes a strikingly clear indication of the incompatibility of the industrial trust and the unions.[1]

But this 'incompatibility goes even beyond the refusal of the Trust to allow unionism in their chosen part of the industrial field. The Trust refuses to tolerate the ascendancy of the union even in that part of the industry where it does no business, or at least only an unimportant fraction of it. For example, in 1906 the unions forced the meat-packers in Evansville and most of those in Louisville to acknowledge the 'closed shop,' and to abide by the union rules. The union prepared a union stamp, a 'meat label,' to be stamped on all carcasses slaughtered in these shops. Some employers, friendly to the union, and even bound by the closed-shop movement, were nevertheless absolutely unwilling to use this stamp, because they had received intimation that, if they attempted to put union-stamped meat in the wholesale market, the Beef Trust would invade their market, undersell them, and break them. This same threat prevented the unions from enforcing the use of the meat label, in 1903, in Buffalo, in Kansas City, and in Wichita, Kansas.

III

One more Chicago strike should be cited, to indicate a related but important new phase in this conflict between federated employers and the union. While the general statement can be made that no effective national union exists in the great field of the trustified industries, to the unions has usually been ascribed an indefinite period of effectiveness in the industries where skilled handicraft is demanded, where men cannot be replaced by unskilled strike-breakers. Two fields usually entirely granted to these skilled unions are the responsible work connected with railroading and with telegraphy. With this in mind let us study the great strike of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union of America in 1907.

The strike began on August 8, 1907, and spread at once to every office in the United States, except the railroad telegraphers. The union leaders claimed, with apparent truth, that ninety per cent of all operatives, union and non-union, left their keys. This condition should have tied up national business hopelessly and forced the public to intervene within ten days. The union had no war fund, and donations which came in from friendly unions were barely sufficient to maintain them two weeks. On the other hand, the companies were backed by the most powerful capitalistic interests in the country. The directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company included J. P. Morgan, J. J. Astor, George Gould, E. H. Harriman, and James Sullivan. Clarence H. Mackay was the power behind the Postal Telegraph Company. Barring public intervention, these two companies, though losing money, could fight the unions indefinitely. The unions returned to work after a twelve weeks' battle, starved and broken. The companies seemed, to all outward appearances, absolutely untouched. President Clowry of the Western Union said that under no conditions would he again enter into negotiations with the union.

But another element had entered, in character vastly more important as a danger to the union than the proved

[1] Soon after this paper was written, the Chicago Packing-Trade Council was forced out, leaving only the New York Council, which, it is suspected, seceded from the International and made an agreement of its own with the packers. At present, however, there are councils in seven cities: New York, Chicago, Boston, East St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and Omaha. — C. S. P.

inequality in war-fund strength. That was the appearance, induced by the strike, of the technical element of the automatic machine. When the skilled telegraphers left the keys in the Chicago office of the Postal Company, a Rowland and a Barclay telegraphic machine were introduced, which took care of the New York and St. Louis wires. Messages were sent on these machines by young women who knew practically nothing of telegraphy, and at the receiving end the message came out automatically recorded and printed. Superintendent Copen of the Chicago office stated that the Postal Company had a staff of experts working on the Rowland machine, to adapt it to economical work in small offices. The Western Union, its competitor, is working, regardless of expense, to perfect the Barclay machine.[1] The intent of allied capital to build up an aggressive labor policy, combined with its willingness and power to develop technique for the displacing of the skilled and organizable workmen, seems not only to doom the union in the field of telegraphy, but also to forecast a troubled future for organized labor in other apparently secure fields.

The American Bridge Company controls a large part of the country's heavy bridge-construction, and is a large constructor of steel buildings. In its early life the company purchased its structural steel mainly from the Carnegie Steel Company; but since that company's absorption by the United States Steel Corporation, this work is controlled by the central organization.

The American Bridge Company is the chief constituent of the National Erectors' Association, and this association was organized to deal with labor in steel construction work anywhere in the United States or Canada. The important members were the American Bridge Company, Pennsylvania Steel Company, McClintic-Marshall Construction Company, Pittsburg Steel Construction Company, and the Phœnix Bridge Company. But the dominating factor remained the American Bridge Company.

In 1905 the American Bridge Company had a closed-shop agreement with the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. It was complete even to an arbitration clause. In this year the American Bridge Company was furnishing structural steel to the National Tube Company for a plant at McKeesport. In the employ of the Tube Company at this plant were non-union men, and the union demanded of the American Bridge Company that it force the Tube Company to discharge these men or else stop delivering steel to them. This the company refused to do. A few months prior to this contention, the structural workers had been irritated by the subletting by the American Bridge Company of three New England contracts to the Boston Bridge Company, a non-union, or open-shop, company. The union now demanded that the American Bridge Company force the Boston Bridge Company to use union men. On its refusal, a general strike was called against the American Bridge Company in the United States and Canada. It was claimed by the Erectors' Association that F. M. Ryan, president of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, demanded that no subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation should furnish steel to any contractor who used non-union men.

The American Bridge Company answered this early in 1906 by announcing a strong open-shop policy;

[1] The Barclay machine has been discarded by the Western Union, and in its place the far more efficient Morkrum machine is being perfected. — C. S. P.

and in May the National Erectors took a similar stand. The Erectors' Association announced officially that they had adopted the open shop 'as the fixed and permanent policy of the Association,' and 'had many times lent material aid in the open-shop movement of other building trades.' At a meeting in 1906, President Briggs of the Association stated that the moulders' union had lost sixty per cent of its membership through the aggressive action of the employers. Secretary Hutchinson in 1911 reported formally that, while the Founders' Association had spent $327,937 since 1901, fighting strikes, the same strikes had cost the moulders' union $1,841,000.

Following the aggressive anti-union announcement of this powerful employers' association began one of the most astounding labor battles in American industrial history. The union resorted to direct action and dynamiting. Eighty-seven explosions in construction jobs were under Federal investigation in 1911. In two months alone, seventy-five serious assaults were made on non-union men in New York City. The National Erectors' Association published a list of 113 dynamitings which they charged to the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

On December 1, 1911, J. B. and J. J. McNamara pleaded guilty to a charge of blowing up the Times building and the Llewellyn Iron Works, in Los Angeles. This confession implicated them in the whole orgy of destruction. On December 28, 1912, the United States District Court of Indiana brought in a verdict of guilty against thirty-eight officials and employees of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Workers, charged in fact with conspiring to further the dynamiting and destruction of structural work.

No economic or social causes of the unparalleled war were allowed to be put in evidence in either trial. The avowed anti-union policy of the affiliated employers was not material in the legal controversy. An experienced critic of the Indiana trial voiced one widely held, if unexpressed, opinion: —

> There are some bad men here, I think — some of the worst criminals in the United States. But only a few are like that. Most of them are the product of their environment. The danger of their work calls for red-blooded men — men of recklessness and courage. In their fight for union recognition they found themselves up against a bitter struggle with the Steel Corporation, and they actually believed, many of them, that the only way to avoid the loss of an eight-hour day and complete subjugation was through the use of dynamite.
>
> The Bridge and Structural Workers Union was the only union left up to 1911 in the steel industry, and to-day it is broken.[1]

The basic American industries are to-day, in fact, union-free. The immigrant each year dominates the labor force more and more. Each season the industrial technique makes the factories of a few years before obsolete. The crux of the labor policy of the trust is to place the workman on as absolute a par with a machine as possible, and to organize the human element out of important consideration. The mechanization of industrial production has been realized in America beyond any precedent in economic history.

American unionism may survive for a long period in certain industries which require a technical training and into which, therefore, it is difficult to bring the unskilled immigrant as a strike-breaker. Railroading, printing, structural steel work, plumbing, all

[1] This evidently refers to the union organization within the Steel Corporation. Its membership in 1911 was 10,928, in 1919, 31,560 (union figures). — C. S. P.

maintain with varying success a 'closed shop' in certain localities; but each year finds the organizations more and more threatened and apprehensive. Employers' associations, citizens' alliances, merchants' and manufacturers' associations, are called into life by some irresistible stimulus, and unionism is always facing a prospect of war.

This is not due to the accidental existence of a selfish and cold-blooded generation of employers. Many capitalists are bewildered to find themselves arrayed actively against the organization of their men. They are in many cases able to explain their position only by claiming that unionism in their eyes is simply an organized conspiracy to restrict output and speed. This they see is incompatible with the industrial technique now dominating their whole conception of their industry. Immigrant labor as an isolated influence, combined with the technique, and both lost in the abyss separating the man from his employer, produces an industrial status in which unionism fails of all its old strategic strength. America to-day is well on the way to the realization of industrial life infinitely ruled, mechanicized, and desocialized. Let trade-unionism vanish, and the labor world will be made up of unsteady folk-groups, separated by race and religion, and lacking the bond of a common, hard-earned technique.

If this life continues, in time a class-consciousness will run through these submerged strata. The unifying force will be a commonly felt bitterness, and, as leaders are found, violent strikes will convulse industry. If the workers have come to a condition where their sense of inequality and injury has eaten in deeply, the violence can continue, feed on itself, and create, by its own manifestations, new aspirations, and thus render most of the old world useless. The danger is great, because the forces hurrying up this evolution are deep, economic, and built fundamentally into our present-day industrial life.

IRELAND AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

I

LAST autumn at Ennis, a little gray town in troubled and troublesome County Clare, I inquired of a gentlemanly old loafer as to the large public building opposite us. "'T is the Court House, sor, and the Asylum is just half a mile further.' Such an unconsciously abundant answer might serve as a warning or as a text for any foreign student of Irish conditions, with the added comment that to place Bedlam conveniently near the seat of authority showed an official forethought unusual in Irish affairs.

Unfortunately for us, these affairs are no longer confined to Ireland; and of late, Ulster, as well as Sinn Fein, has been bringing home to us the din of that distressed country. Yet there is good reason even for this unwelcome

campaigning, for in modern history Irish politics have rarely been purely insular in character. The isolation of Ireland ended in the sixteenth century, when the Atlantic ceased to be the mysterious western barrier of Europe and became a common maritime highway to the ends of the world. It is, therefore, only natural that the internal condition of Ireland should have been a considerable element in international rivalry and colonial expansion.

Yet the Irish are scarcely a race of sailors. The ancient domestic life of Ireland lay for the most part secluded behind the hills and highlands which rise from the coast to encircle the great central plain, the heart of the island. Even the estuaries and harbors and the sharply indented coast have been convenient chiefly to the foreigner, whether merchant or raider. Belfast is not a natural harbor, and its importance as a manufacturing and commercial centre is largely due to external factors. Its very politics have an exotic origin, and its loyalty is not local.

In the rest of Ireland, to the south and west, these foreign elements are older if less concentrated. Among them has stood first of all the penetrating authority of the Catholic Church, which crosses all boundaries as an international force and institution second to none. The recent agricultural prosperity of the greater part of Ireland is due in part to food-conditions in a world torn by wars remote from Irish life. And countering appeals as to the political fortunes and economic future of Ireland cross the oceans to-day chiefly because there are so many of Irish descent or birth who are citizens of other countries and dominions.

In the face of such conditions rises Sinn Fein, — 'Ourselves Alone,' — a spirit and an organization domestic, national, and intensive in character. Yet the birth of Sinn Fein, and even the early pain of Ireland in that travail, are quick to touch politics and peoples the world around. It is another fateful Irish paradox. Indeed, the external importance of Ireland, its foreign relations and connections, may well be one reason for the defeat of the ingested and local ambitions of Sinn Fein.

For Englishmen there is, first, the sad historical fact that a restless, unhappy Ireland has been a menace to Great Britain for centuries past. At every crisis, in all the great wars of modern English history, the enemies of England have tried to make use of Ireland. In the Spanish wars of the sixteenth century, when the Great Armada was preparing to end the liberties and national life of Protestant England, Spanish aid to rebellious Ireland was a part of the immense campaign by land and sea. In the various stages of the struggle for constitutional government in England during the seventeenth century, it was the misfortune of Ireland to suffer from the ferocious temper those struggles provoked, and to beget the tradition that Ireland was a danger to the natural and national liberties of England. In the long Anglo-French rivalries which ended only at Waterloo, England's misgovernment of Ireland, and French policy, aligned thousands of Irishmen in sympathy with France.

The American and French Revolutions brought Ireland to the front in British domestic politics. And only yesterday, in the struggle against the Central Powers, Ireland threatened to become the Achilles' heel of the British Empire, a base for German intrigue and attack on the Allied cause. In 1916, while the French held at Verdun, Sinn Fein leaders struck at Dublin in a fashion to aid and comfort the men who sank the Lusitania. Even to-day it is not difficult to find strong Sinn Fein supporters in America who were also original apologists for Germany in the war.

II

With such memories, and in view of actual conditions of naval and military safety, the future of Ireland is a prime consideration to the national defense of Great Britain. At present, Ireland is both a liability and an asset. During the latter part of the recent war, the greater part of Ireland was held in quasi-order by something like 100,000 British troops. To-day areas of military control are constantly shifting, and men armed as for the trenches are the companions of daily life. Political murder, by alleged supporters of Sinn Fein, has thriven in this atmosphere of distrust and devilment; and advocates of coercion and ruthless action gain support from the highest authorities.

On the naval side the Admiralty well knows the dreadful responsibilities laid on the Irish patrol because of the state of Ireland and the physical opportunities for enemy submarines in Irish waters. It is not necessary to believe all the stories of mysterious landings and of secret bases used by German commanders during the war. But the fact remains that Irish waters were enemy waters during the greater part at least of 1917, and that when we went into the war the Allies practically did not enjoy the command of the sea.

With the lesson of these recent events in mind, the existence of a potentially rebellious Ireland is to England a naval menace of the first order. Certainly prior to the outbreak of war, in 1914, Germans viewed with approval the supply of arms both to the followers of Sir Edward Carson and to the National Volunteers of the South. Purely on grounds of national defense and economy, the argument for a satisfactory Irish settlement is tremendous. Indeed, it is probable that only by the air could the Irish danger be met quickly and adequately. The distances from English aerodromes are easily covered by bombing planes. But the areas to be covered, the configuration of the country-side, and the lack of great strategical centres to be affected by attack from the air would present special difficulties even in an air campaign.

Nevertheless, the danger to England of an independent Ireland, whether neutral or belligerent, is even greater. As a neutral in another war, Ireland would again be a hotbed of enemy intrigue and propaganda. If Spain could offer occasional aid for enemy naval operations in the recent war, certainly Irish estuaries would offer peculiar opportunities in another war against England. Indeed, a neutral Sinn Fein republic would be almost unthinkable. Without the opportunity or means of self-protection, with a population possibly affected by ancient hatreds, an Irish republic would probably be swept into the vortex of any future naval war unless it were completely protected by the British Navy. As a whole, therefore, an independent Ireland seems an impossible thought from the point of view of British safety.

Yet there are three hypotheses which might give such a result. In the first place, if a war against the United States and the British Empire on the one side by a coalition of European and Asiatic powers, to which Japan would be an indispensable party, should result in an overwhelming victory for the enemy, it is conceivable that, for a short time, an independent Ireland might emerge from such a catastrophe.

A second hypothesis with like result would require a successful war, whether military or economic, in behalf of Ireland, by the United States against the British Empire and its allies, perhaps including both Japan and France. In such an event, we should, of course, become the guarantor and protector of Ireland in her new-found liberty against

an England less than seventy miles distant from the Irish coast.

A third hypothesis would be a successful war based on the disruption of the British Empire by the revolt of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, aided by the United States Navy, charged with the command of all the seas.

There are of course other equally unlikely and costly hypothetical combinations to the same end. But these are, in cold blood, the three chief ways by which our vociferating hyphenates in America, in spite of the opposition of a large section of native Irishmen, might win by military and economic force their heart's desire — an independent Sinn Fein republic. Does not this seem like a *reductio ad absurdum?*

But what of American interest in such an event? God placed Ireland where she is, and with varied effect the first element in her tempestuous history is her geographical position. The Atlantic is broad; but man has narrowed it, and ocean highways of the world go past Irish shores. Only recently these facts have been of peculiar interest to us because of the admirable operations of our naval forces in these waters. Of course, in 1917 there were amiable mandarins in Washington and elsewhere who thought we could go to war without fighting; but from the afternoon of April 6, and even before that day, there were also men who understood that Ireland must be one of the first places from which we must fight Germany. That is why our destroyers went first to Irish waters to defend our shores. There they guarded the long lines of communication which led from the wheatfields of the West, from the ore-docks of Lake Superior, from all the industrial centres of the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard, and from the gateway of the Panama Canal, to the support of our far-flung frontier of American civilization. In that way Ireland became, in spite of the enemy and of small groups of Irish traitors, an outpost of our liberties.

The fact that Ireland was under the protection of our fellow belligerent made this possible. That war is now part of history, but from the point of view of self-interest and self-protection, America has a strategical concern in the condition of Ireland second only to Great Britain's. In peace as in war Ireland lies almost athwart our main channels of trade with the greater part of Europe. If we should ever have to oppose the other English-speaking peoples, Ireland and Canada would probably be our main regions of activity. But such a possibility is almost inconceivable. On the other hand, if we were to be engaged in a struggle with a continental power, whether European or Asiatic, the state of Ireland would be a direct consideration. And an independent Ireland, weak and comparatively defenseless, open to hostile intrigue and propaganda, would be a potential menace to our safety. At least for these reasons we have an interest, clearly national, in the Irish question, which the British do not always appreciate.

But the day of national wars may have passed. We may find the mobilization of our forces needed only as we play a part in an international crusade against some common enemy of world-wide peace. In that event, our interest would dictate a stable Ireland which could be protected and which would not be an additional peril. Do those Sinn Fein leaders who so eagerly oppose the League of Nations or similar international guaranties of peace reckon fully the elements on which they call? I remember a recent conversation in Ireland with an eminent and delightful Irish Catholic prelate, who, with a group of a dozen clergy of his church, declared his opposition to the ratification of the Peace Treaty by America

unless and until Ireland should become an independent republic. To him in natural fashion the peace of the rest of the world, even the defeat of Germany, seemed of small account compared to his desire. One could sympathize with his sincerity, yet deplore his limited view. For, either the world was to remain a vast armed camp with civilization in chaos, or a new struggle must ensue, which would leave the British Empire in pieces and beat Great Britain to the ground, in order to force a conclusion, which would in any case be bitterly opposed by more than a million Irishmen themselves. Furthermore, in America the very forces, whether partisan or not, which have opposed the League of Nations and delayed the ratification of the Peace Treaty by the Senate are largely indifferent to European conditions and advocate non-intervention by America in foreign questions. What practical and effective aid, therefore, can Sinn Fein expect from parties whose principles are the negation of her hopes for assistance?

A further national interest for America in the campaign which the Irish situation has let loose on this side of the Atlantic is also shared by the great dominions of the British Empire. In all of these there are considerable populations of Irish race and sympathies, but the local problems of nationality in these dominions have slowly been gaining satisfactory answers. Within the British Empire each has secured self-government and practically national consciousness, combined with imperial loyalty. In South Africa, in spite of racial divisions, recent war, and ill-judged rebellion, liberty has found security for both Boer and Briton, and the native black is no longer a mere pawn in the white man's ruthless expansion. In Canada, Protestant and Catholic agree to differ and remain more or less content under a common flag. New Zealand and Australia each has won to unity under a different form of self-government, and has faced successfully the domestic dangers of radical experiment. But, in common with Newfoundland, all these great centres of separate life, so varied and so distant, are still vital, loyal parts of the Empire.

Yet to a greater extent or less the wide dispersal of Irishmen within the imperial boundaries makes the Irish question both an imperial and a local problem. The experiences of the war and pressing domestic problems may have obscured temporarily the Irish issue for Canadians. But in Australia it has emerged again in a way to affect recent and internal matters. Already the appeal to the United Kingdom to settle the Irish question is voiced by Australians who dread the full development of an Irish partisan organization which may influence Australian politics and elections on issues remote from the Commonwealth. They naturally oppose the injection of ancient and old-world antagonisms into the new and vigorous political life of the Antipodes. To a less extent, the situation may develop along similar lines in other parts of the Empire.

As compared with these smaller experiences, our own Irish problem in America becomes more serious in this year of controversy and political turmoil. We know to our cost that in our 'melting-pot' all the elements have not melted. The issue of the hyphenates and of true Americanism is still with us. Already Sinn Fein has seized on the situation: its adherents in this country have used propaganda to the limits of the Constitution, if not beyond. And there is danger that a particular solution of a question subject to a foreign sovereignty may become a test for candidates in an American political campaign. The temptation to our astute and unscrupulous political mana-

gers will be great. American interests are at least indirectly involved in the settlement of the Irish controversy. But it would be presumptuous and impertinent for Americans to meddle in the internal politics of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire. The United States government has not interfered directly or in constitutional fashion in Irish matters, and sensible men of whatever breed or party hope she will not do so. Yet the happy presence in our population of over fifteen millions of people of Irish descent or birth gives us inevitably a natural concern in the situation. The fact that friendly coöperation between the United States and the British Empire is now the best guaranty of world peace, which is also an American interest, adds importance to any threatened interference with that relationship. We may, therefore, be justified in crying a plague on all your houses to those who fail to provide, accept, and administer a justifiable plan for Ireland. What that particular plan or solution is to be may not be an immediate American concern. But we cannot be indifferent to the present situation, whether that is due to the delays or mistakes of the British government, to the obstinacy of Ulster, or to the extravagances of Sinn Fein. Those Englishmen and Irishmen who are aware of the facts are alive to this menace to Anglo-American accord. A few of them and certain extreme elements in the United States undoubtedly rejoice at the possibility.

In this whole situation the tradition and memory of heartrending distress in Ireland have a bearing. Poverty and misery still exist. Dublin slums continue notorious, the housing problem is acute, some branches of labor are under-paid, and in bleak and barren western counties the peasant lives a hard life in spite of governmental assistance. Communications of all sorts are poor, natural resources have not been adequately developed, better agricultural equipment is needed, and Ireland is overtaxed. These are legacies of the *ancien régime*. But by way of contrast Ireland is relatively more prosperous than in 1914 or, in fact, than ever before. The tale of a starving, prostrate, and poverty-stricken country is no longer true. Indeed, increase in material prosperity and the intellectual ferment of a new age are partially responsible for renewed political unrest. Similar conditions existed in France just prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution. People are now asking why they have not been better off before, and the more progressive are looking for further opportunities for less restricted prosperity. But increasing agriculture and industry do not necessarily hide political and administrative anomalies, or lessen the distrust of the British government felt by the majority of Irishmen. So it is a serious mistake to allow the undoubted facts of Irish economic improvement to obscure the broader and more social causes of Irish discontent.

III

'Man does not live by bread alone'; in any case he does not eat it by himself. In Ireland particularly we must reckon on forces which are not purely material, and which connect the domestic aspects of her life with the conditions of her external trade and with her economic relationship to the outside world. Thus during the eighteenth century prostrating burdens and restrictions were laid on Irish industry at the demand of jealous British competitors. Lack of transportation, the agricultural self-sufficiency of England, and all the evils of landlordism combined to hamper Irish export trade. The final development of free trade between Ireland and Britain, and the establishment of

Grattan's Parliament in 1782, grew directly from political conditions at the time of our own War of Independence.

The economic opportunity thus given to Ireland was, however, tardy; for new industrial conditions were soon to place Irish manufactures at a peculiar disadvantage. The development in England of the factory system, the concentration of industry in coal and iron districts, and the vast changes due to capitalism as a part of the industrial revolution, left Irish manufactures under a heavy handicap. The new industrial world went on without her during the first half of the nineteenth century. She lacked capital; she had no iron and produced no fuel for industrial purposes. She raised no cotton; her woollen trade had been killed by English laws a century earlier; and her manufacture of linen was still limited by the ancient system of cottage labor and domestic economy. Labor she had in abundance, for her depopulation was just beginning.

Yet the vast changes which were then taking place in Great Britain could have given Ireland a new chance for wealth. For in England agriculture was fast becoming totally inadequate to supply the demands for food made by the constantly increasing population of her industrial centres. The agricultural development of Ireland would, therefore, have been a great aid to England. Almost at her shores was a potential supply of food, which under early and sufficient stimulus would have been a godsend to Great Britain during the recent war. Even in belated and inadequate fashion Irish food was of value to England, and is to-day the chief source of Irish prosperity. And this despite the long years of neglect and dissipation of resources. Except for sugar, tea, and coffee Ireland is practically self-supporting, and her natural market lies at her doors. During the last five-and-twenty years rapid attempts have been made to remedy the iniquities and stupidities of earlier generations.

The way is open to maintain and increase this natural prosperity by giving Ireland a better opportunity to produce food which England needs, and which she can buy without considering the fluctuations of foreign exchange. From an economic point of view this is not the time for the separation of Ireland from the British Empire but of closer coöperation between England and Ireland. For a prosperous Ireland is an asset to Great Britain, and she remains England's largest trader, in this respect exceeding even America.

If this be true primarily of agricultural Ireland, the economic relations between the new industrial Ireland and England are even nearer. For during the past hundred years a special and significant economic connection has given new life to the political union which was based on historical ties of race and religion between Ulster and Great Britain. To-day the industrial life of northeastern Ireland, which centres about Belfast, is dependent on external sources of supply, not only for practically all raw materials, but for fuel and machinery as well. To-day a former president of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce says: 'Shipbuilding and engineering, rope-making, tobacco manufacture, distilling, cotton printing and dyeing, the making-up trade, which includes ready-made clothing of various kinds, may all be regarded as exotic industries,' for the maintenance of which Ulster is dependent chiefly on England. Even in the linen trade six sevenths of the flax has normally been grown outside of Ireland, though Irish enterprise is now trying to revive this form of agriculture and thus also to secure a healthier and more widespread distribution of this industry. Naturally financial and banking connections have contributed to strengthen the relation-

ship with England. And the balance of parties at Westminster has given political importance to these links.

Under the circumstances great credit is due to the energy and ability of the men who, in spite of natural disadvantages, have won for Belfast her splendid industrial position by utilizing her nearness to the iron- and coal-fields of Great Britain, and have thus finally brought to Ireland the rapid development of the industrial revolution. But this growth has, of course, complicated the political situation to-day. To Britain Belfast is a national asset, and to Ulster the existence of the United Kingdom is a guaranty of her prosperity. 'Big Business' is on the side of the present political arrangement. Industrial Belfast looks with apprehension at the possibility of an Irish legislature at Dublin in which representatives of agricultural interests would be in the majority. To antagonisms based on religious differences and political tradition there has come the apparent separation of varied economic life. Yet for both the industrial northeast and for agricultural Ireland prosperity depends largely on the vitality of the economic relationship with Great Britain. That vitality does not rest solely on any artificial monopoly maintained by unscrupulous dictation or manipulation. Such limitations on the further prosperity of Ireland as at present exist are due chiefly to faulty administration by the British, to a short-sighted policy which does not appreciate the mutual value of further improvement and content in Ireland.

IV

Sinn Fein has called for a 'National Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland,' and is asking for $10,000,000 in America to issue bonds of an 'Irish Republic' to aid economic conditions in Ireland. Unquestionably funds are needed to promote the industrial and agricultural revival. But to require political independence for that end is the height of folly. It will defeat its very purpose, for it will alienate the elements which are essential to the success of any broad programme of social improvement. That independence could be won only by a successful rebellion or by a great foreign war. The first is impossible, and the second, even if possible, would destroy the natural market for Irish produce, deprive industry of its supply of fuel and raw materials, and wreck the chief regions involved. On purely economic grounds independence thus won would bring about the ruin of Ireland. Sinn Fein, with its ideals of self-reliance, with its slogan of 'Ourselves Alone,' with its claim of 'Ireland for the Irish,' was originally an economic rather than a political movement. To-day its political organization and purposes are bedeviling even its limited economic conceptions.

Such political partisanship, with its venom of personal hatreds, rests heavy on the present condition and future prospects of Ireland. 'Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget,' if justice and wisdom and sympathy are to win the day; and undoubtedly the intelligent public opinion of the world is against the continuance of the present situation. This may seem incomprehensible and unfair to many Ulstermen; but one measure of their failure to understand the state of affairs is to be found in the recent solemn remark of an Ulster representative in America: 'Great Britain gives us a paternal government especially adapted to our needs.' The day has long gone by when even Ulster can endure a 'paternal government,' and to-day all Ireland suffers from the delays and expenses of a remote government from Westminster *via* Dublin

Castle. Sir Edward Carson and his 'Covenanters' have set an example of defiance which does not fit with a picture of submission to paternalism, while the needs of all Ireland cry aloud.

Not least of these is the need of wider appreciation of the spiritual and idealistic qualities of Irish life, which mingle so mysteriously with the conservative and material elements of national character. Irish politics can, therefore, never be stripped of their human quality; the very limitations of rural life have given them a local importance beyond their due; and thus the political discontent of a residue of Irishmen in Ireland carries a poignant personal appeal to the race at large beyond the seven seas.

Here again, therefore, the external features of the Irish question crowd on domestic aspects. The experience of the race outside of Ireland has been that of local self-government under a central political control. Under such a system, whether in America or within the British Empire, the vast majority of Irishmen have found freedom and prosperity. Under such circumstances, it is small wonder that most of them should sympathize with the aims of local self-government in Ireland, and respond to the ideals of Irish nationalism. Any longer to deny or to delay such a settlement is to disregard the wishes of a majority of Irishmen under whatever flag. Such a state of affairs lays a responsibility, not only on the British government, but also on the warring factions in Ireland. Indeed, the continued sympathy of moderate Irish opinion throughout the world may well depend on the response which the silent, moderate majority in Ireland may make to sane compromise, and the prospect of economic progress and political peace. But the Irish question has been too long in the open to permit of its successful solution by methods of close bargaining and backstairs intrigue. For to-day 'Irish discontent is a world force.' The distrust of England felt in the greater part of Ireland is founded in history; it will take more than an act of Parliament to lessen it. Any settlement will need a 'good press'; and the tradition of Irish life requires the grand gesture.

The dead hand of religious intolerance has also helped to delay any appropriate solution. This in turn has reacted unfavorably on the Catholic Church in Ireland. For the continued domestic controversy has tended to isolate the Irish clergy from general movements of religious and social policy directed and fostered by the Vatican. Indeed, it is open to serious doubt how far the Vatican is in sympathy with Sinn Fein. Only a few years ago the higher clergy were not encouraged to espouse the Nationalist cause, and in England they have supported the Unionist Party. In so far as Sinn Fein may be a radical, revolutionary body, assisted by secret societies which are under the clerical ban, the Vatican is naturally opposed to it. Yet the lower clergy, the parish priests, who are for the most part farmers' sons, trained and educated only in Ireland, are bound to keep in touch with the local interests and enthusiasms of their parishioners. As social disturbances and political crimes have followed in the wake of Sinn Fein agitation, the problem for the church has become more difficult. There have been brave denunciations, by higher clergy, of murders; but one cannot escape the strong impression that, whether for good or evil, the leadership previously enjoyed by the local priests is passing into lay hands. Certainly Ireland's social problems are no longer profiting by clerical direction.

The case of Protestantism in Ulster is somewhat different. There the political tom-toms have been beaten vigorously by ecclesiastical leaders. The

Grand Master of the Orange Lodge has been a clergyman; and the fear of Catholic domination has roused ancient prejudices in spite of every official and legal guaranty of religious tolerance and protection in any proposed new Irish constitution. You will hear more talk about the religious side of the Irish question in a day in Belfast or from Ulstermen than from Dublin Catholics in a week. To an American Protestant the impression is not happy; and the assertion that only Protestants have to fear Catholicism and consequently discuss the question more fully does not ring true. The whole religious controversy is out of touch with the modern world; and it is open to serious doubt whether Ulstermen can continue to appeal successfully to their fellow churchmen in Great Britain to support them politically on religious grounds. In any case the plain lesson of everyday life in Ireland to-day is that Protestants and Catholics can coöperate amicably and effectively in public affairs of common concern.

The world has also had its fill of assassination as a political method. Yet I have heard political murder defended, or at least excused, by Sinn Feiners in Ireland, and I have no doubt that the recent attempt on the life of Lord French will find support. That crime may not have been directly of Sinn Fein origin; but indirectly it is the result both of extreme Sinn Fein agitation working in fertile soil and of a governmental policy which has sought in general coercion the chief remedy for long-continued and justifiable political discontent. Neither method excuses the other, and both give further evidence of the need of a new dispensation.

Here again one of the chief difficulties in the way of constitutional reform has arisen in part from the external political relations of Ireland. For the 'Ulster Question' has thriven on English party controversy, and the Irish issue as a whole has been the bane of political life at Westminster. Till recently one of the obstacles to an Irish settlement was due to the personal and party commitments of English Unionists to Ulster Unionists, to protect that group from constitutional changes in Ireland to which they objected.

V

Any proposal for the settlement of the Irish controversy is, therefore, at once exposed to an atmosphere of distrust and hostility almost unimaginable. Yet there are moderate and sane men in Ireland who, even though nominally Sinn Fein or Carsonite, may be encouraged to try to work out a plan sufficiently liberal. But unless their coöperation can be secured, almost any plan is probably doomed. In any case they will need the moral approval of the world outside.

A variety of solutions has been suggested, among them a plan for dominion government for Ireland. This is ably advocated by Sir Horace Plunkett, who, because of his patriotic self-sacrifice to Irish interests and his friendship for the United States, has won the respect and sympathy of many Americans. He would give complete self-government to Ireland as a dominion within the British Empire, on the same basis as New Zealand. 'All Irish legislation would be enacted in Ireland' by a single Irish parliament, with an Irish Executive responsible to it. Trade relations with Great Britain should be mutually agreed on; but the defense of Ireland would be vested in a single central authority. This plan marks a stage in opinion, for most of its supporters would have shrunk from so radical a plan even a year ago. Short of independence, it goes further than any previous plan, for it ignores in large part the elements

of geographical location and historical connection which make the relations of Ireland to England so different from those of New Zealand or Newfoundland. It is, therefore, only natural that intransigeant Ulster, apparently secure in its outside political support, should reject the Dominion plan. In spite of this fact, it remains probably the best 'second choice' for most people.

Lately, at the end of December, we have the bare outline given by the daily press of the plan finally evolved by the British Cabinet. As a practical proposal it, therefore, has greater authority than any other, while it still lacks the detailed formulation and amendment that it will receive in Parliament. Briefly, it proposes a much wider grant of powers to Ireland than was agreed on either in the Home Rule Act of 1914, or by the Irish Convention in 1918, coupled with a legislative partition of 'Ulster' from the rest of Ireland. In addition to these two parliaments, there is a single council for all of Ireland, while at Westminster there are to be Irish representatives in just proportion to her population. Various financial baits are held out to the further development of Irish accord in the course of time. Separation from England is impossible, Irish unity is desirable, and in the meantime here is a liberal compromise which with goodwill and accommodation can be tried, as somewhat similar plans have been worked out in the United States and in British self-governing dominions. That is apparently the gist of the Prime Minister's message.

It is regrettable that large financial powers are not at once granted in this plan. There could also have been greater recognition of the function of a central council, whether executive or legislative. For that is a forum where the common interests of Ireland must meet, where her relations to the outside world must be determined. Rightly the working of any such constitution will depend largely on the development of interstate comity, and on the gradual strengthening of Irish union by the recognition of the limits of provincial interests. If this central council could also have powers of suspensive veto, or of arbitration as to action by provincial legislatures which had more than a local effect, whether on sentiment or materially, the way would be more rapidly cleared to unified peace. On the whole, therefore, the further the government's plan goes in the direction of unity in practice, the nearer will it come to gaining as well the theoretical advantages of dominion government. Any government proposal goes heavily handicapped by its tardy appearance; but that feature cannot hide the fact that from the point of view of the Cabinet, the latest plan is probably as much of a compromise as could be expected from them at present.

Yet any solution — the best of these paper constitutions — depends for its ultimate success on the development of a healthier public opinion in Ireland, and on the patient experience of novel conditions of government. Here the moral responsibility of Irishmen, both in Ireland and elsewhere, becomes clearer. It is open to them to stultify their reputation, to damage wide interests as well as their own by ignoring or opposing the opportunity which they have of helping both themselves and others. In more senses than one they are on trial before the world. For it is not only a question what they may be able to secure in the way of a new form of government, but also whether they can themselves use the machinery of administration which may be available, slowly to secure justice, peace, and increasing prosperity for all of Ireland. These ends certainly are in accord with American interests in the Irish question.

THE AUSTRIAN PROBLEM

BY F. W. FOERSTER

I

[The condition of Austria is at once so pitiful in itself, and so dangerous to Europe and to the world, that the *Atlantic* has invited Professor F. W. Foerster, an Austrian publicist and philosopher, whose reputation inspires confidence, to speak for his people. Professor Foerster, who held the chair of philosophy in the University of Vienna, is at present occupying a similar position in the University of Munich. He has published an important work on the Austrian problem, and, in 1916, roused against himself much professional bitterness by publishing an article speaking in set terms against the theories of Bismarck and of Treitschke. — THE EDITORS.]

IT is with special thanks and pleasure that I follow the invitation of the editor of this magazine, to deal before an American public with the present situation of the German-Austrian people. For the saving of this people from the depth of its economic catastrophe seems to be, not only a philanthropic work, which appeals to all the noble feelings of the former enemy and may bless him who gives and forgives even more than him who receives — it is also a task which touches the most important interests of the future peace of the world. The European peace cannot be secured unless the inevitable result of this war, the dissolution of the old union of the European Southeast, shall be replaced by a new and higher form of federation, which may bind the individualistic forces of all the young nations of the Danube countries and educate them by coöperation and mutual contact.

Vienna, with all her old traditions of science, art, and refined forms and manners of life, must become the spiritual centre of such a new federation. Compared with the Prussian mentality, which represents the 'nationalized' type of man, the 'state-soul,' completely absorbed by political aims, the Austrian is the 'human man,' as the Greek was in comparison with the Roman; Mozart is the typical Austrian, and the Mozart-soul is absolutely needed for the future harmony of the Danube orchestra. Under the guidance of Berlin, and under all the difficult circumstances of his political hegemony, the Austrian seemed to have lost some of his best human qualities; in his new modest situation the true character of the people will come out again and will prove itself a most important factor in the welding together of Southeast Europe.

Many little startling details of the desperate situation of the large cities of German Austria, and also the official cries for immediate help, may have reached the ear of the American public; may I complete those fragmentary impressions by presenting, not only some more facts, but also some remarks on the immediate and deeper causes of the whole state of things in new Austria.

What would happen if Chicago were suddenly excluded from all economic relations with the rest of American territory? Chicago would simply die. Now, that's just the case with Vienna, and even worse. Vienna was not a self-supporting area; it was not even a great centre of production, as Chicago is; it was the *intellectual* centre, the head of the whole Danube monarchy; it contained the bureaucracy for the centralized government of a population of fifty millions, and also the bureaucracy of the whole southeastern trade; it was the centre of Austrian school-life; finally, it was the seat of all those industries which were in intimate connection with the highly developed Vienna art of life and refinement: all the elegants of the Danubian world were dressed in Vienna.

Now this head has been cut off from its body — that is the cruel reality. People say, 'This state of things is due to the peace of St. Germain!' That is certainly true, but *the peace-treaty of St. Germain has only formulated and fixed the seemingly inevitable outcome of a long political crisis.* The dissolution of the Habsburg monarchy was the last act in the dissolution of the old supernational German Empire; the moral, religious, and political ideas, which inspired that old unity of the European peoples, were gone; the process of differentiation — as Spencer would put it — overcame the tendency for unity; an individualistic nationalism was absorbing all spiritual and social energies for its own purposes and passions; the German Austrian himself became mere nationalist, and therefore lost the moral and political power required to subordinate the other nationalities to a higher form of political life; instead of educating the younger nations, he fostered, by his bad example, their own national passion and self-consciousness. The narrow Bismarckian gospel of the national state, and the mere repressive and authoritative method of dealing with secession and rebellion resulting therefrom, entered the German-Austrian soul, made it forget all the old supernational traditions of German history, took away from it all capacity to keep together and to educate respectfully and sympathetically those little nations which were craving for more liberty and autonomy.

Possibly the complexity of the task widely transcended the political force and wisdom of a generation brought up in mere national aspirations: the burdensome experience of separation may have been necessary, in order to prepare men's souls for new forms and manners of coöperation. The fact remains: the predominance of nationalism made the dismemberment of the old Austrian state inevitable; it could have been prevented only from within, from the rising of new political ideas in the midst of the Austrian peoples. And indeed, some signs of a spiritual revival of the great supernational mission of the old Austrian league of nations appeared in the last years; but those tendencies were not strong enough to conquer public opinion; nationalism had its way in all camps and led Austria to destruction. A new union may arise from the very depth of that complete dissolution which has been consecrated by the treaty of St. Germain.

When this report comes before the eyes of the American reader, all dates of the hour will be antiquated: the underfed Vienna will be the simply starving Vienna; so it seems to me useless to give here many statistics about the present situation, which must change rapidly into a situation of absolute despair. May I confine myself therefore to explaining the immediate economic causes of the complete breakdown of the food-provision in Vienna and some other Austrian cities?

A true insight into those connections will give the best suggestion for the right method of help and healing.

The political isolation of new German Austria from all the other parts of the former Danubian monarchy would not have resulted in starvation if German Austria were a self-supporting country. But the effect of the long symbiosis between all the different parts of the old Austria-Hungary was a very *highly developed division of labor*, corresponding to the *immense variety of ethnological, geographical and economic conditions in the countries of the Habsburg monarchy*. By this division of labor Vienna became absolutely dependent on the border states: Hungary sent meat, meal, and fat; Galicia, potatoes; Bohemia and Moravia, coals and sugar. Now — by the new political order — Vienna is excluded from all its earlier sources of food-provision and raw material. The new states are *remplis d'euxmêmes,* they are occupied with the upbuilding of their own economic and political order, and have no longing at all for the Austrian 'crown'; the desire for complete independency blinds them against the laws of exchange; they are caught by a kind of spasm of self-reliance. Modern psycho-analysis would speak of a subconscious 'Anti-Vienna-Complex.'

This attitude may be quite natural with regard to the experiences of the war; but for the unhappy metropolis it is simply disastrous. Even the small quantities of coal and food which have been stipulated between Vienna and Bohemia are often stopped at some station, and are taken by the population, which does not like the wagons going to Vienna. Now the advice has been given to German Austria to multiply the production of its own industries; but the most valuable part of those industries has been handed over to the Czecho-Slovak state. The industries of high quality — the graphic industries, the industries for furniture, for clothes and modes — have no raw material and therefore have sent all their working people into the army of the unemployed. And so, even if they could get raw material, the coal is lacking which alone can bring the whole work in action. This absolute want of coal will stop in these days the whole work of electricity in the city of Vienna; to the hunger and the frost then will be added the absolute darkness; in the midst of the best quarters of the city one walks slowly in the evening, and in fearful tension, always fearful of a sudden attack.

That is the picture of the celebrated centre of Southeastern Europe, whose streets in the evening were full of beaming light and crowded with people from all quarters of the Danube. At the moment when these lines are written, the largest part of the population can get only 24 per cent of the normal food-need; a part of the children from two to six years get one eighth of a litre of milk per head and per day; children beyond six years are getting no milk at all. Sugar is absolutely lacking; bread is distributed 180 grammes per day, but very bad and heavy, not at all fit for children; since the last two weeks even those 180 grammes were to be shortened. Meat, almost nothing, and only for well-doing people.

Naturally the mortality is rapidly increasing: before the war about 3200 persons died per year; in 1917 already 46,131; in 1918, 51,497; in 1919 the number will be nearly doubled. The misery is multiplied by the return to Austria of the whole army of officials, who represented the old government and have become useless with the formation of the new states. Thousands and thousands of those officials, with their families, are living now in Vienna and other cities; thrown out of their careers,

with no hope of being called up again for a new application of their skill and experience; dependent upon a very small pension — a heavy burden on the state finances. This burden is still augmented by the professional officers of the old army, who also have no outlook for the future. To grasp the full reality of the situation, the reader may fancy all the officials and officers of the whole British Empire suddenly sent back to London, and London itself cut off from nearly all economic relations with the former Empire! No similar catastrophe in all history!

What I have said in regard to Vienna is also the case with Salzburg, Innsbrück, and other large cities. The writer of these lines has just had a report from a colleague of his at the University of Innsbrück. The letter is nothing but a report of general starvation, without any outlook. Not enough bread, terrible bread, no milk, no fat, no meat. Many families are selling the last pieces of their household to the peasants, in order to get some food from the peasants; but even the peasants are exhausted by the war; millions of cattle had to be delivered to the army; the soil is neglected, the value of the money is so low that there is no incentive for the productive forces of the agriculture. A typical situation is reported from Innsbrück: they get there even no wood for the winter, although they are surrounded by endless forests: the workmen are so underfed, that they have not force enough to cut the trees.

II

Now, is it possible that the rest of the world continues to have its full meals four times the day, and allows, in the fullest peace of the soul, all those millions to degenerate and starve; to let the mothers see their darlings slowly extinguish without any power to help? When Pope Gregory I was once informed that a person in Rome had perished with hunger, he included himself for three days in his room. But in our modern Christian civilization a terrible kind of moral lethargy seems to allow the continuation of festivals and of every kind of comfort and joy, while in another quarter of the world numberless fellow creatures have to undergo the torture of slow starvation, and even the greater torture of seeing their dear ones inevitably fall into all the terrible and hopeless diseases of the underfed.

But even the darkest picture of the present situation is not sufficient to give the full reality of the misery. To get an exact impression, one must have in mind that already, since 1916, the lower and middle classes in the larger cities were in a state of slow starvation. An American, who has no personal insight into the hidden real situation of the people of the Central Powers during the last two years of the war, or since the Armistice, or who, as visitor, lived only in hotels and got no impression from the hidden misery of the smaller households, cannot have the slightest idea of the real extent of the undernourishment there, and how it affected, not only the bodily health and force of resistance, but all the nervous resources and even the intellectual functions. Imagine that all those men, women, and children had been for three years not only generally underfed, but were lacking almost absolutely some elements of food, like fat and sugar, which are indispensable for our physical machine.

When I first, in the summer of 1917, got an insight into those conditions, I always asked: 'How is it possible that all those poor people are still living and walk and work?' The answer is, that our body and our nervous system have an incredible fund of reserve strength,

and also an incredible capacity of adaptation. But those thus 'adapted' are like men from the moon: apathetic, depressed, pale or yellow; they have no steam longer for protest or revolution — they extinguish silently. With the children this 'adaptation' comes out in every form of rickets, scrofula, and tuberculosis, and in diminished growth: children of eleven years look as if they were only six years old. In the grown-up people the result appears also in the life of the soul: they begin to lack all spiritual force and capacity of digesting their own experiences, especially the experience of their national downfall; they cannot even grasp the fact that their failure to react properly to what has happened — this stiffness of the whole mind, this incapacity for a national 'investigation of conscience' — must paralyze also the dawning sympathy of the world with their fate, and stir up again every kind of distrust on the part of their former enemies.

May the generous souls among the Allied peoples take this into account in all their judgments concerning the German mentality. It is not materialism, to bring a little more into the foreground the indubitable fact that even our highest spiritual and moral functions have here on earth their physical and nervous substrata, which finally stop their functioning, if they are chronically underfed. And I think the degenerated mentality of all those underfed masses is threatening the whole world far more than the mere physical diseases. Is not the intellectual stiffness and the soullessness of Bolshevism partly due to Russian hunger and despair during the war? And may not a nervous and mental 'grippe' arise from the Austrian regions of slow starvation? May not the paralysis and the elimination of certain higher faculties of the soul become the result of those sufferings, and produce a degeneration by whose contagious effect the solidarity of human fate may be revealed in the most terrible form? Is it not amid thunder and lightning that Jehovah gives his interpretation of the eternal laws of human life?

The American people, with its great tradition and habit of philanthropic work, has first broken the lethargy of the world and is now saving thousands and thousands of lives in Vienna. But the catastrophe has grown so beyond all measure that the coöperation of the whole world is needed.

But the question is, in what view and in what direction the work of salvation should be undertaken. Is mere Red-Cross work required, or, in addition, the work of the statesman and of the organizer of economics? May I, in answering this question, draw the attention of the reader to the causes of the whole disaster: to the radical dismemberment of the old Austria. This dismemberment was inevitable, as pointed out in the beginning of this paper, because the upholders of the old system in Austria were not equal to the urgent task of finding new methods for reconciling liberty and unity, autonomy and federation. They were not able to live up to the reality of the Austria created in 1866, when the German part became a minority, surrounded by a majority of Slav, Italian, Magyar population, and had no chance for the preservation of its leadership except by bringing out its deepest moral and spiritual power. If the German Austrians at that time had renewed the old federalistic tradition of the Holy Roman Empire, and had organized the southeastern *Völkerbund* as a protest against the new European nationalism, the present dissolution would never have happened. But Providence led the European peoples the other way: it seems as if the new union of nations cannot be realized until the fever of national ambition and

self-glorification has lived out its deepest hell of dissolution and self-destruction: mankind learns only by the *reductio ad absurdum.*

Now the only way out of the present difficulties seems to be a restitution in quite new forms of the old economic unity of Southeastern Europe, assisted by new political bonds. This new development seems to be of extreme importance, also, for securing European peace. Is not the immediate result of the war *the removing of the Balkans one thousand kilometres farther west?* This moving westward by the political atoms of little new-born states is a menace to Europe, and ought to be counterbalanced, at all events. Old Austria in her best times was the Southeastern *Völkerbund* and a guaranty of the world's peace. Only by forgetting her historical mission and losing the moral and religious ideas which inspired that mission, she became a prey to the general nationalist poison, and experienced and suffered the very dismemberment which is the essence of the principle blindly accepted even by her best and most idealistic souls. The hour has come when the rest of the world must help the separated elements, which cannot find the way to a new understanding in the organizing of a new coöperation.

It is not necessary to begin with a new Danube federation: nothing more is needed than a certain beneficent pressure from without, in order to remove a certain inheritance of the war-spirit and the war-methods in dealing with economic organization; those obstacles once done away with (it is not possible without help from abroad), the natural factors of mutual exchange will soon clear the road and prepare a better future.

What are those obstacles? They arise from a bureaucratic regulation of import and export, which keeps down, not only all the natural forces of trade and commerce between the different countries, but also the productive energies in all branches. The stopping of this terrible nonsense — a relic of the old black-yellow officialism — should be the first condition on which help from abroad is promised.[1]

Of course, at the present moment, the leading circles in Austria are too fully absorbed by the burning need of the hour to be free for a sudden and radical change of methods. Therefore, the first necessity is, in the interest of the whole world, to secure to the tortured people a solid food-supply for the next four or five months, and meanwhile to prepare the soil for a sound exchange between the southeastern states and for a certain restitution of their earlier division of labor, which is so deeply rooted in their history and in their nature. All other developments may be expected from the working of the natural forces of mutual exchange, which will be soon put in action by all the deeply rooted needs of the southeastern situation.

Possibly, just in the most desperate situation of the Austrian millions, Providence has given to the world the only opportunity to create the moral and psychological conditions of a higher international order: the coöperation on the field of love, the constructive work of saving millions of human lives and of assisting them in securing new possibilities of their economic and political existence, may alone have the power to purify all mankind from that destructive passion and from that contempt of human life which grew out of four years of war, and which may otherwise, if they are not overcome at

[1] Of course, the indispensable condition, under which alone free export could be recommended, would be an arrangement according to which all exports must be paid for in good coin; as exports paid for in crowns would mean the complete squeezing out of Austria. — THE AUTHOR.

the root, endanger the whole human civilization.

Since the war, in all countries, social problems have appeared on the stage, the complexity of which calls for a moral and religious force and for a political wisdom which at present seem not to be at the disposition of the modern world; we all need therefore the passing through a school of sacrifice and compassion, of self-denial and love, in order to prepare our souls for the powerful moral tasks of the near future. Blessed seems the nation to which to-day all eyes are turned for help, and which may therefore become the spiritual leader of the Occident in the building up of the solidarity of mankind, which cannot be secured by weapons, by programmes, pamphlets, and books, but only by living acts of human love and generosity.

THE SECRET TREATIES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

BY ALFRED FRANZIS PRIBRAM

I

For a whole generation the Triple Alliance exerted a decisive influence upon the politics of all Europe. It was the subject of countless debates in the parliaments of the three allied states; it has been an object of unceasing concern to public opinion the world over. A series of voluminous works and many smaller treatises have been devoted to it. Up to the present day, however, we have known neither the text of the treaties underlying the Triple Alliance nor the course of the negotiations which resulted in its formation.

The leading statesmen of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy have often discussed the contents of the treaties, but always in the most general terms, limiting themselves to the statement that the Triple Alliance had purely defensive aims: the maintenance of peace on the territorial bases created by the national unification of Germany and of Italy, as well as the reconstruction of Austria-Hungary in the year 1867, followed by the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878. 'An insurance company,' as Prince von Bülow characterized it in 1902, 'not a company for profit.' All the other statements which occasionally leaked into publicity concerning the contents and the duration of the treaties were contradictory, and were more calculated to confuse than to inform.

Bismarck, it was reported, had declared that the tenor of the Triple Alliance treaties would never be made public, even after the Alliance had ceased to have legal force. Fostered by this assertion, fantastic rumors concerning the stipulations made by the several allies found wide circulation and ready credence. Just before the outbreak of the world-war, several serious attempts were made accurately to determine the contents of the several treaties; but, taken all in all, these attempts had no

result. Thus it came about that, on the disruption of the Triple Alliance by Italy in 1915, no one had an accurate knowledge of the tenor of the treaties, aside from the surviving statesmen and diplomats who had participated in framing and executing them — certainly an honorable testimony to the discretion of a class against which the reproach of indiscretion has so often, and not unjustly, been made.

Since then a period of more than four years has elapsed, and still the veil of secrecy which surrounded the Triple Alliance treaties has not been lifted. In the summer of 1915, to be sure, the Austro-Hungarian government published four articles of one of the treaties in question, thus furnishing the first authentic contribution to the knowledge of their contents. It was learned that the three powers had reciprocally promised friendship and peace. They had also agreed to enter upon an exchange of views upon political and economic questions of a general nature, and had pledged their support to one another, within the limits of their particular interests. Reciprocal assistance, backed by full military strength, was to be rendered whenever one or two of the signatories were attacked by two or more of the great powers, without direct challenge on their part. In case one of them should, through the menaces of a great power not a party to the treaty, become involved in a war with such a power, the other two signatories were, under all conditions, to observe a benevolent neutrality toward their ally. Furthermore, it was left to the judgment of each of them, whether or not to participate in such a passage at arms by the side of its ally. The last of the articles published concerned Austria-Hungary and Italy alone. It determined when, and under what conditions, one of these powers was to enter upon temporary or permanent occupation of territories in the Balkans or on the Ottoman coasts of the Adriatic or the Ægean Sea. The presupposition was that such occupation would take place only upon previous agreement between Austria-Hungary and Italy. Such an agreement would be on the basis of reciprocal indemnification for every territorial or other advantage over and beyond the existing *status quo*.

Through these disclosures the darkness that had enshrouded the purport of the Triple Alliance treaties was in part dispelled. Perfect clearness, however, had not yet been attained. The fragmentary nature of what had been made public became manifest merely through reference to the fact that Articles 2, 5, and 6 were missing. That Article 7, the last of those published, was followed by still others was to be assumed with considerable confidence. Furthermore, no hint had been given as to which of the treaties contained the four published articles. The contradictions and obscurities to which any critical examination of the published articles was bound to lead were also justly pointed out. But once more, every attempt to penetrate the secret of the Triple Alliance treaties was doomed to failure, 'through the very nature of the matter, which offers, as it were, a passive resistance even to the most acute inferences,' as one of the most zealous critics put it. All the more insistently was the desire expressed finally to have access to the complete text of the Triple Alliance treaties, and to know the course of the negotiations which culminated in the formation of the Alliance.

Through the generous action of the government of the Austrian Republic in opening the secret state archives to investigation, the text of the several treaties now becomes available in its entirety, though not the negotiations leading up to the treaties. Having access

only to the documents of the state archives at Vienna, the author is unable to give a consecutive account of the course of these negotiations. This is true especially of those stipulations of the treaty which exclusively concerned Germany and Italy. The cabinet at Vienna, to be sure, was informed of these stipulations, but it had no part in the negotiations which were carried on directly between Berlin and Rome; the Austro-Hungarian ministers learned only so much of the course of these negotiations as seemed proper to the German and Italian statesmen.

II

Let it be emphasized, first of all, that the Triple Alliance is not in any way to be regarded as supplanting the Austro-Hungarian–German treaty of October 7, 1879. On the contrary, it did not impair the validity of that treaty in any way. Independently of the treaty which the Central Powers concluded with Italy in 1882 (a treaty four times renewed), the Austro-Hungarian–German treaty, from October, 1879, to the outbreak of the world-war, constituted the basis of action of the Central Powers in all questions of foreign policy — quite especially as concerns their relation to Russia. For in none of the Triple Alliance treaties is Russia mentioned as that power upon whose single, unprovoked attack upon one of the allies the *casus fœderis* was to be considered established for the other two. The duty of giving aid in this case devolved exclusively upon Germany and Austria-Hungary, to the extent provided for in the treaty of October, 1879.

Furthermore, it may be pointed out in this connection, that the repeated assertion that the two powers had, as early as 1879, agreed upon the automatic continuance of the treaty, is based on error. The German–Austro-Hungarian treaty of October, 1879, was concluded for five years, and was renewed in 1883 for a definitely limited period. Not until the year 1902 was the special agreement made, whereby it was henceforth to be automatically extended at the end of each three-year term, unless one of the signatory powers availed itself of its privilege to give two years' notice of its intention to abrogate the treaty. Henceforth the treaty between Germany and Austria-Hungary also contained a formal statement of that prospective unlimited duration which Bismarck had wished to give to it when it was first concluded.

The first Triple Alliance treaty, with a five-year term, was signed on May 20, 1882. It contained Articles 1, 3, and 4, published by the Austro-Hungarian government in 1915, the contents of which have already been given. Of the remaining articles of the treaty, the most important is the one binding Austria-Hungary and Germany to aid Italy with their entire military strength, in case she should be attacked without provocation by France. Italy alone assumed a similar obligation toward Germany; Austria-Hungary did not. The latter was to aid the German Empire against France only in case another great power aligned itself with France. Just as little was Italy bound to give armed assistance to Austria-Hungary, in case the latter should be attacked without provocation by Russia alone. By the terms of the treaty, Italy was in this case bound merely to observe a benevolent neutrality toward Austria-Hungary. But also with regard to Germany, as has already been mentioned, the Triple Alliance treaty contained no stipulation which would have compelled her participation in a war provoked by an attack of Russia upon Austria-Hungary. Germany was pledged to such participation only

through the treaty of October 7, 1879, of which the Italian government had no knowledge in 1882.

A guaranty of the possessions of the three allies, especially of Rome to Italy, which was repeatedly mentioned as an established fact in the literature on the subject, was expressed neither in the first nor in any of the subsequent Triple Alliance treaties. To be sure, there was no lack of attempts in this direction by the Italian statesmen during the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the first of those treaties. But their efforts were frustrated by the firm refusal of the Vienna cabinet to heed Italy's wishes. Nor was Italy more successful in having inserted in the treaty stipulations concerning the promotion of Italy's colonial plans or the combination of Austria's future territorial acquisitions in the Balkans with Italian claims on the Trentino.

One of the new and important results of the present investigation is, doubtless, the proof that Italy even at that time desired to procure Great Britain's entrance into the Triple Alliance. Her aim was thus to protect herself by sea also against further French plans of conquest in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean. These efforts were checkmated at the time by the opposition of Bismarck; however, Italy so far succeeded in carrying her point, that a protocol was attached to the treaty expressly emphasizing the fact that the Triple Alliance pursued no aims hostile to Great Britain.

This stipulation was quite in accordance with the strictly defensive character of the treaty of 1882, which Italy's statesmen at that time tried to emphasize as strongly as possible. While the Central Powers, however, clung steadfastly to this idea down to the dissolution of the alliance, Italy, as may be seen from the following statements, had already abandoned it in the negotiations which preceded the second Triple Alliance treaty. This was done in order to satisfy her desire for an expansion of her sphere of influence in the Balkans and in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean.

It is to be ascribed solely to Italy's incessant urging, that the second Triple Alliance treaty, concluded on February 20, 1887, for another term of five years, no longer exhibits the purely defensive nature so characteristic of the first treaty. Austria-Hungary and Germany were now pledged to participate in wars which could no longer be regarded as a defense against unprovoked attacks of a hostile great power. Italy, it is true, did not succeed in carrying her demands to their full extent. The Vienna cabinet refused most emphatically to enter upon engagements which might embroil Austria-Hungary in a war with France for the sake of Italy's Mediterranean programme. Prince Bismarck, for his part, was most desirous of keeping Germany, as far as possible, aloof from all active participation in Balkan wars — if only on account of Russia. After protracted and heated negotiations, which several times threatened to miscarry, a compromise was finally resorted to in order to avoid a break. This compromise, presumably adopted on Bismarck's initiative, provided for a division of the obligations to be assumed by Germany and Austria. To this end three treaties were concluded in 1887.

The first treaty, signed by the representatives of all three powers, merely repeated the contents of the treaty of 1882. The second, a separate treaty between Austria-Hungary and Italy, concerns the Balkan questions. Its stipulations agree exactly with those which subsequently appeared as Article 7 in the treaty of 1891 and the subsequent renewals. These stipulations, as has already been said, were published

in 1915 by the Austro-Hungarian government. The third, a separate treaty between Germany and Italy, contains, among other provisions, a stipulation which has hitherto remained entirely unknown. This stipulation obligated Germany to aid Italy with all her military strength, even if Italy, without being attacked by France, should consider herself forced, by the conduct of the latter power in Tripoli or in Morocco, to attack either the African or the European possessions of France. (Article 3.) Just as significant, and as completely unknown until now, are the contents of Article 4 of the German-Italian separate treaty. In this article Germany expressed her readiness to promote the extension of Italian territory at the expense of the enemy, in case of the successful termination of such a war waged in common against France. It may easily be seen how little such stipulations agree with the constantly renewed assurances of the Italian statesmen that the Triple Alliance had no aggressive aims with respect to France. Subsequently Italy concluded separate treaties with France concerning Tripoli, but nevertheless renewed the Triple Alliance with its stipulations against France.

Italy, in 1887, did not insist upon the renewal of the protocol of 1882, which had expressed the friendly attitude of the powers of the Triple Alliance toward Great Britain. This was due to the fact that Italy had shortly before, with the assistance of Germany, made certain agreements with Great Britain,— soon after concurred in by Austria-Hungary, — which excluded the idea of hostile intentions on the part of the Allies against her.

III

Four years later, in 1891, the third Triple Alliance treaty was concluded. By dint of incessant urging, Italy succeeded this time in bringing about the union of the three treaties into one. On the other hand, the efforts of the Italian statesmen to obtain a material extension of the obligation of the Central Powers were frustrated. Austria-Hungary declined all further intervention in behalf of Italy's Mediterranean interests; Germany took the same ground with respect to Italian plans in the Balkans. Italy was again successful, however, in that Germany's willingness to intervene in behalf of Italian interests in Northern Africa — Tunis was now brought into the foreground, as well as Tripoli — was more definitely formulated, and the intention was expressed to come to an agreement with Great Britain with reference to these questions.

As far back as December, 1887, Great Britain had been in harmony with Austria-Hungary and Italy concerning the maintenance of the Turkish possessions in the Orient. Now a protocol attached to the treaty gave consideration to Italy's desire to induce Great Britain to approve and support certain stipulations in the Triple Alliance treaty in a form as binding as possible — a desire energetically seconded by Germany. These stipulations concerned the North African territories bordering on the Western Mediterranean. This marks Britain's closest approach to the Triple Alliance, as well as the culmination of the importance of the Triple Alliance in safeguarding the interests of the allies as well as the peace of Europe.

The crucial test of the Triple Alliance began with the moment in which the first serious differences between Germany and Great Britain made their appearance. As far back as 1896, Italy, as investigation shows, had notified the Central Powers that she could not participate in a war in which Great

Britain and France should figure as the joint adversaries of the states included in the Triple Alliance. The fact that Germany, and likewise Austria-Hungary under the influence of Germany, refused to take cognizance of this declaration, which was incompatible with the contents of the treaty, did not alter the fact that Italy, from that time on, moved away from her allies and entered upon a course which gradually led her into the camp of their enemies.

The Triple Alliance treaty was, to be sure, twice renewed in unchanged form, in 1902 and 1912; also, the protocol of 1891, although the latter, in so far as it had reference to Great Britain, became less and less in harmony with the actual facts, through the widening divergences between that power and Germany. Furthermore, Italy succeeded in inducing Austria-Hungary to attach a declaration to the treaty of 1902, in which Austria-Hungary expressed her willingness to give her ally a free hand in Tripoli. Moreover, in a second protocol to the treaty of 1912, Austria-Hungary recognized the sovereignty of Italy over Tripoli, and confirmed the agreements made with Italy in 1901 and 1909, concerning Balkan questions, and particularly concerning Albania. All other demands of the ally who had now become untrustworthy were rejected by the Central Powers.

The assertion, often made, that the Triple Alliance treaties also contained definite military stipulations, is incorrect. Article 5 of the Treaty of 1882, which had hitherto remained unknown, merely stated that the allies, at the moment when danger of war threatened, should agree in due season upon the military measures necessary for joint operations. And it rested here; no other dispositions are to be found in any of the later Triple Alliance treaties.

However, as may be seen from the following statements, a number of special military agreements were made in the course of time. On February 1, 1888, a military agreement was concluded between Italy and Germany, which contemplated the employment of Italian troops against France to the west of the Rhine. A similar agreement between Austria-Hungary and Italy, with reference to the employment of Italian troops in the East, — against Russia, — was projected, but never came into effect. The Austro-Hungarian government, in accordance with the treaty, merely bound itself to provide for the transportation and feeding of the Italian troops destined for Germany. On the other hand, agreements were made between all three states with reference to the employment of their navies in time of war. The first naval agreement, concluded on December 5, 1900, contemplated independent operations. It was superseded in the year 1913 by another agreement, in which united action of the combined naval forces was provided for. The chief aim of this was the securing of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and the prevention of the transportation of French colonial troops from Africa to the European theatre of war.[1]

Italy derived the greatest advantage from the Triple Alliance: protection against French attacks, support of her colonial plans in Africa, recognition of the principle of her territorial aspirations in the Balkans. Furthermore (and these were no less important), she secured commercial and political advantages, the ordering of her shattered finances, the strengthening of her army and navy, and, last but not least, a constantly growing importance as a great power. These advantages she owed first of all to the favor of circumstances. As a young, weak state, but

[1] See the text of this agreement of 1913, at the end of the article. — THE EDITORS.

recently unified, and threatened by a stronger neighbor, Italy, in the year 1882, had been received into an alliance with two of the greatest military monarchies of Europe. She could not but regard as a great success the fact that the support of the most powerful army in the world was assured to her, while at the same time the danger of being attacked by the superior forces of Austria-Hungary, her former enemy, had been removed. In return for all this, she had no considerable sacrifices to make, for at that time the suppliant did not have to pay the price. Duties and privileges were allotted to the allies in approximately equal proportion. Gradually, however, this relation was shifted more and more in favor of Italy. Every step that brought France and Russia nearer to each other increased the value to the Central Powers of the alliance with Italy, threatened as they were, both on the east and on the west. Italy was therefore able considerably to increase her demands, even as early as 1887. The definitive union of France and Russia in 1891 marked a further strengthening of the position of Italy in the Triple Alliance. And the more evident it then became that Great Britain was gradually shifting her attitude toward the Triple Alliance, — an attitude that had been friendly up to the middle of the nineties, — the more vitally necessary did it become for the Central Powers to prevent Italy's defection to the camp of the adversaries.

The Italian statesmen knew how to exploit cleverly this favorable state of affairs. They were unscrupulous in the choice of their means. Alternately making use of prayers, promises, flatteries, threats, and lamentations, but keeping their goal constantly in view, they succeeded in obtaining one advantage after another from their union with Germany and Austria-Hungary, while at the same time they were able to make their relations with the adversaries of their allies more and more friendly. They constantly made new demands upon the Central Powers, and however much they obtained, they still asserted that they had the disadvantage in the bargain. From their allies they demanded the strictest observance of the obligations assumed; for their own part, they constantly allowed themselves flirtations of the most questionable character with all possible enemies of the Central Powers.

IV

The greatest benefit derived by Germany from the union with Italy lay in the repressive influence exercised by the Triple Alliance upon France's plans for revenge. It was this fact, too, which Bismarck had above all in view, when he advocated an alliance with the weak Italy. The assistance of Germany by Italy, contemplated in the treaty of 1882 in the event of a war between Germany and France, was acceptable to him: it was, however, a matter of only secondary importance. To him it sufficed that France should lose hope of winning Italy as an ally in a conflict with the victor of 1870, and that Austria-Hungary, in warding off a Russian onslaught, need not fear an attack from the south. The idea that Italy could ever be induced to participate in a war against Great Britain was not entertained by Bismarck. He knew that the very geographical position of the country offered insuperable obstacles to such a plan. However, as long as he guided the foreign policy of Germany, no cogent reason existed for reckoning with this possibility. To be sure, he did not advocate the formal entrance of Great Britain into the Triple Alliance, chiefly on account of Russia, with whom he sought to maintain friendly relations

to the very end of his official activity. But he did everything possible to win Great Britain over to the political situation created by the powers of the Triple Alliance, and he strove with all his influence to promote every attempt destined to bind her by treaty to the special interests of Italy in the territories bordering on the Mediterranean. How correctly he had judged the conditions became apparent as early as 1896, when the danger of a conflict between Great Britain and Germany loomed up for the first time. The declaration which Italy then made in Berlin permitted no doubt about the fact that she would not fight against Great Britain.

At this point, the union with Italy lost a considerable portion of its value. This union had been entered into by Bismarck in order to checkmate French plans of revenge — perhaps for a war against the united forces of France and Russia. For such a war this union would have sufficed. With this limitation Germany could expect that Italy, in the case in question, would fulfill the obligations assumed, even subsequent to 1897, and especially toward the end of the century, when Germany's relations toward Great Britain assumed a more friendly character. But this hope also vanished, with the increasing success of Great Britain's policy of hemming in the Central Powers. Years before the outbreak of the world-war, the leading German statesmen began to doubt whether Italy would immediately and fully meet her obligations, when put to the test. They always continued to hope, however, that Italy, in a war of the Central Powers with France and Russia, — Great Britain's immediate participation on the side of the latter was not considered, — would at first observe a benevolent neutrality toward her allies, and after the first of the expected decisive victories of the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, would make common cause with them. Their assumption was in so far correct, that Italy did in fact declare herself neutral when the world-war broke out. As for the rest, their assumptions were not correct. Great Britain, fully prepared for war,[1] immediately took up her position by the side of the enemies of Germany, and the hoped-for decisive victories of the Central Powers did not materialize. Italy, nevertheless, maintained neutrality — although it could scarcely be called benevolent — toward her allies for nine months longer. This gave them advantages which are not to be underestimated. It is questionable whether the German armies would have been able to attain their great initial successes if Italian troops had immediately appeared in the French ranks. As for the campaign in the east, it might actually have been fatal, if Austria-Hungary at the beginning of the war had been compelled to withdraw a considerable portion of her troops from the eastern theatre of war for the protection of the Austrian frontier against Italy.

Of all the powers of the Triple Alliance, Austria-Hungary doubtless got the worst bargain. For the numerous sacrifices that she made, she obtained nothing but a certain degree of assurance that her ally would not attack her in the rear, in case she should become involved in a war with Russia. Her attempts to establish permanent friendly relations with Italy failed on account of the immoderate demands which this ally made. Austria-Hungary was ready to promote Italy's interests in the Mediterranean, but demanded in return free play for her own plans in the Balkans, and the definitive renunciation by Italy of acquisitions in the region of the 'unredeemed provinces.' Italy, however, showed not the slight-

[1] The author is an Austrian. — THE EDITORS.

est inclination to limit herself. The *Irredenta* not only continued to exist, but even increased in vigor and extent, often secretly stimulated by the Italian government. The never-abandoned aspirations toward the mastery of the Adriatic took a new lease of life in Italy after the middle of the nineties, and furnished the battle-cry for all the Austrophobe circles of Italy. In vain did Austria-Hungary recede step by step under the continued strong pressure of Germany. She granted the Italians a more and more important rôle in the Balkans, where she renounced rights that had been conferred on her by the Congress of Berlin; she tolerated the extension of the Italian sphere of influence in Albania, and by all this endangered her own interests in the near East — the only interests through whose advancement she could hope to expand her power and increase the economic resources of her subjects.

Consideration for Italy also acted as a drag on the efforts that were occasionally made by Vienna to arrive at an agreement with Russia concerning their mutual interests in the Balkans; it forced the Austro-Hungarian statesmen to take many a step that was resented at Constantinople; it influenced the Vienna cabinet to forego representation of the wishes of the Vatican at the Quirinal. All in vain. Italy, though the ally of Austria-Hungary, continued to be her outspoken adversary in all questions in which their interests clashed. Italy increased her demands from year to year, and every success stimulated her to new demands. In Austria as well as in Hungary there was no lack of influential men, with Conrad, Chief of the General Staff, as their spokesman, who did not approve of the compliant ways of the Vienna government, but advocated a break with Italy, a settling of scores with the faithless ally. But the responsible pilots of the Austro-Hungarian ship of state felt that they must continue in the course that had been laid out. They regarded their yielding attitude, which tended to avoid every serious conflict, as the only means of preventing the open defection of Italy to the camp of the enemy — a defection the consequences of which would have been incalculable.

It is not within the province of this paper to inquire how far their conclusions were justified. The test of the accuracy of the views of the advocates of an attack on Italy could not be made. No one therefore will be able to decide with certainty whether the Western powers would have calmly looked on while Austria-Hungary settled her score with Italy. There is just as little possibility of giving a definite answer to the question concerning the position which would have been taken by the various nationalities embraced in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in the case of a war with Italy, considering the fact that they were at variance with one another. It is undeniable, however, that even before the outbreak of the world-war, the Vienna cabinet had lost much of the prestige which it possessed, both in Europe and in the world at large, in the days when Metternich directed the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary, or even in the time of Andrássy.

[In view of the importance of the general subject of Herr Pribram's paper, we append a number of textual extracts from the Naval Agreement of June 23,1913 ('Valid for 1914,' says the document), which superseded that of December 5, 1900, and whose chief aim according to Herr Pribram (see page 256), was 'the securing of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and the prevention of the transportation of French colonial troops

from Africa to the European theatre of war.' — THE EDITORS.]

WITH the most gracious approbation of the Sovereigns of the Triple Alliance, the following Naval Agreement has been concluded between the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Ministry of War, the Admiralty Staff of the Imperial German Navy, and the Royal Italian Ministry of Marine (Admiralty Staff), in the contingency of a war involving the members of the Triple Alliance in common.

The agreement concluded in Berlin on December 5, 1900, hereby ceases to be in force.

1. EMPLOYMENT OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE IN WAR

(*a*) *In the Mediterranean*

The naval forces of the Triple Alliance which may be in the Mediterranean shall unite for the purpose of gaining naval control of the Mediterranean by defeating the enemy fleets. (*The section goes on to provide for the preparation of the plan of operations, and for making changes therein.*)

(*b*) *Outside the Mediterranean*

Naval units which may be lying in the same foreign port, or within reach of one another, shall attempt to join forces, provided they have received no orders to the contrary, with a view to coöperating in the interests of the Triple Alliance.

In case it may be assumed from the general political situation that war will probably break out between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, the commanders of such vessels of the Triple Alliance Powers as may find themselves in foreign waters in the same region shall be informed by their superior authorities, acting in accordance with a mutual understanding between the Admiralty Staffs and the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War, of the existence of a naval agreement. In this case it shall be the duty of the respective commanders of vessels to come to a reciprocal understanding regarding the measures to be taken on the outbreak of hostilities, keeping before them the special instructions which they shall have received from their superior authorities.

2. THE SUPREME COMMAND

(*a*) The Supreme Command of the Naval Forces of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean may be entrusted to an Austro-Hungarian or to an Italian flag-officer, whose nomination shall have been decided on in time of peace by reciprocal agreement of the States of the Triple Alliance. (*Follow provisions for the devolution of the command, in case of incapacity for any cause, of the Commander-in-Chief. See the* 'Supplementary Agreement' *below.*)

3. COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE ALLIES

Under the headings, '(*a*) Preparation of Operations and Exchange of Intelligence,' *and* '(*b*) Reciprocal Assignment of Naval Officers to Supreme Headquarters,' *provision is made for the speedy exchange and transmission of* 'news concerning the naval forces of the probable enemy, as well as information bearing on the development of their own fleets'; *also for the designation of the officers to whom* 'the swift and trustworthy collection of intelligence and transmission of information from Headquarters to Headquarters in matters concerning the Navy' *shall be entrusted.*

For this Service the Naval Attachés are indicated, as they appear to be specially suited thereto through their personal relations with the navies of their Allies.

The Naval Attachés shall be informed of the existence of a secret Naval Agreement, and, should the occasion arise, they may be acquainted with those provisions of the agreement which, by reason of new circumstances, may undergo an alteration by reciprocal agreement between the Admiralty Staffs and the Naval Section of the Imperial and Royal Ministry of War.

(*c*) *Assignment of Naval Officers to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean*

In time of peace there shall be assigned to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean: a Chief of Staff with the rank of Captain of a Ship of the Line by Austria-Hungary and Italy respectively, and an officer of the Admiralty Staff, with the necessary staff, by Austria-Hungary, Germany and Italy, respectively.

(*Sections* 4, 5, *and* 6 *deal respectively with* 'Means of Communication,' 'Reciprocal Contribution of Merchant Vessels for Purposes of War,' *and the* 'Reciprocal Use of Harbors.')

VIENNA, *June* 23, 1913.

Signed in draft: KÖHLER, m. p.
CICOLI, m. p.
CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

SUPPLEMENTARY AGREEMENT FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN

(*Section* 1, *Paragraph* 2 *of the Naval Agreement*)

1. *Supreme Command.* In accordance with Section 2 (*a*) of the Naval Agreement, the Supreme Command of the Naval forces of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean shall be conferred on the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Admiral, Anton Haus.

2. *Composition of the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief.* The Staff of the Commander-in-Chief shall be composed, in accordance with Section 3 (*c*) of the Naval Agreement, as follows: —

One Austro-Hungarian Chief of Staff, with rank of Captain of a Ship of the Line, and one Officer of the Admiralty Staffs of the Austro-Hungarian, the German, and the Italian Navies.

The two Chiefs of Staff and the German Officer of the Admiralty Staff shall be directly subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief.

Signal, wireless, and office personnel shall be assigned as assistants when requisite.

It is desirable that the Commander-in-Chief shall establish personal relations with the officers of his Staff in time of peace.

3. *War-Time Distribution of the Allied Forces.* The following shall be accepted as the principles for distribution in time of war: —

(*a*) The various subordinate units shall be constituted from ships of the same nationality.

(*b*) A squadron shall, as far as possible, contain not more than eight battleships.

4. *Union of the Allied Naval Forces.* The Austro-Hungarian and the Italian fleets shall assemble as soon as possible in the neighborhood of Messina and complete their supplies. The Italian fleet shall then proceed to its anchoring-place between Milazzo and Messina, the Austro-Hungarian fleet to the harbor of Augusta. If need be, Italy shall retain a division for special duty in the north of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and dispatch a portion of the torpedo-flotilla . . . together with mine-layers, to Cagliari and Trapani. The Commander-in-Chief shall be notified of this in due season.

The German vessels shall endeavor to unite at Gaëta (or in the event of unfavorable conditions at sea, at Naples) in order to lay in full supplies. Should special circumstances render it impossible to reach Gaëta (Naples), the German naval forces shall also join the Commander-in-Chief in the neighborhood of Messina.

On the occasion of their first reunion all ships and torpedo-boats must with particular care observe the provisions laid down in the Triple Code for secret signals of recognition.

Torpedo-boats proceeding alone and groups of torpedo boats must as a fundamental principle avoid approaching vessels and anchoring-places of the Allied Fleets after nightfall, as every torpedo-boat not recognized with complete certainty as friendly will be fired upon.

5. *Scheme of Operations.* The chief objective of the Commander-in-Chief shall be the securing of naval control in the Mediterranean through the swiftest possible defeat of the enemy fleets.

Should a portion of the French fleet lie at Bizerta, the Commander-in-Chief shall attempt to deal separately with the scattered portions of this fleet. For the purpose of holding the portion of the enemy fleet at Bizerta, operations with mine-layers and torpedo-boats from Trapani and Cagliari are in contemplation; for action against a French fleet possibly proceeding eastward from Toulon, the light units of the local coast-defense of the Western Ligurian coast are in contemplation.

The main action is to be carried out so swiftly that the decision shall be reached before the Russian forces in the Black Sea can interfere.

It shall remain with the Commander-in-Chief to decide whether, in addition to the main operations against the enemy fleets, simultaneous secondary actions shall be directed against possible French troop-transports from North Africa or against sections of the enemy coasts.

6. *Provisioning of the Fleet and Bases.* Italy makes herself responsible for the preparations specified herein for the bases enumerated in this section, at her own expense, in time of peace.

(*a*) *Bases for Assembling.* With reference to Section 4 of the Supplementary Agreement, the following places shall be prepared as bases for assembling: —

(1) The harbor of Augusta for the Austro-Hungarian;

(2) Gaëta (Naples) for the German; and

(3) Messina for the Italian Naval Forces.

The stock of supplies to be accumulated at Augusta and Gaëta (Naples) shall, while providing for a necessary reserve, be apportioned in such manner that the vessels on the occasion of their first reunion may be certain of completing their stores.

After this last fitting-out, and after the final departure of the Austro-Hungarian Naval forces from Augusta, all stores remaining in the harbor shall be removed or destroyed, in order to forestall any capture by the enemy.

Should the fitting-out of the German vessels at Gaëta (Naples) be no longer possible, they shall complete their fitting-out at Messina.

(6) *Bases for Further Operations.* With reference to Section 5 of the Supplementary Agreement, the following places shall be selected and prepared as the main bases for further operations: —

(1) Maddalena for the Austro-Hungarian and German;

(2) Spezia for the Italian Naval Forces;

(3) Trapani, Cagliari, and the western coast of Liguria for lighter units.

Maddalena shall be supplied with rations for one month for the Austro-Hungarian fleet; a corresponding stock of fuel and machinery supplies shall be kept there permanently.

(7) *Defense of the Adriatic.* For the defense of the Adriatic . . . the naval forces enumerated in Annex 1, heading (*b*), to the Supplementary Agreement . . . shall assemble as rapidly as possible, as follows: —

The Austro-Hungarian and German vessels in the Gulf of Cattaro; the Italian vessels at Brindisi.

The operations in the Adriatic shall be conducted

by the highest ranking officer of the Allied Naval forces, according to instructions from the Commander-in-Chief, who shall be empowered to reinforce, or to withdraw vessels from, the Naval forces in that region, according to the military situation.

8. *Attacks on French Troop Transports from North Africa.* Since the first French troop transports from North Africa may be expected to proceed northward from the main embarkation centres of Bona-Philippeville, Algiers, Oran-Mostaganem and Casablanca-Mogador within the first three days of the mobilization, Italy shall immediately establish a patrol off the North African coast with fast auxiliary cruisers. For the further obstruction of the sending forward of troops the operation of light warships from Cagliari (*cf.* Section 4, Paragraph 1 of the Supplementary Agreement) and, secondarily, from Maddalena, are in contemplation.

The joint carrying out of this undertaking shall be directed from Cagliari by a commander to be appointed by Italy, who shall be directly subordinate in this service to the Commander-in-Chief. The Commander-in-Chief shall in case of necessity dispatch fast cruisers for obstructing the transportation of troops. (*Cf.* Section 5, last paragraph, of the Supplementary Agreement.)

9. *Cutting off Enemy Commerce in the Mediterranean.* For cutting off enemy commerce in the Mediterranean, auxiliary cruisers shall first be employed.

Apart from the measures which will probably be taken in the second phase of the war for the obstruction of enemy commerce, it would appear advantageous to establish a patrol of the Suez Canal and the Dardanelles immediately on the outbreak of hostilities.

The necessary preparations for commerce-destroying shall be made in time of peace by the Commander-in-Chief.

As bases for operations of this nature, Taranto, the neighborhood of Messina, and the Libyan Coast (Tripoli, Tobruk) shall be available in the eastern Mediterranean; in the western Mediterranean all the bases enumerated in Section 6 of the Supplementary Agreement.

10. *Utilization of Merchant Vessels of the Allied States for Special War Purposes.* The merchant vessels available for purposes of war shall be divided into —

(1) Auxiliary cruisers (auxiliary warships);

(2) Vessels for transporting supplies and troops;

(3) Hospital ships.

The above-mentioned shall exchange indications regarding the merchant vessels which may come in question, and shall reach more precise agreements by direct negotiation with regard to the right of utilizing and disposing of them. These indications and agreements shall be appended to the Supplementary Agreement as Annex III. The Commander-in-Chief shall be responsible for keeping it constantly up to date.

Such auxiliary warships as are under military command shall be under the orders of the senior commander of warships of their nationality in the Mediterranean.

For the supply ships belonging to the Austro-Hungarian fleet, Messina and Maddalena shall be regarded as the proper bases.

Spezia, Naples, or Taranto, according to the location of the seat of war, shall serve as the main bases for the hospital ships of the Allied Nations.

The German shipowners shall be instructed to bring such of their vessels as may be in the Mediterranean at the outbreak of war to Italian ports — mail-boats to Spezia whenever possible, the remaining merchant vessels to Taranto or other Italian harbors exclusive of Genoa.

VIENNA, *June* 23, 1913.

Signed in draft: KÖHLER, m. p.
CICOLI, m. p.
CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

ANNEX I. DISTRIBUTION IN TIME OF WAR OF THE NAVAL FORCES OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE FOR JOINT OPERATIONS. (VALID FOR 1914).

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED NAVAL FORCES: THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ADMIRAL, ANTON HAUS

A. IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

I. ITALY

1st Squadron

1st Division: Dante Alighieri, Giulio Cesare, Leonardo da Vinci. Scout Cruiser: Quarto.

2nd Division: Vittoria Emanuele, Regina Elena, Roma, Napoli. Scout Cruiser: Nino Bixio.

2nd Squadron

1st Division: San Giorgio, San Marco, Pisa, Amalfi. Scout Cruiser: Marsala.

2nd Division: Garibaldi, Varese, Ferruccio. Scout Cruiser: Agordat.

Division for Special Purposes: Benedetto Brin, Regina Margherita, Emanuele Viliberto, Ammeriglio di St. Bon. Scout Cruiser: Coatit.

Torpedo Flotillas

16 Torpedo-boat Destroyers (6 of 1000 tons, 10 of 700 tons), Indomito-Ardente type.

10 Torpedo-boat Destroyers of 450 tons, Bersagliere type.

24 Torpedo-boats of 250 tons, Saffo-Cigno type.

30 Torpedo-boats of 33 sea miles.

II. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

1st Squadron

1st Division: Viribus Unitis, Tegetthoff, Prinz Eugen.

2nd Division: Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand, Radetzky, Zrinyi.

1st Cruiser Division: St. Georg, Kaiser Karl VI.

2nd Squadron

3d Division: Erzherzog Karl, Erzherzog Friedrich, Erzherzog Ferdinand Max.

4th Division: Habsburg, Arpád, Babenberg.

2nd Cruiser Division: Spaun, Helgoland, Saida, Novara.

Torpedo Flotillas

6 Torpedo-boat destroyers of 800 tons, Tátra type.

12 Torpedo-boat destroyers of 400 tons, Hussar type.

12 Torpedo-boats of 200 tons, Kaiman type.

III. GERMANY

Cruiser Division (directly subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief): Goeben, Strassburg, Breslau, Dresden.

B. IN THE ADRIATIC

I. ITALY

Bettor Pisani, Carlo Alberto, Marco Polo, Dandolo. Scout Cruisers: Piemonte, Libia.

6 Torpedo-Boat Destroyers and several Torpedo divisions.

II. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Monarch, Wien, Budapest.

Maria Theresa, Kaiser Franz Joseph I.

Zenta, Aspern, Szigetvás.

12 Torpedo-Boats of 200 tons, Kaiman type, and several Torpedo divisions of older units.

III. GERMANY

School-ships and older cruisers which may be stationed in the Mediterranean.

KÖHLER, m. p.
CICOLI, m. p.
CONZ, m. p.

A true copy: A. SUCHOMEL.

DOES AMERICANIZATION AMERICANIZE?

BY GINO SPERANZA

I

'I HAVE a solemn vow registered in heaven that I will preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.' These words, spoken by President Lincoln at a critical moment in the life of the Republic, are, in substance, what the alien repeats when admitted to American citizenship. Imagine, however, what must have been their significance to Abraham Lincoln, and what, at best, they possibly can mean to tens of thousands of 'new Americans' when reciting them in the oath of allegiance which makes them our fellow citizens! And yet we wonder why things are not all as they should be to-day, and why we should be obliged to ask ourselves again, as we did half a century ago, how it is that 'an instructed and equal people, with freedom in every form, with a government yielding to the touch of popular will so readily, ever would come to the trial of force against it.'

Of the causes behind the existing

unrest this paper will attempt to deal with only one phase — our attitude and policy toward the immigrant as a potential citizen, premising the statement that such attitude and policy have labored under one fundamental error: the failure to distinguish clearly and consistently between the *human* rights of immigrants and their *political* rights, between our human duties toward *them* and our political duties toward our *commonwealth*. To their human rights and to our human duties toward them we shall refer here only incidentally, dwelling instead upon the study of a policy which has tended, and tends, to grant political rights to very large numbers of aliens wholly unprepared for American life, and utterly unqualified for participation in the government.

As we look back, we see that three methods or processes have found favor among us at various times as means of converting the alien into an American: naturalization, assimilation, and Americanization. The first, which once was supposed to possess a sort of special sanctifying grace *per se*, has sunk back in public opinion to its purely legalistic function; the second has been relegated with the melting-pot to the top shelves of social laboratories; while the third is now the object of a nation-wide 'drive.'

There is something both stirring and touching in the almost religious belief that many Americans held regarding naturalization in the early days of immigration to this country: they honestly and sincerely relied upon it as an almost instant solvent for changing a German or a Swede into an American; they looked upon it, in their intense patriotism, as a rite with well-nigh sacramental and mystically spiritual effects.

With the decline of the belief in naturalization as an infallible process of transformation, there came into favor, as a spiritual aid to the former, the less legalistic process of assimilation. The method sounded logical and was picturesque and attractive. We all fell under its sway more or less, especially the social workers and the schools of philanthropy. It was, on the whole, a useful movement, not only because it showed the essential inadequacy of naturalization, but especially because it made us realize very vividly the human rights of the alien in our midst and our indifference to such rights.

The war, which passed like a steam-roller over numberless favorite and popular theories, served also to show the limitations of assimilation as we had attempted to develop it and the strength of alien nationalism, even — and indeed especially — in what we had hopefully considered safe and 'desirable' North European stock.

II

The ancient problem being still with us, and looming large on the background of present-day labor unrest, American optimism promptly has come to the rescue with a new and sure remedy — Americanization. It is part of our enthusiastic idealism, part of our 'habit of practical performance,' to wish to correct every trouble and right every wrong *quickly;* and, in order to do it quickly, we often refuse to see any subtle and intimate complexity in the problems which confront us, but cheerfully and rather naïvely 'simplify' them and reduce them to 'essentials,' which can be, as it were, surgically treated with ease and precision.

But there are problems and processes so obscure and complex in their causes, so slow, intricate, and subtle in their development and ramifications, as to be refractory to any simplification and impossible of any accelerated or swift solu-

tion. One of these is Americanization, which, like every essential and effective change of nationality, involves two distinct processes and two vital decisions in a man's life: a divesting one's self of a deep-rooted patrimony of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests, and an honest and wholehearted acceptance of, and participation in, an entirely new set of ideas, sentiments, traditions, and interests.

In order to grasp the difficulties in the way of real, and, therefore, of the only worth-while Americanization, let us consider the processes involved in the reversal of such conversion. Think how suspicious we are of any instance of de-Americanization; how suspect, for instance, to the popular mind is the Anglicization, not only of a Waldorf Astor, but even of a Henry James, and, generally, how taboo is the man who 'turns.' Or let us illustrate the process on a large scale as being nearer to our own problem: let us suppose that the French government, or a large section of the French people, had decided to attempt to Gallicize our boys of the A.E.F. while they were in France, and had made a nation-wide 'drive' to accomplish it in five years, at the end of which time any of our men who said they wished to change would have been admitted to French citizenship. Will any American claim that this would have worked at all, or that the French citizens thus secured would have been much of an asset or a help to the French nation? I do not give this as a parallel example to the process of Americanizing our immigrants; but I do contend that, on the whole, the Gallicization of a million picked American youths, at a time of tense and stirring life, would have been infinitely easier and more possible than to convert a million mixed Syrian, Russian, Greek, Slav, and Finnish peasants — or even French, British, and Italian subjects — into reliable American citizens, as we claim we can do in this country. To feel that the powers of attraction and assimilation of America are tremendous, is both true and patriotic; but to practise the belief that such powers can work miracles — such as the rapid conversion of the mixed and unstable immigrants of Europe into *real* American citizens — is sheer superstition and, as such, the child of ignorance.

The fact is that there is much loose thinking, inexactness, and sentimentalism on the subject of Americanization. The very fact that the first professorship of Americanization in this country was fitted into a department of political economy indicates how even trained minds tend to look at the process from too narrow a standpoint: for might it not reasonably be urged, with equal force, that Americanization belonged rather to the department of history, or of philosophy, or of psychology? But consider some of the means in vogue to-day to secure Americanization: for instance, anything which betters a man, such as being taught to read and write, is, of course, in a roundabout way, Americanization; but why call it that, as something new, instead of using the exact word such betterment has meant for ages past — schooling? Imparting a knowledge of civics, government, and history is likewise, in a sense, Americanization; but why claim for it a power that is no greater than and no different from what it was when the identical thing was called education? So, also, bringing the alien 'into contact with what is best in this country,' which a recent publication glibly announces as a 'new method' in this process, is in one sense Americanization; but is it not the same thing as what was more correctly called social or public service, or, more anciently, Christian duty?

Changing their name does not render inapplicable methods applicable, but

only lulls us into a dangerous contentment. That the insufficiency or inadequacy of such methods is being grasped in certain quarters is evidenced by the conditions and provisos proposed here and there as necessary for the success of the 'drive.' Thus Secretary Lane, in a popular magazine, cautions his readers that 'before we take up this work of the Americanization of others, we must first be certain that we have Americanized ourselves.' The implication that even real Americans may be in need of Americanization shows the essential intricacy and slowness of the process, even at its best.

To understand the real significance of Americanization (and lack of clearness on this point is the root of the trouble) we must consider it in relation to the larger question of *nationality*, of which it is only a part or instance. One of the lessons of the Great War of peculiar significance to us in relation to our immigration problem is the tremendous strength of national or ethnic sentiment; indifferent men, average men, comfort-loving and peace-loving men, as we have dramatically witnessed, are, in the emergency of a real test of its power, ready to die for it. It makes heroes of phlegmatic Flemish burghers, and martyrs of ignorant Slav peasants; it reacts in the blood of thousands of our German-Americans, who, we had firmly believed, had been rendered immune to the old call of the blood by the circumstances of birth and education in the wholly new environment of American life. Right or wrong, happily or not, the racial call persists, potent, assertive, even audacious. Worthy or unworthy, we saw it destroy treaties and policies, learned theories, and the most carefully constructed checks and balances. In the face of a theory we discovered a condition; in the presence of an idealization of our own patriotism we found an equally strong and all-absorbing love of nation and of race in infinitely poorer, less advanced, and less blessed lands.

Why then imagine — especially, why do our colleges and universities imagine — that any large body of aliens can be Americanized *quickly*, if at all; that they can undergo a sort of miracle of transnationalization by any nation-wide 'drive' of kind words, by a smattering of education, or by new legislation? I do not say that Americanization is not possible, but I contend that history, science, human experience, and good sense point to the conclusion that mass Americanization or speedy Americanization (of the real kind, which, I trust, is the only one the colleges and the legislators want) is impossible by any of the methods suggested or applied. And this largely because, as it has been said, 'the central fact about nationality is not,' as so many Americans believe, 'a political force at all, but a spiritual force.' Being largely a spiritual process, it may be swift and almost sudden with certain types of unusual men, and under certain very special circumstances; but for the great mass of aliens coming here, — and even for many children of alien parents, — the change can be only slow and subtle in its working, if it is to be real and enduring.

Many politicians and some students have lacked the courage to say what one, like myself, of foreign descent should frankly assert and defend — that this is, and must remain, an essentially and fundamentally American country, to be governed solely by American-minded men in an exclusively American way, and for wholly American ideals. Any compromise on this seems to me spiritual treason to the Republic. Shame to those of us, not of the old stock, who fail in these days of trouble for our country to defend with all our heart and mind what is first and

foremost the heritage of freedom of the old stock, and is ours only in so far as we are individually worthy of it, and not because we can vote under it.

There have been too many sentimental pleas, too many spurious arguments about this being a land of immigrants and all Americans the children of immigrants. What *is* America, first and above all, if not the development, essentially, of Anglo-Saxon ways of thinking and doing, and, more specifically, of New England ideas and ideals? Nor must we overlook the fact that 'in all history,' as John Fiske has pointed out, 'there has been no other instance of colonization so exclusively effected by picked and chosen men as in New England.' Let us ask ourselves in full honesty what claim of equality of performance or of American qualities there can be between the great mass of immigrants and their children and those colonists and their direct descendants, except the sheerest of legalistic equality. Who will be so foolish, or so hypocritical, as to contend that the vast majority, or even a substantial number, of the immigrants who have come or are coming to this country can be classed as 'the picked and chosen men' of Europe? Political cowardice, squeamish conscientiousness, and cant have avoided a frank, open, and frontal attack against what is variously styled 'the Irish vote,' the 'East Side vote,' and the like, as if the toleration of anything but a thoroughly and wholly American vote were not a gross failure in the practice of an elementary American duty.

What are all the schools and professorships of Americanization worth while we allow, in daily practice, such destructive distinctions in the political life of the country? 'For the successful conduct of a nation's affairs,' says President Hadley in his book, *The Relation between Freedom and Responsibility*, 'we must have a certain degree of conformity between its political institutions and the moral character of its members.' The duty, then, of every Irishman and grandson of Irishmen, of every Italian and son of Italians, in this land is to conform his moral character to American political institutions; to conform, not his speech or even merely his vote, but his every thought and hope and plan — for it must be an unreserved spiritual conformity — to this, his country. There cannot be two nationalisms even if one is major and one minor, even if one claims to be American first and German second.

III

It will justly be urged that criticism is not necessarily helpful unless it is constructively suggestive as well as destructively analytical. While I do not believe that the current methods or plans for Americanization can bring about what is claimed for them, yet, in themselves, they are praiseworthy; in so far as they are new names for schooling, education, hygiene, and the Golden Rule, they are the minimum of what we should do — and should have begun doing decades ago — for a somewhat helpless and often ignorant and exploited class of our inhabitants, both alien and native. These are all part of our human duty and of our public duty to our fellow men.

The objection to such methods — which fail to Americanize, even though they may humanly improve, those beings subjected to them — is that, in effect, they accelerate and widen the inclusion of new 'foreign votes' in the American electorate. In this respect they perpetuate the basic error of all our immigration policy — that of inviting and hastening that purely legalistic Americanization known as naturalization. This, in a land swept by

large migratory currents of varied and even nondescript nationalities, where manhood suffrage is the fundamental law, constitutes a real and growing danger.

No country has so cheapened the electoral franchise as the United States, by practically giving all the rights thereunder for the mere asking. The only controlling and controllable test is a certain arbitrarily fixed length of residence; for it will hardly be urged that the so-called 'intention,' supported by a declaration of forswearing allegiance to foreign potentates, and so forth, enters seriously into the transformation. Length of residence, that is, time (in a process which in the majority of cases requires some generations), if an element at all, should be a very long period. Some students have urged fifteen years, but to the writer, twenty-five years would not seem too long for what might be called a splendid political apprenticeship. Provision, however, should be made for shortening such apprenticeship upon proof of special qualities of a high order, or of public or quasi-public service rendered to this country.

Length of residence was chosen because it was easily proved and easily ascertainable; but to-day no one could claim it as either a safe or even a rational test. There are services and sacrifices which an alien may undergo in this country a month after landing, of such a character as to entitle him to immediate or honorary citizenship; there are acts and omissions by an alien resident here ten years which should bar him everlastingly from citizenship or divest him of it if naturalized. The real test for citizenship should be political *fitness* and personal *worthiness;* and if the lawyers argue that these are too subtle and spiritual to be defined by statute, then it were better that we should suspend naturalization for half a century while we try to live down our past errors in this field.

This nation has two functions in history and toward mankind: first, to disseminate principles of democracy, freedom, and humanity among all men throughout the world; and, second, to be a nation characteristically American from top to bottom. It is this latter function that we have sacrificed — if not seriously endangered — by our policy and desire of forcing quick or accelerated Americanization, be it political or spiritual. The present 'drive' has already brought forth a number of bills in Congress which, in effect, would compel aliens, after a certain length of residence, to become 'citizens' or leave the country. Yet the more 'raw' citizens (if I may use the term) you take in, helping the process by a veneer of Americanization, the more you threaten our characteristically American form of democracy. 'If we believe,' as I said several years ago before the American Academy of Political Science, 'in the great system of self-government developed and stubbornly fought for by the English people through centuries of training and struggle, we may fairly claim that its continuance and stability will depend on a citizenship attached to and understanding its spirit and history and in sympathy with its political ideals.' 'We want and must have *real* spiritual allegiance; we want and must have only such citizens as think in terms of American life.' As the finest contemporary exponent of America said, in his *American Ideals*, there is 'one quality that we must bring to the solution of every problem, that is, an intense and fervid Americanism.' Even in the great struggle now going on between capital and labor, 'the outcome,' as President Hadley has said, will depend 'on the character of the people,' that is, on whether our business shall be dominated by 'the spirit of

the adventurer or by the spirit of the Puritan.

If such American spirit and such American citizenship cannot be obtained by any rapid process working on our alien masses, — and I contend that it cannot except in special cases, — then why encourage or permit the naturalization of such masses, or, as at least one Congressional bill provides, force American citizenship on alien residents? Naturalization is not the right of an immigrant, but a privilege which the United States can grant, withhold, or condition.

We are constantly concerned with the restriction of immigration, but it is a far more important matter for America to bar the immigrant from its body-politic than to shut him out from the country. Indeed, I believe we should encourage a back-and-forth alien migration, rather than a stable one which ends in becoming an alien colonization in our midst. If we cared for American more and for our political party or our labor union less, we would concentrate our efforts, not so much on excluding able-bodied alien workmen who are needed to help develop the resources of our country, but more on the urgent and vital need of barring numberless 'new-made' citizens from our electorate.

For over fifty years the tendency in this country has been to make American citizenship easily achievable; to-day, when we begin, though darkly, to see the evil consequences of such largesse, we grasp at the slender raft of Americanization to escape the storm; and in the name of such an empirical and simplicist remedy, some of our Congressmen, with equal good faith and simplicism, propose legislation which, in effect, will add to our un-American or pseudo-American vote.

We cannot remedy the past, or cover our mistakes, by a resort to disfranchisement; but we can and should oppose any attempt, made in however good faith, to increase the number of such Americanized citizens within our body-politic, who to-morrow may have the power, as well as the desire, to change the character of our democracy. The foreign vote is already making itself felt in some parts of our country as a distinctly foreign vote. Let us then take to heart the words written many years ago by the most balanced observer and student of our immigration problem, Richmond Mayo-Smith; words which to-day sound like a patriotic warning: —

'The change in social ideals wrought by the infiltration of peoples having different customs and habits of life can be detected only as these elements and habits of life gradually become dominant, and as we see the decay of habitudes which we had valued. We then exclaim against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting that we ourselves have admitted the elements which have superseded the old.'

ON THE FENCE

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

I

LAST spring, when it became apparent that New Hampshire might be the 'pivotal state' on the suffrage question, and that consequently my husband's vote on the Susan B. Anthony amendment in the Senate might count for a great deal more than one vote usually does, I was naturally asked, more than once, my opinion on the subject, especially as the general impression seemed to prevail that my own inclinations had been against equal suffrage rather than for it — and this was true, to a certain extent. But he voted, with my entire approval, for the amendment, and I was immediately the recipient of countless grateful letters from women who imagined that I might, after all, have used such influence as I possessed in urging him to do so. As a matter of fact, I did not. We talked the question over, and agreed, as usual, that the stand he afterwards did take was the stand he ought to take; but I did not try to change his opinion, nor have I changed my own. For frankly — there seems to be no reason, now that the question is settled, or practically so, why I should not be frank — my position is the extremely awkward one of being 'on the fence,' and has been for a long time. I should be delighted if someone would rescue me from it.

Most of the stock arguments in favor of suffrage seem to me to be so irrefutably true as to be absolutely bromidic. Women are certainly 'people.' They are certainly 'equal' to men. If they have property, they certainly ought to have a part in the management of public affairs in the locality where it lies. It is eminently 'fair,' for all these reasons, that women should vote if they wish to, and the majority of them apparently do wish to — the majority, that is, of the whole country, not the majority in certain sections of the country where it is still unpopular. And, though they are still untrained in politics, there seems to be no reason why they should not acquire experience, and develop talents along these lines; for so far they have proved that they can do anything that men can do, and do it well. Anyone unconvinced of this before the late war must be certain — even if reluctantly certain — of it now.

Nor can there be any question — any intelligent question — as to whether they 'have time' to vote. It does not take long to go to the polls. The poorest and most ignorant woman — for poor and ignorant women unfortunately do exist — can pile her dishes in the sink, and give the baby a dose of paregoric, and run down the street for half an hour. The richest and most frivolous woman — for these, quite as unfortunately, exist, too — can step into her limousine, and be back again at No. 930 Golden Avenue with scarcely an interruption of a rubber of bridge or a luncheon engagement. And all the women in between these two extremes — who, thank Heaven, exist, too —

can crowd one more thing into their already crowded day if they wish or need to.

As to one of the stock arguments *against* suffrage, — that some of its advocates have not behaved with dignity and good sense, — it is so silly that it ought to carry no weight at all. It is, of course, true. Suffragists — and anti-suffragists — are human beings, with faults and virtues like other human beings. There are bound to be some among them who do not measure up to the highest standards of conduct and intelligence, and who have done their cause immeasurable harm by violence of speech and action, by rebellion against law and order, by using suffrage as a means of self-advertisement, or, worse still, by combining it with some other doctrine, — free love, for instance, or its direct opposite, — when, in fairness to their sister workers in suffrage who agreed with them not at all on these other points, if for no other reason, they should have confined themselves to the one common interest. But to condemn all suffragists, ninety per cent of whom are sincere and high-minded and 'righteous altogether'; to say that they are not properly so described, is like saying that all doctors are mercenary, that all lawyers are tricky, that all actresses are immoral. It is untrue. It is stupid. It is wicked.

There is, moreover, one very decided advantage which, it seems to me, suffrage is sure to bring, and that is economic independence for women. Curiously enough, there is much less said about this than about the probable 'purifying' of politics, over which I am personally much more skeptical. The states which already have suffrage, even those which have had it for some time, are not noticeably purer than those which have it not, and the reason is so self-evident as to require very little comment. There are all kinds of women in the world, just as there are all kinds of men. We are not, as a sex, above every sort of reproach, no matter how much idealists — men and women both — would like us to believe that we are. We have faults which are no more attractive than men's faults, though they are not always the same ones. We hope, of course, that American women — and American men — are going to grow better as time goes on; but it will probably be some time before we are perfect, and meanwhile, we will all vote, if any of us do. The rain will continue to fall upon the just and the unjust, as it has been doing for some ages already, and as it is eminently desirable that it should continue to do.

But all women, good, bad, and indifferent, want money, need money, and ought to have money; and so far, many of them — in a good many cases those who need it and deserve it most — have not had their fair share of it. A man is responsible for his wife's or his daughter's bills, but he cannot be compelled to give them one cent in actual cash unless he wishes to; and a lamentably large number of husbands and fathers do not wish to. I believe that, even without suffrage, women would have been better treated in this regard, as time went on, than they have been in the past, or than they are at present. A hundred years ago, if a woman with property married, the property all became her husband's. This unjust law, like many others, has been changed — by men. And the recent war has proved a great eye-opener to many wilfully blind males. They have seen their wives and sisters and sweethearts, and even their mothers, — who might perhaps be supposed to carry on old-fashioned traditions better than the younger generation, who 'could n't be trusted to handle money'; who 'had no business instinct,' — fare forth without turning a hair, without more ado,

in fact, than they formerly made about getting breakfast or putting the baby to bed (for which they were *not* paid), and bring home very well-filled pay-envelopes once a week. The uses of adversity have indeed proved sweet. These same women, who have always worked hard, harder, in a good many cases, than at their 'new jobs,' are never going to be satisfied again to ask for money for carfare and postage-stamps, with the possible chance of being refused. And their husbands and brothers and fathers are becoming aware of the fact — drowsily aware, perhaps, but still aware.

'My dear,' Jane is saying to John all over the country, 'I love you and John, Junior, and I love to live at home with you both. I'd rather do it than anything else in the world; much rather than run an elevator at Smithkins and Smithkins. But is n't my doing it *worth* anything, in hard cash, to you, or the government or — or somebody?' (Jane is still a little vague in places.) 'It seems to me a much more important job than running an elevator — to you and the government and — and everybody; and I got paid for *that!* Who *is* going to look after you and John, Junior, if I don't? And if no one looks after you, and poor helpless men-creatures like you all over the country, what 's going to *become* of the country? Of course, I shan't go back to the elevator, even if we don't have a more satisfactory arrangement than we had before you went across, — that is, I don't think I shall, — but it is n't fair, just the same — is it?'

So John begins to do a little thinking, drowsily at first, but gradually, with that elevator running up and down in the back of his mind, in a more and more wide-awake manner, and decides that it is n't fair, and that, moreover, as Jane hints, it's a very poor risk for him to take to try it. I do not believe for one minute that the wives of to-day are less loving, as some persons try to make us believe, than those of a generation ago; but they are more self-respecting. I do not believe that they consider marriage less sacred, but more so, because they refuse to endure the gross offenses which, alas, sometimes defile it. The old-fashioned woman put up with all kinds of faults — sometimes with all kinds of crimes; she suffered indignities and allowed her children to suffer abuse, because she was afraid of losing her man, that is, her means of support. But she hated and despised and revolted against him while she did it. There is a good deal of truth in a little verse I read somewhere not long ago: —

> When the old-fashioned wife, with her husband had strife,
> I'll go back to my mother,' she'd sob;
> But the wife of to-day does n't argue that way;
> She says, 'I'll go back to my job.'

John does not want Jane to go back to her job. He is just as much afraid of losing her as his grandmother was afraid of losing his grandfather, and usually with more and with better reasons. It has a very wholesome effect upon him. He behaves, as a rule, much better than his grandfather did to his wife. His morals and his manners are both better. So I think, in time, he would probably find a way to be 'fair' to Jane, as I have said before, even if she did not help him make the laws. But he will find it much more quickly when she does. He will not allow himself to be side-tracked by treaties and investigations and other impediments. Jane will see to it that he does not. She will get her 'fair share' in a fair length of time.

'But,' I can hear dozens of other women saying, 'my husband — or father — is not like that. You are very unjust to dwell on isolated cases. The average

woman has not had to earn her own living; she has been supported and given all the money she could possibly use, and she has been very comfortable just as she was. I'm sure I don't *want* to be economically independent. It's much easier just to charge things, and to ask for twenty-five dollars or so whenever I need it. I can't add up accounts to save my life. I would much rather George did all that.'

This is exactly where 'comfortable' women have been criminally blind and lazy. The 'average woman' to whom Ethel refers — let us call her Ethel for convenience — is the average woman *of her acquaintance*, which is a very different thing from the average woman of the whole country — of the whole world. The average woman is not, as Ethel likes to think, a 'nice,' sheltered, well-educated (?), well-to-do girl, with a pleasant home and indulgent father; whose life is made easy for her at every step; who never worries about anything or works at anything, and who marries, in her early twenties, some nice, intelligent, well-to-do man, whose indulgence simply supplements that of the still indulgent father.

This kind of woman has, indeed, been very 'comfortable,' and has received quite as much as she deserved — in many cases a good deal more than she deserved — from the men who have supported her. But she represents a very small minority. She is not the average woman. Ethel has only to consult statistics, — if she will take that much trouble, — to find this out. Eighty per cent of the married women in the United States do all their own housework, and that represents an amount of labor which Ethel cannot even comprehend. More than half the cases of insanity among women are found in farmers' wives, the women whose 'simple, healthful, wholesome life' Ethel likes to contemplate from a safe distance, — very often from the back seat of her limousine as she rides through 'the rural districts' — which gives her not the smallest inkling of the long hours, and hard drudgery, and bleak isolation that such a life often contains. Ethel, perhaps, has not read the uncomfortable fact that something like twenty-five thousand women in this country die in childbirth every year for lack of proper medical care; and the still more uncomfortable one that seventy per cent of the operations performed on women are made necessary by the sins of others for which they are in no way to blame. The average woman is exactly the one who does need help, and to whom suffrage will undoubtedly bring help.

II

'Well, then,' says Ethel a little sulkily, and powdering her nose as she speaks, 'why do you call yourself "on the fence"? You are an out-and-out suffragist. I should think you would have said so long ago.'

No, I am not, and for the very reason though it may sound contradictory — that I agree with Jane and not with Ethel. I fully believe, as I said before, that women can do — if they have to — everything that men can do, and do it well. But it seems to me an overwhelming pity, that, except in emergencies, like war, for instance, they should either have to, or want to. For men cannot do everything that women can do — cannot do it at all, without any question of doing it well. And the things that women only can do seem to me the greatest and most important in the whole world. We need economic independence very much indeed, and the sooner the better; but we need mothers much more. The place to begin to purify politics is not at the polls, but in the nurseries.

'Give me a child until he is ten,' the Jesuits used to say; 'anyone may have him after that — he will be a good Catholic all his life.' 'Give me a child until he is ten,' any woman of to-day ought to be able to say; 'anyone may have him after that — he will be a good man all his life.' The exceptions to this rule are so rare as to be negligible, though of course they do exist. Of all the men I have known I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little, who did not turn out well when he grew up. I do not mean by this the mother who paid someone else — even if that person were thoroughly competent and trustworthy — to take care of her sons, but the mother who worked and saved and sacrificed; who played with her children and prayed with them, too; who taught them and talked with them and nursed them when they were sick; who gave them an example and an inspiration which were to last them all their lives, not only through what she told them, but through what she showed them.

Motherhood always has been, and always will be, the greatest factor in civilization. It has never needed to be recognized as such more than it does now. Henry Adams is right when he says in his *Education* that it is time we stopped regarding sex as a sentiment and recognized it as a force. And the career of motherhood, to be successful, is very nearly all-absorbing. It takes up, in many women's lives, all their time for a few years, all their best time for a good many years. We cannot, of course, all be mothers, and those of us who cannot would be admirably employed in helping — directly or indirectly — the more fortunate ones who can. Perhaps suffrage will do this. I am not sure that it will not, in the ways that I have mentioned before, and in other ways which its conscientious supporters believe. But I fear that there will be fewer mothers all the time to help! The whole world, feminine as well as masculine, is seething with restlessness and discontent, with the desire for liberty and pleasure and excitement, and this seething will not, for a time at least, tend to make most women content to live quietly in more or less seclusion, while others are rushing headlong into the busy world, especially if they know they are as well, or better, fitted to go than their friends and sisters. They will be too conscious of the sacrifices they feel they are making to be entirely happy in them. I do not mean all women, of course, possibly not even most, but enough to bring about many empty nurseries.

'The spirit of the times' is not a mere catchword. It is a vital force. All human beings are imitative, women especially so. 'Ethel has a new hat, and so I want one too.' 'Jane is running an elevator, and so I think I had better do something of the kind myself.' If Ethel had been going bareheaded, if Jane had been making jam, the speaker would have wanted to do those things instead. And so mothers — or potential mothers — will want to have outside careers, too, if their friends are having them, and their friends will encourage them in this.

My own experience in this regard shows on a very small scale what may easily happen — what constantly does happen — on a large one. No sooner had my first little article — a mere paragraph in an unimportant magazine which has since failed! — appeared in print than countless sincere well-wishers began to urge me to give up all my time to writing, and to ask me if I did not find my family a great drawback in my 'career.' I cannot remember that anyone has ever asked me if my career — provided I could attain one of that sort, which of course is doubtful at best — might not be a great

drawback to my family! For it is perfectly true that outside careers, conscientiously followed, are, or should be, hardly less all-absorbing than that of motherhood. It is utterly impossible to do justice to both at the same time. No woman who has lived with a man who has become what is popularly called 'a success' in business or a profession or politics needs to be told that that success has to be earned, in nine cases out of ten, by letting everything else 'go by the side.' He may be fond of all sorts of amusements, have a dozen other interests — he will, practically, have to abandon them, and keep his eyes glued straight ahead on his single-track railway. He may love his wife and children dearly, but they will perforce be a secondary consideration with him. When he has achieved success, he may, of course, relax a little; but by that time the best years of his life are gone. For a man, this usually pays. Success is the biggest thing in his life.

I see no reason why women should not achieve this same kind of success, if they really want it. But will it pay? Is it the best thing in our lives? Perhaps for some women it is. But when it becomes the best thing for the majority, what is to become of the next generation?

'Why don't you ask your father that question?' the wife of an eminently 'successful' man told me recently she had said to her sixteen-year-old son when he came to her with a question which she felt a man could perhaps answer better than she could, in spite of the confidence that had always existed between herself and the boy.

'Oh, I *could n't*,' he exclaimed quickly; 'of course, father and I are friends, but we're not *intimate* friends!'

If he and his mother had not been intimate friends either, to whom would he have gone with his question? And if it had been unintelligently or untruthfully answered, or if it had not been answered at all, it is easy to fancy what effect this would have had on the boy.

'But a great many women,' says Jane, 'don't want careers. They want to stay at home just as they always have, being mothers. Why, I would n't give up John, Junior, for anything else in the world! You ought to know that! Or — or John, either. Of course, I want to have my rights, — economic and otherwise, — but I guess I can manage that all right whether I vote or not. I got that job running the elevator once, and I can get it again, if I have to. But I want to vote so that I can be an influence for good in the world.'

Well, my dear Jane, are n't you? And, if you are n't, why are n't you? If *that* is your only argument for suffrage, if you don't care about a career, if you're not worrying about economic independence, your theory falls to pieces like a child's house of cards. Most women deal with individuals far more successfully than they do with masses; their outlook is intensely personal, their perspective is apt to be a little inaccurate. They have, for instance, if they possess strong characters, tremendous power over the men they know. They have very little, except indirectly, over the men they do not know. (I am speaking, of course, now, of the 'average woman,' not of the unusually brilliant or highly trained or charming exception who proves the rule.) We have already discussed what a woman can do for her sons, and I believe it is here that her greatest work lies; but she can do much, too, for other women's sons, supplementing what they have already accomplished, for her brothers, for her friends, for her father, for her lover, for her husband. What she makes of them is like a pebble thrown into a placid pool — it causes an almost endless number of ever-widening circles to form. She does not

need to vote with them to do this. She needs only to love them; I mean by this, of course, to love them wisely, and to love them *enough*.

I know a great many women who during the war were so busy sewing for the Red Cross that they had no time left to devote to the members of their own families who went overseas. I cannot believe that they were the ones who did the most good. We are so proudly conscious — as we have every reason to be, nowadays — of what the women who have gone out of their homes have done, that I think we are apt to forget what the ones who have stayed there have accomplished. I know a woman whose own household demands are very heavy, and who feels — rightly, I believe, in her case — that these should always come first. But when the war began, she grieved, very sincerely, because she seemed to have so little time for the kind of work that most of her friends were doing. She knitted a few sleeveless sweaters after the children were in bed at night; she bought a few small Liberty bonds; she ate no candy or white bread. But that was very little, after all. She saw other women she knew sailing for France as Red Cross nurses or Y.M.C.A. workers, and others efficiently conducting big 'campaigns' and 'drives,' with a discouraged sense of her own uselessness, of the futility of the small efforts she did make. And still, when the necessary things at home were done, she had no more time left.

Then, unexpectedly, a great source of comfort came to her. A friend of hers, who lived in the same village, had a letter from her brother at a training camp, and brought it to read to the woman who felt she never accomplished anything.

'We were sitting around last night talking,' the embryo soldier wrote, 'about the places we came from. Our captain, who was with us, started it. He is a Southerner, and I remarked that I supposed he had never been in New England. He at once looked as if he were recalling something very pleasant, and said yes, indeed, he once took a canoe trip with a friend down the X river, and camped one night on some beautiful meadows near the village of Y. You can believe I jumped when I heard him speak of home like that. In the morning they found that they were getting pretty short of some necessities, he said, and they decided to go to the nearest house and see if they could buy them. So they walked up over the fields until they came to a big old-fashioned house.

' "The door was opened," the captain went on, "by the lady of the house herself. She quite evidently was n't a rich woman, and she was very simply dressed; but she was young and gracious and charming for all that. We introduced ourselves," — the captain was some kind of a professor, nothing eminent, but a good sort, — "and then she invited us to come in, and — perhaps we looked rather hungry — to stay to lunch. She had an agreeable husband — a farmer — and two or three attractive and unusually well-brought-up children. There was no fuss and flurry over 'unexpected company,' but the lunch was awfully good, just the same. It was plain to see that she was not only hospitable, but a good housekeeper. Afterwards she gave us everything we could possibly need in the way of provisions, and sent us on our way rejoicing."

'Of course, before the captain had got anywhere near that far, I realized that he was talking about Anne Z——. He had described her to a T. But he did a good deal more than describe her.

' "I've thought of that woman so many times since," he said, "and hoped I'd see her again some time. She's the

kind that does you most good to remember in times like these. It was n't only that she took time to be kind to the stranger within her gates. But there was an atmosphere of peacefulness, of serenity and contentment, about her, as well as of usefulness. It made you feel better just to look at her. And she was n't exactly pretty either — but she was lovely." '

'Bread cast upon the waters coming back again after many days,' Anne told me afterwards she said to herself when she read that letter. That simple act of courtesy and kindliness meant more to some soldier than all the sweaters she could ever knit, than all the bonds she could ever buy. There was never any question for her again as to what her best work was — it was simply to keep her own home fires burning so brightly that they would reflect as far away as France.

III

Anne does not represent the majority of women. She is not even an average woman — she is far too sheltered, far too happy for that. She has had too many privileges to worry about her rights. She is not silly and selfish like Ethel, not self-reliant and sturdy like Jane. But the fact remains that she is the sort of woman whom most men prefer, whom they love best, think of oftenest, respect most. And however much we may state that it makes no difference what they prefer, we have got to take their likes and dislikes into consideration, if we are to work side by side with them, for a time, at least. Without their coöperation we shall not accomplish much. We are too untrained and untried.

'I have met several women,' a very able man said to me once, 'whose vote I thought would do a great deal of good — and I found they were all anti-suffragists!' 'Why is it,' another — a young merchant — asked me, 'that when women take up public work, — of course, I see it most in drummers; there are lots of women drummers nowadays; but it applies to anything else just as well, — some of them grow so masculine, and some of them so — cheap? Either way — one is as bad as the other — the bloom seems to get all rubbed off. I suppose it's inevitable. But I like to think of a woman as something *so apart, so clean!*'

We may exclaim — I know I did — that this is an exaggerated statement, that the bloom does n't always get rubbed off; or, if it does, whose fault is it? the woman's, or that of the men with whom she deals? That, anyway, bloom is n't important, it's only pleasant; that one does n't need to live apart, to be clean. We may shout to the skies that men who are themselves marvels of efficiency are unreasonable in preferring to sit in front of a fire talking to a woman with a quiet face and a still more quiet voice, who is not, according to their standards, efficient at all, rather than seek out one who is; that others who go about sowing wild oats on every highway, expecting to be forgiven whenever they see fit to repent and stop, are unjust when they demand that a woman's high-walled garden should be fragrant with roses. Perhaps they are unreasonable, perhaps they are unfair (perhaps we are, too, sometimes), but the fact remains. They continue to bow down to the kind of woman whom we call a lady. And lady, as we all know, meant originally 'giver of bread.' Not the beggar for anything, not even for that to which she is justly entitled, but the *giver* of the staff of life; the symbol of the power to give life itself.

It is, then, women like Anne to whom I think we must turn first of all in the new responsibilities that we must face, in the heavier burdens that we must

carry until through readjustment, these burdens become lighter perhaps than they have ever been before, if only because it is through women like her that men will be most ready to work with us. If she refuses to work with us, we shall be hardly placed indeed. But, whatever her opinions have been in the past, — whatever they are now, for that matter, — I do not believe she will refuse. Suffrage is coming, and it is coming to stay. It has not been 'forced' on any of us. If the women who did not want it are as numerous, or more so, than the ones who did, as many of them claim, then they did not work as hard to prevent its coming as the ones who did want it worked to bring it about. They have only themselves to blame that it is here, and the thing to do now is to stop crying over spilled milk, to stop remembering that there *is* any spilled milk, — or while remembering, to ask themselves who spilled it, — and do the best they can to make it a success.

I am perfectly willing to make a personal matter of this, — to say 'I' instead of 'they,' — if anyone prefers to have me. I have been an anti-suffragist all my life; I dread the very thought of voting; and yet I have never done anything to prevent the coming of suffrage except once, long ago, to lend my name to a small anti-suffrage society. I know dozens of other women, who, if they would be fair, would admit the same thing. I do not know a single suffragist who has not worked heart and soul for what she wanted and believed she ought to have. Let us be fair. To the victors belong the spoils.

But the glory of the conquered is sometimes a very great glory indeed. Some men have voted for suffrage in a spirit of spite, almost, because they are 'sick of the whole thing,' because it is 'better to let women have what they want peacefully as long as they will get it anyway,' — exactly as a certain type of man gives in before his wife's tears, — but neither respecting them because they want it, nor trusting them to use it well after they have got it. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are wrong.

Other men have voted for it in a spirit of fairness, — almost of reverence, — not only believing that we are entitled to it, but believing much more than that, that we can be trusted to do well with this, in addition to the things that we do well already. It is for Anne to prove to them that they are right.

I am not clever enough, I am not far-sighted enough, to know how she can do it. It seems to me, as I have said before, that her arms are full to overflowing already. That is why I am still 'on the fence.' I love best to think of her, too, beside her glowing fire or in her sunny garden, with her children beside her. But I do not feel that it is fair to say that the women who have let their own fires go out, who have neglected their gardens until they were overgrown with weeds, are dragging her out against her will. I am optimistic enough to believe that there are not many such women anyway. I think it is rather the ones who have never been able to own a garden, who have had no wood with which to build their fires, who are calling to her through the few that can give voice to their cry, to come and help them. The average woman, who despises the stupid selfishness of Ethel and quails before the stern efficiency of Jane, turns instinctively to Anne to help her. She has never failed anyone in her life. She will not fail anyone now.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TELEPHONE TERROR

WHEN the telephone rings, I jump like a skittish horse. If I hear Jenny's swift *clip-clap* across the kitchen floor, I wait, half-trembling, for her voice. Her first 'Hello' is courteous and noncommittal. But how I hang upon her next phrase! If it comes still suave, I know my fate.

'Just a moment, please, I'll call her.' I am hurrying to the door, but, oh, I am afraid! Somebody wants me to do something, or to be something, and *I don't want to! I don't want to!* Childishly it goes over and over in my head, even while I lift the receiver.

But if Jenny's second 'Hello' follows brisk and familiar, I sink back unscathed for the moment, and let the echoes of her sociability amuse me.

'Sure! Yes, on your life I'll come! Did you say we'd have hot dogs or pickled pigs' feet? Good-*night!* — You don't mean he had the nerve to ask you, after those words you and he passed at the whist last night! The big boob!' *et cetera, et cetera.*

If I were Jenny, I would not be afflicted by telephone terror. I would not suffer from the horrid conviction that I am all one great bare sensitive ear. That desperate instinctive 'I don't want to! I don't want to! Leave me alone; oh, *please* leave me alone!' would never leap to my lips, and I would never want to bang the receiver against the wall, wailing even to the kindest and clearest voice across the wire, 'Oh, don't ask me! Don't tell me! Give me time to breathe! Give me time to live!'

Unfortunately I am not Jenny. I am neither so good, nor so useful, nor so human as she. She and her friends use the telephone simply as a splendid extension of their own tongues. They joke and jibe and scrap and soothe by wire. They are not self-conscious, not afraid. They have the right courage and simplicity to deal with such a furtive tyrant as the telephone. I have not. I let it bully me. I am its slave, and so I hate it and fear it.

But it is not all a preponderance of courage that makes Jenny's pickled-pigs'-feet conversations so much freer and gladder than mine. Jenny's tongue enjoys itself. My tongue despises itself. It is bad to hear myself talk on any occasion. It is worse to talk into an empty black hole, without the comfort and guide of a responsive face before me. It is bad to adapt myself to new persons, to be what they expect me to be, to say what they expect me to say. It is worse to do it suddenly, unpreparedly: to jump, as it were, head-foremost, into not only one encounter of personality in an hour, but perhaps into one on top of another all day long, at the devilish telephone's will. The sound of my voice at such times sickens me. I feel flat, strained, unreal. For I hate to talk; and the telephone has me at its mercy.

And I hate to decide quickly. It is fearful to learn, out of a clear sky, that I am asked to do something, or that somebody is suddenly in town, for whom I must devise a time and place of entertainment. The trouble is not so much that I am churlish, as that the form of attack frightens me. A letter bringing like news of an invitation or a visitor may be a delight. But the telephone in itself is ominous and confusing.

How can I tell at eleven in the morning whether I can spend the afternoon in even the most charming of motor-rides? Such a decision involves readjustments unlimited, of Jenny and myself and all the world of the day. How can I greet cheerfully at first gasp the bland announcement, 'I'm Rachel Rollins. I'm *so* glad you're at home! We're just here for the afternoon, and I wondered how we could manage to see you.'

I may be ever so glad to see Rachel; but, oh, if she would write to me, or ring my door-bell, not my telephone! A face-to-face encounter I have learned to manage, and even to find happy and heart-warming. But voice-to-voice, sudden, threatening, compelling, strikes terror to my soul.

And these are of the mildest and kindest demands of my tyrant. It asks me, instantly, to give money, time, work, sympathy, wisdom; to rearrange my whole plan of being, as it were, a dozen times a day. It makes no preambles and it respects no privacies.

Perhaps that irreverence for privacy is the telephone's worst crime in my sight. Voices can intrude upon me whose owners would never dream of crossing my threshold without an introduction or apology. I may be saving the baby from a kettle of scalding water, or saying a long good-bye to my best-beloved friend: the telephone does not care. If my prayers were as long as they should be, they would still offer no sanctuary against the persistent bell-burr.

It rings me out of bed, away from my meals, from adventures in dusty attic-archives and adventures in spiritual archives no less absorbing. If I ever try to write a poem, — for the moment an illusion of wings and glory, — I am well bumped to earth. 'Indeed it would be such a help if you could give a cake to the Men's Club supper Thursday night!' Or, 'Do you remember the recipe for that perfectly delicious piccalilly you made last fall?'

If the poem survives three or four such onslaughts, I know at least that it is genuine, if not glorious.

If I were Jenny, I would not mind, though even she sighs at repeated attacks. But I am of those who still would like a wall about my yard and a stout gate at the entrance. Many and many might enter and be welcome; but they should give me a moment's time to realize who they were, to adjust myself, to be what they require of me. They should not drag me, headlong and apprehensive, to unexplained encounters.

But this utopian defense is impossible. Of course I could not live without a telephone. For me it is the most beneficent but the most barren vehicle of necessity or convenience, and I must pay the penalty of its usefulness.

Perhaps the trouble is all with me. I suspect that I am sometimes almost neurasthenic in my fear of sudden attack upon my home and my being. Or, more shameful, I am a mere old fogy, born a few generations late, all out of tune with telephones and automobiles and factory-cogs, and all too distrustful of the network of intimacy that has tangled the whole world together so ominously.

Being humble (in spots), I will blame myself thus for telephone terror. While the Jennies of my acquaintance go blithely on, planning whist-parties with pickled-pigs'-feet obligatos, and scolding and jollying each other, I shall hide from all save those who may read this and cannily lay to my door the unalterable fact that I jump and quiver whenever the bell rings, and that something in me cries out, no matter how I try to choke it, —

'Oh, please don't! Please don't! Leave me alone! I don't want to talk. I don't want to decide. I want time to

breathe, and live, and be myself instead of a hundred other people's ideas of me. Please, please, *please leave — me — alone!'*

HERE ARE SOPORIFICS

I have here, wakeful reader, a pair of mental lullabies. The elder of them, which, as you see, appears a trifle dog's-eared, has been in use for half a dozen years. I can establish that date, for I began to use it shortly before our Charles and Susan E—— announced their engagement — an event, it will be remembered, which took place in the autumn of 1913. Relations and friends have long urged me to give it to the public; but it was only on my discovery of a second, or emergency, anodyne, complementary to the first, that I resolved to publish both.

It was, as I have said, during the time when Charles was absent so often and so long, at the E——s', and when his grandmother and myself were naturally somewhat solicitous about his affairs, that I fell into the unlucky habit of lying awake for some time every night among the small hours. I counted sheep; watched three black rabbits going lippety-lop in the snow; repeated hymns; made my mind a vacuum; 'put my fingers to sleep'; bore down heavily with my head on the pillow; drew long breaths, and ate apples at bedtime. All in vain.

It was not by accident, but by application, that I eventually discovered the principles of the art of resuscitating sleep. It requires, as I learned through long study, a preliminary state of delicate boredom — a soft, monotonous teasing of the brain. To keep the monotony light, the teasing soft, and, as one may say, tranquil, the interest must be shifted often, though leisurely, from point to point. The attention must be held, like the brake of a Ford car, 'in neutral.' I applied here the same experimental talents which discovered, in another sphere, the tutti-frutti pie and the rainbow frosting for cake, so famous at our church suppers. I took for my first experiment a word of seven letters, — Spanish, to be exact, — and resolved to think of a river, a newspaper and a vegetable, beginning with each letter.

'The Schuylkill,' I began, 'the Warsaw *Sentinel*,' and, after a little search, 'salsify.' From a light clouding of the consciousness I waked, and went on, 'The Po — the New Orleans *Picayune*, — parsnips. The Amazon — the *Commercial Advertiser* — asparagus.' On this toothsome suggestion I fell asleep; and it lent an aroma to my dreams.

On how many a wakeful night, from that day to this, have I used my 'hourly varied anodyne'! I have performed with it a vaster labor than the Federal Census. Mine has been a combined universal gazetteer and thesaurus. I have listed the pagan virtues, the men of our town over seventy, the villains of the Old Testament, Mrs. Beauchurch's cooks, the anti-suffragist club, the French words I know, varieties of pills and of auction scores, sock patterns, the pastel shades, catching diseases, and the hotels of New York.

There are in our village a large number of single women, and a respectable body of possible husbands for them. These husbands I undertook to assign, with as great wisdom and consideration as possible, among the women best fitted to care for them. (It is true that, not realizing how inadequate the supply of husbands would prove, I supplied at first several widows, members of our own family; but this was not in any sense favoritism, but only because, in the normal course of my plan, I began at the south end of the village, where we and our cousins live. As soon as I realized the discrepancy, I deprived my

own relations at once of their fiancés.) I reached the middle of the main street before I began to grow at all drowsy. But there, behind the big elms, lives a lady of incalculable tastes — I had almost said, skittish ones. She has beauty, she has vivacity; and she has twice proved to possess the 'come hither in her eyes.' To betroth her suitably called forth all that I could muster, in Stevenson's phrase, 'of delicacy and courage.' I broke engagements I had made but fifteen minutes before; jilted, forswore, and returned many a ring; but none would suit — not even the young doctor I had been saving so long. My chest relaxed, my pillows slipped down, and I found myself sinking into a delicious haze of medley fancies. — When next I thought of Mrs. B——'s husband, it was full daylight.

LANDSCAPE HOUSEKEEPING

In these days, when houses are no longer 'correctly staffed,' I function as the odd-job woman myself. This keeps me alert to the episodic detail, and unwontedly active — 'squirreling' is my son's word for it.

If a personal investigation is made of black ants in the cupboards, I make it, though I have none of Fabre's enthusiasm for an insect as such. Most amiably I come and see why the handle of the ice-cream freezer does not turn. Is old cloth desired for window-polishing, and new for ironing-boards? I hunt it up. I put in fuses, instruct in fire-building, in cake-making, and in tomato-canning. I frame versatile replies to reports like: 'They have n't brought the roast yet, and it's a good six o'clock already.'

My charming garden is always waiting if I turn my back on the frittering insignificances inside the house. A poet would love its gallant walks, I think. But I am not a poet in the garden. I am not an artist. I am not, heaven knows, an exquisite Edith-Whartonish creature seeking the modulations of a studied background. I am, instead, that pitiable object, a housekeeper out of bounds.

I am keyed up, in the garden, not to the beautiful, but to the betterable. I am an adjuster, a patter, a plucker. My son finds me distressingly energetic, and contends that the rusty trowel hiding under the foxglove leaves is never sure of any time to itself. He thinks that I transplant through sheer nervousness, or to exercise an unseemly autocracy. While he jokes, my busy eye weighs the claims of the grass-paths to be clipped, against the urgent need of the delphiniums to be staked. I decide that the lilies shall be mulched, the irises reset, the difficult phloxes given away to some Bakst color-schemer, the bare spaces covered.

The problem of what is to succeed ten thousand daffodils probably never worried Wordsworth on his couch. But an American housekeeper on her knees, thrusting in the unloved zinnia and the drought-proof marigold for the hardy border's sake, has no leisure for the compensations of memory. The trowel pokes and covers. On the garden-seat a quizzical oriole perches to inquire, 'Is summer a time for anxieties and exertions? Can it be her food she is after, with the world June-full of strawberries and peas?'

I rise stiffly to follow his trail of light into the vegetable garden. This, rightly seen, is no domain of mine, and my inspirations and interferences beyond its hedge are dreadfully officious. My son has told me so. He uses the considerate phrasing of a burden-bearer who would spare a woman knowledge of the harsh realities. So I choose my time for invasion.

Yet mine the fingers that teach the sprawling beans the way to heaven.

Mine the subtle passes about the lettuces, orbits of intensive cultivation that justify my son's complacent, 'Anyone can grow head-lettuce. I can't think why it is n't oftener a success!' Mine the promptings to the gardener when the hour comes to spray currants, or net them, or pluck them, jelly-ripe. And mine, most of all, the thinnings-out. For, whereas my son is a thick planter, I am a thin one, and distrust his system to produce the corn and carrots we both like so well.

The comic spirit is not in me, or it would fold its hands and grow plump in contemplation of my son's garden. He has parsley enough to embower a hundred French chefs. Like a giant's flung-down cloak of green corduroy, its close ridges lie. 'Because,' says my son, 'in Bermuda it grows that way. Is n't it jolly to look at?' I suppose so, to an artist or to a philosopher. But to the housekeeper in me all that parsley is terrible — like ice-box left-overs, causing direct pressure on the ingenuity.

There is comedy too in the radish, stretching like a surveyor's chain a hundred and fifty feet down the garden, the round pink marbles beneath the ground increasing in size and virulence unmolested by a household indifferent to them. My son, I think, feels useful rather than comic when he plants this row. I pass by daily in great searchings of heart, determining upon the hour when it will seem neat and intelligent, instead of reckless and cruel, to order its uprooting.

I am still insufferably a housekeeper when I climb the hill above the vineyard and feel the wind coming to meet me up the long slope under the apple trees. The view is what my son comes here for — and what the gardener must come for too, I sometimes think, shaking my head at evidences of careless spraying, and at the globes of color lying in the grass. I proceed with pockets and fingers clumsily full of apples, an extra furrow on my forehead, and the purple distances all unseen.

Once I saw the road through the woods imaginatively — when we laid it out. Bird notes, and sudden coolness, and the incessant lovely fluttering of leaves. Pools of green light, and sky-glimpses, and, at the road's end, the low happy eaves of Our Home. I walk the road now with other eyes, seeing ruts to be graveled-in, dead branches to be tidied away, hanging boughs to be trimmed back. I see a cigarette box, sign of the grocer's boy; a trail of pink wrappings from the milkman's companionable gum. I collect these, and add an empty grape-sack or two, proof that the paper-boy has not gone unrefreshed through the upper vineyard, where our choicest clusters ripen intensively in bags.

The blue lake beckons — surely I can escape this picayunishness of soul down on the beach. The rhythm and color of moving water which I am powerless to change or to better would shame me into the quiet of an uncritical joy. But the stone steps to the shore are slippery and perilous. Something can be done to make them safer, I know. The rowboat is knocking on the slide; someone must be called to secure it. A picnic party enjoying God's out-of-doors has apparently chosen our beach on which to burn everything available except its own litter of paper plates and boxes. And down the other shore, the way to peace is barred by three forlorn fish, unburied.

Yeats, I think, was wrong about owning a home in Innisfree, with bean-rows and beehives, and all that. A woman, at least, stands a great deal better chance at listening to the linnet's wings and the lapping water from the town's gray pavements. For if she becomes a country housekeeper, inevitably she housekeeps the country. And

the happy housekeeper is she whose myopic intensities are never allowed beyond her threshold.

SUMMER REVISITED

Returning to one's summer house after it has been closed for the season is always an experience. How still lies the village which in summer was so full of pleasant sounds! From the chimneys of the farmhouses, a little blue wood-smoke floats into the cold, bright air; large crows walk about in the stubble of the cornfields, and, startled at an unusual presence, fly to the bare, purplish wood on vast, melancholy wings; in the deserted garden gusty breezes shake the gaunt stalks of withered flowers.

There is a brooding look about the house, and a dullness in its windows. One opens a door, which invariably sticks a little, and gropes into the cold, dark loneliness of the abandoned hall. Sometimes a forlorn overcoat, not quite good enough to be taken home, topped by a hat in the same sad case, hangs there in appallingly straight creases, like a dreadful ghost. The muffled furniture broods in suspended animation. Never could one possibly sit in that cold leather chair in the gloomy corner. A faint deserted odor — a blend of old chill air, the smell of woodwork, and the vague persuasiveness of moth-camphor — lies motionless.

One is sure to look for something forgotten, or to find something that should n't have been forgotten. One thinks, Shall I take it home? Shall I hear, 'Oh, I'm so glad you brought that back; I meant to speak to you about it before you went'? Or will it be the ungrateful, 'What on earth did you ever bring that thing back for?'

Yet sometimes there are treasures in the house. One may find in an old coat, worn on the day the ice-man's bill was paid, the cold, dull silver coins, tarnished pennies, and raglike bills which form the forgotten but ever-welcome residue of that transaction. Sometimes the treasure is a half-finished book, a fountain pen, or a leaf of two-cent stamps.

Conscientious as a watchman in a bank, the visitor makes the tour of the ghostly rooms. The skeleton-like furniture reveals its secrets: the bed in the blue room must have a new spring; the rocker needs repairing. Dining-room, chambers, bathroom, kitchen, all well: no moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor do thieves break through and steal. A little sigh of relief. One slams the front door; it's the only way it can be made to shut.

Yet in the spring, when the windows are opened to the warm sunny day, and a villager with a pail and mop begins her annual purification, the house will burst of a sudden into life.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'The Third Window,' **Anne Douglas Sedgwick's** (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt) new story, will run through three numbers of the *Atlantic*. To **William Beebe,** Curator Emeritus of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, the National Academy of Sciences has recently awarded the Elliot Medal for 1918, on the completion of the first volume of his great work, *A Monograph of the Pheasants*. This distinguished honor is awarded annually, under the bequest of Daniel Giraud Elliot, to the author of the leading publication of the year in zoölogy or palæontology. In presenting Mr. Beebe to the Academy to receive the award, Professor Henry F. Osborn said, of the work in question:—

> This is a profound study of the living pheasants in their natural environment in various parts of Eastern Asia. There are nineteen groups of these birds: eighteen were successfully hunted with the camera, with field-glasses, and when necessary for identification with the shotgun. The journey occupied seventeen months . . . [and] extended over 52,000 miles. . . . The monograph has important bearings on the Darwinian theories of protective coloring and of sexual selection, and on the De Vries theory of mutation. . . . The haunts of the pheasant are shown in the author's photographs, ranging from the slopes of the Himalayan snow-peaks, 16,000 feet above the sea, to the tropical seashores of Japan. . . . It is not the magnificence of this monograph, not the superb illustrations, not the delightfully written text, but the truly Darwinian spirit which animated the author and which sustained him through seven years of continuous research and his arduous labors in its preparation.

* * *

Edward Yeomans, is a Chicago manufacturer. Regarding his last *Atlantic* paper we should like to say that many dwellers in 'suburbs de luxe' have written to inquire concerning their friend, the author. It is hardly necessary for the editor to respond by saying that Toppington — the background of the group-portrait — is a purely imaginary capital of the fortunate classes. In fact, through the editor's sleight of hand, Toppington was inserted in place of the town of the author's choice, which, by reason of an accidental similarity of name, would inevitably have been mistaken for a resort where too many *Atlantic* subscribers live to make such aspersions comfortable for the editor. **John Galsworthy,** eminent English poet, novelist, dramatist, and essayist, is a frequent contributor to these pages. Our readers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with **Robert Haven Schauffler,** who saw active service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. After recovering from a severe wound, he served on the staff of General A. H. Smith in the Army of Occupation in Germany. 'Fiddlers Militant' is the first of a number of papers which he has written for the *Atlantic*, describing his adventures with his 'cello during the war. They form a warlike sequel to his delightful paper 'Fiddlers Errant,' which we printed in December, 1915. **Fannie Stearns (Davis) Gifford** a poet and essayist of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is an *Atlantic* contributor of long standing.

* * *

Edwin Bonta, who 'lived in Russian,' with the American Y.M.C.A., and was attached to the North Russian Expeditionary Force at Archangel, contributed to the January number, the first of these novel 'Sketches in Peasant Russia' — 'Vinovát' — of which we have others in hand. The author of 'Intellectual America' desires, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous. **Hascal T. Avery,** a member of the New York Bar, has more than once drawn upon his legal recollections for the delectation of our readers. Country-wise as well as city-wise in law and politics, he can tell tales of county elections in the spacious days of David B. Hill, calculated to stir the roots of any young reformer's hair.

* * *

Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, of New York, contributes the third of the present series of fanciful brief sketches — a *genre* in which

she has achieved genuine distinction. **Arthur E. Morgan** is a distinguished engineer of Dayton, whose services in the protection of the Ohio Valley from flood had large public importance. To the *Atlantic* for March, 1918, he contributed a paper summing up his educational theories and experiments, which attracted such wide attention that it has been reprinted separately as one of the series of 'Atlantic Readings.' **Ralph R. Perry,** a recent graduate of Columbia, was on the staff of the *Literary Digest* when the United States declared war. He entered the naval service and served, first, in command of a submarine chaser, No. 58, and after the Armistice on a transport plying between Norfolk and Bordeaux, St. Nazaire, and Brest.

* * *

Grace Fallow Norton is an American poet, best known, perhaps, by her *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's*, which first appeared in the *Atlantic*. 'The Labor Policy of the American Trust' deals with another phase of the subject to the study of which the late **Carleton H. Parker's** efforts were largely devoted during his last years. The extraordinary public interest in Parker's life and work occasioned by the publication of his biography makes these papers of timely importance.

* * *

Alfred L. P. Dennis was for many years Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin. On leave of absence from the University, he acted as assistant to the Military Attaché of the American Embassy in London, and as *liaison* between that Embassy and the American Peace Mission in Paris. Last summer he made a special investigation of conditions in Ireland, of which the result appears in the present paper.

As to the connection of Ulster with the various projects of Home Rule for Ireland, Professor Dennis writes: —

> These pledges were first given prior to the war; they were renewed in part by Lloyd George's pledge against the 'coercion' of Ulster, and even Asquith was willing to exclude, at least temporarily, six counties of Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule Act of 1914. But the position of the Ulster Unionists has been somewhat modified; for, whereas originally they were opposed to any grant of Home Rule, many of them have shown signs of accepting a partition which would preserve either six counties or all of Ulster from the effect of a new Home Rule or Dominion act for Ireland. In the meantime the old Nationalist party had been almost wiped out; the historical Liberal party in Great Britain had been swamped; the attention of the Labor party was concentrated on domestic matters; the abstentionist Sinn Fein party had swept the polls in three quarters of Ireland, and the present Coalition Cabinet was practically dependent on a Unionist majority which was elected on war issues. The result was the apparent political *impasse* due to differences serious enough in themselves, which have been exaggerated and inflamed by party division and rancor outside as well as inside of Ireland.

* * *

F. W. Foerster, formerly of the faculty of the University of Vienna, now Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy at the University of Munich, is the author of a long list of educational works. During the war his courageous and independent attitude brought him into collision with his colleagues and with public opinion in Germany because of his accusations against the German 'Might-policy,' which he alleged to be chiefly responsible for the war. In 1916 he published an article against the policies of Bismarck and Treitschke, which brought forth a solemn protest against his views from the professors. A volume entitled *Weltpolitik und Weltgewissen* is to appear in an English translation in the spring. 'I will try to put down my essay in English,' he writes; 'but as I am out of practice since years, it must be translated into true English.' But to the editor it has seemed best to retain the individuality of his style. **Alfred Franzis Pribram,** a well-known Austrian historian, was delegated by the Republican authorities to search the Imperial archives, with a view to the preparation of a history of the Triple Alliance, including the secret treaties and the negotiations leading to them. Professor A. C. Coolidge of Harvard chanced to meet Professor Pribram in Vienna last summer, and made with him personal arrangements for an English edition of the work, which will shortly be issued by the Harvard University Press. The importance of the article speaks for itself.

* * *

Gino C. Speranza, formerly attaché of the American Embassy at Rome, and Chair-

man of the Committee on Crime and Immigration of the American Institute of Criminal Law, was a special correspondent in Italy during the war. **Frances Parkinson Keyes,** author of the widely commented 'Satisfied Reflections of a Semi-Bostonian,' in the *Atlantic* for December, 1918, is the wife of the present junior United States Senator from New Hampshire.

We need hardly say that, in publishing 'Written, but Never Sent,' we neither knew nor sought to know to whom the letters were addressed. Our interest was based on the human situation involved — the mesh of difficulties in which the world's inequalities, fair as well as unfair, entangle men and women. To us the letters seemed equally interesting, whether one accepted the point of view of the writer or that of the persons written to. We expected discussion, but what we did not expect was the following letter, which we print not without admiration for a tone and temper in trying circumstances rarely found in this irritating and irritated world.

To the Editor of the Atlantic:

It is seldom that an unsent letter reaches its destination. As this one was received through your columns, may it not be answered in the same way? For your information, may I say that I am the wife of the 'Very Rich Neighbor'?

My dear Neighbor, —

I agree with you that we are not intimate friends, though friends I had felt we were. I do not agree with you, however, as to the cause.

Your 'Rich Neighbor' gives ten months of the year unreservedly to the task of administering his stewardship, to the end that the wealth entrusted to his care may bring enlarged opportunity, health, happiness, and comfort to his fellow men. His wife is his ardent supporter and feeble imitator.

The two months which he spends as your neighbor give him his only opportunity for play. During this time his aim is to become intimate with his children, to read the books he longs to read, to exercise out of doors, to get near to Nature, to have time to think, to meditate, to plan; in other words, to refresh his spirit. At such a time it is not that one does not want to see one's friends; it is simply that to be worth while to one's friends and the cause of righteousness, one must — so to speak — retire into the wilderness.

Moreover, during this vacation there are duties which interfere with a greater interchange of social visits, such as an enormous mail which persists in coming and must be answered. Under the circumstances, the mere fact that your 'Rich Neighbor' prefers to spend his mornings chopping wood or riding and playing tennis with his boys, his afternoons driving or walking, — he and I together, — his evenings with the children, inevitably results in but little time remaining. It may seem selfish, but it has nothing to do with money.

Admiring your husband immensely, we sought for our boys his companionship. To offer compensation for his added responsibility seemed only fair.

Why my husband did not sell you the strip of land, I do not remember. I suspect, being mere man, he simply did n't want to. It was entirely impersonal.

Most rich people seem unresponsive, but it is not entirely their fault; they are not treated naturally. My husband and I were once asked to a simple home where I knew they had delicious baked beans; we were treated to poor roast chicken. The rich are given what they are expected to want, both intellectually and gastronomically. It may be flattering, but it is not stimulating or wholesome. A sense of humor and a good mind may be hidden beneath a tiara.

To their faces the rich are often accorded a respect that is not felt, and behind their backs a contempt that is not deserved.

Please, dear neighbor and dear reader too, help the deserving rich by not taking us too seriously and by forgetting that surplus money.

Sincerely, Mrs. 'Aristos.'

Readers of this Column have long since noted our alert interest in non-professional ideas concerning the theory and practice of therapeutics. Here is a pleasing suggestion which is sent to the *Atlantic* under the comprehensive title, 'What Parents Should Think Over.'

Dr. Dio Lewis is regarded by many as one of the greatest men of the last generation. Finding that the less medicine he gave his patients, the quicker they got well, he quit drugging and confined himself to surgery. Thereafter he told all applicants for drugs to cure their dyspepsia, insomnia, despondency, tuberculosis, etc., to reduce their obesity, and to prevent disease by toughening themselves with wrestling, fun games (laughter-compelling athletic games), and to play at least twenty minutes a day all winter. He prescribed these exercises as the best builders of bright eyes, moulders of manly men and women able to suckle twins.

Especially to the men upon whom the responsibility for the rising generation rests under the new order, the *Atlantic* offers this encouraging suggestion.

The pensive lyric published in the December Column finds echo in the following quatrain from a poet-critic in Jersey: —

To the Lamenting Proof-Reader

We have waited long and laughingly to read your explanation;
But even 'higher critics' may have traveled fairly far;
And though we would not willfully cause further perturbation,
Europe and the natives place the accent on the 'Spa.'

To which, as one poet to another, we would make rejoinder: —

Thanks for the sounding of this last alarum!
But will it not on ears prosodic jar,
Throughout the critical *orbis terrarum*,
To find a rhymer rhyming *Spa* with *far?*

We frequently refer appreciatively to the offers of help which come to us in bewildering profusion. Here is one which, our readers will admit, is, to say the least, suggestive.

Dear Editor, —

I am trying to find vent for a series of articles. These are a serious discussion of the fundamental principles upon which the important institutions of our present order are founded, of principles upon which our reconstruction ought to be founded, and of the fundamental principles of Socialism, one of the bidders for the new.

My deductions conspire to undermine Socialism, Prussianism, Materialism, Damnation and Total Depravity, Creeds (but not liberal Christianity), and the penchant for that pestiferous legislation based on the assumption that most of us are depraved and need the stewardship of militant goodness.

My devil is human ignorance, and my heaven is a continuous growth towards perfection. Therefore I am not a hater of any class; not a radical but an evolutionist. Of course I condemn some, to us, very 'respectable' things; but if we do not condemn, will not the future ages, studying our murderous, banal order, condemn us? Our deeds indict our theories. I see that what our social machine (and this involves all humanity) needs is not a screw tightened, a little putty, a little paint, but that something, somewhere is *fundamentally* wrong!

The 'fatal question' upon which I build my articles are such as these: Shall we organize for the material or spiritual welfare of Man? Shall we found our institutions and constitutions on the hypothesis that some natures are good and others bad, and that therefore the good are the keepers of the bad? Shall we foster individuality, or is it a lawless, evil thing to be subjected to state custom or society? That different views upon these would lead to [a] vastly different course in our present attempt at reconstruction no intelligent man need be told.

Yours very truly,
J—— K——.

Editor of the Atlantic

Sir, —

Lord Dunsany's article in the September *Atlantic* reminded me of a fanciful explanation I recently heard concerning mirages of oriental cities, with elephants *moving* through the streets, which are sometimes seen in the vicinity of Muir Glacier. The old chief engineer who told me about these strange mirages said that they might be due to the following cause: The Muir Glacier, in the course of its movement for thousands of years, has no doubt passed entirely around the earth. While on this journey it passed within sight of several, perhaps many, oriental cities. The images of these cities were caught, and by a sort of photographic crystallization imprisoned in the ice. When, thousands of years later, the rays of the sun melted the ice, the images were left suspended in mid-air and thus formed a mirage.

Yours very truly, Wm. J. Dean.

Is this, we wonder, Science — or Dunsany?

To many friends the *Atlantic* offers its heartiest thanks for the generous response to the appeal made in these columns for the important work of Abbé Ernest Dimnet in the city of Lille. Both Abbé Dimnet and the *Atlantic* trust that each individual has before this received an acknowledgment and a word of special thanks.

Quite the nicest thing of all is the growing intimacy between the *Atlantic* and its readers. But like other satisfactions, intimacy has its responsibilities, and the delicate attunement of heart to heart is something for which it behooves the editor to develop any natural aptitude he may have. Witness the following dramatic (and anonymous) request for advice which has come to us: —

If a lone married woman has a 'billiard-room' man sneaking into her home about 10 p.m. on many an evening, and the lights are immediately extinguished. If the man sometimes passes the house, puffs on his cigar as a signal for her to come out walking real late, and she slips out and walks up and down the street, and the pool-room gambler comes hurrying back after her, and they disappear together in the dark. If he has a private telephone in his gambling-place (but not published in the telephone directory) for such as she to use. If she pulls her window-shade down when she has other company, and that gaming man lurks around in the dark outside.

Would you tell her husband?

Sh-h!

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THE STORY OF OPAL

THE JOURNAL OF AN UNDERSTANDING HEART

I

[Opal Whiteley was born about twenty-one years ago — where, we have no knowledge. Of her parents, whom she lost before her fifth year, she is sure of nothing except that they loved her, and that she loved them with a tenacity of affection as strong now as at the time of parting. To recall what manner of people they were, no physical proof remains except two precious little copybooks, which held their photographs, and wherein her mother and father had set down things which they wished their little daughter to learn, both of the world about her and of that older world of legend and history, with which the diarist shows such capricious and entertaining familiarity. These books, for reasons beyond her knowledge, were taken away from Opal when she was about twelve years of age, and have never been returned, although there is ground for believing that they are still in existence.

The only other clue to the identity of her father and mother comes from the child's frequent use of French expressions and of scientific terms. It is, perhaps, a fair inference that her father was a naturalist by profession or native taste, and that either he or her mother was French by birth or by education.

After her parents' death, there is an interlude in Opal's recollection which she does not understand, remembering only that for a brief season the sweet tradition of her mother's care was carried on by an older woman, possibly a governess, from whom, within a year, she was taken and given to the wife of an Oregon lumberman, who had lately been parted from her first child, — Opal Whiteley, — whose place and name, for reasons quite unknown, were given to the present Opal.

From some time in her sixth year to the present, her diary has continued without serious interruption; and as successive chapters are printed in the *Atlantic*, we shall see that her life, apart from the gay tranquillity of her spirit, was not a happy one. Her friends were the animals and everything that flies or swims; her single confidant was her diary, to which she confided every trouble and every satisfaction. The diary itself was written on scrap paper of all sorts — in large part on wrapping-paper, and strips torn from bags once containing butcher's meat and given her by a friendly neighbor.

When Opal was over twelve years old, a foster-sister, in a tragic fit of childish temper, unearthed the hiding-place

of the diary, and tore it into a thousand fragments. The work of years seemed destroyed, but Opal, who had treasured its understanding pages, picked up the pitiful scraps and stored them in a secret box. There they lay undisturbed until, after many adventures, she happened to come to the *Atlantic* office to talk about a publication of a very different character. The editor learned her story, bit by bit, and, growing interested, asked her to telegraph for the box, which, since she had left the lumber camps, and her home had been broken up by the death of Mrs. Whiteley, had been stored in California. It came, with its myriad fragments, and since then the diarist has spent her days piecing it together, sheet by sheet; each page a kind of picture-puzzle, lettered on both sides in colored chalks, the characters, printed with a child's unskillfulness of hand, nearly an inch high.

The labor of putting the diary together may fairly be described as enormous. To those who have read the daily entries as each page, scrap by scrap, has been fitted, pieced, and pinned into position, the task has seemed worth the pain.

Opal Whiteley's entire manuscript comprises more than 150,000 words. There are upwards of 45,000 which can be ascribed with certainty to the end of her sixth and to her seventh year. Only a selection can, of course, be printed in the *Atlantic*, but the variety and the sustained level of interest render the choice of passages difficult. No editing has been done or changes made, other than omissions and the adoption of adult rules of capitalization (the manuscript has nothing but capitals), and punctuation (of which it affords no single trace). The spelling — with the exception of occasional characteristic examples of the diarist's individual style — has been amended, lest the journal seem precocious, rather than beautifully natural and interpretive of the Spirit of Childhood. — E. S.]

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

Of the days before I was taken to the lumber camps there is little I remember. As piece by piece the journal comes together, some things come back. There are references here and there in the journal to things I saw or heard or learned in those days before I came to the lumber camps.

There were walks in the fields and woods. When on these walks, Mother would tell me to listen to what the flowers and trees and birds were saying. We listened together. And on the way she told me poems and other lovely things, some of which she wrote in the two books and also in others which I had not with me in the lumber camps. On the walks, and after we came back, she had me to print what I had seen and what I had heard. After that she told me of different people and their wonderful work on earth. Then she would have me tell again to her what she had told me. After I came to the lumber camps, I told these things to the trees and the brooks and the flowers.

There were five words my Mother said to me over and over again, as she had me to print what I had seen and heard. These words were: What, Where, When, How, Why. They had a very great influence over all my observations and the recording of those observations during all the days of my childhood. And my Mother having put such strong emphasis on these five words accounts for much of the detailed descriptions that are throughout my diary.

No children I knew. There were only Mother and the kind woman who taught me and looked after me and dressed me, and the young girl who fed me. And there was Father in those few days when he was home from the far lands. Those were wonderful days — his homecoming days. Then he would take me on his knee and ride me on his shoulder and tell me of the animals and birds of the far lands. And we went for many walks, and he would talk to me about the things along the way. It was then he taught me *comparer*.[1]

There was one day when I went with Mother in a boat. It was a little way on the sea. It was a happy day. Then something happened and we were all in the water. Afterward, when I called and called for Mother, they said the sea waves had taken her and she was gone to heaven. I remember the day because I never saw my Mother again.

The time was not long after that day with Mother in the boat, when one day the kind woman who taught me and took care of me did tell me gently that Father too had gone to heaven while he was away in the far lands. She said she was going to take me to my grandmother and grandfather, the mother and father of my Father.

We started. But I never got to see my dear grandmother and grandfather whom I had never seen. Something happened on the way and I was all alone. And I did n't feel happy. There were strange people that I had never seen before and I was afraid of them. They made me to keep very still and we went for no walks in the field. But we traveled a long, long way.

Then it was they put me with Mrs. Whiteley. The day they put me with her was a rainy day and I thought she was a little afraid of them, too. She took me on the train and in a stage-coach to the lumber camp. She called me Opal Whiteley, the same name as that of another little girl who was the same size as I was when her mother lost her. She took me into the camp as her own child, and so called me as we lived in the different lumber camps and in the mill town.

With me I took into camp a small box. In a slide drawer in the bottom of this box were two books which my own Mother and Father, the Angel Father and Mother I always speak of in my diary, had written in. I do not think the people who put me with Mrs. Whiteley knew about the books in the lower part of the box, for they took everything out of the top part of the box and tossed it aside. I picked it up and kept it with me, and, being as I was more quiet with it in my arms, they allowed me to keep it, thinking it was empty. These books I kept always with me, until one day I shall always remember, when I was about twelve years old, they were taken from the box I kept then hid in the woods. Day by day I spelled over and over the many words that were written in them. From them I selected names for my pets. And it was the many little things recorded there that helped me to remember what my Mother and Father had already told me of different great lives and their work; and these books with these records made me eager to be learning more and more of what was recorded in them. These two books I studied much more than I did my books at school. Their influence upon my life has been great.

[1] French: to compare, to classify. — EDITOR.

Ages can be fixed with reasonable definiteness, owing to the birthdays of the Whiteley children, and to a number of small events which can be ascribed to precise periods of Opal Whiteley's life. The diarist's comprehensive knowledge of the names of the good and great she undoubtedly owes to the notebooks left by her real parents, which she read constantly.

Six Years Old

To-day the folks are gone away from the house we do live in. They are gone a little way away, to the ranch-house where the grandpa does live. I sit on our steps and I do print. I like it — this house we do live in being at the edge of the near woods. So many little people do live in the near woods. I do have conversations with them. I found the near woods first day I did go explores. That was the next day after we were come here. All the way from the other logging camp in the beautiful mountains we came in a wagon. Two horses were in front of us. They walked in front of us all the way. When first we were come, we did live with some other people in the ranch-house that was n't all builded yet. After that we lived in a tent, and often when it did rain many raindrops came right through the tent. They did fall in patters on the stove and on the floor and on the table. Too, they did make the quilts on the beds some damp — but that did n't matter much because they soon got dried hanging around the stove.

By and by we were come from the tent to this lumber shanty. It has got a divide in it. One room we do have sleeps in. In the other room we do have breakfast and supper. Back of the house are some nice wood-rats. The most lovely of them all is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. By the woodshed is a brook. It goes singing on. Its joy song does sing in my heart. Under the house live some mice. I give them bread-scraps to eat. Under the steps lives a toad. He and I — we are friends. I have named him. I call him Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil.

Between the ranch-house and the house we live in is the singing creek where the willows grow. We have conversations. And there I do dabble my toes beside the willows. I feel the feels of gladness they do feel. And often it is I go from the willows to the meeting of the road. That is just in front of the ranch-house. There the road does have divides. It goes three ways. One way the road does go to the house of Sadie McKinzie. It does n't stop when it gets to her house, but mostly I do. The road just goes on to the mill town a little way away. In its going it goes over a hill. Sometimes — the times Sadie McKinzie is n't at home — I do go with Brave Horatius to the top of the hill. We look looks down upon the mill town. Then we do face about and come again home. Always we make stops at the house of Sadie McKinzie. Her house — it is close to the mill by the far woods. That mill makes a lot of noise. It can do two things at once. It makes the noises and also it does saw the logs into boards. About the mill do live some people, mostly men-folks. There does live the good man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice.

Another way, the road does go the way I go when I go to the school-house where I go to school. When it is come there, it does go right on — on to the house of the girl who has no seeing. When it gets to her house, it does make a bend, and it does go its way to the blue hills. As it goes, its way is near unto the way of the *rivière* that sings as it comes from the blue hills. There are singing brooks that come going to the rivière. These brooks — they and I — we are friends. I call them Orne and Loing and Yonne and Rille and Essonne.

Near unto the road, long ways between the brooks, are ranch-houses. I have not knowing of the people that do dwell in them. But I do know some of their cows and horses and pigs. They are friendly folk. Around the ranch-houses are fields. Woods use to grow where now grows grain. When the mowers cut down the grain, they also

do cut down the cornflowers that grew in the fields. I follow along after and I do pick them up. Of some of them I make a *guirlande*. When the guirlande is made, I do put it around the neck of William Shakespeare. He does have appreciations. As we go walking down the lane, I do talk with him about the one he is named for. And he does have understanding. He is such a beautiful gray horse, and his ways are ways of gentleness. Too, he does have likings like the likings I have for the hills that are beyond the fields — for the hills where are trails and tall fir trees like the wonderful ones that do grow by the road.

So go two of the roads. The other road does lead to the upper logging camps. It goes only a little way from the ranch-house and it comes to a rivière. Long time ago, this road did have a longing to go across the rivière. Some wise people did have understandings and they did build it a bridge to go across on. It went across the bridge and it goes on and on between the hills — the hills where dwell the talking fir trees. By its side goes the railroad track. Its appears are not so nice as are the appears of the road, and it has got only a squeaky voice. But this railroad track does have shining rails — they stretch away and away, like a silver ribbon that came from the moon in the night. I go a-walking on these rails. I get off when I do hear the approaches of the donkey engine. On this track on every day, excepting Sunday, comes and goes the logging train. It goes to the camps and it does bring back cars of logs and cars of lumber. These it does take to the mill town. There engines more big do take the cars of lumber to towns more big.

Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus has been waiting in my sunbonnet a long time. He wants to go on explores. Too, Brave Horatius and Isaiah are having longings in their eyes. And I hear Peter Paul Rubens squealing in the pig-pen. Now I go. We go on explores.

To-day was a warm, hot day. It was warm in the morning and hot at noon. Before noon and afternoon and after that, I carried water to the hired men in the field in a jug. I got the water out of the pump to put into the jug. I had to put water in the pump before any would come out. The men were glad to have that water in the jug.

While I was taking the water in the jug to the men in the field, from her sewing basket Lars Porsena of Clusium took the mamma's thimble, and she did n't have it and she could n't find it. She sent me to watch out for it in the house and in the yard and everywhere. I know how Lars Porsena of Clusium has a fondness for collecting things of bright colors, like unto my fondness for collecting rocks, so I ran to his hiding-place in the old oak tree. There I found the mamma's thimble, but she said the pet crow's having taken it was as though I had taken it, because he was my property; so I got a spanking with the hazel switches that grow near unto our back steps. Inside me I could n't help feeling she ought to have given me thanks for finding the thimble.

Afterwards I made little vases out of clay. I put them in the oven to bake. The mamma found my vases of clay. She threw them out of the window. When I went to pick them up, they were broken.

I felt sad inside. I went to talk things over with my chum, Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. He is that most tall fir tree that grows just back of the barn. I scooted up the barn door. From there I climbed on to the lower part of the barn roof. I walked up a ways. Up there I took a long look at the world about. One gets such a good wide view of the world from a barn roof.

After, I looked looks in four straight ways and four corner ways. I said a little prayer. I always say a little prayer before I jump off the barn into the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, because that jump is quite a long jump, and if I did not land in the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, I might get my leg or neck broken. That would mean I'd have to keep still a long time. Now I think that would be the most awful thing that could happen, for I do so love to be active. So I always say a little prayer and do that jump in a careful way. To-day when I did jump, I did land right proper in that fir tree. It is such a comfort to nestle up to Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael when one is in trouble. He is such a grand tree. He has an understanding soul.

After I talked with him and listened unto his voice I slipped down out of his arms. I intended to slip into the barn corral, but I slid off the wrong limb in the wrong way. I landed in the pig-pen on top of Aphrodite, the mother pig. She gave a peculiar grunt. It was not like those grunts she gives when she is comfortable.

I felt I ought to do something to make up to her for having come into her home out of the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael instead of calling on her in the proper way. I decided a good way to make it up to her would be to pull down the rail fence in that place where the pig-pen is weak, and take her for a walk. I went to the woodshed. I got a piece of clothes-line rope. While I was making a halter for the mother pig I took my Sunday-best hair-ribbon — the blue ribbon the Uncle Caleb gave to me. I made a bow on that halter. I put the bow just over her ears. That gave her the proper look. When the mamma saw us go walking by, she took the bow from off the pig. She put that bow in the trunk; me she put under the bed.

By-and-by — some time long it was — she took me from under the bed and gave me a spanking. She did not have time to give me a spanking when she put me under the bed. She left me there until she did have time. After she did it she sent me to the ranch-house to get some milk for the baby. I walked slow through the oak grove, looking for caterpillars. I found nine. Then I went to the pig-pen. The chore boy was fixing back the rails I had pulled down. His temper was quite warm. He was saying prayer words in a quick way. I went not near unto him. I slipped around near Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. I peeked in between the fence rails. Aphrodite was again in the pig-pen. She was snoozing, so I tiptoed over to the rain-barrel by the barn. I raised mosquitoes in the rain-barrel for my pet bats. Aristotle eats more mosquitoes than Plato and Pliny eat.

On my way to the house I met Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen, with her family. She only has twelve baby chickens now. The grandpa says the other one she did have died of new monia because I gave it too many baths for its health. When I came to the house one of the cats, a black one, was sitting on the doorstep. I have not friendly feelings for that big black cat. Day before day that was yesterday I saw him kill the mother humming-bird. He knocked her with his paw when she came to the nasturtiums. I did n't even speak to him.

Just as I was going to knock on the back door for the milk, I heard a voice on the front porch. It was the voice of a person who has an understanding soul. I hurried around to the front porch. There was Sadie McKinzie with a basket on her arm. She beamed a smile at me. I went over and nestled up against her blue gingham apron with cross stitches on it. The freckles on Sadie McKinzie's wrinkled face are as

many as are the stars in the Milky Way, and she is awful old — going on forty. Her hands are all brown and cracked like the dried-up mud-puddles by the roadside in July, and she has an understanding soul. She always has bandages ready in her pantry when some of my pets get hurt. There are cookies in her cookie-jar when I don't get home for meals, and she allows me to stake out earthworm claims in her back yard.

She walked along beside me when I took the milk home. When she came near the lane she took from her basket wrapping-papers and gave them to me to print upon. Then she kissed me good-bye upon the cheek and went her way to her home. I went my way to the house we live in. After the mamma had switched me for not getting back sooner with the milk, she told me to fix the milk for the baby. The baby's bottle used to be a brandy bottle, but it evoluted into a milk bottle when they put a nipple on to it.

I sit here on the doorstep printing this on the wrapping-paper Sadie McKinzie gave me. The baby is in bed asleep. The mamma and the rest of the folks is gone to the ranch-house. When they went away, she said for me to stay in the doorway to see that nothing comes to carry the baby away. By the step is Brave Horatius. At my feet is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I hear songs — lullaby songs of the trees. The back part of me feels a little bit sore, but I am happy listening to the twilight music of God's good world. I'm real glad I'm alive.

The colic had the baby to-day, and there was no Castoria for the pains; there was none because yesterday Pearl[1] and I climbed upon a chair and then upon the dresser and drank up the new bottle of Castoria; but the bottle had an ache in it and we swallowed the ache with the Castoria. That gave us queer feels. Pearl lay down on the bed. I did rub her head. But she said it was n't her head — it was her back that hurt. Then she said it was her leg that ached. The mamma came in the house then, and she did take Pearl in a quick way to the ranch-house.

[1] A foster-sister.

It was a good time for me to go away exploring, but I did n't feel like going on an exploration trip. I just sat on the doorstep. I did sit there and hold my chin in my hand. I did have no longings to print. I only did have longings not to have those queer feels. Brave Horatius came walking by. He did make a stop at the doorstep. He wagged his tail. That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip. Lars Porsena of Clusium came from the oak tree. He did perch on the back of Brave Horatius. He gave two caws. That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus came from under the house. He just crawled into my lap. I gave him pats and he cuddled his nose up under my curls. Peter Paul Rubens did squeal out in the pig-pen. He squealed the squeals he does squeal when he wants to go on an exploration trip.

Brave Horatius did wait and wait, but still those queer feels would n't go away. Pretty soon I got awful sick. By and by I did have better feels. And to-day my feels are all right and the mamma is gone a-visiting and I am going on an exploration trip. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Peter Paul Rubens are waiting while I do print this. And now we are going the way that does lead to the blue hills.

Sometimes I share my bread and jam with Yellowjackets, who have a home on the bush by the road, twenty trees and one distant from the garden. To-day I climbed up on the old rail

fence close to their home, with a piece and a half of bread and jam and the half piece for them and the piece for myself. But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces, and they had a royal feast there on the old fence rail. I wanted my bread and jam, but then, Yellowjackets are such interesting fairies — being among the world's first paper-makers; and baby Yellowjackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking on these things makes it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these wasp fairies.

When I was coming back from feeding them I heard a loud noise. That Rob Ryder was out there by the chute, shouting at God in a very quick way. He was begging God to dam that chute right there in our back yard. Why, if God answered his prayer, we would be in an awful fix. The house we live in would be under water, if God dammed the chute. Now I think anger had Rob Ryder or he would not pray kind God to be so unkind. When I came again to the house we live in, the mamma was cutting out biscuits with the baking-powder can. She put the pan of biscuits on the wood-box back of the stove. She put a most clean dish-towel over the biscuits, then she went to gather in clothes. I got a thimble from the machine drawer. I cut little round biscuits from the big biscuits. The mamma found me. She put the thimble back in the machine drawer. She put me under the bed. Here under the bed I now print.

By-and-by, after a long time, the mamma called me to come out from under the bed. She told me to put on my coat and her big fascinator on my head. She fastened my coat with safety-pins, then she gave me a lard-pail with its lid on tight. She told me to go straight to the grandpa's house for the milk, and to come straight home again. I started to go straight for the milk. When I came near the hospital, I went over to it to get the pet mouse, Felix Mendelssohn. I thought that a walk in the fresh air would be good for his health. I took one of the safety-pins out of my coat. I pinned up a corner of the fascinator. That made a warm place next to my curls for Felix Mendelssohn to ride in. I call this mouse Felix Mendelssohn because sometimes he makes very sweet music.

Then I crossed to the cornfield. A cornfield is a very nice place, and some days we children make hair for our clothes-pin dolls from the silken tassels of the corn that grow in the grandpa's cornfield. Sometimes, which is quite often, we break the cornstalks in getting the silk tassels. That makes bumps on the grandpa's temper.

To-night I walked zigzag across the field to look for things. Into my apron pocket I put bits of little rocks. By a fallen cornstalk I met two of my mouse friends. I gave them nibbles of food from the other apron pocket. I went on and saw a fat old toad by a clod. Mice and toads do have such beautiful eyes. I saw two caterpillars on an ear of corn after I turned the tassels back. All along the way I kept hearing voices. Little leaves were whispering over in the lane. I saw another mouse with beautiful eyes. Then I saw a man and woman coming across the field. The man was carrying a baby.

Soon I met them. It was Larry and Jean and their little baby. They let me pat the baby's hand and smooth back its hair, for I do so love babies. When I grow up I want twins and eight more children, and I want to write outdoor books for children everywhere.

To-night, after Larry and Jean started on, I turned again to wave good-bye. I remembered the first time I saw Larry and Jean, and the bit of poetry he said

to her. They were standing by an old stump in the lane where the leaves whispered. Jean was crying. He patted her on the shoulder and said, —

'There, little girl, don't cry,
I'll come back and marry you by-and-by.'

And he did. And the angels looking down from heaven saw their happiness and brought a baby real soon, when they had been married most 5 months, which was very nice, for a baby is such a comfort and twins are a multiplication table of blessings.

After I waved good-bye to the dear baby, I thought I would go around by the lane where I first saw them and heard him say to her that poetry. It is such a lovely lane. I call it our lane. Of course it does n't belong to Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and I and all the rest of us. It belongs to a big man that lives in a big house, but it is our lane more than it is his lane, because he does n't know the grass and flowers that grow there, and the birds that nest there, and the lizards that run along the fence, and the caterpillars and beetles that go walking along the roads made by the wagon wheels. And he does n't stop to talk to the trees that grow all along the lane. All those trees are my friends. I call them by names I have given to them. I call them Hugh Capet and Saint Louis and Good King Edward the I, and the tallest one of all is Charlemagne, and the one around where the little flowers talk most is William Wordsworth, and there are Byron and Keats and Shelley. When I go straight for the milk, I do so like to come around this way by the lane and talk to these tree friends. I stopped to-night to give to each a word of greeting. When I got to the end of the lane, I climbed the gate and thought I had better hurry straight on to get the milk.

When I went by the barn, I saw a mouse run around the corner and a graceful bat came near unto the barn-door. I got the milk. It was near dark time, so I came again home by the lane and along the corduroy road. When I got most home I happened to remember the mamma wanted the milk in a hurry, so I began to hurry.

I don't think I'll print more to-night. I printed this sitting on the wood-box, where the mamma put me after she spanked me after I got home with the milk. Now I think I shall go out the bedroom window and talk to the stars. They always smile so friendly. This is a very wonderful world to live in.

In the morning of to-day, when I was come part way to school, when I was come to the ending of the lane, I met a glad surprise. There was my dear pet pig awaiting for me. I gave him three joy pats on the nose, and I did call him by name ten times. I was so glad to see him. Being as I got a late start to school, I did n't have enough of time to go around by the pig-pen for our morning talk. And there he was awaiting for me at the ending of the lane. And his name it is Peter Paul Rubens. His name is that, because the first day I saw him was on the twenty-ninth of June. He was little then — a very plump young pig with a little red-ribbon squeal and a wanting to go everywhere I did go. Sometimes he would squeal and I would n't go to find out what he wanted. Then one day when his nose was sore he did give such an odd pain squeal. Of course, I ran a quick run to help him. After that, when he had a chance, he would come to the kitchen door and give that same squeal. That Peter Paul Rubens seemed to know that was the only one of all his squeals that would bring me at once to where he was.

And this morning, when I did start

on to school, he gave that same squeal and came a-following after. When he was caught up with me he gave a grunt and then he gave his little red-ribbon squeal. A lump came up in my throat and I could n't tell him to turn around and go back to the pig-pen. So we just went along to school together.

When we got there, school was already took up. I went in first. The new teacher came back to tell me I was tardy again. She did look out the door. She saw my dear Peter Paul Rubens. She did ask me where that pig came from. I just started in to tell her all about him from the day I first met him. She did look long looks at me. She did look those looks for a long time. I made pleats in my apron with my fingers. I made nine on one side and three on the other side. When I was through counting the pleats I did make in my apron, I did ask her what she was looking those long looks at me for. She said, 'I'm screwtineyesing you.' I never did hear that word before. It is a new word. It does have an interest sound. I think I will have uses for it. Now when I look long looks at a thing, I will print I did screwtineyes it.

After she did look more long looks at me, she went back to her desk by the blackboard. She did call the sixth grade fiziologie class. I went to my seat. I only sat half-way in it. I so did so I could have seeing of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. He did wait at the steps. He looked long looks toward the door. It was n't long until he walked right in. I felt such an amount of satisfaction having him at school.

Teacher felt not so. Now I have wonders about things. I wonder why was it teacher did n't want Peter Paul Rubens coming to school. Why, he did make such a sweet picture as he did stand there in the doorway looking looks about. And the grunts he gave, they were such nice ones. He stood there saying: 'I have come to your school. What class are you going to put me in?' He said in plain grunts the very same words I did say the first day I came to school. The children all turned around in their seats. I'm sure they were glad he was come to school — and him talking there in that dear way. But I guess our teacher does n't have understanding of pig talk. She just came at him in such a hurry with a stick of wood. And when I made interferes, she did send us both home in a quick way.

We did have a most happy time coming home. We did go on an exploration trip. Before we were gone far, we did have hungry feels. I took the lid off the lard bucket that my school lunch was in. I did make divides of all my bread and butter. Part I gave to Peter Paul Rubens, and he did have appreciations. He did grunt grunts for some more. Pretty soon it was all gone. We did go on. We went on to the woods. I did dig up little plants with leaves that do stay green all winter. We saw many beautiful things. Most everything we did see I did explain about it to Peter Paul Rubens. I told him why — all about why I was digging up so many of the little plants. I did want him to have understanding that I was going to plant them again.

When I did have almost forty-five and it was come near eventime, Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium did come to meet us. When I did have forty-five plants, we all did go in the way that does lead to the cathedral, for this is the borning day of Girolamo Savonarola. And in the cathedral I did plant little plants as many years as he was old. Forty-five I did so plant. And we had prayers and came home.

(To be continued)

THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THERE are two questions which interest us in regard to the League of Nations: first, what it is *now;* second, what it is likely to become *hereafter.* Both questions are important; but the second, which looks to the future developments of the League through the long ages to come, is by far the more important of the two. They are, of course, closely related to each other.

The League of Nations is obviously the beginning of some human enterprise much vaster than is indicated by its present form. We have often been urged to judge it in that character; to be content with it as a *beginning;* or, at least, not to criticize it as if it pretended to be final.

This most assuredly is a reasonable demand. But something remains to be added. Before we can accept the League as a beginning, we must know the end which is thus begun. We need to be assured that the road has been cut in the right direction, even though, so far, it has been cut only a yard or two.

The beginning, then, *of what?* A *clear* answer should be given to that question, for a confused answer is almost worse than none at all. Whatever else may be left uncertain in our preparations for a long journey, the point we intend to reach at the end of it should be defined without the least ambiguity. The North Pole may be a difficult spot to find, and many ups and downs will have to be encountered before we get there; but no one could say that a right beginning had been made in our search so long as a doubt remained as to whether it was the North Pole or the South Pole that was to be the end of the expedition. So, too, a person who asks me to be content with the League of Nations as a beginning, but leaves me in the dark as to the final result which is to issue from this first attempt, makes upon me a demand which I cannot fulfill. The question is as necessary as it is natural. The beginning of what?

The question can be answered without much difficulty; indeed, the answer is actually present, although perhaps vaguely present, in the minds of those who ask it. The end, of which the League is the beginning, is *the ultimate unification of the whole human race into a single family, organic group, or community.* This may be immensely distant; it may seem when we contemplate it to be an impossible dream; but, if we are in earnest, nothing less than this will bring our thoughts to the true *end* of which the League of Nations is the *beginning.*

If all the League can accomplish when fully developed is to combine a very large portion of the human race, say all the inhabitants of the European Continent, into a single community, while leaving another equally large group, say the inhabitants of Asia, confronting the first and possibly hostile to it, then I should say that a

league which is going to stop at that point cannot be satisfactory, even as a beginning. Indeed, there are good reasons to think that such a result would create a more dangerous state of things than that which has hitherto existed in the world. We need some assurance that the League will not stop at that point, but will continue its growth, until in the last issue it has left no group of nations, either large or small, outside its orbit. If the League is the beginning of *this*, well and good. If it is the beginning only of the lesser thing, it has not begun well.

About this all parties will probably be agreed — namely, that nothing less than the final unification of the entire human race can answer the question we have asked — the beginning *of what?*

The next step is to examine this conception — that of a finally unified community of mankind. On the one hand, it is a conception or ideal which we cannot, and dare not, let go; because we shall find, if we do, that all our social reforms, including the League of Nations itself, turn out on examination to be 'roads to nowhere.' On the other hand, the conception is so vast in its implications that we almost shrink from speaking of it, lest we should be condemned as dreamers. Before we could come in sight of so great a consummation, a thousand problems which have baffled the wit of man for ages would have to be solved. Immense transformations would have to take place, both in national and in individual character. Innumerable prejudices would have to die. The whole world would have to change its habits, abandon some of its leading motives, and acquire new ones in their place. The American or the Englishman would have to be a very different person from anyone in either nation who now happens to be reading this article; for I greatly doubt if either my reader or myself, much as we both may desire world-citizenship, is qualified at present to play his part as a citizen in a world-wide city. We should prove too troublesome to our fellow citizens and should need to be repressed. At least, I am very sure that I should. I detect in myself many tendencies, alike of thought, action, and feeling which would make me, being the man I now am, strangely at odds with such an environment. For instance, under no circumstances that I can conceive would I be a party to hauling down the British flag in any considerable region of the world where it now floats; and if I saw an American hauling down *his* flag, I should despise him. That would not do for citizenship of the world.

The same would be found true in all nations, in all races. The Chinaman, for example, would not be the kind of individual we now encounter on the quays of Shanghai. Such a Chinaman is almost as unfit to be a citizen of the world as I am myself. And not only should we — Americans, English, and Chinese — have to be morally changed: we should have to be intellectually enlarged. Even as it is, our intellectual powers are scarcely equal to dealing with the complexities of the relatively limited societies to which we now belong. We are constantly making mistakes, which lead to serious consequences, *through sheer inability to cope with the immensity of the problems before us* — because our intellects are outmatched by the obscure, subtle, complex, and baffling conditions of social life, even on the national scale. How vastly more complex these problems would become if we had to deal with them on the international scale! Before we could adapt our minds to the vast scope of the business before us, we should need an almost unimaginable increase of intellectual power; not a

mere increase of knowledge, though that would be necessary, but also of the power to deal with knowledge after it has been acquired.

In short, we may say, and that without hesitation, that the community of mankind could not be formed out of such men as now exist anywhere on the earth. The human material for such a community is lacking. In the first place, neither our intellect nor our knowledge is equal to drawing up a code of laws which would be universally applicable to all mankind — we should lack the legislators. Secondly, even if the legislators were forthcoming, the task of administering the laws with a just regard to the interests of the whole human race is far beyond any powers we at present possess. Thirdly, even if we had both competent legislators and competent administrators, it is doubtful if we could find anywhere, at present, a race or a nation which could be trusted to *submit* to universal legislation, when this required it to sacrifice its own interests to the interests of mankind at large. To this may be added a fourth inability, which is not strictly in line with the other three, but which illustrates them all, namely, that no means exists of coping with the widespread disobedience that would unquestionably arise if the attempt were made to impose universal legislation on the many immature nations which now exist on the earth.

These considerations alone, to which many others might be added, are enough to suggest the immense and radical changes that would have to be effected in all the races of man, white, yellow, and black, and in the white perhaps most of all, before we should come in sight of the conditions on which could be erected an organized community of mankind.

Thus we are confronted with a difficulty — or, rather, with a serious dilemma. On the one hand, we are bound to retain our ideal of an ultimate unity of mankind, if we are to give any reason for the social faith that is in us. On the other hand, we can retain this ideal only at the cost of being condemned, perhaps by our own judgment, as 'unpractical dreamers.' If we let the ideal go, we find that all our beginnings lack an end; and the question 'beginning of what?' remains unanswered. If we assert the ideal, we assert what is eminently unpractical, in the sense in which 'practical' is now almost universally interpreted, that, namely, of the probability that we could win an election on the basis proposed.

II

Leaving aside for the moment the question how we may escape from this dilemma, let us come to a definition. The idea of a universal community of the human race is the moving spring of the international mind. Wherever this idea and the desire for its realization exist, there and there only can we say that the international mind has come into being. I must refuse to give the name to the *partial* internationalisms, of which so many varieties exist at the present time. Some of these are disguised schemes of domination, 'Concerts of Power' baptized with new names. Some obliterate old lines of division between the nations, but at the same time, perhaps without intending it, draw new ones; and the new ones they draw may be more dangerous than the old ones they obliterate.

On one condition only can we allow that these partial internationalisms betray the international mind: that is, in the rare instances where they are evident approaches to, or foreshadowings of, that *complete* internationalism which demands a universal community. Internationalism, if stopped short at one

of its partial realizations, and without promise of further development, is worse than no internationalism at all. A policy, for example, which would unify the white races on principles that the yellow races could not assimilate would be a most dangerous and desperate venture — one quite out of line with the ideal which a complete internationalism affirms. The international mind is not to be satisfied with any of these arrested forms, not even with those that point to groupings or communities much *larger* than any which now exist. It demands the complete thing, and will not be content with anything less — except, indeed, it be offered as an obvious first installment of an all-inclusive unification.

It is important that we should linger for a little over these partial internationalisms, because our study of them will prove suggestive when we come to the question of escaping from our dilemma. All of them have one feature in common. They aim at federating some group of nations *on political lines.* The political aspect of these federations is the essential feature of them. Some would be content with a union of Great Britain and America; others demand a union of the leading European states; others, of *all* the European states; others, of the European States *plus* America; others add certain Asiatic nations, and so on.

These differences are not important to our present purpose. What is important is the common element that pervades them all, namely, this: that they all accept the *political* model as the goal of their efforts, all express themselves in political terms, make use of political methods, set up political machinery. The new community embraced in the scheme, whether composed of two nations or twenty, will be before all else a political community — to be described in terms of the constitution or treaty that defines its form, of the councils or parliaments that control its affairs, of the laws enacted, of the courts set up to administer the laws, of the police or other forces made use of to command obedience — all of them political features. Political thinking dominates these proposals from first to last. Political habits of mind are everywhere in evidence. The persons who take the lead are statesmen; the persons to be intrusted with the schemes when set on foot are politicians or diplomats; the persons who write books and articles about them are those who have graduated in the philosophy of politics; the press which discusses them from day to day is mainly a political instrument. Moreover, the conception of man which runs through all this is that of *a being who needs to be governed,* which is essentially a political conception — a true conception as far as it goes, but a very inadequate expression of human nature. The question at issue is always that of governing men in some larger mass, or more inclusive grouping, than now exists; 'the political man' playing much the same part in these discussions that the 'economic man' once played in a now discredited social philosophy. Rarely, if ever, does the mind which is occupied with these things escape effectively from the political rut.

There is, indeed, one word which strikes the keynote of all these undertakings. It is the word 'policy,' which formed the subject of my last article in the *Atlantic Monthly.*[1] I will hazard the guess that there is no abstract noun in the English language which appears so often in print as this word policy. As an experiment, let the reader count up the number of times it is used in a single issue of any leading daily newspaper. The only other word

[1] 'The Degradation of Policy,' September, 1919.

that can compare with it in this respect is 'money.' This word policy seems to sum up, to symbolize, the whole body of ideas, habits of mind, and methods of working with which these partial internationalisms embark upon their business. What they are engaged upon is the grouping of a number of existing states into some kind of federation, which shall resemble the existing states in being essentially political, and differ from them only in being larger and more inclusive.

III

Now what is the political state which partial internationalism takes for its model? I shall not enter into a lengthy discussion of its nature. Enough for my present purpose that the political state is one of many forms of association, one of many forms of community life, which the human race has found useful in helping it to keep and improve its footing on this planet. I have nothing whatever to say against it, and am in no way concerned to belittle its value. It appears to be a necessity imposed upon us, but imposed rather by our vices than by our virtues. The point to which I would call attention is, that among the many valuable forms of human association the political state *is just one and no more than one.* There are scores of others which, on their own ground and for their own purpose, are just as valuable as the political state is on its ground and for its purpose. I instance the family as one of them, a type of community life, admittedly of the highest value, but certainly not political in its structure, although no doubt it has a political background.

As the political state is not the only form, so neither is it, necessarily, the final form which the community of mankind is destined to assume. It may be so; though personally I should feel a tinge of regret and indeed more than a tinge, if I were driven to conclude that the City of God, or the New Jerusalem, is to be only a larger and all-inclusive version of the political state as we are now familiar with it. Admirable as these political states may be for the purposes they now serve, their structure is not adapted for the ultimate unification of mankind. The fact that the political state has shown itself highly efficient in welding together enormous masses of human beings in different parts of the globe does not prove that it will be equally efficient when the final problem arises of bringing all these masses into brotherly relations one with another. At all events, among the manifold forms of community life now in existence, there are others, besides the political state, which are worthy of examination. Some of them may turn out to be more promising as models for that final unification of mankind which is the moving idea of the international mind.

But before we consider these other models, I will mention briefly why the political state, admirable as it is for its own purpose, should not be allowed to obsess our minds when the final synthesis of the human family is in question.

The first reason is that all political states are unstable and precarious structures; some of course much more so than others, but all in some degree. Within the last five years three great empires have gone to pieces, and though the British Empire is said to have emerged stronger than ever, this must not be taken to mean that the British Empire is by nature immortal or immune from decay. There is no example in history of a political state which has not required the greatest efforts and sacrifices to maintain it in existence; they have all proved difficult to keep alive; and, in spite of the efforts that

have been made to preserve them intact, the number of those that have had a long history is small compared with the number whose history has been short. Political states are eminently perishable things; and it is important to note that great states have proved themselves more perishable than little ones. The question then arises whether a world-wide political state would be less perishable than its more limited predecessors; for I take it that, unless it were much more stable than they have been, it would not satisfy the aspirations of the international mind.

One cause of instability would at all events disappear from the world-state — that, namely, which comes from foreign aggression. In a world-state there would be no foreigners, unless, indeed, it could be invaded from another planet. On the other hand, the dangers of disruption through internal dissensions would be enormously increased. The inconceivable number of divergent interests to be coördinated into one system would create a task for superhuman wisdom and skill; and even if we imagine them coördinated for the time being, which is not theoretically impossible, the problem of keeping them coördinated, of maintaining the balance through long periods of time, is certainly beyond any powers now to be found in the human race. If we imagine our world-state to be composed of men or of races at all resembling those that now exist on the earth, it is certain that the internal tension would be enormous. The principal occupation of such a state would be, if I may say so, that of resisting its own tendency to burst, or at least to split, and I am wholly unable to imagine by what means the tendency could be resisted for very long. In short, the danger of foreign war would be replaced by the greater danger of civil war. For this reason alone I conclude that the existence of a world-state would be more and not less precarious than that of any state with which we are so far acquainted.

Another reason pointing to the same conclusion is one to which due weight is seldom given in these speculations. All the existing states of the world, even the most pacific, are to a much greater extent than is commonly realized, *war-made* creations. Not only have their large outlines been determined by conquest, but their social structure, their modes of government, their habits of life, their economic conditions betray, at almost any point we choose to examine, the moulding influence of war. All this is deeply reflected in the pyschology of nations. With a few possible exceptions, the nations of the world conceive of themselves in the last resort as fighting units. Whatever other meaning they may attach to nationality, — and of course there are many others, — there comes sooner or later a point where each nation thinks of itself in war-like terms. The reason why it does so lies in its history, perhaps a history of many centuries. And again, it is important to note that on the whole the warlike character is more apparent in the big states than in the little ones. One might have expected the contrary. One might have thought that, as the process of unification went on, as the political unity became larger and larger until nations were formed comprising one or two hundred million human beings, we should see a progressive diminution in their war-making characteristics. The contrary seems to be the case. It is the big states which are the great fighters, which maintain the most formidable armaments, and stand in the most dangerous relations one with another.

I am well aware that this is only one aspect of the character of a modern

state, but it is a most important aspect and by no means to be overlooked when the question arises of combining these states into yet larger federations. It is then that their fighting character begins to make difficulties, as we plainly see it doing at the present moment. These fighting units are not easy to combine into pacific wholes. There is that in the history of them all which resists the process of federation, even when federation is what the non-war-like part of their psychology desires; something that little by little changes the proposed federation, which is meant to be pacific, into an armed alliance of one kind or another.

If we put these two characteristics together, — first, the essential precariousness of the political state; second, its war-made form and martial psychology, — we have before us reasons for doubting whether the political state is altogether a good model when we are laying our plans for the future community of mankind. Certainly not a good model to have exclusively in mind, nor perhaps primarily. I will not go the length of saying that the political state has no place whatever in our speculations, and ought to be dismissed entirely. But I hope that what has been said is enough, I must not say to prove, but to gain interest in my main contention, which is this: that the international mind must refuse to tie itself down to the political model if *that alone* would solve its problem. The internationalist must hold himself free, at this point, to consider the claims of other models of community life, of which there are many, and to examine them all impartially. Perhaps he will find among them one or more, capable of a world-wide development, which, if developed on a world-wide scale, would bring him nearer than the political state can ever do to the final unification of mankind.

We need some means of promoting internationalism which will not bring us, as our present methods are doing, into immediate and fatal collision with the principle of nationality, everywhere active and powerful. As everybody knows, or ought to have learned by this time, nationality blocks the way: blocks it with innumerable questions of sovereign rights, which is a political difficulty; blocks it with the resolute demand of every mature nation to be the guardian of its own honor, which is a moral difficulty; *vide* the recent action of the Senate of the United States.

But is there no way round this formidable obstacle, which, in the meantime, may be left standing and unchallenged? There is.

The way round is, indeed, a long one, but a long way which leads to our goal is better than a short one which leads to a bottomless abyss. And may we not take it as axiomatic that no short cut exists to the goal which the international mind is determined to achieve?

IV

I proceed, then, to enumerate some of these other models of community life which the internationalist should study; not, indeed, assuming that any one of them, by itself, will provide him with a perfect type of what he is seeking, but yet suggesting that each will give him some hint of a working principle, and that, by combining the principles that he learns from all of them, he will be able to evolve a positive plan of operations.

1. The Trade-Union — or the Community of Labor.

2. The Friendly Society — or the Community of Insurance.

3. The University — or the Community of Learning.

4. The Guild of Fine Arts — or the Community of Excellence.

5. The Social Club — or the Community of Friendship.

6. The Church — or the Community of Faith.

7. The Family — or the Community of Love.

To these seven I will add an eighth — by way of showing that I do not wish to exclude it, but only to put it in its proper place. The eighth is the Political State, which is the Community of Government.

The plan of operations which I propose to recommend, as the true programme of internationalism, begins its activities on lines suggested by the first seven of these models and ends with the activities suggested by the eighth. It differs, therefore, from the plans now most in favor, not by excluding political activity, but by leaving it to the last. It differs yet more widely from the type of internationalism which thinks exclusively in political terms and is incapable of thinking in any others. The difference is one of method, not of aim or of principle. The aim is still the fraternity of the nations; the principle is that of reciprocal good-will. But the order of procedure is turned round, that being taken last which is usually taken first, and the first last.

Let us, then, take a glance at the seven models of community life — a glance only; to do them full justice, a volume would have to be devoted to each.

1. *The Trade-Union, or Community of Labor.* The principle of trade-unionism is collective bargaining. I suggest the extension and development of collective bargaining on international lines. This process has long been recognized in commercial treaties and otherwise, but is capable of being carried very much further. The interchange of products between different countries, known as import and export, now a most complicated and wasteful operation, might gradually be reduced to a series of summary bargains between the countries concerned; these bargains to be conducted by constituted bodies in which labor would be represented along with capital, and the consumer with the producer. For example, the exchange of American wheat against the manufactured products of Manchester or Bradford, which now involves thousands of transactions, would then be effected by a relatively small group of transactions, or, conceivably, by one. It would be in principle a collective bargain between American farmers and English manufacturers. The working out of such a scheme is, of course, a matter for expert science, as are nearly all the other matters to which I shall refer; but the data are actually in existence which render a gradual solution within the bounds of possibility.

I pause at this point to deal with an objection. It may be said that we are here on low ground, that bargaining is a mercenary process which should be ended rather than mended. I should be sorry to think so. A sounder view is that of Richard Cobden, who held that the *ideal bargain* is one of the most effective means in existence of reconciling the conflicting interests of men. A fraudulent bargain is among the worst things in the world; an honest bargain is among the best. It marks the end of a conflict and the beginning of a partnership. It is the creation of a common interest out of two interests originally divergent, or at least separate. Ideal bargaining promotes coöperation, and even friendship, between individuals and between nations. The more collective it becomes, the more does it approach its ideal form.

Great as are the advances that have been made up to date in the art of bargaining, it still remains susceptible

of immense development. In certain directions it has reached already a high degree of perfection, as in the best practice of banking. But even here there are openings for international extension. For example, there is no reason, none at least in theory, why the nations should not create an International Bank, which would do for the credit of all nations what the Bank of England does in sustaining the credit of the British Empire. An International Bank would enormously facilitate collective bargaining on a large scale, and would be a great step forward toward unity of purpose in the general life of industrial civilization. Indeed, were the choice given me at this moment between an International Bank and a purely political League of Nations, I will go so far as to say that my vote would be given, without hesitation, for the International Bank as the surer means of achieving the end we all have in view.

2. *The Friendly Society, or Community of Insurance.*[1] The principle of a community of insurance is that of bearing one another's burdens, which most people will agree has something to do with the Kingdom of God. The characteristics of such a community — you may find them in any fire or life insurance company you choose to think of — are that the insuring members respect each other's rights, guard each other's property, and desire each other's welfare. Here again a number of divergent interests are combined into a common interest. The burdens are pooled, the risks are combined, and both burden and risk are so distributed as enormously to diminish the hardships of human life. Imagine that extended to the international scale — the burdens *of the nations* so pooled, their risks so combined, as to make it the interest of each nation to respect the others' rights, to guard the others' property, and to desire the others' welfare. The thing is not beyond the resources of actuarial science, one of the most highly developed of the sciences; and again I say that at this point I would rather trust the fortunes of internationalism to the actuaries, who have a science, than to the politicians, who have none.

At the present moment, for example, most of the nations engaged in the late war are staggering under an enormous burden of debt. For some nations the burden is so crushing that it cannot be separately borne; and since in these matters the credit of all nations is closely interlocked, the impending bankruptcy of some threatens the solvency of all. But while many of them cannot be borne singly, they can all be borne in common. Nay, they *ought* to be borne in common — for reasons on which I cannot enter now. Nay, more, they *will* be borne in common before some of us are in our graves — if only for the reason that the alternative to bearing them in common is a disaster which will involve them all.

The principles on which this can be done are those I have named. A new community of insurance is foreshadowed — a Friendly Society on the international scale. Whether it would deal first with the danger of bankruptcy, which is the outstanding danger of the world at the moment, or with the danger of war, or with any other of the many risks which the nations run in common, need not occupy us now. Enough that, if the method were applied to any one of these risks, it would rapidly extend to others; and, in so doing, would spread a network of equitable, humane, and scientifically exact relations over the face of the earth.

[1] I owe all this, of course, to the late Professor Royce. — THE AUTHOR.

3. *The University, or Community of Learning.* The principle here is the universalism of knowledge, the catholicity of truth. In the world of knowledge, communism is a natural law. Rank, status, race, nationality count for nothing. Whatever you have, you give; and you gain more by sharing it with others. Here there is no mine *or* thine, but only mine *and* thine; for nothing is mine unless it is thine also. Internationalize *that.* Let every university become, so far as it can, what all universities were in bygone ages, international. Interchange your teachers, interchange your students, and see that workingmen form a large part of them. The universities of the world are for the internationalist a huge undeveloped estate. They are full of possibilities, pointing in the direction of coöperative effort, among the men of all nations, to extend the field of knowledge, to distribute its splendid products, and to ensure that these shall be applied, not, as they have been so largely heretofore, to purposes of mutual destruction, but to the promotion of the common good. Until a seat of learning has become international, its claim to be called a university is hardly complete; for it is not universal.

4. *The Guild of Fine Arts, or Community of Excellence.* The principle here is the value of good workmanship, both for the products it yields and for the education of those who produce it. What a Guild of Fine Arts sets out to achieve is not quantity, but quality. *There is no reason why the whole industrial world, this world of factories and 'goods' which are not always good, should not become, in its distant and ultimate issue, a Community of Excellence.*

There are two kinds of labor. There is one kind which is mere drudgery, a curse, an evil to be compensated by wages, a thing of which you must say that the less a man has of it, the better it is for the man. This is the kind which is most plentiful in the world at the present moment, and because there is so much of it we have what is known as the 'Labor Problem.' But there is another kind which is creative and delightful, a privilege, an education, a thing of which the more a man has, the better it is for him. That is true labor, that is labor as it should be, and the greatest need of our times is to foster and increase it, thereby gradually diminishing that other kind, which is a burden and a misfortune to all who perform it, no matter how highly they may be paid for so doing. Whenever a man appears in any nation who has that aim, let him be hailed as a brother in arms by every other man who has the same aim. Let all such work together across the bounds of nationality; let the international labor movement concentrate on Excellence, on increasing the labor which is a blessing and diminishing that which is a curse; let them lay the foundations of a world-wide Labor Party whose motto shall be, not, as now, 'the minimum of work and the maximum of pay,' but rather '*that every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out at the end of it.*' Here, also, are immense possibilities which internationalism, up to now, has hardly touched. When nations compete for quantity, their competition makes them enemies; when nations compete for quality, their competition makes them friends.

5. *The Social Club, or Community of Friendship.* The principle is the value of personal intercourse on common ground. The antithesis of the club is the modern hotel, where you are known, not by your name, but by your number, and where you may remain for days in close proximity to hundreds of other 'numbers' similar to yourself — as I have done in a great New York hotel, in the midst of the most hospitable

nation on the face of the earth, without exchanging one friendly word with another being in the huge building.

What kind of international activity, then, does the Social Club suggest? Let no man smile when he hears the answer. It suggests a thorough reform of the habits and conditions of modern travel. The habits of the modern traveler might have been acquired for the express purpose of preventing men of different nations from getting to know one another. I have known men who have spent years in traveling, visiting half the countries in the world, and have not made a single *friend* in any one of them; ignorant of any language but their own, and often speaking that in a manner which the foreign linguist cannot understand; treated by the inhabitants of the countries they passed through as mere goods in transit, or as perambulating money-bags to be duly drained; gazed at as moving curiosities; staying in hundreds of hotels, but never passing a night under any hospitable roof; foreigners more foreign than if they had stayed at home.

I confess that I know not precisely how this astonishing evil is to be remedied. Perhaps the most one can do, at the moment, is to call attention to its existence, and thereby challenge the inventiveness of ingenious minds. It seems a vain thing to hope that the old customs of international hospitality — as they prevailed in the days of Erasmus and Colet, when travelers in foreign lands really 'got to know' the people among whom they traveled — will ever be revived in this age of view-hunting and big hotels. But fancy sometimes plays with the thought that, as civilization becomes humane and intelligent, the entertainment of the foreigner will be recognized as a public duty. If it were possible — I suppose it is impossible, but there is no harm in playing with these fancies — to set some movement on foot which would ensure that a friendly door should always be open to the stranger in the community he is visiting, and a welcome given him to some family circle, it would do more to promote international understanding on both sides than many schemes that have been portentously discussed.

6. Lastly, we come to the Church, the most important of all the non-political models we have to study, the one that has the closest bearing on our problem, and is at the same time the most difficult to understand aright.

The Church is the Community of Faith, and the principle at work within it is the Spirit. It differs from all the other communities I have named in being essentially *invisible*. No visible embodiment of it on the earth can do more than give a hint of its true nature. Or, we may say, the invisible part of it must always remain of vastly greater importance than the visible. Neither in the institutions it sets up, nor in the dogmas it teaches, nor in the ritual it follows, is the true nature of the Church fully revealed. When we hear it named, we think of sacred buildings, of priesthoods, of doctrines, of rites, of Sunday observances, of congregations saying their prayers or listening to sermons. But the Church-model is built on much deeper ground than that. It lies in a world which is not only invisible now, but is destined to remain invisible forever — the world of ultimate reality, where men are united with one another, not by any outward bond or formal compact, but by the fact that each in his place and station is loyal to the Highest. The Church is the invisible community of all such.

Of all the ties that bind men together this is by far the strongest. Compared with it the political state, the League of Nations, nay, the visible churches themselves, are things of a day. The

members of this invisible Church may be unknown to one another by face or by name — how can it be otherwise, when they are to be counted by millions, and include the dead as well as the living? And yet it is literally true that they love one another with a love against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. *They are always finding one another out.* Place them where you will, among Jews or Greeks, bond or free, circumcision or uncircumcision, these faithful souls will reciprocally discover one another, and a new link will be forged in the invisible bond which binds the many into the one.

This is the ultimate formula of internationalism — to develop the secret affinities which enable the faithful in all nations to find one another out, and to realize their community in the very act of so doing, without negotiations, without compact, and without oath. In this sense, but in no sense more restricted than this, the Church is the final model of community life. It includes and explains all the others of which I have spoken. The Community of Labor, the Community of Insurance, the Community of Excellence, the Community of Learning, the Community of Friendship, are all means of bringing mankind together on lower planes in order that, at the last, they may *find one another out* in the invisible community of faithful souls. And when this has been done we reach that highest form of human organization, which is at the same time the simplest, the last on my list as it was also the first, of which I shall only say that it consists of the Family, or the Community of Love.

Our last step has brought us to the essence of the international mind. The international mind is a religion, which has room within its ample bosom for all the religions, but is itself identical with no one of them.

V

In conclusion, and by way of summing up, I ask the reader to exercise his imagination. Let him imagine the nations of the world, or even the chief of them, engaging in the six positive activities I have described, say for one generation. Take one by one the various models of community life I have named; pick out from each those of its features which are capable of international extension, and then suppose that concerted efforts are being made all round to establish community of labor, community of bargaining, community of insurance, community of excellence, community of learning, community of friendship — and as the last product of them all, community of faith. What do we see? We see a rapid consolidation of human interests, a continual drawing together of mankind for a united struggle against the adverse forces of Nature, and, therewith, a steady growth of mutual understanding, mutual respect, mutual helpfulness among all nations. We see the passing away of innumerable conflicts, cross-purposes, and absurd misunderstandings. We see, moreover, that an immense process of *education* is going forward — every one of the activities we have set on foot effectively teaching some great lesson of international ethics, the total result of which is to train men, not by ones or twos or twenties, but by millions, to become citizens of the world.

We see something more important still, which touches vitally on what has been said about the Political State, or Community of Government. I remarked at the beginning, and would repeat at the end, that with such human material as now exists on this planet the proposition of world-government is altogether unmanageable. The intelligence required to frame its

constitution, the foresight to enact its laws, the means to enforce the laws even if enacted, do not exist. But if we imagine the nations pushing forward on the other lines, following the other models, we see at the same time that this problem of government is gradually simplifying itself, gradually diminishing in gravity with every fresh step that is made toward solidarity in the other forms. We are preparing the ground, we are educating the human material, we are narrowing the area of possible conflict, we are introducing conditions which render political federation a relatively easy thing compared with what it is at this moment.

A league of nations, even a partial league, *on political lines*, — the only form, alas, in which people now think of it, — is an enormously complex and dangerous affair. Who can doubt it? You may find twenty nations that are willing to set it up; but where will you find one that is honestly willing to submit to its authority after it has been set up? America supported the League so long as the question was merely that of setting up the new discipline; but as soon as she realized the precise discipline to which she herself would have to submit, she withdrew. *In the same manner every one of the other consenting powers will withdraw the moment it is called upon to enforce the ideal of the League against itself.*

This alone is enough to reveal the insuperable difficulties that arise when community of government is insisted on as the first step toward the community life of mankind. But the difficulties vanish when we place that step at the other end. I ask only for one generation of international effort on the lines indicated by the six models. By the end of that time we should have to deal with a set of conditions wholly different from those which now confront us. We should have a better human material to work upon; new moral forces would have sprung into being; the number of conflicting interests to be reconciled would have shrunk to a more manageable quantity. The political measures needed to secure the peace of the world would then assume a relatively simple form. Nay, we might even find that the other unities which had sprung into being were so strong, and so entirely pacific in their action, that world-government was no longer needed in any shape, beyond that of a formal ratification of an existing fraternity.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the non-political models of community life have immense value for the international mind. I plead for their importance and I plead for their priority. It is they that provide a way round that formidable obstacle of nationality, which blocks the way, and has, I think, a full right to block the way, in an age as incapable as ours is of a genuine world-citizenship. It is they that promise an education in international ethics, for want of which political internationalism is even now dashing itself to pieces. It is they that enable us to counter the psychological causes of human strife, and liberate the psychological forces which alone can reconcile them.

Such a mode of action would betray just that blending of idealism and realism which moves the mountains. Neither realism nor idealism taken separately will carry us far toward the goal which the international mind is bent on achieving. It is the realist who bids us be content with the present League of Nations *as a beginning*. It is the idealist who asks — the beginning *of what?* The two need to be combined. In combination they will be found irresistible.

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THE THIRD WINDOW. II

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

THEY were sitting next day in a sunny hollow of the moors. Above their heads the spring air was chill, and as they walked they had felt the wind; but, sunken in this little sheltered cup, summer was almost with them, and the grass and heather exhaled a summer fragrance.

Bevis had insisted on the walk, saying that he could manage it perfectly; and indeed they were half a mile from the house before he had owned that they had gone far enough for his strength — a little too far, he was aware, as they sank down on the grass; and he was sorry, for he knew from Antonia's face that she was going to talk to him, and that all his strength and resource would not be too much for the interview.

'I've been thinking, Bevis,' she began at once, sitting a little below him, her hands clasped round her keees. 'I want to tell you everything. In the first place, let me be quite straight. I do love you,' she said, without looking round at him. 'I am in love with you.'

'Yes,' he assented.

'What happened yesterday morning could n't have happened had I not been,' she defined for herself. 'Not that I mean it exonerates me.'

'Or me?'

'You don't need exoneration. You are not unfaithful.'

'No; I'm not unfaithful, and I don't think you are. But go on.'

She paused for a moment as if his assurance hurt rather than helped her.

'That is what it all comes back to, for me, Bevis. Am I unfaithful? If Malcolm were alive, I should be.'

'If Malcolm were alive, you would n't be in love with me,' he set her straight.

'I'm so glad you see that and believe it,' she murmured, while he saw the slow flush in her cheek. 'That's one of the things I most wanted to make clear.'

'You had no need to, my dear girl. I know how it was with you and Malcolm.'

'You know. You remember. Yes.' She drew a deep breath. He had comforted her. 'So, you see, I'm only in love with you because he is n't here any longer. If he were here, I could n't love any one but him.' She stopped for a moment. 'Bevis, that is what it comes to. Is he here?'

'Here? How do you mean?' the young man asked.

'Are we immortal? Do we survive death? Does Malcolm, somewhere, still love me?'

She kept her face turned from him, and he was aware that he felt her questions irrelevant, and that this was wrong of him, or, perhaps, came of his being tired. Or perhaps it came from the fact that the soft edges and tips of Antonia's averted profile, soft yet so clear, shadowed yet so pale, against the sky, were more relevant than any such questions.

He looked away from her, calling himself to order, and then, in a different

voice, — for, though he still felt her questions irrelevant, he was able to think of them, — he said, 'I see.'

What he seemed first to see was himself as he had been not many years ago, a youth in his rooms at Oxford. Books piled beside him, a pipe between his teeth, he saw himself staring into the fire, while, in a sad yet pleasant perplexity, he had brooded on such questions. Body and soul; appearance and reality; the temporal and the eternal consciousness — the old words chimed in his brain. Then came a swift memory of Antonia and himself dancing the tango in London; and then the memory of the dead face of a little French *poilu* he had come upon one evening in France, by the roadside, a face sweet and childlike. How many dead faces he had seen since he had danced the tango with Antonia, and how wraith-like, beside the agonies he had since passed through, were the mental disciplines and distractions of his studious youth! Yet it all held together. It was because of the agonies that the answers had come.

Antonia's voice broke in upon his reverie and his eyes were brought back to her. 'Help me, Bevis,' she said.

Something in that made him dimly smile. 'Help you in what way, my dear girl? Which do you want most — to have me and to believe that Malcolm does n't exist any longer; or to believe him immortal and to lose me?'

He had not meant to be cruel; he was placing the dilemma before himself as well as her; but he saw that he had been, when her slow, helpless gaze of pain turned upon him and her eyes filled with tears.

'Why do you always show me that I must despise myself?' she said. 'How can I know what I want?'

'Dear Tony,' he said gently, 'what you want, what you really want, is me; and I don't despise you for that.'

'Oh — it's not so simple, Bevis; oh, it's not! I want you; but if he were here, I'd go to him and leave you without a pang.'

'No, you would n't.' He smiled grimly. 'You'd leave me, of course, because he has been far more in your life than I have — and he is your husband. But it would n't be without a pang.'

'With a pang, then'; she was brave and faced it. 'But that would pass when I had told him everything and been forgiven. Malcolm, I know, would forgive me.'

'I should rather say he would!' Still the young man laughed a little grimly. 'Why should n't he? If a man returns from the dead, he must expect to find that the world has gone on without him, must n't he? After all, Tony dear, Malcolm has n't merely gone to Australia or Patagonia; he's dead; and that does make a difference.'

She was the most generous and unresentful of creatures. A warm flood of recognition filled him as he saw how he still hurt her and how she took it. And he was harsh and crabbed. He had always had an ironic tongue and an ironic eye for reality, in himself and in others. And now, entangled in his own passion and in the web of her dreams and difficulties, he recognized something perfidious in his nature, something which, while it adored her, yet found pleasure, or relief, in dealing her now and then, as a punishment for what she made him suffer, the light lash of his unentangled and passionless perception. And who was he, to lash Tony?

'Forgive me,' he said, leaning over and looking down at her. 'I am a brute, as I told you. Why am I not merely grateful to you for loving anyone so useless? I'll help you in any way I can, Tony. What do you really want to ask me? Perhaps what makes me so odious to you is that I've got no help for you.'

Perhaps it was. A shrinking from the issue she put before him had been in

him from the first. And poor Tony did not suspect what he meant; did not, for all her attempt at clearness, see in what way she really wanted him to help her.

'Please, please do,' she said. 'Try to be gentle and to understand. I'll go by what you say. So there it is: do *you* believe in immortality, Bevis?'

There it was, indeed, and no wonder he had shrunk. If it had come to him as a test before the war, how easy it would have been, with a sincerity sad for all its personal gain, to say, 'I don't know, I really don't know what I believe, darling; but it does n't seem to me at all likely.' But now, leaning over her, still looking at her, he had to answer in the only verbal form that fitted with his thought; and as he did so, he felt himself grow pale. 'Yes,' he said; 'I do believe in immortality, Tony.'

She, too, then, grew very pale. It was as he had foreseen. She had not really believed. It had only been a haunting dream. And her hope had been that he would tell her that to him, too, it was only a dream. Poor child! Poor, poor, child! And poor Malcolm. Was it with this face he was welcomed back among the realities of her world?

She continued to look at him in silence, taking it all in, with a trust, an acceptance, pitiful, indeed; and suddenly, seeing in her despair his full justification, he took her into his arms — was it to comfort, or to claim her, against his conviction and her despair?

'My darling,' he said, pressing his head against hers, 'it can't part us. It shan't part us. I won't let you destroy your life and mine.'

She had, piteously, put her arms around his neck, and she clung to him like a frightened child.

'Listen, dearest,' he said; 'when I say it, I don't mean it in the way you feel and fear it. I don't know how to say what I believe. It does n't go into words. But it all means love. That's what I've come to know. I can't explain how. It came to me, one night, in a sort of inner vision, Tony, after dreadful things had happened — over there, you know. But he is safe, and we are safe. We are all held round by love. That's what I believe, Tony. It's God that makes the meaning of immortality, not immortality that makes the meaning of life.'

Nothing, he knew it as he held her, could ever bring them nearer than this moment. He had never in his life been so near any creature. Never in his life could he have believed himself capable of uttering such words. It was doing himself a violence to utter them, yet sweet to do himself the violence for her; and as if he had cut out his heart to show it to her, it seemed to him that it must bring her his conviction, must light faith in her from the flame it bared.

But, in the silence that followed, and as she still clung to him, his child and not his lover, it came to him that he had lighted nothing.

'But he's there,' she said. 'He knows and feels and suffers, still, if he's there.

'I don't believe he suffers. I believe that our love, here, in the world he's left, may be joy, not sorrow, to him.'

Now he was using words; he had fallen back into the world of words. This was not the light he had tried to show her.

'But you can't believe it in the way you believe the other,' she said. 'If love is around us there, it's around us here, too; yet people suffer terribly. They may go on suffering terribly when they are gone. You can't know what they feel when they are gone, Bevis.'

'No; I can't know.'

Everything had crumbled. He knew his faith, but he no longer felt it. And her fear, too, had its infecting power. A pang did stir his heart.

'If it's still Malcolm, he must still love me, must n't he? We did so love

each other, Bevis! though you may say I have forgotten him.'

'No, no, you have not forgotten him.'

'But must he not be waiting for me, then? Wanting me? And has n't love like that something special and unshareable? Oh, you know it has. It must be two, it can't be three. How could I go to him, with you? Which one would be my other self? You know you could not share me. We could not hold each other, like this, and love each other, if Malcolm stood before us now.'

'I know,' he said; and his deep fatigue was in his voice. 'Perhaps one must accept that there is loss and suffering always. Perhaps Malcolm does grieve to see you with me. Who can tell? I can't. All I can say, Tony, is that, if you felt him so near and real that my love could only hurt you, I'd go away and leave you in peace. But it's not like that. It would n't be to leave you in peace. You could n't bear to have me go. Something quite different has happened. You've fallen in love with me.'

She sat silent in his arms, her head still leaning on his shoulder, and he knew from her slow, careful breathing that she was intently thinking and that he had not helped her. If only he had not been so tired to begin with! Perhaps he might have found something more. But he was now horribly tired, and his artificial leg began to pull at him; and though he sat very still, she must at last have guessed at his growing exhaustion, for, raising herself, she drew away, saying, in a dulled and gentle voice, 'Shall we walk back? Your leg must be getting stiff.'

He took her hand, as she rose and stood beside him, and kissed it without speaking, and he saw that she turned her head away, then, to hide her tears.

They walked slowly up toward the house, by the winding path among the heather. The house stood high, and they had to climb a little. Only when they drew near did she speak, and in a trembling voice.

'You've shown me all the truth. I've been unfaithful. I am unfaithful. If I'd loved him enough, if I'd loved him as he should have been loved, I could n't have fallen in love with you.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man.

'What I say to myself is this,' Antonia went on. 'If he had been alive and had gone away, as you said, to Australia or Patagonia, and during his absence I had grown fond of you and fallen in love — what I say to myself is that, of course, I should have fought against the feeling and avoided seeing you; and when he came back I should have confessed to him what had happened. And he would have forgiven me. It would make him very unhappy, but I know that Malcolm would forgive me.'

'Right you are, my dear Tony: he would. And you'd have fallen out of love with me and gone on living happily ever after.'

She ignored his jaded lightness. 'Well, is n't it like that now? Can't I do that now?'

She stopped in the little path, and her soft exhausted face dwelt on him.

'No,' said Bevis patiently, but his own exhaustion was in his voice; 'it is n't like that now. As I've said, the difference is that he won't come back; that he is dead.'

'But immortal, Bevis.'

'I believe, immortal.'

'Could n't I, in the same way, when I find him again, confess and be forgiven?'

'You'd not need to, my child.' A certain dryness was in his voice. 'He 'd know all about it, I imagine; and more than you do.'

'You mean that he knows and has forgiven already?'

'He has n't much to forgive!' Bevis could not repress, with a dryer smile.

'You are unkind.'

'I know. Forgive me, Tony dear; but you are tormenting. Don't let us talk about it any more. There's nothing to be gained by it.'

'I don't mean to be tormenting. Is n't it for your sake, too?'

'I can bear more,' he laughed now, 'if you can assure me of that!'

'There may be a way out, Bevis; there may be a way out, though you can't show it to me, though I can't find it yet. But you *do* believe that everything is changed after we die? You *do* believe that it does not hurt him?' She was supplicating him.

'Yes; that's about it,' he nodded; and, glancing up at the house, as she had laid her hand on his arm, he added, 'Miss Latimer is looking out at us. Don't take your hand off quickly, all the same.'

She had not controlled herself, however, from looking round at the house, in an upper window of which they saw a curtain fall.

'It makes no difference,' she said. 'She must know why you're here. She must know I'm very fond of you.'

'Must she?'

'Why are you so cold,' she murmured, 'when I need help most of all?'

'My dear,' he said, 'I'm frightfully tired. You're twice as strong as I am. And I think you help yourself most when I don't try to help you. I'm not cold, only worn out. What I'd like,' and putting his hand within her arm, indifferent to the possible spectator, he glanced round at her with a smile half melancholy and half whimsical, 'would be to be with you in the firelight somewhere, and put my head on your breast and go to sleep, for hours and hours, held in your arms. Is that cold, Tony?'

In spite of everything, was he not, implicitly, an accepted lover? They had faced, now, everything together, and he had shown her in a clear light the shapes of her half-seen fears. She must now, for the first time, accept such fears, fully; but might she not, as a result, find herself able to consent to them and live with them?

II

The fact of a great step taken seemed apparent when she said to him next morning, 'I talked to Cicely, last night.'

'Did you?' he answered.

She would n't, surely, have done that unless it had been to prepare Cicely for a coming change in her state. Yet he was not glad to hear that Cicely was in their counsels.

'I did n't tell her, of course, that I was in love with you and was wondering whether I might marry you,' Antonia went on; 'but I think she knows it. I said nothing about myself, really. What we talked of was immortality. I asked her what she believed.'

Bevis, at this, said nothing, knocking the ash from his cigarette with a gesture that betrayed his displeasure.

'She does n't think as you do,' said Antonia, in a carefully steady voice. 'I mean, her belief is much more definite than yours — much deeper, Bevis; for she's always believed, and you, I think, from what you said, have n't. And, oh, passionate! I can't express to you how I felt that. A white flame of certitude.'

'Ah!' the young man murmured. 'No. I've no white flames about me.'

Antonia did not pause for his irony. 'And we spoke of Malcolm, quite simply and directly. I asked her if she expected to see him again, as she knew him here, unchanged. And she does. And she told me something else. Malcolm believed like that, too. He and she talked about it — twice, she said:

once when he was hardly more than a boy, and once before he went to France, on the last night he spent here with her and his mother. He came up here to see them before saying good-bye to me in London, you know. He was sure, too. He believed that he was to see me, and her, again. Cicely cried and cried in telling me. I never saw her cry before.'

'Did Malcolm ever talk to you about it?' Bevis asked her after a moment.

She was steady while she told her story; but he had by now realized that her steadiness was not reassuring, and that he had a new factor to deal with in their situation.

'Never like that,' she said. 'I think, perhaps, he took it for granted. But I remember, in looking back, things he said that meant it.'

He recognized then, and only then, when she answered him with such unsuspecting candor, the treacherous suggestion in his question. Could he really have wanted to hint that Malcolm's deepest confidence had been given to his cousin and not to her? Could he really have hoped that a touch of spiritual jealousy might help him? How close the bond between her and her husband, how complete her trust, was further revealed to him, for his own discomfiture, as she went on: —

'And it was of me they talked that last night, Bevis — of our love for each other. Cicely was the only person in the world he could have talked to of it.'

They sat silent for a little while after that, Antonia on her settee, with idle hands, her eyes fixed before her, a new hardness in their gaze. She was this morning, he saw it clearly at last, neither the frightened child nor the helpless lover. She had withdrawn from him, and whether in coldness or control he could not tell. But it was not with her own strength she was armed. She had withdrawn in order to think, without his help, and with the help of Miss Latimer.

'Well, what does it all come to, for you, now?' he asked; and he heard the coldness in his voice, a coldness not for her, but for the new opponent he had now to deal with.

'It makes it all more terrible, does n't it?' she said, sitting there and not looking at him.

'You mean her belief has so much more weight with you than mine?'

'Does it contradict yours?'

'You know it does; or why should things be more difficult for you this morning? I think definiteness in such matters pure illusion, and I only ask you to realize that it's easy to a simple nature like Miss Latimer's. She is unaware of the complexity of the problem.'

'You think that Malcolm, too, was so simple?'

'He was simpler than I am.'

'Was n't their definiteness, then, intuition rather than illusion? Is n't intuition easier for the simple than for the complex?'

'Intuition is n't definiteness — that 's just what it is n't. As for its being easier — everything is easier, of course, to simple people.'

She was not simple — she was, like himself, complex; yet his terrible disadvantage with her was that, while too clever to be satisfied by anything she did not understand, she was too ignorant, really, to understand the cogency of what he might have found to say. Miss Latimer's simplicities would have more weight with her.

'Something must be definite,' she said. 'Immortality means nothing unless it means memory and personality. So that Malcolm must exist now as he existed here: unchanged; loving me; and waiting for me.'

She had come back to it and Miss Latimer had fixed her in it.

'Perhaps he's fallen in love with someone else,' Bevis suggested. 'You 've changed to that extent, after all. And you're not longing for him. Quite the contrary.'

Somehow he could not control these exhibitions of his exasperation, nor could he unsay them, ashamed of them as he immediately was. Her dark gaze rested on him, unresentful still, but with, at last, an almost recognized hostility. He was ashamed, yet more exasperated than ever, as he saw it.

'It's almost as if you tried to insult me with my infidelity,' she murmured. 'It's as if, already, you had no respect for me because you know I am unfaithful. Take care, Bevis, for, after all, I may get over you.'

'And I may get over you,' he said, looking not at her but at the fire, and slightly wagging his remaining foot, crossed over the artificial knee.

She was very silent at that and, shame deepening and anger dropping (it was n't anger against her; she must know that), he glanced up at her and found her gaze still on him.

'My dear,' he muttered, smiling wryly, 'you stick your needles too deeply into my heart. What's sport to you is death to me. No; I don't mean that. All I really mean is that we must n't be like children in a nursery, slapping at each other. You're as unlikely to get over me as I am to get over you, and I ask you, in deep seriousness, to accept that fact with all its implications. There it is, and what are you going to do with it and with me?'

She had now risen from her seat and walked away from him, vaguely, and she went toward the third window and stood looking out. She stood there a long time, without moving, and, remembering what she had said to him of it the other day, and of her fear, a discomfort — yet comparatively, it was a comfort to feel it after their personal dispute — stirred him, so that, rising, with a sigh, he followed her and, as he had done the other day, looked out over her shoulder at the great cedar, the quiet fountain, and the white fritillaries in their narrow beds. He saw from her fixed face that she had forgotten her fear of the harmless scene. Her gaze, with its new, cold grief, was straight before her.

'Tony; dear Tony!' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder.

She did not move or look at him.

'Let's go away,' he said. 'Let's leave this place. It's bad for us both. Sell it. Give it to Miss Latimer. Chuck it all, Tony, and start a new life with me. Chuck the whole ghoulish business of Malcolm and his feelings and your own infidelity. It has nothing to do with love and heaven; really it has n't. You 'll see it yourself some day. Let's go away at once, darling, and get married.'

The urgency of what he now saw as escape was suddenly so strong in him that he really meant it, really planned, while he spoke, the southern flight: Tony deposited at her safe London house that very evening and the license bought next day. Why not? Was n't it the only way with her? As long as she was allowed to hesitate, her feet would remain fixed in this quagmire.

She hardly heard his words; he saw that, as she turned her eyes on him; but she heard his ardor, and it had broken down her withdrawal.

'I'm so frightened, Bevis,' she murmured. 'You don't understand. You are so bitter; so cruel. You frighten me more than I can tell you. I seemed to see, just now, when you said that, about getting over me, that I should lose your love, and his love, too; that that would be my punishment.'

This, after all, was a fear easy to deal with. He passed his arm in hers and drew her from the window, feeling a foretaste of the final triumph as he

did so, for, child, adorable child that she was, she had forgotten already the former fear.

'But you know what a nasty cantankerous creature I am, darling,' he said, making her walk up and down with him. 'You don't really take my flings seriously. And didn't you begin? How like a woman! What a woman you are! You know that I shan't get over you. And I assure you that I don't think less well of Malcolm's fidelity.'

'But the bitterness, Bevis. Why were you so bitter?' Her voice trembled. 'I am never bitter with you.'

'And I'm never bitter with you — though I'm a bitter person, which you are n't. You knew perfectly well that it was Miss Latimer whose neck I wanted to wring. Beastly little stone-curlew, with her stare and her wailing!'

'It felt like my neck. Was it only Cicely's then? Poor little Cicely.'

'Poor little Cicely, as much as you please. Only I'm sick of her and want to get away from her, and to get you away. Seriously, Tony, why should n't we be off at once?'

'At once?' Her wavering smile, while her eyes dwelt on him, had the plaintive warmth of her returning confidence. 'But that's impossible, dear, absurd Bevis.'

'Why impossible?'

'Why I could n't get married like that, at a day's notice. And I could n't run away. I'm not afraid of Cicely, though you seem to be. And I could n't leave her like that, when I've only just arrived. It would be too unkind.'

The fact that she felt it necessary to argue it all out was in itself of good augury. He could afford to relinquish his project, though he did so reluctantly.

'I'm not afraid of her,' he said, 'except when she frightens you.'

'She does n't, Bevis. You are the only one who frightens me, when you tell me the truth; when you tell me that I am unfaithful and that I've fallen in love with you, although my husband is n't really dead; and that perhaps, if I go on tormenting you too much, you'll get over me.'

She looked steadily at him while she spoke, though still she tried to smile.

'Do you want another truth, Tony?' he said, putting her hair back from her forehead, doting on her, in her loveliness, her foolishness, her pathos, while he drew her more closely to him: 'it's the last that frightens you most of all, and it never can come true.'

'Never? Never?' she whispered, while she, too, came closer, yielding to his arms. 'Nothing can ever come between us? You will be able to take care of me, always?'

'It's all I ask,' he assured her, with his dry, cherishing smile.

III

He had learned to distrust Antonia's recoveries, but that evening it would have been difficult to believe that their troubles were not over. The very drawing-room, as they came back to it after dinner, looked, he felt, like the drawing-room of a lovely young widow who was soon to marry again. It seemed, with clustered candles, and flowers where he had never seen them before, to have escaped from its modern formula of permitted gayety and intended austerity, no longer to wait upon events, but to celebrate them; and Antonia herself, standing before the fire and knitting, in absurd contrast to her bare arms and pearl-clasped hair, a charity sock, had herself an air of celebration and decision. It was for him, he felt, that her hair had been so clasped, and, as she knew he loved to see it, tossed back from her brow. For him, too, the dress as of a Charles the First lady, with falls of lace at elbow and the lace-edged cape held with diamonds and pearls at her

breast. Long pearls were in her ears — he had not seen them there since before the war — and pearls about her throat; and, beloved, and unaccountable creature, why, unless in some valiant reaction to life and sanity, should she show this revival?

'What shall we do to amuse ourselves to-night, Cicely?' she asked.

She had never asked it before. It had never before been a question of amusing themselves. But, though Miss Latimer, evidently, had 'cried and cried,' she herself was not without signs of the evening's magic. Her little pre-war dress, pathetic in its arrested fashion, its unused richness, became her. She, too, wore pearls and she, too, oddly, with the straight line of her fringe across her forehead, recalled, all pinched and pallid though she was, the court of Charles the First. No one could have looked less likely to be amused, yet she struck him, to-night, as almost charming.

'Shall we have some dummy bridge?' Antonia went on, 'Cicely is very good at bridge, Bevis.'

'By all means,' said the young man, smiling across at her from his sofa.

'Or,' Antonia amended, starting a new row of her sock, 'shall it be table-turning? Cicely is good at that, too. It always turns for her. Do you remember what fun we've had with it, Cicely? The night the Austins came, and it hopped into the corner. And the night it rapped out that rude message to Mr. Foster. How angry he was and how comic it was to watch his face!'

'Yes; I remember,' said Miss Latimer gently, while she looked before her into the fire.

'Let us do that, then. It would certainly be amusing. Do you feel like it, Cicely? You are the medium, of course. It never did anything without you.'

Miss Latimer did not, for some moments, raise her eyes from the fire. She seemed to deliberate. When she looked up it was to say, 'One hardly could — with only three.'

'Only three! Why you and I and Mr. Foster sat alone that very evening when it went so well.'

'I imagine he had power.'

'Power! Mr. Foster! Why he did nothing but protest that he did n't believe one atom in it.'

'That would not prevent him having power. I think I'd rather not,' Miss Latimer said, 'unless you want to very much.'

'But I do want to very much. I want Bevis to see it. Have you ever done any sitting, Bevis?'

'Once or twice. It's not a game I like. I agree with Miss Latimer.'

He felt, as he spoke, that he disliked it very much; so strongly did he dislike it, that he wondered at Antonia for her suggestion.

'Oh, how solemn, Bevis! When it's only a game! I believe you are afraid, like Mr. Foster, and think it may rap out something rude. You have a guilty secret you think it may reveal!'

'Many, no doubt.'

'You *do* believe in it, then — that it's supernatural?'

From his sofa, where he smoked, his eye at this met hers with a sort of reminder, half grim, half weary. 'Still catechisms?' it asked her. She laughed, and now he knew that in her laugh he heard bravado.

'As if a game could be!' she answered herself. 'At the worst, it's only Cicely's subconscious trickery! Are you really too tired, Cicely? I am longing for it now. It's just what we need. It will do us good.'

'I am not tired; but why do you think a game will do us good, Antonia?' Miss Latimer asked.

Antonia looked down at her fondly, but did he not now detect the fever in

her eye? 'Games are good for dreary people. We are all dreary, are n't we? I know, at least, that I am. So be kind, both of you, and play with me. Our table is in the passage, is n't it?'

Now she tossed her knitting aside and left the room, and Bevis, looking after her for a moment, rose and limped to join her. She was just outside the door, lifting a bowl of flowers from the little mahogany table that stood there. Bevis closed the door behind them. Then he laid his hands on the table, arresting her.

'Stop it,' he said. The door was closed, but he spoke in a low voice. 'I don't like it.'

'Why not?' She also spoke in a low voice; and she stood still, her eyes on his.

'I don't like it,' he repeated. 'It 's not right. Not now. After what 's happened in these years.'

Oh, what a blunder! What a cursed blunder! He saw, as he spoke the words, the fire they lighted in her. She had been an actress, dressed for a part, pretending gayety and revival to inveigle him into an experiment. Over the table, her hands leaning on the edge, she kept her eyes fixed on him.

'You do believe in it, then? — that the spirits of the dead speak through it?'

Cursed blunder! How pale she had become, as if beneath the actress's rouge. There was no laughter left, or pretence of gayety.

'No; I don't believe it 's spirits. I believe, as you said, that it 's subconscious trickery. And it 's not a time to mess about with it. That 's all. It 's ugly, out of place.'

'If it 's only that, subconscious trickery, — that 's what I believe too, — why should you mind so much; or even ugliness?'

'And why should you want so much to do it, if that 's all you believe? It 's because you believe more, or are afraid of more, that I ask you to give it up.'

'But is n't that the very reason why you should consent? So that my mind may be set at rest? Don't be angry with me, Bevis. That frightens me more than anything — as you told me. I am not afraid of this, unless you make me so by taking it so seriously.'

She had him there, neatly. And why should he mind so much? He did mind, horridly. But that was all the more reason for pretending not to.

'Very well,' he said dryly. 'I'm not angry. I don't consent, though; I submit. Here; let me carry it for you.'

But he had forgotten his leg. He stumbled as he lifted the table, and could only help Antonia carry it into the room and set it down before the fire.

'There; it will do nicely there,' said Antonia. 'And those three little chairs.' Her voice was still unsteady.

Miss Latimer looked round at them as they entered, and then rose. 'Is n't this table a little ricketty?' she asked, placing her finger-tips upon it and slightly shaking it. He saw that she was genuinely reluctant.

'It 's the one we always use,' said Antonia. 'It 's quite solid. If you wanted to tip it, you could n't.'

'I've seen larger and firmer tables tipped, by people who wanted to do it,' said Miss Latimer. 'I have, I am sorry to say, often seen people cheat at table-turning. That 's the reason I don't like it.'

'You don't suspect Bevis, or me, I hope!' laughed Antonia, taking her place.

'Not at all. But people don't suspect themselves,' said Miss Latimer. She, too, sat down.

'It 's very good of you, of both of you, to humor me,' said Antonia, still laughing. 'I promise you both not to cheat.'

'Shall I put out the lamps?' asked Bevis coldly.

And it was still Antonia who directed the installation, replying, 'Oh, no; that's not at all necessary. We have never sat in the dark. It was broad daylight, before tea, with the Austins.'

Bevis took his place, and they laid their hands lightly on the table.

'And we may go on talking,' Antonia added.

But they did not talk. As if the very spirit of dumbness had emanated from their outspread hands, they sat silent, and Bevis seemed at once to hear the muffled rhythm of their hearts beating in syncopated measure.

The pulsations were heavy in his finger-tips and seemed to be sending little electric currents into the wood beneath them. Observant, skeptical, and, with it all, exasperated, he watched himself, and felt sure that soon the table, yielding to some interplay of force, would begin to tip.

But long moments passed, and it did not stir, and after his first intense anticipation, his attention dropped, with a sense of comparative relief, to more familiar uses. He had not looked at either of his companions, but he now became aware of them, of their breathing and their heart-beats, with an intimacy which, he felt, turning his thoughts curiously, savored of the unlawful. People were not meant to be aware of each other after such a fashion, with consciousnesses fallen far below the normal mental meeting-ground to the fundamental crucibles of the organism where the physical machinery and the psychical personality became so mysteriously intermingled. There, in the first place, — it pleased him to trace it out, and he was glad to keep his mind occupied, — there lay the basis of his objection to the ambiguous pastime. As he meditated it, his awareness of this intimacy became so troubling that, withdrawing his thoughts from it decisively, he fixed them upon the mere visual perception of Antonia's hands, and Miss Latimer's.

Miss Latimer's were small, dry, light. The thumb curled back and, though the palm was broad, the finger-tips were pointed. He had no link with them, no clue to them, and, though he strove to see them as objects only, as pale patterns on the dark wood, he was aware, disagreeably, that he shrank from them and their hidden, yet felt, significance.

Antonia's hands he knew so well. But he was not to rest in the mere contemplation of their beauty. Everywhere, to-night, the veils of appearance were melting before the emergence of some till now unseen reality; and so it was that Antonia's hands, as he looked at them, ceased to express her soft, sweet life, its luxury, its mournfulness, its merriment, and, like the breathing and the heart-beats, conveyed to him the mysterious and fundamental part of her being, all in her that she was unconscious of expressing. Laid out upon the darkness, they were piteous hands — helpless and abandoned to destiny.

And his own? As he examined them, he felt himself sinking still further into the sense of forbidden revelation. Small, delicately fashioned, if strong and resolute, they expressed his own personality in what it had of closest and most alien. He did not like himself, seen at these close quarters; or, rather, he frightened himself: the physical machinery was too fragile an apparatus in his make-up. It did not secure him sufficiently. It did not sufficiently secure Antonia. For, while there was the strength, the resoluteness, there was fear in his hands; more fear than in hers. He saw more than she did; or was it that he was more alert to fear, more aware of what was to be feared? While she wandered sadly in dreams and

abandoned herself to peril because she did not know where peril lay, he saw and felt reality, sharply, subtly, like a scent upon the breeze, like a shadow cast by an unseen presence; and because he was so subtle, so conscious and resolute, he was responsible.

That was what it came to for him, with a suddenness that had in it an element of physical shock. It was he alone who saw where peril lay, and he alone who could withhold Antonia from thus spreading her spirit on the darkness. He looked back at her hands, and a pang of terror sped through him. Something had happened to them; something had passed from them, or into them. He was an ass, of course, an impressionable, nervous ass; yet he saw them as doomed, unresisting creatures; and, while he controlled himself to think, knowing himself infected with the virus of the horrid game, the table suddenly, as if with a long-drawn, welling sigh, stirred, rose, — he felt it rising under his fingers, — and slowly tipped toward Miss Latimer.

It was Antonia, then, who said, almost as if with frivolity, 'We're off!'

Miss Latimer sat silent, her head bent down in an attitude brooding and remote.

The table, returning to the level, after a pause rocked slowly to and fro.

'Cicely, if it raps, will you say the alphabet for it, while I spell?' Antonia murmured.

He recognized the forced commonplace of her voice. Miss Latimer bowed her head in answer.

The table rocked more and more violently. Antonia had half to rise in her chair to keep her hands upon it as it tipped from her toward Miss Latimer. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was still, and then he heard a soft yet sharp report, as of a small electric shock in the very wood itself. One, two, three; a pause; and, one, two, three, again. A rhythm distinct and detestable.

Conjecture raced through his mind. He had said that he had played the game; but he had only seen the table turned and tipped; he had never heard these sounds. Unable to distrust his senses, though aware that anyone else's he would have distrusted, he located them in the very wood under their hands. They did not come from Miss Latimer's toe-joints; nor from his or Tony's. Well, what of it? It was some oddity of magnetism, like the tipping; and now that the experience was actually upon them, he felt, rather than any panic, a dry, almost a light curiosity, seeing, with relief for his delay, that to have interfered, to have stopped the game and made a row, would have been to dignify it and fix it in Tony's unsatisfied mind stamped with a fear more definite than any she had felt.

'Are you there?' Miss Latimer was saying, in a prim, automatic voice, as of one long-accustomed to these communions. 'One for no, and three for yes, and two for uncertain. Is that agreed?'

The table rapped three times.

'Are you ready? Shall I begin the alphabet?'

Again three raps.

Her voice now altered. It was almost drowsily, with head bent down, that she began, evenly, to enumerate the letters. 'A, B' — A rap fell neatly at the second sound.

'B,' Antonia announced.

Miss Latimer resumed: 'A, B, C, D, E' — Another rap arrested her.

'Oh — it is going to be "Bevis"!' Antonia murmured. 'It's for you, Bevis!'

'Rap!' said the table.

'That is no; it is not for Captain Saltonhall,' said Miss Latimer drowsily; and, drowsily, she took up the alphabet.

The table, uninterrupted by any

comment, spelled out the word 'Beside.'

'Beside. How odd!' said Antonia.

It was very wearisome. Already they seemed to have sat there for hours. His fear had not returned; but curiosity no longer consciously sustained him. An insufferable languor, rather, fell upon him, and fumes of sleep seemed to coil heavily about his eyelids. He wished he could have a cigarette. He wished the thing would go more quickly and be over.

'T, H, E,' had been spelled out, and Antonia had reported 'the.' Miss Latimer's drugged voice had taken up the alphabet again, and the table had rapped at 'F.'

Now the word demanded nearly the whole alphabet for the finding of its letters. 'O,' came. Then 'U.'

Antonia sat still. Her eyes were fixed, strangely, devouringly, on Miss Latimer, whose head, drooping forward, seemed that of a swooning person.

'F, O, U, N, T,' was rapped out.

Not till then did it flash upon him, and it came to him from Antonia's face rather than from the half-forgotten phrase. He sprang up on his insecure leg, righting himself by a snatch at the table.

'Stop the damned thing!' he exclaimed. 'It's quoting you!'

Miss Latimer's hands slid into her lap. She sat as if profoundly asleep.

Antonia rose from her place, and at last she looked at him.

'Beside the fountain. Beside the fountain. He is there,' she said.

Bevis seized her by the wrist. 'Nonsense!' he said loudly. 'Miss Latimer is a medium — as you know. Her subconsciousness got at yours. They are the words you used the other morning.'

'He is there,' Antonia repeated, 'and I must see him.'

He held her for a moment, measuring his fear by hers. Then, releasing her, 'All right,' he said. 'I'll come, too. We shall see nothing.' But he was not sure.

They crossed the room, Antonia swiftly going before him. She paused so that he might come up with her before she drew back the curtain from the third window. The moon was high. The cedar was black against the brightness. They looked down into the flagged garden and saw the empty moonlight. Empty. Nothing was there.

'Are you satisfied?' Bevis asked her. He placed his arm around her waist and a passionate triumph filled him. Empty. They were safe. Motionless within his grasp, she started and stared and found nothing. Only the fountain was there, a thin spear of wavering light, and the fritillaries, rising like ghosts from their narrow beds.

'Are you satisfied?' Bevis repeated. They seemed measurelessly alone there at the exorcised window — alone, after the menace, as they had never been. He held her closely while they looked out, putting his other arm around her, too, as if for final security. 'Will you come away with me to-morrow?' he whispered.

She looked at him. No, it was not triumph yet. Her eyes were empty — but of him, too. They showed him only a blank horror.

'What does it mean?' she said.

Dropping the curtain behind them, he looked round at Miss Latimer. Had she just moved forward? Or for how long had she been leaning like that on the table, her head upon her arms?

'It means her,' he said. 'She read your fears; she saw them. Have you had enough of it, Tony? Have you done playing with madness?'

'How could she read my fear? I was not thinking of it. I had forgotten it. It was not she. It came from something else.' She was shuddering within his arms and her eyes, with their devour-

ing question, were on the seated figure.

'No, it did n't. From nothing else at all. It came from you and from me — and from her — all of us together. It was some power in her that conveyed it to our senses.'

'You, I, and she — and something else,' said Antonia.

She drew away from him and went toward the fire, but so unsteadily that she had to pause and lay her hand on a chair as she went. At the table she stopped. Miss Latimer still sat fallen forward upon it. Silently Antonia stood, looking at her.

'She's asleep, I think,' said Bevis. He wished that she were dead. 'It has exhausted her.'

Antonia put out her hand and touched her. 'It never was like this before. — Yes,' she said, after a pause, 'she is breathing very quietly. She must be asleep. And I will go now.'

She moved away swiftly; but, striding after her, he caught her at the door, seizing her hand on the lock.

'What do you want? she said, stopping still and looking at him.

He said nothing for a moment. 'You must n't be alone,' he then answered.

'What do you want?' she repeated; and she continued to look at him with a cold gentleness. 'I must be alone.'

'I must come with you. I make my claim, in spite of what you feel — for your sake.'

Still with the cold gentleness, she shook her head. 'You don't understand,' she said. 'You could n't say that if you understood. Good-night.'

When she had closed the door behind her, he stood beside it for a long moment, wondering, even still, if he should not follow her. Then he remembered Miss Latimer, sleeping there — or was she sleeping? — behind him. He went back round the screen. She had not stirred and, after looking at her for a moment, he leaned over her, as Antonia had done, and listened. She was breathing quietly, but now he felt sure that she was not asleep. The pretence was a refuge she had taken against revelations overpowering to her as well as to Antonia. She was not asleep, and should he leave her alone in the now haunted room?

Restless, questioning, he limped up and down, and, going again to the window, he drew the curtain and again looked out. Nothing. Of course, nothing. Only the fountain and the white fritillaries — strange, ghostly, pallid and brooding. Well, they would get through the night. To-morrow should be the end of it. He promised himself, as he turned away, that Antonia should come with him to-morrow.

(To be concluded)

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

FROM THE MIND GONE OUT

BY EDWIN BONTA

'You will proceed to Kófkula with supply convoy of ten sleighs,' my orders had said, — 'head of the drivers, M. Popóv.'

I was to be the only passenger, apparently, on a four-days' trip across the frozen bogs and forests of Arctic Russia; for it was late February, and winter was at its depth.

The under-officer in charge of the dispatching took me out into the sleigh-yard in search of my head driver. At his call a squat figure separated itself from a chattering group of drivers, men and women, and came lumbering toward us in his heavy winter clothing. The face and contour seemed vaguely familiar, and I looked again at the figure and again at the order in my hand. 'Kófkula. M. Popóv.' True enough! It was indeed none other than my companion of the Moscow train, Mefódi!

At the same moment he recognized me, and a pleasant smile played hide-and-seek in his reddish beard, and lighted up the corners of his eyes. He blew his nose with his fingers, wiped them on his pantaloons, and presented them to me in a cordial hand-shake.

'*Zdrávstvuite*, Mr. Officer; how glad I am to see you again! You will be traveling with us in our convoy, yes? Magnificent! And you will consent to ride with me!'

And at his order the women and men unloaded the bags and cases from Mefódi's sleigh and transferred them to the others. This must have been a genuine sacrifice for Mefódi, for passengers paid only a small lump sum for transportation — not nearly as much as his sturdy horse could earn by hauling freight.

It was very cold. Rime coated the shaggy horses, and hoar-frost clung to the beards and shawls of the drivers, even powdering their hair with white. Clumsy mittened hands piled my baggage into the deep box of the sleigh, and in the midst of my pieces Mefódi made a snug little nest for me.

'Plant yourself, please!' said Mefódi, and buzzed around me, swathing me up in robes and burrowing into the hay in the bottom for a warm place for my feet, punctuating every movement with 'so,' 'now look,' or 'see how,' until at last, satisfied with the job, he stepped back and beamed on me from his kindly eyes.

'How now? *Nichegó?* — nothing to complain of?'

I could n't have been more comfortable, I assured him. So, after one last tug at their binding ropes, the convoy started down the village street, past the shrine at the cross-roads, and out on to the winter road through the dense pine forest.

And the stillness of it! Fancy a land that never hears the sound of train, or steamer, or factory; where for six long months no sound of a wagon-wheel is heard; where runners slip noiselessly

over the smooth track, with never even a sleigh-bell to announce their approach; where even the thud of horses' hoofs is smothered in the soft snow! Small wonder that the peasant plods on hour after hour in silence, head bent, eyes gazing blankly into space, thoughts wandering off and off, only God knows where, evolving childlike philosophies to startle a sophisticated world.

Just so we journeyed on, I snug in the warm nest Mefódi had made for me, and he trudging stolidly alongside, only occasionally calling out to Dóbry, the horse. (Pretty conceit that, calling him Dóbry — kind, gentle, good! But of course Mefódi would do it — it was just the kind of thing he would do!)

The road turned down a sharp little hill and on to the ice of a river. One by one, as the sleighs came to the brow of the hill, the horses pricked up their ears, hunched their withers, and with a snort of joy plunged at a dead run down the steep grade — their eight-hundred-pound loads behind them, and their gleeful drivers racing alongside shouting glad words of admonition.

It came our turn and down we went — one wild whizz! I felt an impulse to cross myself — I think Mefódi did, with the hand that held his whip! With the other he held the lines, while his two feet pelted down the hill in a mad effort, bundled as he was, to keep up with his running horse.

The excitement over, Mefódi came alongside again, panting for breath, his eyes snapping with excitement.

'Nichegó?' he asked; 'nothing the matter with that?'

'Delightful!' said I. 'But is n't it dangerous with this load? If the horse should stumble and break his legs?'

'But he does n't stumble.'

'But — suppose he did stumble?'

'But he does n't stumble!' repeated Mefódi, with an air of finality, dismissing the subject.

Now, the road running for miles along the level ice, it was easy hauling, and Mefódi hopped on at my feet. He accepted a cigarette, broke it carefully in two, fished a very dirty holder out of his pocket, and fixing half the treasured smoke in the end of the holder, lighted it at my match.

'How do they call you, Mr. Officer?' asked he.

'By Peter,' said I.

'Peter! So. And you're from what district?'

'From no district, Mefód'ka; I come from America!'

I watched furtively for the effect of this announcement — the name of our great land of liberty to which, we have been told, all oppressed Russia has looked for decades.

'America,' repeated Mefódi. 'North America or South America?'

Asáf, just ahead of us, threw the lines over the front of his sleigh and came back to join us.

To me, 'Zdrávtstvuite!' and to Mefódi, 'What for a man is this?'

'This is an *Amerikánets*,' replied Mefódi, in the manner of one who had hobnobbed with Yanks all his days.

'*Amerikántsy!* Yes, I know them,' said Asáf sagely, nodding his head. 'I know them well. They 're from-the-mind-gone-out!'

'From-the-mind-gone-out?' asked Méfodi in surprise. (They had already forgotten my presence.)

'Very, indeed,' replied Asáf. 'Could n't you tell they were? See how they must always be drinking water! Look at the crazy spectacles they wear, with little frames as big as horse-yokes! And how they must have everything done in a hurry! And when they say "no" it means "no"! Anyone understands that "no" does n't mean "no." Could n't you see that they were from-the-mind-gone-out?'

'But they 're very capable,' ventured

Mefódi mildly; 'they can do everything. Did n't they have the trams going again in Archangel in the wink of an eye?'

'And how not do everything?' snapped Asáf. 'Could n't we do everything if we ate as much as they?'

'My wife's uncle's father-in-law,' mused Mefódi, 'went away into America, and one beautiful day he died, and all the relatives received money.'

And for the moment he was lost in memories.

'Oh, they're all rich, these *Amerikántsy*,' explained Asáf. 'They're born with gold in their teeth. I myself have seen it.'

We went on and on, back into the pines again, over a low ridge, and after nightfall wound down a long hill to an *izbúshka* in the depths of the forest.

'Here we will rest,' said Mefódi, 'four hours, and then off on the road again. Let's be drinking tea.'

The izbúshka was a great low hut built of logs. It served as a rest-house for the convoys traveling over the winter road in either direction, and some forty sleighs and horses stood in the yard. A door four feet high gave entrance to it on one side. In a corner of the interior was a large pile of stones that served as a stove, the smoke from which was expected to find its way out of the doorway, or a small hole under the roof, depending on the wind. The logs were charred with smoke, and the panes of the two small windows stained dingy brown. At a rough table sat a dozen or more drivers, drinking tea and making jokes about the women of the company, after the manner of their kind. Along one entire side was a crude log-shelf, on which were filed away some twenty-five or thirty other drivers, — himselves and herselves, — packed in like herring and snoring away blissfully, quite warm and happy in their heavy winter clothing. There were in all some forty-odd people, and what with the smoke, not air enough in the hut for eight, but warmth enough for eighty. Their idea of comfort, may be, but not mine — even though it was ten below out-of-doors.

''Fód'ka,' said I, 'do you know what? I'll sleep outside in the sleigh!'

Mefódi said never a word, but a gentle compassionate look appeared in the depths of his gray eyes as he followed me out and arranged the little sleigh for sleeping: a big bag of hay under my head for a pillow, and heaps of loose hay over my feet. I had on a sheepskin great-coat, and felt sure of being warm. But Mefódi knew better. From the bottom of the sleigh he pulled out his *kush*, made of heavy reindeer skin, with deep furry cuffs and a great hood to go completely over the head.

'But you'll need this yourself, Mefódi,' said I, 'on the road in the early morning. It will be bitter cold then!'

'I shan't be needing it,' he replied. 'If I did, I'd tell you.'

And he tucked me in as tenderly as Ánnushka tucked in little Ványa at home; and I lay snug and warm under the snapping frost and crystal stars.

I was awake, though, when they finally came out of the izbúshka and took to the road again. Asáf came out with Mefódi. Through half-shut eyes I saw him stop and look down on me bundled up in the hay in Mefódi's furs. He bobbed his head gently up and down, and struck a comic attitude, one thumb indicating me, the other pointing in the direction of the nice, warm, smelly nest out of which they had just come.

'Now look, Fód'ka!' said he. 'See how! Did n't I tell you they were from-the-mind-gone-out?'

A GREAT PRIVATE CITIZEN
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, who died in Boston on November 14, 1919, personified to an extraordinary degree a quality in American citizenship for which the need was never greater than at the present moment. This was the quality of a patriot's idealism evoked in time of war and sustained to the very end of a long life. He was the embodied refutation of the doctrine, now proclaimed on many sides, that the war-time spirit of idealism is all very fine, but that it cannot be expected to endure. In him it did endure — in him and a few others, scattered throughout the country, who offered their lives in the physical struggle of the Civil War, yet found in it also a great spiritual adventure, from which they returned spiritually quickened for the rest of their days. The rigid realists can point to their tens of thousands, not so quickened, but rather hardened to make the most of every material opportunity that reared its head once war was put aside; and none can deny that such there were, in disheartening numbers. Such no doubt there will be again, in the new period on which we have entered. But a life like that of Major Higginson, ending on the threshold of this period, has something to say both of the past and of the future. What it meant to the young men of successive generations for whom he was an inspiring visible presence, his memory may still mean to the multitude of his countrymen who have now laid down their arms after the greatest of wars, and are confronted with the immediate danger of losing that generous spirit of idealism which it nourished in them. He did not lose this spirit — nor need they.

If Major Higginson, in respect of his sustained idealism, represented an exception to the general rule, he embodied also several obvious contradictions. His very title of 'Major' was one of them; he was in reality brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.V., before the end of the war 'for gallant and meritorious services,' and might naturally have gone through life 'Colonel Higginson.' He was commonly designated 'the first citizen of Boston' — and so justly that no second citizen has stepped at once into his vacant place; but, not even a native of New England, he was born in New York, November 18, 1834. He was a preëminent son of Harvard, but studied at the University for less than a single year, the freshman year of the class of 1855. He was best known throughout the country as a patron of music and education, as the 'founder and sustainer' of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a liberal benefactor of Harvard; he was a Puritan at heart, and in his daily life a hard-working, hard-headed man of affairs, deeply immersed in intensely practical matters, a member of an important financial firm, a director of powerful corporations. For approximately forty years he held a conspicuous place in the public eye;

but he never held public office. It was as a private citizen, a great private citizen, that he did his far-reaching work for his community and his country.

Major Higginson was forty-seven years old when, in 1881, he established, out of resources acquired by his own industry and intelligence, not through inheritance, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and committed himself to maintaining it by means of resources still to be acquired on the same terms. This work lasted for thirty-seven years. It would have been an impossible task but for certain personal endowments, native and cultivated — courage, unselfishness, a capacity for public friendship, and a pervading sense of whimsical humor, that surest companion to a true sense of relative values. These gifts were not suddenly bestowed at the age of forty-seven. They grew out of his inheritances, his boyhood, and the maturing experiences of his earlier manhood.

The essential Puritan in him, that part of him which cried out against extravagance and waste, both public and private, and gave to his personal habits an austerity quite foreign to the households of modern American financiers, came to him direct from the earliest settlers of New England. His first American ancestor of his own name was the Reverend Francis Higginson, who came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629. This Puritan divine had, in the words of Cotton Mather, 'a most charming voice, which rendered him unto his hearers, in all his exercises, another Ezekiel, for *Lo, he was unto them, as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument.*' This suggestion of music in a pioneer of bleak New England may be associated, by no overstraining of fancy, with his distant descendant.

The generations between the Salem minister and Major Higginson's father, George Higginson, were constantly fed from the streams of Massachusetts blood and tradition. To cite these tributaries would be to make a catalogue of family names intimately associated with the civil and religious direction of New England. It is enough to say here that in his father Major Higginson had a friend and exemplar who definitely affected the course of his life. George Higginson's early mercantile ventures in New York came to grief in the financial disturbances of 1837. He then came to Boston, where in 1848 he formed, with his cousin, John C. Lee, the stock-brokerage firm of Lee & Higginson. It was a day of comparatively small things, and George Higginson never owned a house or a horse of his own until within a few years of his death in 1889. But he gave his children, four sons and a daughter, all that the time and place afforded in the way of education, and set them a high standard of helpfulness and integrity. One day a business friend, irritated by some misconception, walked into his office and said, 'Mr. Higginson, I always supposed you were an honest man.' 'No, you did not,' was the answer; 'you knew it.' Taking such facts for granted, and a constant readiness to do things for others, were thus bred in the bone of his son Henry.

When he was a boy at the Boston Latin School, he took his part with a fierce energy in the snowball fights on Boston Common. Henry Adams, in his *Education*, recalls the battles between the Latin School boys and all comers on the Common, the trick of inserting stones in snowballs, and his own depression one day at 'seeing one of his trustiest leaders, Henry Higginson — "Bully Hig," his school name — struck by a stone over the eye, and led off the field bleeding in rather a ghastly manner.'

His college career was cut short be-

fore the end of one year by a weakness of his eyes. This did not disqualify him for business, and for several years he was employed in the counting-house of S. & E. Austin, a well-known firm of Boston merchants. But 'Trade,' as he wrote from Europe to his father in 1857, 'was not satisfying to the inner man as a life-occupation.' Having gone abroad, in 1856, without definite plans, he soon found himself bent on the serious study of music. 'If I find that I am not profiting at all by my work,' he wrote to his father, 'I shall throw it up and go home. If I gain something, I shall stick to it. You will ask, "What is to come of it all if successful?" I do not know. But this is clear. I have then improved my own powers, which is every man's duty. I have a resource to which I can always turn with delight, however the world may go with me. I am so much the stronger, the wider, the wiser, the better for my duties in life. I can then go with satisfaction to my business, knowing my resource at the end of the day. It is already made, and has only to be used and it will grow. Finally, it is my province in education, and having cultivated myself in it, I am fully prepared to teach others in it. Education is the object of man, and it seems to me the duty of us all to help in it, each according to his means and in his sphere. . . . And now, old daddy, I hope you will be able to make something out of this long letter. You should not have been troubled with it, but I thought you would prefer to know all about it. It is only carrying out your own darling idea of making an imperishable capital in education. My money may fly away; my knowledge cannot. One belongs to the world, the other to me.'

These were thoughtful and prophetic words to proceed from a youth of twenty-three. A letter written to his father in the same year contains another significant bit of self-revelation: 'What is money good for, if not to spend for one's friends and to help them? You 've done so all your life — let me do so too, when I can, for it is in me (I have always known it) to be a close man, a miser. I know about this.'

For about four years the young man remained in Europe, at first preparing himself, — chiefly in Vienna, — by hard study of the piano, singing, and composition, for such possibilities as a musical career might open to him, and afterwards adjusting himself to the necessity of abandoning it. This was the direct result of over-exertion. A headache that lasted for three days drove him to a barber, who let blood from his left arm to relieve his suffering. He returned to his piano practice too soon after this experience, and disabled his arm, as an eminent physician assured him, permanently. 'I came home,' he wrote, 'and swore like a pirate for a day; then, coming to my senses, I decided to sing away, study composition, etc., hard, magnetize, and await the result. . . . I've hurt myself many times by doing things which other people avoid as a matter of course.'

While reconciling himself to his disablement, and to a growing realization that his musical gifts were not such as to make him a musician of the first order, he supplemented his personal economies by giving lessons in English. Some months before returning to America in November of 1860, he wrote to his father, who must have wondered at his protracted absence from home, confessing the disappointment he had met, and adding, 'If you consider the whole thing and remember that I enjoy in the depths of my soul music as nothing else, you'll easily comprehend my stay.'

Long afterwards, when the orchestra he founded had been established in Boston for more than twenty-five years, he

wrote to an old friend who had advised him wisely at its origin, a letter which confirmed the modest estimate he had made of himself as a musical student in Vienna, and at the same time revealed, in his words about Beethoven's Third Symphony, an appreciation of music, and a response to its appeal, which were a life-long justification of his early studies. Thus, in part, the letter runs:

'A few words about our talk last night. Of course I loved music, and therefore studied it — and found no talent whatsoever.

'We young folks used to consider the problems of life, and the rights and needs of men and women, and the injustices of both, also the need of refreshment and not of luxuries or even comforts. And it seemed to me that we of the young beautiful country should and could have music of the best. Hence my hopes and efforts, both for the sake of art and the sake of humanity. Do you see? But talent, or even keen perception of musical talent in others, I have little or none; nor have I ever found talent for anything, except power of work, and of recognizing friends of the best, and the enormous value of them to me. It is all second or third class, and I've been built up and lifted up to a wrong place by friends.

'As to the "Eroica," I had meant to tell you how I felt about it, but it opens the flood-gates, and I can't. The wail of grief, and then the sympathy which should comfort the sufferer. The wonderful funeral dirge, so solemn, so full, so deep, so splendid, and always with courage and comfort. The delightful march home from the grave in the *scherzo* — the wild Hungarian, almost gypsy in tone — and then the climax of the melody, where the gates of Heaven open, and we see the angels singing and reaching their hands to us with perfect welcome. No words are of any avail, and never does that passage of entire relief and joy come to me without tears — and I wait for it through life, and hear it, and wonder.'

The dreams of youth and the realities of old age — for Major Higginson was nearly seventy-five when he wrote this letter — have not often stood in a closer relationship.

II

When he returned to the United States late in 1860, realities were soon to supersede the dreams. Within six months Sumter was to fall, and the mettle of individual Americans to be tried. Henry Higginson met the test by immediate participation in the forming of the Second Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, begun April 18, 1861. A remarkable group of young men joined in this undertaking, and became officers of the regiment. The name of Robert Gould Shaw typifies the quality of them all. It was a band of chosen spirits, aflame with the ideals for which a war is most nobly fought; and it was entirely characteristic of Henry Higginson that his friendship with these men entered into the very warp and woof of his army life, and permanently influenced him. A passionate devotion to his country may fairly be counted the controlling motive of all his years. With it was inextricably interwoven a passionate devotion to friends. Indeed, he seems to have conceived virtually all the relations of life in terms of friendship. In his attitude toward his country, his city, his college, even toward the art of music, there was something intensely personal — just as there was in his dealings with individual men and women. It was in blended patriotism and friendship that he made his two chief gifts to Harvard College — the Soldiers Field for athletic games, the Harvard Union for social intercourse. He set up on Soldiers Field the names of six soldier friends,

and said about them to the students of Harvard College: —

'Now, what do the lives of our friends teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work and of utter, unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind. It is well for us all, for you and for the boys of future days, to remember such deeds and such lives and to ponder on them. These men loved study and work, and loved play too. They delighted in athletic games, and would have used this field, which is now given to the College and to you, for your health and recreation. But my chief hope in regard to it is, that it will help to make you full-grown, well-developed men, able and ready to do good work of all kinds — steadfastly, devotedly, thoughtfully; and that it will remind you of the reasons for living, and of your own duties as men and citizens of the Republic.'

An older man does not wholly improvise thoughts of this kind. He brings them out of an experience like war because he takes a great deal into it. As a young officer Henry Higginson took into the war a full measure of enthusiasm and energy. He worked hard at recruiting and drilling his men before they went to the front. They recognized a fighter in him, and liked him. One day he overheard a soldier swearing in the ranks, and checked him, saying, 'If there is any swearing to be done in this company, I will attend to it.' No doubt he did, and by means of the vigor it implied stiffened the discipline for which he was responsible. Talking to some college students in 1913 about discipline in the army, he said, —

'One incident of the time showed the power of obedience which our men had learned. One afternoon, as the regiment came in from drill, I, being on guard, noticed a man who was talking and talking. I knew he was a blackguard, having noted him before. In a few moments he was sent down by his captain to the guard-house, to be kept there until he was sober. I said to the corporal, "Get the man's knapsack and rifle and bring him here." (In those days we expected an attack, and our rifles were kept loaded.) The man was brought back and told to march up and down. The guard-tents were in a row, and the muskets stacked about fifteen yards from the officers' tents, where I stood. The man marched up and came back, clubbed his musket, and told me he would like to knock my head off. "No matter," said I, "march on." (We had taken the cap off his rifle in order that he should do no harm.) He marched up and down once or twice, and then stopped where the rifles were stacked, took a percussion-cap out of his pocket, put it on the rifle, and took a good aim at my belt, and used queer language about a "hole in my body." There was not much chance for me, for if he had fired, I should not be here talking to you. All I said was, "Bring that piece to your shoulder!" and he brought his rifle up to his shoulder; and then I said, "March on!" and he marched up to where I was. Then the sergeant took charge of him, unloaded his rifle, and the man marched until he dropped from fatigue. He was a miserable soldier, and about ten years ago I saw him in Charles Street coming out of a rum-shop.'

While the young officer was imparting discipline after this fashion, he was also acquiring his own experience of it. The infantry regiment he had joined at its inception went to the front in July, 1861, when he was promoted from second to first lieutenant. In October he was transferred from the Second Massachusetts Infantry to the First Massachusetts Cavalry, formed in September, and received a captain's commission. In his brief infantry experience he saw no battle, but was much engrossed in

the routine duties of soldiering. With the cavalry, which had by degrees to disprove its inferiority to the mounted forces of the Confederacy, his fighting began. It continued through the Antietam campaign, in the autumn of 1862, through the winter months before Fredericksburg, and the spring campaign of 1863 in Virginia. On June 17 it came to an end, at the beginning of the battle of Aldie, when Major Higginson, sent to recall a fellow officer, Captain Sargent, who had gone beyond the point to which he had been ordered to advance, followed him, in the zest of an unexpected fight, and found himself and his men overpowered by superior numbers. His horse was shot under him, and in the hand-to-hand encounter that ensued he was wounded by pistol-shot and sabre-cuts, one of which left its scar on his face for life. When he recovered consciousness, he contrived to save himself from capture, but the wounds he had received incapacitated him from any further active service. As soon as he could do anything, he made himself useful again in recruiting, and for a brief time served on the staff of General Francis C. Barlow.

He would himself have been the first to say that his war-record was not exceptional. The passionate spirit of patriotism in which it was rendered, and his communion in that spirit with noble young contemporaries, many of whom gave their lives for the Union cause, left their indelible marks upon his character. Like many another fighter against disunion, he gave to the reunited country in its entirety the same devotion through life that he had given to the cause of the North in his earlier years, and again and again spoke of the men against whom he had fought as only a chivalrous foe could speak.

An incident of later years, related by one of his business partners, is significant. A Confederate officer nearly eighty years of age came into the firm's office one day, and said he would like to shake hands with Major Higginson. He was asked to sit down and await the major's return, which was expected at any moment. While waiting, the visitor, subject to an old heart trouble, fainted away, and was carried to an inner room where restoratives were bringing him back to consciousness when Major Higginson returned.

'What's the trouble? Who is that?' he asked.

'Colonel ——, Confederate officer in the Civil War. He came in to see you.'

Mr. Higginson stepped forward, leaned over the old man as he opened his eyes, and said, 'I am sorry, colonel; but there's one good thing — you can't die here. This is an Abolitionist's office.'

A flickering smile was the visitor's reply, soon followed by his sitting up and entering into conversation. Before long the two old men left the office arm in arm, and the Southern colonel was heard to say, 'You certainly did put my trolley on the wire to-day, major!'

Still another story illustrates the quizzical humor that was quite his own and accompanied him into all surroundings. He was discussing truth-telling one day with a younger associate. 'It is essential in business,' he is quoted as declaring, 'but socially it is very diverting to lie. For instance, I was standing on the corner of Park and Tremont Streets the other day when a motor came down the hill, locked wheels with another, and turned over. In a moment a crowd was buzzing round; it was just like kicking a hornet's nest. A lady came by — uncertain of age, nondescript clothes, flat heels, carrying a bag — you know the type, you see them in Boston. 'Addressing no particular person, she said as she passed me, "Anybody hurt? Anybody hurt?"'

'Very politely I replied with a bow, "I hope so, madam."

'She looked at me sharply, and discovering that I was old and gray and probably deaf, she repeated the inquiry in a louder tone. "Yes, madam, I heard the first time; I said, I hope so; think how disappointed all the people would be if nobody were hurt."

'Murmuring, "What a wretched, wicked old man!" she walked on about ten feet; then, turning, she came back, and scrutinizing me closely, said, "Are n't you Mr. Higginson?" "No, madam." "You look very much like him." "I have been told so." I lifted my hat and bowed most politely as the lady walked away in a quandary.'

The twinkling look that went with words like these, never deceiving the quick-witted for more than a moment, cannot be reproduced in any telling of the anecdote.

Such chaffing of a woman encountered by chance was characteristic of him in all his social relations. But of women in general, and especially of their high place in the true partnership between man and wife, he was the unfailing champion. His own marriage, with a daughter of Louis Agassiz, about six months after his disabling fight at Aldie, placed him in a rarely harmonious domestic relation which to the end of his days afforded the basis of happiness, sympathy, and coöperation in which all his other relations were rooted. Through this marriage, moreover, his intimacy with his brother-in-law, Alexander Agassiz, his classmate in college, became so close as to count among the positive influences of his life, with notable results both in affairs and in thought.

Yet it was from his comrades in arms that the incentives to the citizenship he practised were primarily derived. Even before the war one of them, Charles Russell Lowell, a kinsman with whom he was in the closest sympathy, had revealed in a letter to their common friend, John C. Bancroft, son of the historian, the attitude toward life which their little circle of idealists was taking. 'Last February,' he wrote from Rome in 1857, 'when Henry [Higginson] joined me in Florence, we laid our heads together to get you across the water; as a preliminary standpoint we concocted an extensive plan of migration, you and Jim Savage and Henry and I were all to move to Virginia or somewhere — we were to cultivate the vine and the olive, to think none but high thoughts, to speak none but weighty words, and to become, in short, the worthies of our age.'

After they had 'moved to Virginia' several years later, for a purpose then quite unforeseen, the future took on a new aspect, and Lowell, who had discovered 'a thorough born merchant' in his friend Higginson while they were traveling as youths together in Europe, wrote to him in the last year of the war, 'I hope, Mr. Higginson, that you are going to live like a plain Republican, mindful of the beauty and the duty of simplicity. Nothing fancy now, Sir, if you please. . . . I hope you have outgrown all foolish ambitions and are now content to become a "useful citizen." . . . Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen.'

The attempts to attain independence were at first unsuccessful, both in an oil-venture in Ohio and in a cotton-planting enterprise in Georgia, an experiment in which a patriotic motive played an important part. With his joining the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., in Boston, in 1868, more prosperous days began to dawn; but it was only after thirteen years of hard, self-denying work that he found himself in a position to carry out a purpose he had long been forming, the establishment and

maintenance of a great orchestra which should give to the people of his own city and country music of the same supreme order of merit as that which had nourished his spirit as a young man in Europe. This was essentially a patriotic purpose, conceived in the desire to enrich the life of his own beloved country. Music, as he had long before written to his father from Europe, was his province in education. Long afterwards he quoted the words that Fanny Kemble had once spoken to him: 'Life in the United States is hard and dry. Your country is a great cornfield. See that you plant flowers in it.' Still later he amplified the same thought in saying, 'This beautiful land is our workshop, our playground, our garden, our home; and we can have no more urgent or pleasant task than to keep our workshop busy and content, our playground bright and gay, our garden well tilled and full of flowers and fruits, our home happy and pure.' It was precisely for these objects that he established the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881.

III

At that time public benefactions of this general nature were far less familiar than they have since become, and such a benefaction in the realm of music was wholly original. The endowed or privately supported orchestra is now an accepted institution in many American cities, and this is so in large measure because of the pioneering example set by Mr. Higginson. The value of that example lay by no means only in the spectacle of large annual expenditures, the fruit of annual earnings and income which might otherwise have been employed in the rolling up of a modern fortune, but also in the devotion of personal energies to an immensely difficult and complicated task. How exacting this task was, — in the selection and judicious handling of conductors, to say nothing of the whole company of highly temperamental persons who constitute the orchestra; in dealing with the *genus irritabile* of soloists and with a public sometimes only a little less difficult, — few could realize. Humor, patience, a decisive will, an infinite desire to serve his generation carried him over many rough patches of the long road. At the very end of it, when he had carried on this work with increasing success for thirty-seven years, the tensity of war-time feeling and the sorrow that came from clinging too long to the trust he had placed in one who proved unworthy of it, imposed a burden he could no longer bear, and, broken by the bitter experience, he committed to other hands the institution he had created. But on the very last day of his life he found occasion to deplore the course of a contemporary who had recently bequeathed a great fortune to a worthy object, on the ground that his wealth might have been doing good through many years of its accumulation, and to pity him for having missed all the fun of spending it for others.

When Mr. Higginson wrote an article, 'A Hint to the Rich,' for the *Atlantic* nine years ago, he began and ended it with the quotation: —

> What I gave, I have;
> What I spent, I had;
> What I kept, I lost.

There was his whole philosophy of riches. His practice was itself a hint to the rich, for his constant refusal to count the cost in what he did for others was offset at every turn by the little severities he imposed upon his own mode of life. 'I look at fifty cents myself,' he wrote in a private letter soon after the war broke out in Europe, 'and think whether I will take a carriage or walk. Indeed I nearly missed my train on Sunday because I did not take a carriage. There is something about "the

spigot and the bung" that applies to everybody.'

Personal indulgence of any kind was as alien to him as to his Puritan forebears. 'Puritanism!' he wrote to a friend in 1889; 'the older I grow, the more I incline to their ideal, and the luxury and the wastefulness and a thousand things send me that way — in thought, though hardly in deeds and living perhaps.' It could not have been entirely from the Puritans of tradition that he derived, for example, his interest in schemes of profit-sharing. It was a cardinal principle of his economic creed that the wage-earner should have 'a larger piece of the pie.' The same sympathy which prompted this feeling kept him youthful to the last, drew him and his young associates, in business and friendship, together, and placed him constantly with those whose eyes were turned toward the sunrise.

His personal presence truthfully bespoke the man within. Compact of stature, visaged with distinction, military in bearing, alert and vigorous, forthright and staccato of speech, both in public and in private, he visibly embodied the qualities of utter fearlessness and honesty, joined with a fortunate capacity for quick and righteous anger. These qualities, moreover, were not wholly unrelated to a human and endearing tendency to make impulsive mistakes. But they stood in an equally close relation to a definite gift for bestowing and winning affection. To a remarkable degree his letters spoke with his living voice. Nothing of good or evil fortune could befall his friends without his writing to them, briefly or at length, in terms appropriately compact of sympathy and humor. His good letters were not the product of accident, for he had a theory of letter-writing which he once communicated to a business associate as follows: 'You sit down and visualize the person you are addressing; you dictate exactly as if he were present; you watch the changes in his face and anticipate his replies. You go through it and cut out all the adjectives and adverbs; then you probably have a good letter.' A point of his own practice is not enumerated here — namely, the addition of a postscript in long hand, to almost every type-written letter, making it even more personal than it was before.

Major Higginson's letters will long continue to speak, with authentic inflection, for the man himself, to all who may read them. In this place a single letter published twenty years ago in Dr. A. V. G. Allen's *Life of Phillips Brooks* will surely not be unwelcome to readers who have seen it before; to them and to others it will carry a clear suggestion of the personal quality of its writer — not a churchman, or a regular church-goer himself, but a holder of the simple faith that 'without God the bottom drops out of everything.' It needs only to be said that the letter was written to Phillips Brooks, his school and college classmate, at the time when he was considering an urgent call to quit his work at Trinity Church, Boston, and become preacher to Harvard University, from which any call came to either of these two friends, these devoted sons of the college, almost as a command: —

BOSTON, *April* 12, 1881.

DEAR OLD CHAP, —

Forty years is it since we began learning Latin and mischief together — you the Latin and I the mischief? Since which we have never had a cross word, and so I will run the chance of one by impertinence.

Folks say that the College is asking for you; and it is true, I know. Since you took your course for life, you have gone on steadily and enthusiastically until you've won a great place. Just think of the empty old church and of the present full church! Just think of the men and women of the intelligent and educated classes whom you've drawn into your fold! Think what these

men will do for the less fortunate people of our city, and still more, think how your women work! We have not seen the like for a great, great while. It has fallen to you to do this thing, and I will not pass on your deserts, but merely on your luck to have done something in this life worth doing. Is not that what we all are after, and what goes far to save us from remorse or despair? How can a chap be content for a day, unless he is aiming at something of a serious kind? It is the only theory on which one can explain this life, is n't it? And how many of our comrades have made a success of their lives? or how often does it occur in our experience to see it?

You have — no matter how or why; and still more, the future for you is greater in promise than the past has been in performance. Don't dream of leaving your own field. Your personal contact with all these folks is a necessity, if you will go on. How can you then think of Cambridge and the dear old University? You can't work on those boys in the same way, simply because they are at the questioning, critical, restless age. The worst of them are not bad, but frivolous or idle-minded. The best of them are seeking for the truth everywhere, and had better seek by themselves. Let them ferment. Of course you can help many a restless spirit, when he *wishes* to be helped — but you can do it as well here as at Cambridge. You certainly can talk to or preach to or teach them at Cambridge occasionally — as in Boston. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave your stronghold for this new field. It would be the mistake of your life — and you will rue it deeply and forever.

Now how do I know? I do not know, and yet I feel absolutely sure of it. I've talked to some of the middle-aged and some of the younger folk of it, and listened with much interest — to but one reply.

You know that personally I get nothing from your being in town. We both are too busy to meet often unless at church; and there I do not go. So I am free from bias. But I can't but feel much interested in your work, and glad of your great influence. Don't risk losing it — don't go away until your sun sets.

This letter calls for no reply. If it annoys you, burn it and forgive me for the sake of old times. I know that it is presuming, impertinent, arrogant even. It has not one word of praise or admiration for you. Such a word is not called for or needed, but no one can value work and enthusiasm more than I. You know full well how I feel about your life.

God bless you, old fellow.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

There is much, very much more that might be said and quoted. From the many fields of activity of this great private citizen — fields of business, education, art, friendship, and public service privately rendered — instances innumerable might be drawn to illustrate the living out of his avowed belief that 'there seems no other outcome, no other foundation for a happy mankind, for civilization, than a full, generous, wise use of our powers for the good of our fellow men, and a happy forgetfulness of ourselves.' But this is far less a memoir than a suggestion, a turning of consideration to the immediate meaning of such a life as Major Higginson's.

When the eighty-fifth birthday he did not quite attain was drawing near, and some observance of it had been proposed to him, he wrote to a friend: 'I've had only too many kind words of praise for doing my duty, and only my duty, as my eyes and those of dear, dead friends saw it. The simple tale — that he tried to fill up gaps and sought to bring sunshine into the lives of his fellow men and women, that he usually kept his word, given and implied, and that he worshipped his country and had the very best and most far-seeing of friends — is the whole story.'

Thus in retrospect he saw his life. To others it may stand preëminently, as these pages began by suggesting, for the possibility of sustaining from youth to old age an idealism born in time of war. This central meaning of it was richly symbolized at his burial. Into

and out of the academic surroundings of a college chapel the veteran soldier, the indomitable lover of righteousness and beauty, was borne in the uniform of his army days, his sword at his side; and over his grave the 'grieving bugle' sounded its martial note of farewell. For his country and its ideals he enlisted in the war of more than half a century ago. The enlistment proved to be for life. He believed with all his heart that the young men of this later day were the true spiritual sons of their fathers. It is for them, in the light of such a life as his, to justify this faith of the older generation.

BOYS

BY R. S. V. P.

I

PARENTS who have a boy always disclose the fact with a smile, or in a tone of gratification. Then usually there follows the assurance that he is a 'real boy, too.' Though you might think him noisy and untidy, bent upon his own concerns, and a great tease, rather rough and inconsiderate, yet, for themselves, they do not mind: they like boys. Boys will be boys, and a real boy is the real thing.

You meet this 'real boy,' too, in all books about boys. You even seem to see him constantly on the street and in your neighbor's yard, or trespassing on your own land. You unquestioningly believe schools to be full of him, and your office-boy perhaps appears to be a sample of him. But among boys whom you really know, which one is really such a boy? Is your well-beloved nephew that kind of a real boy, or the boys you know well among your pupils? Were your brothers like that, or your own son, or you yourself? Scarcely. Yet, if this is not the real boy, what is a boy, really? What are boys like? Here are hundreds of them passing before us, swiftly, vigorously moving from babyhood to manhood. What definite things do we really know about them? and if they are not like what we think they are like, why do we think they are like that, and not like what they really are like?

Our habitual assumptions about boys are pretty definite. They have a positive reputation. During the past ten years, I have been collecting what is currently said and constantly written about boys, noting and jotting down each familiar phrase as I happened across it. Putting them all together, I get a popular characterization which runs thus (everyone will recognize how common the ideas are): —

Boys are noisy and decidedly in need of physical activity, for they possess an inexhaustible supply of surplus energy. Boys are dreadfully untidy, very inconsiderate, bent upon their own concerns and inobservant of all else. Boys are pugnacious and athletic, yet they are lazy. To lessons they are indifferent,

laughing and rebelling at them and at all poetry, sentiment, and religion. Scornful of mothers, girls, and babies, boys are, nevertheless, generous, brave protectors of the weak; are good-hearted and loyal, and hate meanness, lies, and cowardice. On the other hand, they are impatient of reproof and insensitive to it, as well as to disgust and fear; they spend much of their time dodging their duties, deceiving those in authority, and teasing those beneath them. Boys love so to rule that they are superlatively resistive and rebellious. They are full of creativity, because of which they devote themselves to keen interests, one at a time, with the passion of collector and specialist. At the same time, they are very emulative, and so responsive to competition, that two young boys together are scarcely safe in a dangerous place where either one alone would be perfectly trustworthy, and three together are sure to get into trouble. Indeed, they have such an inclination to show off, that they thus speedily take leave of their common sense when they gather in groups; but they hate to be shown off by others. In truth, boys have so great a desire to excel, that it is said that every boy at some time wants and expects to become president; this gives them a high standard in whatever they undertake; so, if they think they cannot reach that standard, they refuse to try at all. Indeed, when you come to know them, you find boys supersensitive and very dependent on sympathy and comprehension, highly objective and very dramatic, and not at all self-cognizant. They are built in compartments, and a real boy cannot see one part of himself when another is engaging his attention.

Everyone must recognize that this concatenation of contradictory claims and charges, heterogeneous as it is, includes after all only what is currently said and constantly written about boys. Yet, collected and bound together, it reads like an ill-sorted bundle of unrelated impressions made regarding separate boys of various temperaments and tastes at sundry times — it appears to be, not a characterization, but a scrap-heap. The lads whom we know do not categorically answer to this description, though we recognize that each is like some part of it. Our own lads are sons and brothers and human souls; each is a person, different from all others that ever were. The characteristics which all boys have in common seem to us so few as to be almost negligible, and even these few appear in separate boys in very varying degrees. Besides, there is almost nothing which boys have in common that men do not also have; and most of what makes boy and man is common in girls and women, too.

'Boy' probably pointed out originally nothing but the mere fact that a man is young before he is old. There is, we all know, very little which distinguishes a boy from a man, except his youth — that is, his obviousness in interests, his inexperience, and his inexpertness. In thinking of boys, we are thinking of men, minus responsibilities and skill.

Your own boy at twelve or fourteen is as much a full-grown man as Richard the Lion-Hearted ever was (though not as great). He is able, or should be able, to maintain himself in the inanimate world and to handle simple personal relations with some good sense. The only difference between the boy and the man that he is to become is in self-use and in use of the world about him. Nevertheless, in the long ages since there was not even that difference between boy and man, certain salient characteristics may have accumulated in the mere boy, — in boys as boys, — somewhat separate from

men. The word 'boy' has a strong collective flavor of its own, and before we discard it as a mere label, I want to consider it in a different way.

Instead of collecting what people say about boys, suppose we patiently watch many actual boys, regarding each as if he were our own son or brother, and moving our thoughts about so as to see the boy's acts as he sees them himself, and so as to guess how he explains himself to himself; and, in addition, to guess how much of invisible motive and impulse there is which he never explains or thinks of at all: thus we may win at last to understand how the whole conflicting conception of boy came about, and how popular assertions which seem most contradictory are really descriptions of the same traits from divers standpoints of comprehension and incomprehension. The heterogeneous scrap-heap of current notions can, in fact, be arranged like the bits of a picture puzzle into a comprehensible, continuous, and satisfactory whole.

Pursuing the idea 'boy' in this way is trying to detach a group from the great *flood* of life and to define it. This is almost a scientific pursuit. And so, as we set forth to capture that elusive quarry, a definition, let us be sure we know what sort of creature we expect to find in the end. 'In the sciences of Life, a group must be defined, not by its exclusive possession of certain characters but by its tendency *to emphasize* them' — this is sound doctrine and simplifies our search. We do not expect to discover what boys are that no one else is, but only what they emphasize as no one else emphasizes it.

II

Thinking thus, about real boys, my mind runs back, perforce, to the imagined beginning that we all know so much about. Back there in the Tree and Cave, physical circumstances made the Boy-Man of earliest times inevitably the protector of wife and child, hearth and home, tribe and land, king and country. So, from very long ago, his muscles and his temper have bred themselves to strength and pugnacity, activity and self-protection, through the dangers and difficulties of pursuit, struggle, and capture.

Consequently, he has to-day, if he is healthy, and usually even if he is not, a natural love of physical activity; and he possesses the abundant persistent energy made necessary to him by his position as progenitor and protector of the race. This is not to say that he has special toughness against disease, for he has not; nor has he freedom from fatigue.

Likewise, we know that his office as father put upon him the duty of dominance, self-confidence, and ingenuity after its importunate presence made vivid its demands. All this has no direct causal connection with the reproductive impulse. His character is simply the practical elaborate outcome of a responsible position which he took early in history, consequent, of course, upon his possessing the reproductive impulse, but not caused by it. That impulse simply gave the type, as it were, to his activity — a type marked by vigor and immediacy. It established a precedent for the sort of way in which his desire should work, through whichever part of his nature that spiritual force might ever and anon be active.

So, through whatever channel a boy is working off his spirits, whether it be muscular, creative, or cogitative, he tends always to move with a sort of *generative definiteness*. He is subject to sudden overmastering impulses to action. Now it is hunger: hence raids on the pantry. Now it is muscular motion:

hence trials of strength and the twisting of other boys' arms. Always 'something doing.' Always generative definiteness, even in doing nothing.

This generative definiteness then is his characteristic emphasis: concentration, vividness, intensity, immediacy, exclusion, and selection are apt to control the manner of his activity, whether emotion and passion, steady practical occupation, or mere attention and mental process, be the matter of it.

His historic business in life, the sum of his duty to the race, has been to be bent upon his own purposes, and to strive to rule and to excel to the very utmost of his native capacity, so that he may preserve life and gain advantage, for himself and for those dependent upon him. Hence it is natural that he should often seem inconsiderate, unobservant, and insensitive, to bystanders who have not his attention and wish they had it; who are not interested in his purpose and wish him to be interested in theirs.

Such was the Boy-Man, by force of his personal circumstances; but the primitive tribe wanted him to fit also the communal circumstances. It needed good fighters and loyal clansmen. So, side by side with the real boy, produced because his nature sought to answer its own immediate demands, there grew up an accepted type called a boy, which embodied the community-ideal of what a satisfactory boy must be. He must be against his enemies, brave; and to his friends, good-hearted, generous, open, and loyal. He must protect the weak in his care. He must hate lies to his confederates, meanness to his comrades, and all cowardice. He must be insensitive to fear, disgust, and pain, and also to the weakening claims of all the softer sentiments — because he must be a good warrior and a stern enemy.

III

I think that we all know enough of human nature to know that in such a primitive society, if any individual boy had not these virtues, he must assume them; he must believe that he had them and make others believe it.

Here arose a source of confusion. Internally, for himself and to himself, a boy was, first of all, a conglomerate human creature, compact of innumerable capacities and perceptions, incapacities and obtusities. He could not by any amount of determination or self-deception be other than that particular individual bundle of traits which he happened to possess. He could not by any effort really conform to a type. The most he could do, of course, toward that imperative community demand was to assume an outward aspect of invincibility; while the best he could do for the race as well as for himself was to develop his own traits, each to its best use, irrespective of whether he resembled in consequence any other boy or any accepted type. The early community demanded many more enthusiastic physical fighters than it naturally produced, so the rest of the boys must pretend to these warrior virtues if they could. If they positively could not, the monastery became at last open to them. What these non-fighters did in the earlier ancient days, when opportunities to be priests were comparatively few, it is hard to guess. (Perhaps fewer dreamers were born, since the need for them can have been so little felt.) But absolute natural conformity to the demanded type was, of course, very rare. And so, from time immemorial, boys have pretended to be what they are not, as all persons do upon whom an unattainable expectation is laid. The pretence has not been conscious most of the time. They have fooled themselves, as we all do in the process of submit-

ting to others' expectations. So boys, personally self-wrapped and uncomprehending of others and of themselves, laugh at each other, traditionally and tribally, for showing personal feeling, special interest, or individual taste. They expect from each other acceptance of the group-demand. Often this is good.

To most boys the expression of this community-ideal comes through the 'gang,' and his gang, whatever it is, — school, or scout troop, or merely his set, — is rightly his world. The gang is indeed a boy's larger self; it makes possible for him achievements and joys that he could not compass alone; though he often follows the gang merely because he is made uncomfortable if he does not, yet much of the time he follows it because it provides him with ideas and purposes which he lacks in himself. But even in the gang boys frequently heckle each other because each wants to feel superior to everyone else, and the easiest way to do that is to believe all others inferior, and one's own way always best. They are afraid of each other's ideas, and of being judged by the code. They dread to be thought queer and to be teased, and yet they have to be controlled. Most potent, most firm-bedded in each boy's own nature is the wish to rule, himself anyway, others if possible. He feels strongly the determination not to submit, the instinct to follow his own purposes, to hitch to his own star, to achieve his own victory. Here is a curious and very real 'cross-rip' between the wind of social demand and the tide of self-fulfilment.

Threatened and compelled externally by the buffeting fear of pain or disgrace, and of scorn or laughter from his comrades, and at the same time urged internally by the irresistible current of his own self-directive tendencies, he finds himself in a parlous position, falsely interpreted by others and misinterpreting himself. He appears at once resistive and acquiescent, rebellious and gregarious. This is his position among his mates.

Similarly, and for the same reasons, the normal attitude of a vigorous boy toward asserted authority is: 'I am inwardly urged to do as my ingenuity and interest prompt me. You must master me if I am to do differently.' It never occurs naturally to him to look at what he does from any point of view but his own. He will accept naturally nothing that does not capture him; he wants his own way, and if he must seem to submit, his first instinct is to dodge. The average careless boy, for instance, does not ask himself, 'Am I telling the truth? Am I acting openly?' He asks, 'Am I protecting myself? Am I defending myself or gaining my end?' We are so used to this, that we do not ask, 'Why?' and 'Is it well?' We merely smile or laugh or growl or sigh or reprove or scold or punish, and say, 'Is n't that just like a boy!' Lazy, inconsiderate, ingenious, and self-willed! By this I do not mean the nicest boy of your acquaintance. I mean the average boy in any big school. It is a common saying among teachers that boys are lazy, and among parents that they are self-willed, and 'old grads' delight in telling the ingenious self-willed devices by which they used to 'do' the teachers.

So, from an ancient community-ideal embodying an imperative need, has arisen community misconception of what any given boy probably is; and each individual boy, as he grows out of babyhood, meeting this misconception, faces it out as best he may. The art and manner of assuming to be a warrior when you are not is still handed on from father to son, and from big brother to little one, all of them tragically and ridiculously unconscious

of the unnecessariness, in these days, in this country, of this dreary discomfort from counter-blasts to which they are thus daily exposed. Boy learns from older boy a tradition which has been ceaselessly handed down from boy to boy since the time when men and boys were one. Of course, if he has by nature only the two simple primitive interests, if he thinks of life in terms of fighting and subduing, — of conquerors and slaves, rivals and supporters, friends and enemies, — he will behave accordingly. He will be self-absorbed, rough, and inconsiderate; or he will be bold, generous, and loyal. Although self-assertion be contrary to his nature, nevertheless, when visitors to the new baby say to the elder brother, 'Your nose is out of joint,' of course, he will grow jealous. He becomes ashamed of taking part where he cannot excel, and so feigns indifference toward things in which he feels no superiority. From the boys just older than himself, and from men, he learns the time-honored 'bluffs' by which he may create a surface of protection and gain an outward aspect of invincibility. If, being modest by nature, he thus becomes self-conscious, who has made him so? Certainly not the inanimate world; certainly not himself. He is naturally as un-self-conscious as a deer's fawn or a bursting bud. Grown folks believe they are eager to see the world-triumph of brotherly love, yet they talk about each other and talk to children as if the old conditions of tribal defense were in full control. No wonder that modest sensitive natures are wrenched, and learn to conceal and to deny their real selves. They do it all in self-defense against a community-expectation which has lost its usefulness in the more civilized groups and yet stands firm and unnoticed, a barrier to further progress.

What we want in this modern democracy of ours is not more fighters or more blindly loyal followers, not even an increase of wise leaders: it is more able, coöperative, wide-seeing workers, each capable in his own line and ready to recognize and aid the capacity of others. Leaders are born, not made. So long as we keep our institutions and social customs plastic, natural leaders will rise to the places which need them. We have only to provide conditions by which all may become capable, willing co-workers; from among such, the rightful leaders will emerge. We cannot train leaders; we can train useful, civilized men. Our boys are ready and able now to become such men. But they do not get a fair chance, tradition so stands in their way. It raises this false expectation about them from the time they can turn over in their cribs, and it makes them take this false model for themselves as soon as they can understand a word. The false expectation is that they will be self-absorbed, and impervious to fine issues. The false model is the clan-defender.

When I say I think our boys do not get a fair chance, I mean that our present way of meeting them as they come briskly along out of infancy, expecting our companionship, is stupidly inadequate and discourteous. Boys are not young savages, tough and intractable. As a matter of fact, most young boys whom we actually know, most of our own small sons and brothers, are supersensitive and most endearingly dependent upon sympathy and praise and comprehension from those about them. They are subject, these dear little fellows, to most distressing disgusts and repulsions, fears, and physical distresses. They are very demonstrative. Sentiment is dear to them, beauty is a keen delight, and they are eager to be worthy men and true gentlemen. Yet we incline to treat every little boy as though he knew not fear, pain, or shrinking of any sort, had no sensitive

spots, and should be laughed at only to his advantage. If our boy shuns girls and babies, it is because he has been laughed at; or because by them a prophetic feeling is roused in him for which he finds no immediate use — so pervasive that it gives him an unpleasant sense of being mastered — not of mastery. He feels baffled. Because this makes him uncomfortable, he calls it dislike of girls or babies. Just so he looks askance at sentiment and religion. And just so he believes that he dislikes singing and dancing and whatever else hints of a world which he does not understand. He is generally shut off from the road to that understanding by the hackneyed remarks and obtuse arrangements of his elders, instead of being helped along it by good fellowship and sincerity.

Boys, in fact, are full of how many qualities! It is boys who grow into the tender husbands and devoted fathers whom we know. It is boys who become poets and heroes, lovers, leaders, and creators. What a barbarism it is that their abundant pellucid natures should be tormented into rigid bounds or simply thrust into hiding. In most boys does not the stream of inner personality dive underground at about the age of eleven or twelve, and leave a more or less stony surface to the world? It reappears, perhaps, in college with special college mates; or not until marriage, when the husband learns to trust his wife's sympathy; or sometimes not even until fatherhood has given him the confiding trust of children. Or it actually waits, gloomy and distrustful, until the children have grown to an age of comradeship, and then the real beauty, humor, and tenderness well up again. Yet, sadly often they never reemerge, but the man goes on to the end, puzzled about himself, and misunderstood by everyone else.

But more of an obstacle than common sense to inquisitiveness from us and to a lack of reserve in him is the blessed fact that he does not himself know what are his hopes and purposes, why he loves and how he is to create. He evades these thoughts, instinctively seeking to live in the present and to avoid invasion by serious far-sighted persons. Boy or man, he frequently has no real notions or emotions. So he seldom knows the real reason why he does anything. What he is going to do and be, he knows even less. Much that he does he does instinctively, to conceal from us some feeling or thought which is too strong for him to understand. He is so very demonstrative that he early learns the absolute necessity for control. Of course, the pity of it is that, by poking fun at him, we stupidly drive him to complete self-repression, instead of respectfully helping him to learn a judicious and satisfying partial expression.

In consequence of this tendency to live in the present and to be unaware of his inner self, a boy seems ordinarily to stay young a long time; he never assumes a virtue until it has become necessary or desirable to him; he waits to express himself till his knowledge shall have related itself to himself; and he dislikes to display a power until he masters it. He is not really young, he is only inexpressive. He is growing inwardly, from the centre. Thought will show on the surface in due time. His mind is fixed on immediate purposes and projects, on prompt achievement, and on the masterful handling of his present opportunities, materials, and experiences. He can, and he usually does with incredible success, shut off from his consciousness all side considerations, all surrounding circumstances, and obvious by-products of his line of thought or action. He can fail to see to right or left, but he sees straight on to the end of what he is

looking at — or he at least tries to see it and thinks he succeeds. So he can be amazingly blind to necessary by-products of his own course of reasoning. This makes him often seem incredibly selfish or stupid. To a boy, life is a succession of experiences. He himself is the centre of life. All things else are events of a drama, elements in a project, obstacles to a purpose, or aids to an achievement. How this, that, or the other action on his part will affect other people or even himself, inwardly, does not concern or occupy him, except as other people's resulting action may affect his own results in the aim which he is just then pursuing. For this reason we find many chums, but few intimate friends, among boys.

Very seldom, indeed, is a boy much interested in persons, and very little of his attention does he give to the significance of human relations. This sort of impersonality is equally characteristic of the most unselfish and of the most selfish boys, of the boy who becomes the beloved physician as truly as of the boy who becomes the social robber. A boy's capacity for not knowing the personal affairs of his best friend is limitless. He is absorbed, not in persons but in pursuits; for him, persons are, as it were, things, elements in his own problems. He senses neither other people as they might know themselves, nor himself as he might be known. That is not his affair. If he is interested in other people's inward life, it is not for their sake, but to add to his own store of knowledge.

So it comes about that we may call boys very impersonal. But, in another sense, we may call them very personal; in the sense that they are interested in the whole universe only as it relates itself to their own personal interests.

Surely, the fact is that a boy's conscious life is intensive. I can but think that we do not half enough consider this in trying to understand him, or half enough allow for it in the chances we give him for growth. What he observes in any mood is a narrow portion of his total impressions; hence his love of making what seem useless collections, and of getting up what seem irrelevant areas of information. 'If you want to know a thing, ask a boy. He will know all about it,' or nothing. If he is interested, he is thoroughly interested. If not, not one whit. Watch a company of boys. Each is intent upon his own way of taking the matter — even if it be the team-work for the home eleven. The eye of his mind is a dark lantern, the light of his intelligence falls in a straight shaft. His nature is built in separate compartments. This makes it possible for a half-baked boy to be sincerely devoted to his sister and yet tell ribald stories among his boy comrades — in direct preparation for being a good husband and father, while he tolerates the existence of brothels, and laughs at indecent plays.

Because of this exclusiveness of their attention, and because of this absorption of theirs in pursuits, not persons, boys are hard to invade and impress. And when we add to this lack of interest the positive impulse to self-rule and the generative quality of their impulses, it is no wonder that boys are not docile. It is no wonder that the question of discipline is ever present.

IV

Clearly they have to be impressed in some way other than by persuasion or expectation, request or admonition. It is fruitless to drag or drive a boy. Sometimes you can ride him, but generally the way to do is to get beside him and shove with him, so that he feels that you are as himself, pointing out

the bad places in the road ahead. A boy cannot see that an act is important until it becomes somehow a personal interest to him. Then he does it simply, with his whole soul. A real, capable boy will do a thing because he is interested or because he is compelled, but not because he is expected to do it; for with a boy there must be either impulse from within or compulsion from without. The force must be strong. Whatever moves him must seem to him to be irresistible. Custom, the crowd, public opinion are compulsion enough for most boys, even quite contrary to their taste; but one person's wish is not — unless a peculiar devotion happens to exist, and this can never be counted upon for next time. A new attraction may have intervened.

While boys are still very young, under ten, they generally feel personal control to be as compulsion, and if it is strong, that is sufficient to direct them. Consequently, what they learn to believe with their heart in these years appears to them in the later years as a primary liking, a personal taste or a primal ordinance; for they soon forget how they came by this prejudice and that predilection. Their native inhospitality toward unmastered experiences makes another reason for starting them young.

Later, a boy resents personal control because he hates to be a slave, and also because it makes hurt feelings when he breaks over; but he likes law or military control because it makes authority impersonal and gives him a chance, if he sees fit, to outwit the rules of authority without hurting an individual. If he shuns preachments, it is because he feels that, if they merely bring conviction to his mind, they almost surely will not create sufficient force to make him wish to do the thing. They provide him with a chance to pretend, while they take away his hearty satisfaction in looking upon the whole thing as a game between himself and the powers that be.

Is not your boy, then, loyal? Does he not joy to follow a beloved leader? Yes — but loyalty which is simple-minded and unquestioning belongs to earlier times. The boy of eight or ten corresponds to the loyal feudatory of the Middle Ages. Our boys of twelve or fourteen have their own independence to establish. A moving cause of acquiescence may at any time be affection or admiration; but if a boy of twelve recognizes it as such, he generally refuses the job; he must believe that he does it because he is interested. Even conviction is but halfway compulsion. If he does it consciously for affection, he does it condescendingly as charity, or protestingly as nonsense, or pleasantly as a mere personal favor. It does not become a habit or take its place among his own preferences. And this is well. A boy who is led merely by his affections is a 'sissy,' and a man or woman who by 'affection' alone produces impulse in a boy weakens him.

So a boy's parents send him to boarding-school because they are assured that there he will be submitted to an impersonal process; he will be put through a mill, as it were, and properly manufactured; under compulsion, he will learn to conform to type. They can supply no such assurance at home. Whether the product produced is the best that could have been made of him, they are in no position to know. At all events, he has the chance to be formed by strong pressure.

V

Suppose your boy has been brought to the age of twelve or fourteen well developed, — able, that is, to look after himself in the world, and grown-up according to pioneer standards, — in very

truth full-grown. He still has ten years of 'prolonged infancy' ahead, before he can become a modern man, fit for the complex responsibilities of civilization, able, that is, to act upon principle, to apply a general principle to novel instances, and to see future advantage or invisible good so vividly that self-regulation is a matter of course. The last four of those ten years he will very probably spend in independence at college, under the formative influence of able men, public opinion, and a general atmosphere of intelligent thinking; or he will go into business and come under steady control, and the necessity to do something useful. But what of the six earlier years — are they productive as we now arrange them? Just here is where I believe we fail to give him a full chance.

The two fundamental truths about a boy clearly are, that spiritually his action is always generative and that mentally his attention is toward pursuits, not persons. Rearranged by these clues, the heterogeneous scrap-heap of current notions (which I collected in my opening paragraph) becomes orderly and makes sense.

A modern boy, born of civilized parents, we may define as a human being whose nature emphasizes, as none else emphasizes, activity, adventure, and conquest, with strong generative definiteness. And he differs specifically from a man in that he emphasizes activity and adventure above conquest — the process above the result.

From all of which it is plain to be seen that a boy needs for his best development, not only activity, but adventure; not only adventure, but conquest; and the more you permit him of true conquest, the more you make a man of him. His way of life should provide these three things for him in abundance. What form they should take would depend on the boy's personal capacities. For the musical boy, it is an adventure to hear a symphony and a true conquest to play a Bach fugue correctly; for a scientific boy, the adventure may be to pursue a new bird and the conquest to mount a perfect butterfly. But every boy has muscles and lungs which need the primitive joys and violent activities. He rejoices to wrestle with the elements, and to try his strength against the forces of nature — among which forces are other boys, of course.

We, the community, have taken from him one by one all the primitive activities upon which he was wont to expend all his surplus physical energy. Nowadays he must not fight 'except in self-defense.' Corporal punishment, hunting, hazing, violent football, daily dangers, gaming, drinking, have all been removed; fealty, partisan pride, rivalry, jealousy, mastery, tyranny, vaulting ambition — all these we would taboo. This is not the establishment of civilized inhibitions; this is stoppage. Fear, pain, and rage and fierce desire have been the chief sources of action and the great generators of force in men since man was. His proper job is to fight a good fight, and pit himself to win against something all the time. If the only obstacles which we offer are rules and masters, he will pit himself against those. It is the old, old instinct, the need to struggle and to overcome. 'Battle' to him means strife, not carnage. Death and slaughter are mere accompaniments. It is not the blood and the devastation that he loves: it is the vivid conflict, with its visible risk and keen excitement. 'Fighting' to him does not mean destruction. It means overcoming. It means the chance of conquest. Destruction seems merely a necessary incident, deplorable, but unavoidable.

Nor does fighting necessarily mean enmity. Only our stupidity makes it

carry that evil connotation. Boys must have danger, vigorous physical struggle, and quick result. If you have a little son who hates to hear tales of fighting, do you not feel an uneasy fear that perhaps he has trouble ahead, through lacking virility? Fighting is not killing; fighting is the hope of achievement. Adventure and invention are fighting; so is the pursuit of an ideal, the struggle for a principle, and the capture of a truth; all these involve fighting, and any private, personal victory brings more joy, though less glory, than a collective victory. Hence, in democracies, where each man is free to have a personal struggle throughout life, men care less and less for wars, and need them less. Fighting is here in the world to stay — but it is a personal fight; that is, each man wants to feel that he has done a good thing himself; any triumph makes him equally glad. Peace must provide fights and physical activity. We in our community have sought to set aside fist-fighting and to discontinue the pain of corporal punishment, that the higher faculties may be developed — toleration, sympathy, unselfishness, justice, and their mates.

But — here is a flaw. Because a faculty is more recently developed, it is not therefore higher. Usually, because it is newer, it is weaker and more erring. At best, it is but additional; not higher in itself, but making the whole higher. The high-grade man retains all his faculties, the primitive as well as the recent. Love of power, old though it be, still is, and forever will remain, the only releasing motive of human energy. If our own power is not sufficient, the next best joy is to behold the power of another and to lend our aid to his victory. So soon as the sense of power deserts us, and the possibility of achievement disappears, then life is stale, bitter, and useless; hence the pathos of old age.

Therefore, in setting up any new community ideals we must give the superfluous energy of boys sufficient occupation to ensure them a sense of power, struggle and achievement. If that energy is simply checked, it will and does take annoying side-channels, because boys have so little inventive resource of their own. Our American boys in other generations have had independence, responsibility, and adventure; they have been belligerent in their own way. They have battled with the elements, and tried their strength and cunning against the forces of nature. If we are providing nothing to take the place of such activities except organized athletics and supervised lessons, we must not yet expect a very satisfactory crop of better men. Games and lessons will not suffice. Such things provide no adequate struggle, no independence, no responsibility, or adventure — only a harmless activity and a formal kind of conquest; they all are good as far as they go, but ridiculously inadequate for young fellows who are really not children at all, but old enough to be their own masters — if only modern life were not so complex.

Of course, the fact that, for youth, every experience is new and is a discovery, does count for much. But it is not enough. We must get the accidental back into our boys' life. And if we are to keep their independence alive, we must give them something creative to fight for, and something actual to fight against, all the time. We must give them vigorous practical work to do in battling toward common purposes and worthy achievements. It must be a battlefield which aims to coöperate, aid, and construct for others as well as for one's self. It is well for us to seek peace, that we may have room to work; but the peace which we seek must not be placidity, or settled order. In it, the

boys must use their strength to fight valiantly against all sorts of dangers and difficulties — only not against people as enemies, that is all.

Boys are chiefly interested in 'something doing.' What they want to do will depend upon what they have learned to find desirable. What they want to fight will depend upon what they have learned to find hateful. They must have action. We elders are responsible for the ideals which prompt any special action. We begin early to mislead their minds. We still say to the smiling two-year-old, gazing at his mysterious, funny little baby brother, 'Are n't you jealous?' And to the four-year-old, we say, 'Look, Johnny, can you do this? You would n't let him do better than you, would you?' We ask who is the best in the class, and we call his fellows his 'rivals.' In regard to every discussion, we talk of attack and defense. Ambition we make a wish to excel others, and competition a wish to destroy others. Verily, there is much vocabulary to be sloughed, and many stock ideas to be got rid of, before fathers and mothers can safely speak without thinking before their children.

VI

Ask yourself what gives you most trouble with the grown-up boys whom we call men, in committee work, in business relations, and in public service — in fact, in any effort to work democratically, which is to say, coöperatively. It is not chiefly the incapacity of each man to see any point of view but his own, retarding as that is. It is not chiefly their incapacity, inexperience, or even credulity. It is jealousy; it is rivalry; it is treacherous and self-seeking suspicion. Self-importance, touchiness, exigence, fault-finding, the imputing of motives, and the unwillingness to act upon other people's ideas, all these are signs of jealousy, and they come from the habit of fixing one's mind on persons as rivals, — on one's self *versus* the others, instead of on the job. They are sadly fostered by the notion that, wherever two things or two persons are juxtaposed, one is best, and should be uppermost.

In this country you cannot impress upon your boy his life-opinions before he is ten; but you can impress upon him an habitual expectation, that is, a conception of humanity, and a notion of his own relative attitude toward difficulties and toward persons. What parents say and do in the presence of their children can teach that. You can establish his *motives*, too. Good sense, good-will, sincerity, self-restraint, and social cohesion reside in a nation just in proportion to the real democracy of feeling that is shown its boys and girls in the nursery and the school. Democracy knows that every man's interest, rightly used, helps every other man's, and that men are never natural enemies. In this country we all must fight, not enemies, but obstacles, and not so much against anything as for something. We must see what we want and struggle toward it — as does the whole creation. We want to raise our boys to be soldiers, and our boys all want to be soldiers. They are full of fight. We do not want them to spend their fine talents on the primitive vigors of fisticuffs and firearms. But we do want them to be brave soldiers of some sort, and even fighting in the trenches is better than no valor. What they will wish to fight against depends on their intellectual and physical constitution and their basic stock ideas, those cherished notions that they get into their heads before they are old enough to think.

These notions come largely from the community-ideal. Wherever that shifts in recognition that civilization is really possible, there a new demand grows up.

And there a new conception of a satisfactory boy grows up to meet it. A civilized man is a highly artificial product. He is the result of purpose and determination. He does not appear by accident; he is not a sport or a variation of species. A civilized man is not a product of nature at all. He comes by taking thought. He is laboriously produced by his own community. Wishing will not bring him. Only according as we deliberately give our boys a chance, will they become men of a new world. The more they are hemmed in by the visible ingenuities of other folks' brains, the less chance have they for growth. Each invention is one man's conquest, but another man's barrier. Inventions have no civilizing power. Unless a boy can learn to jump them or use them to his own ends, they will not civilize him, but will stultify him. Civilization is behavior, and it springs from consciousness of values. It comes, not by growth, but by choice.

VII

Here then are our sons and our brothers, vivid, immediate, compelling. They have a right to growth and a need to be civilized. They are the pride of our hearts. Eager for mastery, keen for adventure and achievement, ready to devote themselves, in complete self-forgetfulness, to whatever has force to compel or impel them — they like a thing better, the better it is, if only they apprehend it. They are very real boys; no wonder their parents have pleasure in them, and no wonder we all rejoice in them. What are their fathers and mothers doing with them that suits their true natures? What enlarging experience, what satisfying skill, what deep-lying interests does the community allow them? Here are good material and sufficient force. At present, for six years after they have become equal to pioneer men, they are usually treated as children. Their world has no real use for them. An adequate use should be found — a use productive, creative, and friendly to self-expression, yet at the same time exciting, hazardous, and resistant, so that battles may be waged and strongholds lost and won with cheerful immediacy. War is as natural as earthquake. It should be a purifier and clarifier of hearts and purposes; as it most surely is, where hearts and purposes are ready to go right. Fear, pain, and rage and fierce desire are good; not spent in gusts and paroxysms, but used as power to gain some difficult good. Pursuit, struggle, and capture, danger, difficulty, and fatigue are good; not to gain mean ends, but to make ideals real. These fervent heats are necessary to real life. Real boys must fight, and they must fight for something worth the vigorous conflict and the high endeavor.

TWO SONNETS

I. THE PAISLEY SHAWL

WHAT were his dreams who wove this colored shawl —
The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour,
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter, at young April's call,
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the old and intricate design
Of softly glowing hues and exquisite line —
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager, tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

II. HANDS

Tempest without: within the mellow glow
Of mingling lamp and firelight over all —
Etchings and water-colors on the wall,
Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
Rugs, damask-red, and blue as Tyrian seas,
Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
Translucent porcelain and sea-green glass,
Color and warmth and light and dreamy ease.

And I sit wondering where are now the hands
That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel, and loom, —
Hands, slender, swart, red, gnarled, — in foreign lands
Or English shops to furnish this seemly room;
And all the while, without, the windy rain
Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

A NOTE ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEAR

BY C. GOUVERNEUR HOFFMANN

One afternoon in December, 1918, I took the air in a De Haviland plane, to pass a pupil through the Camera Obscura test, in the course of which colored lights are fired from a Very pistol at the moment when, in action, bombs would be released over the enemy's lines; the target in this case being a darkened room on the aerodrome. Having climbed to a height of 2000 feet and flown over the target, to allow the observer to make certain necessary calculations and adjustments, I laid my course over it again, for the test. At the proper moment the pupil fired, but in such wise that the flare passed into the lower plane of the right wing, near the fuselage, smashing several ribs, and finally setting the wing afire.

At once I went into a vertical nose-dive; but finding the strain upon the machine excessive, I pulled the stick back to neutral position, and at the same time caused the plane to side-slip on her *good* left wing. Wishing to avoid a forced landing outside the aerodrome, with the consequent risk of crashing and perhaps exploding the tanks, I decided not to switch off the motor, but to flatten out and land on the nearest part of the aerodrome. As I executed this manœuvre, the shower of sparks diminished, and as we touched the ground, I found that the fire was out. We 'taxied' up to the sheds.

The flight lasted a quarter of an hour, the descent about a quarter of a minute.

Such are the facts — what one learns in college to call the 'brute' facts of an experience; but the human organism is complex, and so played upon by a medley of emotions, thoughts, and reflex actions, that an account of the simple facts of objective reality must necessarily omit many aspects of the episode and, like all descriptions, inevitably fall far short of the truth. While directing attention to this unvarnished fact-sequence, for the purpose of emphasizing the continuity of the physical acts performed, the parallel series of psychological stimuli which swept over me like an advancing tide, but never for an instant threatened to submerge the primary working faculties or drown those motive-actions necessary to self-preservation, must not be lost sight of; although from the bare recital of events given above, the whole realm of *feeling*, which in any drama, and according to its intensity, influences for good or for ill the destiny of the individual, has been ruthlessly divorced.

Furthermore, there was a rapid, vivid train of barely born images springing unbidden over the 'threshold' of the subconscious, obtruding with an almost comic unconcern upon a situation balanced on the brink of tragedy. For during that brief interval of lightning decisions and sudden physical efforts, there was clearly and dispassionately pictured in the mind's eye a heterogeneous agglomeration of familiar scenes, conditions, and faces, each responsive

— possibly through some subtle association of ideas — to long-past memories of places and people outwardly unconnected, after the swift kaleidoscopic fashion of dreams.

To select but one example from the multitude crowding those strenuous seconds — I saw, as in a play within a play, the blue mist stealing over the silver waters of the lake that sleeps between the hills in the wooded valley below my home; I saw the steep slopes turn from green to purple as the brooding shadows passed across them; I saw the gathering dusk soak up the changing colors; and I was aware, gratefully aware, of a deepening calm. Here is a single instance, one more enduring, perhaps, than the host of others which might have been recalled at the time the notes for this paper were made (which was only a few hours after the incident); and it will be seen that, as in dreams, a considerable time has apparently elapsed during the shifting scenes thus visualized; whereas, *in reality*, — as we say so glibly and, it may be, so ignorantly, — the element of duration was practically *nil*.

It is interesting, also, to note that, at the present writing, I cannot remember 'what the weather was like' on that memorable day, although through the agency of hypnosis every detail of this experience could no doubt be recovered from, let us say, the Bergsonian reservoir of mind. At any rate, it is evident that my so-called 'content of consciousness' was complicated to a high degree; nevertheless, there was, so far as I could recollect, absolutely no confusion introduced between the report of the senses and the proper motor-reactions — the current flowing freely from external warnings through nerves to the brain, that bureau of interpretation, and thence by muscular translations into directed energy.

In the light of this inner human experience, we propose to review the chain of events related so baldly, and to discover if possible the position of *fear*. At once the story will become animated, probed by passions, stirred by sharp impulse; for now it deals with the deep-rooted instincts of life itself.

As we flew serenely northward, I was leaning out of the cock-pit to get a better 'line' on the target, when I heard the crack of the pistol. An instant later, I saw a ragged hole in my wing from which smoke began to pour, and realized with a start that the plane was on fire. — Thousands of sparks and wicked little red tongues of flame! What crazy shooting (I thought), when there was plenty of room; the fool must have fired with his eyes shut. Anger was uppermost in my mind, and already I was framing words of indignation with which to 'tick him off,' when we got down. When we got down! Instinctively I had dived, after throttling down the motor, goaded by an intense desire to reach the earth quickly, — yes, that was it, *quickly*, — before the flames burned through a spar or consumed a dangerous amount of the lifting surfaces. I wondered, in a flash of evil anticipation, whether the sparks from the magnesium flare ('can't blow *that* out,' was vaguely registered) would reach the carburetors through their big intake pipes located on that side. Also, it occurred to me that one might have to crawl out on the other wing to adjust the balance, when lateral control was lost — such feats had been done before; but *when* would the ailerons fail to respond? Very different matter, having wires shot away: little worry *then*, with machines inherently stable. Confound those sparks! Infernal carelessness — We're going hell for leather! But we must get to earth *soon*, or — perhaps a nasty crash — better unfasten belt and switch off, in case — must n't think of that now — get down — *fast!*

Then, at the very birth of fear, the rescue was made — by some queer twist of redeeming nature, or by the sure touch of an inscrutable Providence — interpret it as you will, according to philosophic prepossession. For in this extremity, I was strongly conscious of a calm, like the calm at the storm's centre, while a veritable torrent of cherished memories and familiar fancies rose and vanished and rose again, weaving a tangled skein of beauty and — regret.

Yet this train of images persisted with all its charming variety as a separate issue, as a sort of side-show, beguiling but unimportant; like those long thought-vistas conjured in the flickering reason of an exhausted swimmer struggling against the waves. Here, however, was no sense of desperation or desertion, but rather a strange fortitude fighting to deny an impending catastrophe. It was as if the soul were pitted against a universe shouting the approach of the inevitable; yet a soul somehow detached from disaster, and still the determined arbiter of its fate. The spectre of fear lingered menacingly on the edge of my resolve, clinging as it were to the fringe of desire, but without power to drug or paralyze.

Faintly coloring all this co-conscious strain was a certain aloof sadness, a feeling of possible and irretrievable loss: to die, to kill the body — the absorbing interest of this contingency overwhelmed the counter-drag of fear. Nevertheless, above this speculative undertow called into being by suggestive scenes (or *vice versa*), rushed the dominating and well-nigh furious purpose to turn the scales in life's favor. Although most inconsequent details, normally inhibited, were not suppressed, but even accentuated, no confusion intervened to disrupt the correlation of immediate decisions with their practical expression through force. Indeed, the brain seemed to function with more than usual clarity, and hands and feet upon the controls responded with an added celerity.

But to return to the thread of our story: the plunge earthward; the rush of wind, and the whining wires; the enlarging landscape, and the comet's tail of sparks. What a pace! Away past the safety point! The fabric may tear and rip clean off — it's flapping now. Anyway, the wings will snap unless I take care to pull her out ever so gently, ever so gently. — There we are! Still burning, after that straight drop. — Side-slip, only *away* from the flames, of course. — So!

In a mere fraction of the time it takes to tell, the dilemma was solved — by the simple art of causing the aeroplane to fall almost vertically on one wing: a *modus operandi* not quite arrived at on the spur of the moment, yet perhaps not so tardily when one considers that the elapsed time of fall through about a thousand feet was roughly half a dozen seconds. It will be noticed that two issues were in conflict, their cross-currents flowing through what may be termed the 'here and now' aspect of my cognizance. On the one hand, rapid descent was essential; on the other to nose-dive in such headlong fashion was to invite destruction. Each involved a concomitant hazard, the choice seeming to lie between the devil and the deep sea.

There is no point in following the analysis any further, since the element of fear did not intrude again. The bleak record has expanded into a human experience. In its curiously composite photograph the atavistic strain is slight, so far has our civilization — despite its wars — removed from the individual the primitive dread of death. The past of a pilot is bound to have its lurid and indelible memories of planes afire crashing; and yet the throat-grip

of fear, with that resurgence of the principle of survival, was obliterated almost in its inception by the rise and sway of anger.

A word may be added. On landing, a deep thankfulness took complete possession of me. We went into the air again with a new ship, completed the test, and then with light hearts came down for tea. Shortly afterward, while smoking a pipe, I burned my finger — and discovered that the play of a lively imagination is not an unmitigated blessing.

ON COMMENCING AUTHOR

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

If to be misunderstood is to be great, then all my life I have been great, and never greater than in these last few months.

It came about in this way. My life has always been a singularly duplex affair: one half of it — no, much more, nine tenths of it — has been hard work, the rest of it has been spent in my library; even when I was a boy and had only a shelf or two of books, I always called it my library.

As a result of much reading — and very little thinking, for like Charles Lamb, books do my thinking for me — I became moved to write a paper on the pleasure of buying and owning books; and, much to my delight, not only was it accepted by a well-known editor, paid for, and published, but people read it and asked for more. It is the first step *qui coûte*, as the French so eloquently say. After the acceptance of my first article my ascent was easy.

I have said that I have always been misunderstood. For example: I never had any education, whereas it is commonly supposed that I have sat, or at least stood, at the knee of some great scholar like Kittredge. The fact is that kindly disposed relatives took me in hand at an early age and sent me from one dame — I had almost said damn — school to another, according to the views of the one who had me in charge for the time being. This is a bad plan.

In like manner, when I grew up I got a job in a bookstore, Porter & Coates's, and a fine bookstore it was; but I never sold any books. I suppose it was early discovered that, though I might take a customer's money, I would never part with the books, never deliver the goods, as it were, and for that reason I was put in the stationery department. I made my first acquaintance with pens, ink, and paper by selling them, and in those days I had no idea what delightful playthings they make. Because I spent a few years at Porter & Coates's, I am supposed to have gained there the knowledge of books that I am credited with.

And later on I was for a time in a banking-house, and a most respectable banking house it was, too: Brown Bro-

thers & Co. — a sort of younger son of Brown, Shipley & Co. of London. There I drew bills of exchange in sets of three: first, second, and third of exchange, I remember they were called. I never became much of a draftsman, but I soon became expert enough to make three separate blunders in a single bill. It took time for these blunders to come to the surface. I made a mistake in June in Philadelphia, and it came to light in Shanghai in December. I used to dread the arrival of a steamer. I did not mind 'steamer day': that meant outgoing mail; what I hated was an incoming post. I can see now the brief notes written in clerkly longhand, — it was before the introduction of typewriters in respectable houses, — 'calling attention for the sake of regularity to the error in draft' — number, name, and amount given. I came to know just how long after the arrival of the mail it would be before someone would tell me that Mr. Delano wanted to see me in the back office.

This was the unhappiest time of my life, and I determined to throw up my job and go into business for myself: to do in a wholesale way what I had done at retail. After some years, when I had accumulated a little money, a man, thinking I had much, called on me with a view to selling me an interest in an electrical business. I was told that what was needed was a financial manager; and when upon investigation I discovered that the business was in the hands of the sheriff, I knew that I had not been deceived.

A story of suffering and disaster is usually more interesting than a story of commonplace success. How in time I became the president of an electrical manufacturing company, without knowing a volt from an ampere, or a kilowatt from either, might be interesting to my family, had they not heard it before, but to no one else. It is enough for me to say that by the happiest kind of a fluke I came to have a name not unknown in electrical and financial circles, although nothing of an electrical engineer and very little of a financier.

And now in my old age, — for if an electrical business will not prematurely age a man, nothing will, — when I sometimes so far forget myself as to talk of eddy currents and hysteresis, I see that I deceive no one; that I am listened to as an old man is, when for the hundredth time he starts to tell what he thinks is a funny story; for I am known to hate every living mechanical thing with a royal hatred — automobiles especially, with their thousand parts, each capable of being misunderstood. Even a screw-driver fills me with suspicion, and a monkey-wrench with horror.

And I am not altogether alone in this: others so situated share my weakness. I was dining once in London, quite informally, with a great electrical engineer, a very trig maid in attendance. On the table near my host's right hand was a small block of white marble and a tiny silver mallet. When he wanted the maid, he struck the marble a resounding blow.

I was somewhat amused, and asked him if he had ever heard of a push-button for the same purpose.

'My boy, I have,' was his reply, 'but I get enough of electrical devices in the city; I don't want a single one of them in my own home. I've not come yet to using gas; I prefer candles; they are not so likely to get out of order. I hate this pushing a dimple and waiting for something to happen. When I make a noise myself I begin to feel a sense of progress; that's what we stand for in this country' — with a knowing wink — 'progress.'

Do not be alarmed, gentle reader; this introduction is almost over. It is

like a door stuck tight which, when, by a great effort, you have forced it open, you find leads nowhere.

II

I set out some time ago to tell how I came to be an author, and then I lost my place; better authors than I ever hope to be have done the same.

I shall start over again. There is a rhyme to this effect: —

> A little home well filled,
> A little wife well willed,
> Are great riches.

Having these, I wanted one thing more. I wanted to add a leaf — I did not ask to add a tree, not even a sapling, only a single leaf, to that forest which we call English literature, that stately forest in which for many years I have delighted to lose myself. It is an honorable ambition and I gave it full play, and I was as pleased as Punch when, after a time, it was suggested that if, in addition to a number of essays that had already appeared in the *Atlantic*, I had some other literary material, as it is called, it would be read with the idea of publication in book form.

In due time a book appeared; a book, mind you. Boswell, in conversation one day with Johnson, remarked that he had read a certain statement. 'Why, Sir, no doubt,' replied the sage, 'but not in a bound book.' There is a great difference between an essay in a magazine and the same essay in a bound book. My book was bound. As one of my critics very kindly said of the publication, it might not be worthy of the immortality of morocco, but it certainly was a very pretty success 'in boards.'

But, after all, reading is the test. Anyone can write and print and bind a certain number of pages; the thing is to get people to read them. A great man can wait for posterity, but for a little man it is now or never. A book's life is almost as brief as a butterfly's. There is something pathetic about the brevity of the life of a book. A man works over it, thinks about it, talks about it, if he can get anyone to listen to him; at last he finds a publisher, and the book appears. For a few days perhaps it may be seen in the bookshops, and then, like the snowflake in the river, it disappears, and forever. Speaking by and large, the greatest successes escape this fate only for a moment. There are so many books! Go into any public library and ask what proportion of the books on the shelves are called for, say, once in ten years. The answer should make for modesty in authors. That it does not do so only proves with what eagerness we pursue the phantoms of hope.

But I must avoid a minor note in my carol. D'Israeli has written of the Calamities and Quarrels of authors — I write only of the amenities of authorship. When writing ceases to be a delight, I will give it over. Meanwhile the trifling honor that has come to me is very gratifying. My book was published in November, 1918. Within a short time commendatory letters began to arrive. They came from every part of the country, at first single spies, and then battalions. Almost all of them from entire strangers. Not many of my friends wrote me. When a man is publishing his first book, his friends, feeling that a great joke is being perpetrated, want to have a hand in it and do not hesitate to remind him that they are looking forward to receiving a presentation volume, the inference being that they, at least, may be depended upon to read it. But I remembered Dr. Johnson's remark: 'Sir, if you want people to read your book, do not give it to them. People value a book most when they buy it.'

When the book finally appeared, and people began to read and talk of it,

many things, grave as well as gay, resulted, the gayest being a dinner given to me at one of the clubs, at which I was presented with a copy of my own book superbly bound by Zucker in full crushed levant morocco. A special page was inserted in it, whereon was printed, among other gibes and floutings, a paragraph from the book itself: 'I trust my friends will not think me churlish when I say that it is not my intention to turn a single copy of my book into a presentation volume.' This was followed by a '*stinging rebuke* from the uncommercial committee which is paying for the dinner and which regards presentation copies as the cardinal virtue of good book-collecting.'

It was a merry dinner, and well on toward morning, after the wine had been flowing freely for several hours, my friend Kit Morley wrote on the back of a menu card the following parody of Leigh Hunt's well-known poem, 'Abou Ben Adhem': —

ABOU A. EDWARD

A. Edward Newton — may his tribe e'er wax —
Awoke one night from dreaming of Rosenbach's,
And saw among the bookshelves in his room,
Making it like a 'Shelley first' in bloom,
A Boswell writing in a book of gold.
Amenities had made Ben Edward bold,
And to the vision in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The Boswell raised its head,
And with a voice almost as stern as Hector's,
Replied, 'An index of the great collectors.'
'Sir, am I one?' quoth Edward. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Boswell. Edward spake more low,
But cheerly still: 'Sir, let us have no nonsense!
Write me at least as a lover of Dr. Johnson's.'
The Boswell wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with an increase of light,
And showed the names whom love of books had blessed —
And lo, A. Edward's name led all the rest!

In the cold gray light of the morning after, it was seen that this poem lacks some of those transcendent qualities which have given Shelley's 'Cloud' and Keats's 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer' such enduring fame; but at the time it was composed and read, it produced a prodigious effect upon the company, and some day my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns may sell the manuscript at auction for a price which will amaze them. — But this verges upon prophecy.

For months, each day brought me at least one letter, and frequently several, which added greatly to the joy of life and proved a very welcome change from the more usual communications, which I have grown accustomed to, that 'a prompt remittance would be highly appreciated.'

III

Written, as my book professedly was, for the tired business man, it had an equal success with the sex which we have been taught to think of as fair. I came to have in some small measure the astonished feeling that Byron had when he awoke and found himself famous, except that I feared to wake and discover that my success was a dream. I dreaded the arrival of the time when flattering letters would be a thing of the past, and when friends would no longer stop me in the street to tell me that they never would have supposed that I could write a book.

My reputation as a Johnsonian grew out of all proportion to my knowledge; and if I recast a bit of dialogue with a casual acquaintance on a street corner it must stand, not for the single encounter, but for a hundred.

FRIEND. — I never hear Dr. Johnson's name mentioned without thinking of you.

N. — That's very good of you (*with a leer*).

FRIEND. — There were two Johnsons were n't there? Did n't one write plays?

N. — Yes, but they spelled their

names differently, and Ben Jonson died —

FRIEND. — I remember I sat in his seat in a tavern the last time I was in London in 1907 — no, 1909, I can't remember now whether it was 1907 or 1909, — but I sat in Dr. Johnson's seat in a tavern; let me see, I have forgotten the name, but it was in the Strand.

N. (*wearily*). — No, it was not in the Strand, it was in Fleet Street, and the name of the tavern was the Cheshire Cheese —

FRIEND (*exultingly, as one who has found great treasure*). — That's it — the Cheshire Cheese! I had lunch there and I sat in Dr. Johnson's seat. Have you ever been there?

N. — Yes, and it may surprise you to know that there is not one single contemporary reference to Johnson's ever having visited the Cheshire Cheese.

FRIEND. — Why, that's queer. I was told —

N. (*firmly*). — Yes, I know very well what you were told, but it's all fiction. The legend that he frequently visited the Cheshire Cheese has grown up in the last century, and is founded on nothing more than possibility, or at most probability.

FRIEND. — You surprise me. Well, it's a dirty old place, anyhow. I always preferred going to Simpson's.

N. — Now you 're talking! Don't you wish you were there now? Well, I must be on my way.

For the reason, I suppose, that it was soon recognized that my book was written in the leisure hours of a busy man, it escaped severe treatment at the hands of the critics. Allowances were made, — Dr. Johnson suggests that a woman's preaching should not be criticized; rather, one should be surprised that she does it at all, — so amiably was my writing considered. It was, however, rather disconcerting to discover that in no single instance, I believe, have I been asked a question that I was able to answer. This leads me to reach the profound conclusion that there are many more questions than answers in this world.

One thing greatly surprised me: it seems that my book had created the very erroneous idea that all old books are valuable, especially those in which *ſ*'s takes the place of *s*'s. This form — which began almost with the art of printing, continued throughout the eighteenth century, and signifies exactly nothing at all — was supposed to be a mark of special significance; and it took all the tact I was master of to break this news gently to those who were thinking of selling a few volumes which had long been regarded as invaluable family treasures.

When the famous Gutenberg Bible was bought by Mr. Huntington at the Hoe sale in New York, in 1911, people generally — especially in the remote country — formed the idea that, Mr. Gutenberg having recently died, his widow had disposed of the family Bible for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and, it was thought, would be willing to pay a substantial moiety of this sum for any other old Bible which might be offered. Consequently, 'Mrs. Gutenberg' was overwhelmed with offerings of Bibles, most of which would have been dear at one dollar.

In like manner, I was overwhelmed with offerings of Burns. I had casually mentioned, in speaking of a Kilmarnock Burns in boards uncut, that the price might be about five thousand dollars. The book was published in 1786, and the reasoning which went on in the minds of those who addressed me on the subject seems to have been: if a copy of Burns printed one hundred and twenty-five years ago is worth five thousand dollars, a copy half as old would be worth half as much; certainly

a copy of Burns printed in 1825 must be worth, say, a thousand dollars.

One old lady, suffering from sciatica and desirous of spending some months at Mount Clements, decided to part with her copy for this amount. She wrote me as follows: 'My copy of Burns belonged to my grandfather. It is of 1825 edition, bound with gilt edges, and is in fair condition for so old a book (almost a hundred years). It is of course very yellow and some pages are much worn; *however, it is all there.*'

Another lady wrote: 'Understanding you are desirous of buying old books I write to say that I know of families having same in their possession. Before I make inquiry I want to get all the information possible. I am anxious to make money in a pleasing way, and this seems along the lines of my taste and inclinations. Please let me know what you want to buy, by return mail.' Not getting a reply by return mail, she wrote another letter, this time sending a stamped envelope: 'I wrote you recently about old books. I am anxious to begin. Please write at once, sending me a list of books that are valuable.'

From a man in Texas came this gem on a letterhead of William Crawford, who called himself an Electrician, Plumber, and Steamfitter: 'Dear Sir: I understand you have gotten out a book giving a list of old books that are valuable. Does it come free of charge? If so, send it right along, as I know where some books are that I would like to know the value of.'

Many of these tributes to my genius I owe to the editor of that enterprising paper the Kansas City *Star* for an excellent review which appeared in that paper, — I call it excellent because it was so flattering, — and which was copied far and wide, even in the metropolitan press. It created the idea that I knew all that was to be known about the entrancing subject of book-collecting. 'Get hold of a book entitled *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton, and you will find therein the golden key that will open up for you whatever there is of mystery about the game,' the review said.

This 'golden-key' business bedeviled me for a time. I was asked to send forward promptly the 'golden key,' and at the time, not having seen the article, I was quite in the dark to know what was meant. It seemed as if, the moment this phrase met the eye of the reader, he or she followed the instructions *au pied de la lettre*. One man, evidently a business man in Minnesota with no time for the *Amenities*, wrote me briefly and to the point: 'Give me all particulars about old rare books. Send me the "golden key" at once. I have some.'

But not all my correspondence was of this character. I received some letters which would give delight even to so hardened an author as H. G. Wells. Captains of Industry, whose names are household words in Wall Street, seem to have found relief from the cares of the hour in my pages; and officers just returned from duty in France, anxious to forget the horrors of the Argonne, dipped into me as if I were a bath of oblivion. Finally, I was asked to name my price for lectures. Of the many unexpected results of my little success, this was the most amusing. I invariably replied to requests for 'terms' by a story told me by Sir Walter Raleigh, the great Oxford scholar. A friend was asked to name his fee for a lecture, and replied, 'I have a three-guinea lecture and a five-guinea lecture and a ten-guinea lecture, but I can't honestly recommend the three-guinea lecture.' I said that I had only a three-guinea lecture in stock, and that I could n't recommend it, especially as I should have to charge a hundred guineas for it. No doubt my correspondents thought me mad.

It was Sir Walter Raleigh who suggested that I write a paper on Mrs. Thrale, although my title for it, 'A Light-Blue Stocking,' is my own. And speaking of Sir Walter, let me tell a story of him which I have never seen in print, but which deserves to be immortal.

He was to deliver a series of ten-guinea lectures at Princeton University, and was expecting to be met by President Hibben at the railway station. Just at the hour of his arrival Dr. Hibben discovered that he had a very important meeting of the trustees, or something, which he could not very well miss. There was nothing to be done but call upon one of the younger professors to go to the station, meet the distinguished man, and escort him to 'Prospect,' Dr. Hibben's residence.

The professor thus called upon was glad to be of service, but remarked, 'I have never met Sir Walter. How shall I know him?'

'Oh, very easily,' replied Dr. Hibben; 'Sir Walter is a very large distinguished-looking man. You can't miss him; you will probably know almost every man getting off the train from New York; the man you don't know will be the man you are looking for.'

With these instructions Dr. Hibben's representative proceeded to the station, met the incoming train, and seeing a large distinguished-looking man wearing a silk hat, approached him, remarking, 'I presume I am addressing Sir Walter Raleigh.'

The gentleman thus accosted was much astonished, but pulling himself together, quickly replied, 'No! I'm Christopher Columbus. You will find Sir Walter Raleigh in the smoking-car playing poker with Queen Elizabeth.'

The man, as it turned out, was a New York banker; he had heard much of the impudence of the Princeton undergraduate and decided to nip it in the bud. No one enjoyed the story more than Sir Walter himself when it was told him.

In the words of 'Koheleth,' — as my friend Dr. Jastrow prefers to call the author of *Ecclesiastes*, in his delightful book, *The Gentle Cynic*, — 'Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Much study is weariness to the flesh."' 'Much' study, observe. I have given my subject only such study as has produced, not weariness, but pleasure. Books are for me a solace and a joy. We are told that of the making of them there is no end. Be it so. Let us rejoice that, whatever comes, books will continue to be, books that suit our every mood and fancy. If all is vanity, as 'The Preacher' says, how can we better employ our time than by reading books and writing about them.

WILLOW POND

BY HELEN ELLWANGER HANFORD

ESTHER BROWN came softly out of the bedroom and waited on the little porch, breathing unconsciously a sigh of relief. The whispered cry of the sick woman, the look on her white face, touched her with too sharp a pity. She was not unused to this pain of sympathy: so sensitive was her nature, that always she had only to come near the lives of others to feel their emotions of happiness or sorrow vibrating in herself. Nor would she have had it otherwise. Above all else, she desired to live, to be keenly, thrillingly alive to everything about her, whatever that might mean.

Life sought her out in unlikely places. Six weeks ago she had come with her husband and little daughter to this quietest of villages set in the hills, — from where she stood now she could see the cottage where she was staying, — and already her nearest neighbors had become for her a subject of absorbing interest.

Two women they were, Eliza Clark and her mother of eighty. Nature had not made the face of the daughter a mirror for emotions; but on that older face she had set such a seal of patience and dumb longing that the most casual eye would have been arrested. From the first, Esther, divining some hidden sorrow, had longed to bring comfort; but as yet she did not know what comfort was needed. To-day, as if at the approach of death, all but the essential had faded away; the look was intensified until the face almost told its own story.

The house, little and low and very old, stood on a rise of ground, from which, in the pleasant afternoon sunlight, she could look across gentle fields to the hills which cradled the village. Far down below gleamed a spot of blue. That was the 'pond,' which she could not see from her own house. She felt a sudden desire to go and sit beside the sparkling water.

A slow tapping sound made her look down. Rover, the old dog, warming himself in the sunshine, was wagging a greeting. She stooped to pat him, and he looked up at her in friendly fashion.

Eliza Clark came out and stood beside her. 'She's gone to sleep,' she said in a low voice.

The two women moved away from the door to the other end of the porch, where their voices would not reach the sick woman.

'She's not so well this morning,' went on Eliza. Her plain, large-featured face was working; she folded her arms tightly across her breast. 'She did n't know us then; you saw that. She just lies there and calls. *To-day is the day*,' she added in a still lower whisper. 'I've tried to keep it from her, but she knows. Is n't that strange, don't you think, when she hardly knows me? Early this morning she woke up and said, "It's the tenth of July, Eliza"; and since then, every time she's sort of lost herself, she's called and called. It *hurts* me!' cried Eliza impotently. She saw the question in Esther's eyes. 'You don't know?' she asked. 'But, of course, you would n't know. You've just come,

and the people here don't talk much. It was years ago, years, when I was — Hark!' There was a faint sound from her mother's room. 'She can't sleep, you see, poor mother!' She went in noiselessly, and Esther could hear her crooning, 'Hush, dear, hush! Yes, by-and-by.'

Esther brushed away the tears. 'I'll go now,' she thought, 'and come back later when Faith has had her supper.'

At her own words, she started and looked about her with that quick sweep of the vision that mothers know. Then she hurried to the back of the house, calling softly, 'Faith, Faith!'

There was no answer. She stood for a second, her eyes dilated, her hand at her throat. She had left the child playing in the yard when she went into the house five minutes ago. Five minutes — how long had she lost herself in the pitying contemplation of the two women? It seemed now an eternity since her eyes had rested on the adored little form playing among the daisies.

'She's not in the house,' whispered Eliza from the doorway. 'Look around the barn. She can't have gone far; it's only been a minute.'

Esther nodded. 'No, she can't have gone far. I'll find her and take her home and then come back.'

She smiled up into Eliza's face, though her heart was beating wildly. The barn stood at the left of the house, a little down the slope. She hurried out to it.

The child was not in sight. Here, away from the house, she called her loudly, a shrill note coming into her voice. Only the echo came back to her: 'Faith, Faith!' She looked down the white, dusty road that led to her own cottage, a quarter of a mile away. The child, tired of waiting, might have gone back to her father. She was safe then. But there was a chance —

The old dog had risen lazily from the porch and followed her. Now as she stood, uncertain what to do, he took a few rambling steps down the hill and looked back at her with a dim inquiry in his watery eyes. She looked past him down the long slope. And far off, the blue of the lake called her! 'No, no,' she whispered to herself, 'it's too far; she *could n't.*' But all the time she was hurrying down the path, the dog more alert now, beside her. She knew of this lake, — Willow Pond they called it, — a little blue gem in the valley, with great willows bending over it. No children played there. The day she came to the village, some one had warned her of that treacherous water, dropping off suddenly from shallowness to unknown depths. Esther had never taken her three-year-old child to the place, lest the fascination of the rippling water should carry her back to it some time alone. 'She did n't come this way!' The dog made a sudden bound to the side and stopped at something white. It was a little sunbonnet!

After that, she went in terrible plunges over the uneven ground, while the dog, left behind, followed more slowly. She was not crying: tears take strength and blind the eyes. She was not even thinking, unless those relentless pictures burning into her brain could be called thought. She had lost sight of the lake now. In a minute more, at a turn of the path, she would see it again. She would know then, perhaps. She would know surely, if she saw little footprints leading to the edge and not returning. That thought wrung from her one cry of agony. Then she sank to the ground, unable to take another step, for her cry had been answered by a child's laugh, a 'Here I am!' — and running toward her in the sunlight was her baby.

Esther caught her in her arms, sobbing out her questions. 'Why did you, darling? Oh, why did you come so far?'

'She's not hurt,' said a clear voice.

Esther started violently and looked up. A little girl, perhaps eight years old, dressed in a bright plaid frock, had come around the bend of the path and stood smiling at her, a shy little smile of reassurance and welcome. Her hair lay in glossy ringlets over her neck and about her fresh round face, half hiding her eyes, great bluish-gray eyes, with heavy, black lashes — quite the loveliest eyes Esther had ever seen. Even in her preoccupation she felt that, with the quick pang that beauty always brought to her.

'She's not hurt at all,' the child repeated, speaking with the curious slowness which one often meets in sparsely inhabited rural districts, and which on her baby lips was delightful. 'Just her feet are wet, and her skirts.'

'Girl pulled Baby out,' volunteered Faith.

'You went in for her?' cried Esther. 'Then you must be wet, too!'

She put out her hand to feel the child's clothing; but with a quick motion, like that of a bird too closely approached, the little girl darted aside.

'No, I'm not wet,' she said; 'I just reached out and caught her little hand.'

She smiled at the baby and back at Esther, watching her with interest as she drew off the wet shoes and socks and rubbed the baby's feet.

'Wrap her in your skirt,' she suggested; and laughed gleefully when Esther did so. '*Now* she's warm and snug!' The laugh died on her lips suddenly, and her soft face became almost stern. 'That is wicked water,' she said. Her eyes, gray a moment before, looked black. 'It is cruel. It looks so blue and beautiful, and it calls to little children till they come to it from where they are, all safe at home, and they take one little step, two —' She shivered. 'It goes down, *down*, nothing to hold to, no one to help —'

Faith, frightened, burst into a wail. It came to Esther that perhaps the child had lost someone in the depths that she described with so shuddering a pain. She stretched out her hand; but at Faith's cry, the little girl's look had changed to one of tender satisfaction.

'But your baby was n't hurt, the darling. She just started to wade out — and I had her! Only her shoes,' she added anxiously, 'they 're wet, and such pretty shoes, too! Pretty things should n't be spoiled. Do you mind?'

Esther fought back a wild desire to cry hysterically. 'No, I don't mind,' she answered. She thanked the little girl, or tried to thank her, and the child listened with grave attention.

'I'm so glad I was here,' she said. 'Often I'm not, but I love best of all to come and sit here in the sunshine, and to-day they let me.'

With the prettiest little air of pride, she looked down at her dress. Though rather oddly made, it was quite new.

'What a pretty dress!' said Esther, smiling. 'And what dear little buckled slippers!'

The child nodded assent. 'Yes, I dressed up and came here. I did n't know —' She did not finish the sentence, but stood looking off seriously, while Esther watched her in silence. With every thought, the expression on the small face changed. 'I'll tell you a secret,' she said, presently, turning to Esther with a wise little smile. 'I don't know for sure, but I *think* my mother 's coming to-day! I'm waiting for her now.'

'Is your mother away?' asked Esther.

'Away?' The child regarded her steadily for a moment. Then she threw out her little empty hands. 'Oh, I have n't seen my mother for so long!' she sighed, 'and I want her!'

A chill struck at Esther's heart. So that was it! The child's mother was, of course, dead. Was it she who had been

drowned in the treacherous lake? No doubt. Another thought filled her with immeasurable pity. The shock of the mother's death had left its mark, never to be erased, on the tender mind of the child. In no other way could she interpret a strangeness she had vaguely felt from the first.

'But you have your father,' she said soothingly, 'and sisters?'

'My father, but not any sister. And all the rest. But they're not my mother!'

'Muddie,' said Faith, 'I'm cold.'

'Oh, my baby!' cried Esther. How had she chanced to forget her, even for a moment? The afternoon was drawing to a close; already the air held a slight chill. 'I must take her home at once,' she said hurriedly. 'But I must see you again, dear. Where shall I find you? Do you live near?'

'Not near, but not so very far. It does n't take long, if you know the way. But I'll walk a little piece with you now.'

'And you're sure you'll know your way home again?'

The child smiled a strange, brilliant smile. 'How could I miss that?' she cried.

Again Esther felt the chilling dread.

They walked on in silence and rather slowly. Esther could not put Faith down; the need of the little body clasped to her heart was imperative. But the weight held her back.

'There's the dog.' cried the child in delight. 'It's almost like one I —'

'It's Rover,' said Faith. 'Come, Rover, Rover!' she called.

Far ahead of them, the old dog was hurrying back to the house.

'Come, Rover, Rover!' echoed the little girl in her shrill sweet voice. 'I like Rover for a dog's name,' she said, 'and I like Faith for a little girl's. What is your name?'

Esther told her name with the simplicity that always drew children to her.

'And I like Esther for a grown lady,' said the child.

'And what is your name?' asked Esther.

But with one of her instant changes, the child had bounded aside and was stooping over a flower. No suggestion now of anything sinister. She might have been a brilliantly colored butterfly, poising for a moment before it darted off into the bright air.

'She's beautiful,' thought Esther. 'I'd love a picture of her.'

They had come halfway up the slope. The Clarks' house was in full view. The child stopped abruptly, her face very sober again.

'I can't go any farther,' she said. 'I'm sorry.'

'But you'll come some time,' urged Esther, 'or tell me how to find you? I'll see you again?'

'If I can; if they'll let me,' the little girl answered with sweet precision. 'Oh, listen,' she murmured, 'listen!'

Up from the church in the valley floated the clear sound of the bell that called the villagers to a moment of silent prayer. Esther bowed her face over her baby's soft head, mingling broken words of gratitude with her prayers for a suffering world. As she prayed, she heard a whisper — scarcely that, the breath of a whisper, so sharp with joy that she opened her eyes: '*There's* my mother!'

She looked up the hill; no one was coming.

'Where, dear?' she asked. Her voice sounded curiously loud, as if she were speaking in some vast solitude.

She looked around. The child was no longer beside her. She called, 'Little girl, little girl!'

'Girl gone,' said Faith, with light finality.

Esther clasped the child more closely in her arms and went on home. She attended to her wants quickly, urged

by some nameless feeling to return at once to the other house.

As she opened the gate, she was conscious of a change. The house looked quiet and aloof. As she reached the porch, she heard Eliza Clark speaking quietly to someone else, heard a quiet answer; then Eliza came to the door.

'I found her,' whispered Esther. 'And your mother?'

Eliza had been in the shadow. She stepped out now, and Esther could see that her face was very white and strangely majestic in a new calm.

'I'm glad you found her,' she said simply. 'I was frightened too. Mother — Mother's gone.'

'Your mother! Not —'

Eliza nodded. 'I did n't expect it so soon; I hoped to keep her. I wanted every second. Oh, you don't know —' She paused a moment and then went on calmly. 'For a while after you left, she lay whispering and calling just like you saw, sleeping a minute and then waking up and calling again, never quite herself. She was so weak she could not raise her head. And then the church-bell began to ring. She was dozing, but she started just the way you do when you're called suddenly, and she raised herself half up in bed and stretched out her arms and said, "Mattie," again, not pitiful and complaining, but in a real young, happy voice and as if she *saw* Mattie. It seemed almost a minute she sat like that, and then she fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes; but before she died she opened them just once and whispered, "Dear Eliza!"' Slow, painful tears were coming into the woman's eyes. 'I've never begrudged her one thought of Mattie,' she sobbed.

Esther held her closely. 'Mattie was your sister?'

Eliza faced her, calm once more. 'Ah, I've never told you. But I'll tell you now.'

They sat down in the gathering twilight. Esther could see that the recital was in some way a relief to the other; that to live again in the old accustomed sorrow eased her present pain. As for herself, she had borne too much in the last hours to listen attentively to the tale of another's bygone grief, even the tale she had so wished to hear. Of the first sentences, only a few words came to her.

'It was fifty years ago to-day,' began Eliza slowly. 'I was ten, and Mattie, my little sister, was seven, going on eight, and we lived here in this same house, which was n't old then. One day, I was helping mother with the canning, and Mattie was out of doors playing. She loved to watch the birds and flowers and chase the butterflies or play with the dog. She was the lovingest little thing, crazy over animals and babies, but most of all she loved our mother. Only that morning she had stopped her play and run to mother and flung her arms tight about her, and mother had stood there, with her hands all juice from peaches, laughing down at her. It was a real picture: mother so young and happy-looking, — she was only thirty, — and Mattie so little and pretty. I remember after she ran out of doors, mother turned to me and said, "My good little helper!" But I was n't jealous. I was never jealous of Mattie.

'By-and-by I glanced out of the window and there was Mattie running past. The little thing was all dressed up in a new dress that she was n't supposed to wear until Sunday. My mother saw her too, and we both smiled. Mother took a step toward the door and then came back without telling her to come in and change it. She knew how Mattie loved pretty things. I suppose she just could n't wait for Sunday. And she did look so sweet. Wait a minute; I'll show you.'

Eliza Clark rose to her feet heavily

and went into the house. It was very quiet outside. The sun had set at last; night was coming on. Again Esther felt that icy feeling at her heart. She had felt it earlier in the day; she had felt it when — She shivered and looked about her uneasily.

'There,' said Eliza, 'there she is!'

She held in her hand an old photograph, a crude specimen of a new art. She gazed at it a moment, and then put it carefully into Esther's hands.

Esther looked down, and choked back a cry. She found herself suddenly in a world that reeled and whirled, where there was no light or breath of air, for she had looked full into a pair of beautiful gray eyes, at a quaint old-fashioned dress, at a spirited grace of pose that no crudity of art could conceal. She had looked again at the Child of Willow Pond! Eliza's words came to her from a great distance. She was losing herself, but she struggled back to consciousness. She must hear, she must know. She refused to let herself sink into the black depths of faintness that claimed her.

'There she is,' said Eliza, 'just as she looked then. This was taken only a few weeks before, in the very dress she had put on that morning. It was a dear little plaid, made so prettily, we thought, though it looks odd now. See her pretty curls and her eyes. I always thought she had the loveliest eyes! And do you see the way she sort of rises out of the picture as if she were going to fly? That's the way she always was.' She sighed. 'So little and pretty and young!

'Well, we saw her go past, and then a few minutes later, — perhaps ten minutes, it surely was n't any more, — we finished our work and went out. Mattie was not there. We looked and called the way you do, carelessly at first. Then we got awfully frightened, and my mother sent me for my father, and we hunted everywhere, calling. I can see my mother's white face; it never looked young any more after that. We hunted all that day. Next day they even dragged the pond; but it is very deep. We never found her. Poor mother!' said Eliza.

She stood looking off in silence. Her story told, she was taking up again her newer, heavier burden of grief.

'Will you come to see her?' she asked.

She went into the dimly lighted bedroom, and Esther, white and shaken, followed her. A neighbor, sitting there, rose and went out softly, and the two came to the bedside and looked down. The face on the pillow was scarcely whiter than when Esther saw it last, but it had changed. The look of sadness was gone, and in its place was a smile of tenderest joy. As she gazed, Esther felt the wild terror of the last few minutes slipping from her. She had had a strange, momentary glimpse of another world, yes, but it was to the everlasting strengthening of her soul. She was interpreting it now by the beauty of the aged face before her. Where the soul of this frail woman had gone forth, there were peace and safety — and eternal goodness. She heard again the ripple of her child's laughter.

'It was just as the bell rang,' repeated Eliza. 'She raised herself up on the pillow, real strong for a minute, and she put out her arms and called Mattie. Her face looked as if the sun were shining upon it. And then she just sank back and spoke to me. And all the time the church-bell was ringing. It was a good way to go. She's happy now, she — and Mattie.'

She looked questioningly at the other.

'Yes,' answered Esther. 'Listen, dear Miss Eliza.'

She drew her tenderly out on the little porch.

A TEACHER OF HISTORY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

In writing on these school affairs I am entirely conscious of these facts: first, that distinguished ability is always rare; second, that the character of the teaching suggested requires a very special kind of teacher — a teacher already endowed with many gifts which have been denied to most people, and therefore to most teachers. And this also is true — that those who have not this endowment can never get it.

You can graft a good apple on a poor apple tree, but you cannot graft a good apple on even a good walnut tree or cherry tree. In other words, the species cannot be changed. Operations in normal schools or teachers' colleges will not change the species to which a person belongs.

And the grave and overshadowing consideration about a teacher is whether he or she belongs to the teaching species, or is only trying to imitate the habits of that species and thereby draw a salary. The rules of the teaching game are fairly well made out, and are being daily elaborated and extended by pedagogues, by psychologists, by medical experts; and all for good where the intelligence is sound and disinterested.

But it will always be true that the imponderable influences of individuals of the actual teaching species will outweigh any set of rules and definitions and methods of teaching.

What is this supreme symbol that educational establishments like to use on their stationery? It is one hand holding a torch and another hand open to receive it. If it means anything, it means that something illuminative is passing, or can be passed, from one human being to another — from teacher to scholar. And so it can be. 'Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it'; but this strange subtle undercurrent, this wind of the spirit which bloweth where it listeth, — which cannot be defined or confined or expressed in any formulæ, — this whole core and substance of the educational process, can be passed. It can be passed on one condition, and only one, namely, that the teacher is actually a source of illumination — not a reflected light, but a light-producer; not a moon but a sun; and that the scholar is capable of catching fire, is combustible, is spiritually organic.

The great thing about a teacher of youth is not at all how much he knows of the science of education, the laws of learning, the administration of a school, or of the particular subject which he teaches. The important thing is his personal radiative power as an illuminant along the highways which his pupils have to travel. One could weep, one *must* weep, to observe how, in place of this, something manufactured is substituted.

Did you ever read about the teacher in Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror?* Read it and reflect on what constitutes the thing we call education. Where shall children get their Light — not their knowledge of arithmetic and spelling, but their Light?

Well, you say, why not at home or at church? Are not schools designed for the particular purpose of doing the thing the home and the Church cannot do as well, if at all, namely, teach certain definite topics and end there? That is what they were designed to do; but it is as plain as can be that if they don't conserve all the by-products from the teaching of the subjects intrusted to them, and also add things that used to be entirely domestic or ecclesiastic, children as a whole are not going to be fit for anything except the paths of life beaten hard and sterile by prejudice, complacency, and inarticulate or bellowing ignorance.

It is not to be supposed that children will be equally sensitive to the stimuli which this ideal teacher provides. Are not commonplace teachers therefore good enough for commonplace children? Is not society composed almost entirely of ordinary humdrum people, from all eternity predestined to be so: to be possessed of rather bad taste, of pretension, showiness, shallowness, and a blissful, mischievous, or malevolent ignorance?

No doubt about it, at all. But who can tell how much this huge percentage could be reduced if, at a certain early period in their lives, people went through a better process of screening? There would still be prodigious piles of refractory material, and certainly something very unpleasant and unfortunate would happen if there were not.

But some extremely valuable qualities would be saved from obscurity by a certain spiritual specific gravity in their possessors, by hidden capacities to respond, as the gold button forms in the fire-assay when there is gold in the ore.

And these constitute, so far as we know, — and that is not far, of course, — the sole *raison d'être* of the universe. So that you come to a rather astonishing realization that the business of a teacher seems to be to prove that our solar system is worth while; and the real teacher does it.

When it comes to finding teachers for different subjects, there is a certain area within which you can capture real teachers if you have a clear idea of their habits, and can therefore recognize one when you see him. Against a background of school-routine these rare spirits are often indistinguishable except to a hunter of discrimination.

Many a teacher-hunter goes out with a net like the Roman *reticularius*, which he throws over something that looks inviting, without considering, without having the experience or the understanding to warn him, that for one real teacher there are ten imitations, and that these imitations are either terrible things to get entangled with and may easily 'bite you first,' as the saying is, or else are too thin and watery, and in both cases, therefore, useless as nutriment in his school.

You may remember a dialogue by the roadside between a young and curious angel and a hard-working spider in Stephen's *Demigods*. Mostly, he said, he caught thin little flies without much eating on them; but that was better luck than the lad below with the thick hairy legs had, for yesterday he caught a wasp.

'What did he do then?' inquired the angel.

'Don't ask him, sir; he don't like to talk about it,' said the spider.

The area in which you are likely to find real teachers is not the school-area only. In the public schools you are confined to certified people — professional teachers.

Does it not seem unfortunate that a superintendent of discretion should not be able to use non-professional people who are peculiarly qualified to teach certain subjects? This is the privilege of the private school and of the college, and it is a privilege rarely abused. But

the 'safeguarding of public institutions' peremptorily forbids it.

When the president of a college wants a man to teach history, for instance, he has a right and a duty to pick the very best man he can afford. President Eliot picked Henry Adams to teach mediæval history at Harvard. Adams had never taught before, and did n't want to teach at all; but such was the President's way with people he invited, that Adams taught the mysteries and obscurities of mediæval history for six years.

If you have read his book, *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, you can easily understand President Eliot's determination to have that man on that subject. In other words, it would be an excellent thing if teachers could be taken where found, and not always out of the confinement of the normal school and the teachers' college.

When it comes to a teacher of history, you would think that such a teacher must be capable also of teaching natural history and geography.

There are too many compartments in schools. Education is all of one piece, and yet a school is a place of compartments. They try to join things up, but you can't join things up very well that are so separated by walls and by textbooks and by narrow minds, with their partitions over which there is not much opportunity for children to look.

Even music must be taught — if it is to be adequately taught — by those, and those only, who are much more than musicians. Nothing is deadlier than the effect produced on a child by a music-teacher who knows of little but music — who is incapable of connecting music with all art and all experience.

II

The history teacher must in some way account for history. And when you are called upon to do that, then you are compelled to go back of the recent, to those huge foundations laid in century piled upon century of astronomical time. To such a teacher the Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal man, the Glacial Epoch, and rivers and mountain-ranges are even more interesting than the Punic Wars and the Crusades.

It happened that I knew one geography teacher — a man; and it happens that I also know one history teacher — a woman. A woman, and an elderly woman; a woman who understands that the history for her children must be the philosophy of history, and who therefore has to teach natural history and arrive at human history as human history was actually arrived at; and who knows as much of geography as of history, and loves it with an equal passion.

Having, as Stevenson says, 'thrown her soul and body down for God to plough them under,' she has grown up out of that furrowed field with a certain fierceness of joy in life that can best be contained in the robust and tireless body which fifty years have seemed only to tune to pitch, and to leave humming to the great winds of heaven. And yet such a simple woman, without an affectation, without a single pose, without self-consciousness, without pride of intellect, with apparently nothing but prodigious good-will, gigantic good sense, and brimming good-humor, and unlimited patience, and an energy and interest and curiosity equal to the sum of the energies and interests and curiosities of all the children in the school.

You would not think that this plain elderly lady, of Quaker ancestry and Quaker bearing, had traveled most of the trails of history on her own feet; that she read Latin and Greek quite as well as she read German; and that she spoke three languages. Nor would you think that she knew as much about the literature and music of nations as she did of

their history. Is there no place for a Leonardo like this in a school — in a public school?

There is a place, and I will tell you where: it is *everywhere*. But it is especially in the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades, in the ages of fourteen to sixteen, in that restless and dreaming age, the age of adolescence, of great beauty and potential danger. And in these grades she taught.

I have been many times in her classroom — that is, I have been present on occasions when she was teaching, her classroom being as often in a ditch by the road as in a building.

But I first met the lady sitting alone in front of the Hermes of Praxiteles in the little museum at Olympia, whither she had come on a donkey from some obscure part of the Peloponnesus, talking modern Greek with the peasants as she passed along their vineyards.

'Before this thing my soul is prostrate,' she whispered as she rose. Afterward we walked beside the Alpheus, and 'Listen!' she said; 'there's some *live* Greek history, the exact thing!'

It was the frogs of Aristophanes, — the *brack-ki-ki-wax*, *brack-ki-ki-wax*, — totally unlike any sound of frogs I had ever heard; and there they were, at home, as usual, in their old river!

The last time I saw her she was standing by a roadside in New England, with a turtle in her hand, engaged in unveiling the mysteries of sex to a group of ten-year-old boys in such a way, with such directness and such delicacy, as Fabre himself might have used in speaking of these things with his own boys and girls. Wherever she went she was quietly building bridges over places where fatal accidents might happen to children through the ignorance or timidity or laziness of parents.

What teacher of natural history do you know who is capable of making her subject the occasion to illuminate for pupils the origin of life and processes of reproduction, so that thereafter the vulgarities and familiarities of the less fortunate can only repel these young people, the truth about this matter having made them free from the contagion that breeds in unenlightened minds?

But schools have to leave that sex-question out; yes, democratic institutions must be safeguarded, and therefore they have to leave out almost everything that is really important.

If I describe the schoolroom in which this teacher meets her classes during the school year, you will learn still more about her, because the rooms where people live always reflect pretty accurately their lives and minds.

One side is occupied by windows, and almost half the windows are occupied by aquariums, so arranged that the light comes through the water from the top; and the quiet, cool effect produces an antidote to the feverishness of schoolrooms in general.

The opposite wall is covered by a map of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the flat relief so exquisitely worked out by George Thomsen, showing the mountain-ranges, river-valleys, high plateaus, and all the elevations, depressions, and barriers which have produced diversity of life, and have therefore produced natural history and human history as it was and is and evermore shall be.

On shelves everywhere are fossils and relics — Assyrian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Roman, Greek; Archæological, Palæontological, Geological.

At the upper end of the room are two statues, each about four feet high: one of the Stone-Age Man, and near it a reproduction of St. Gaudens's Lincoln. I could easily guess that those two figures had a very definite significance in that room, without anything at all being said about them.

At the other end of the room stands

an equally large reproduction of Barnard's great symbolic statue, The Two Natures.

Now history taught in a room with these things in it might still be dull and profitless. But you might be pretty sure, to say the least, that the teacher who put these statues in a history classroom, who had to go to great trouble and expense to get them, no doubt, was quite likely to be a teacher of history who proposed to make that subject contribute something more than names, places, and dates to the minds of children. A certain intelligence of the heart was evident there. It was not difficult to see that she proposed to connect her children up with history, and, in some sense, promote an allegiance to that mysterious upward thrust which we call 'goodwill,' which is the only worthwhile thing ever produced or to be produced, except beauty — and it is, of course, a part of that.

And yet there would be no moralizing. You heard both sides; you took your choice. When a case is adequately presented, choosing is not so difficult.

Perhaps most of the mistakes in ethics everywhere are due to the misfortune of never having heard the case presented as it ought to be, to conform to the truth of the matter.

If you look at Barnard's statue long enough, you learn certain things which thereafter help to deliver you from your adversary. And yet Barnard never made that statue for that purpose — or for any other purpose except the recondite purposes of art.

Nevertheless art cannot escape its ministrations, protest as it will.

A much abridged statement of what this teacher had to say one evening, at a meeting of the Parents' and Teachers' Association, on the subject of history, will further illustrate her way of looking at things in her department, and also her theory of the relation which should exist between a school and its pupils.

She spoke in that confidential quiet manner of the person who gives you something, rather casually than by design, out of a great store of experience, quite as if you knew it already, — as if everybody knew it, — but, lest you might forget it, she would remind you. And while you listened, you increasingly, and, finally, intensely realized that here was one of those burning bushes of Moses — which it was well for you to have turned aside to see.

She began by saying that, as her father and her grandfather had both been ministers, she could rarely resist the temptation to use a text: it was something that seemed determined to come out, resist as she would. And when she talked about children in schools, she felt that there was one biblical text that covered the case — that expressed for all time the sort of thing a school should be and the attitude of parents and teachers toward children; and she repeated, slowly, 'And he shall be like a tree, planted by the *rivers of water*, that bringeth forth *his* fruit in *his* season.'

'I am not going to expound this text,' she said; 'it is quite unnecessary. All you need to do is to repeat it, to repeat it in reference to your own son or your own daughter; to demand, then, that a school shall be more like a river of water, that flows, that sparkles, that lies out under the sun and the stars. And also you must not be in a hurry. You must allow this tree of yours, planted by this river, time and space — leisure to grow in, quiet to grow in, so that in *his* season, not in *your* season, he may bring forth *his* fruit.

'The entire philosophy of education is there — from Rousseau to Dewey.

'But I am supposed to-day to talk to you about history — that is my subject. You want to know what sort of a

history teacher I am. Then you must come to the classroom — not once, but often. How is it that parents go so seldom to see their little trees, to see what sort of irrigation they get at school?

'I wonder whether you will agree with me as to the origin of history — of human history.

'Human history started in the sun. — Why, of course; why not? The trouble is, you never heard anybody say so before, did you? The trouble is that people don't go back far enough to arrive at the root of things. All the seething and boiling and explosive energy was inherited from that perfectly impossible conflagration we call the sun. So easy to call it that — 'the sun'; but what is it? Do you suppose anybody *knows* what it is? Not a living soul! But at any rate, the earth is a minute piece of it, cooled off but still kept going by the heat and the light from the original lump.

'The gases, condensed, made water, and the salts, the chemicals, in the water, acted upon by the sun's rays, made protoplasm. The inorganic got worked into the organic by one of these miracles which only time can perform.

'And in that protoplasm were things as incredible, as incomprehensible, as huge, as turbulent, as fierce, and as fiery as the sun itself. The single word for the whole thing is Energy. Now there are two predominating elements in this protoplasmic energy, and they are two expressions of solar energy, I suppose, simply transformed and finding a new expression. These are Hunger and Fear; and they are confronted by two other very strange and violent ingredients, namely, Love and Death.

'So, you see, with stuff in it like this, history is bound to be, not only extremely dramatic, but even tragic. History is a mixture; it is a bowl as large as the earth, at any rate, filled with the most terrible brew concentrated from star-dust, from violent gases and flames, from water and air and dirt of every sort, and it boils everlastingly.

'What we propose to do in school is to get a little of the odor of it and a little of the taste of it. We are in the pot ourselves, but for the time being we must get outside the pot.

'And then history is part of our present daily intimate life: history *is not* just a story! Is your own past life history? Is n't it the most vivid and intense history to you, and a big part of your present life, and is there any story of it? History is life a day or two past, — life *forty centuries* past, — and history is part of us. And the accounts of history are often the feeble mumblings of old stick-in-the-muds, who, in a frantic effort to 'embrace the subject,' as they would say, were squeezed to death *by it,* were turned to stone because they were false lovers, or too rash.

'"Here is the earth," says Emerson, "complete in every detail — sound as a nut; but the *theories* of the earth, and the *accounts* of the earth, are things of shreds and patches."

'And while I am on the subject, I might as well go a bit further. The life of the past is significant to us because it is the life of men, women, and children very much like us, although in different skins and costumes.

'And that means this: it means that it would not be worth a moment's thought, if the bulk of it was really only a mass of wars and the perfectly atrocious antics of most of the folks on top — their speeches and their parades.

'You understand this, and you understand the inner nature of society. It is the *little things that count.* What is it that keeps the earth fruitful — that is, that keeps the soil which we depend on for producing vegetable life from becoming sodden and unproductive?

'Earth-worms! Now what is that

curious statistic about these beasts? Why, as I remember it, the whole surface of the land — that is, arable land — goes through the long muciferous stomach of the worm-tribe every five years or ten years — something like that.

'The soil of Society is worked by this same myriad of swallowers and digesters and excreters, and out of it therefore things grow — heroes grow, and artists, poets, and musicians. Let old Carlyle talk about his heroes — and how gloriously he does it! The fact is that it was all in the black dirt of the hero's ancestry, the dirt he goes back into when his day above the surface is done, and his works frequently follow him.

'One thing has saved society from rotting at the core — or, I should say, two things; two things in the life of man make it worth while — worth talking about and worth thinking about. The two things are Virtue and Suffering — Courage and Pain.

'Did you ever realize that the man who wrote Revelation, the Book of the Revelation, — the man John of Patmos, — was a tremendous mural painter? Do you read Revelation much? Well, read it, and let that pageantry work on your mind. One of these scenes illustrates the inhabitants of the Earth, the inhabitants whose courage had raised them into a great light — a light which illuminated those millions of eager faces and stretched arms and fingers as they sang there an oceanic sort of song like one of Bach's or Palestrina's; and underneath that picture John wrote, "These are they who have come up out of great tribulation."

'History is the threshing — the terrific threshing — of life; that's history: that is what we are studying.

'Two great flails — Time and Chance, or Time and Destiny — beat down on the groaning centuries and the wheat and chaff get separated. So much suffering, so much bewilderment, so much failure — and so much courage.

'But, you understand, this mangled and disfigured body of human history is like Samson's old lion that lay where he left it, torn in two, by the road. "Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness." Out of the vitals of history comes whatever is lovely and of good report, and the chaff gets blown into the place that is reserved for chaff — not a bad place, but a place where chaff can be *used*. Not a bit of it is wasted; nothing is wasted.

'See here — here is a little piece of clay; what is it? It 's an Assyrian book. On a book just like this, written 4000 years before Christ and dug out of the hot sand in Arabia the other day, are these words in cuneiform: —

> **'Trembling one, pursued by Evil, dash thyself against the bosom of thy God.**

'And have we anything new to say to-day? Have we found any substitute at all?

'The next time you sing Dr. Newman's hymn "Lux Benigna," — "Lead, kindly light," — remember this old Assyrian!

'Now I propose to talk to your children about these things in some way or other which they can understand, so that they may appreciate a little, perhaps, what they have come from, and may not be fooled too much by the racket, by the maddening slam-banging and apparent speed of the present; by people making deafening noises and proposing impossible things. It 's slow — it 's fearfully slow — it will never be anything but slow!

'For instance, suppose we were talking about the Nile. I should hope to make them visualize that old Nile, so slow and so muddy, but so beneficent to Egypt just because it was slow and muddy. It was opaque, and it was full of fecundity. Things grew because

of it, things grew amazingly, and see what happened: Egyptian civilization brought forth its fruit in its season.

'Now, whether this Egyptian civilization was worth all the time spent on it, they will have to determine themselves after they know more about it.

'Civilizations happen just the way the Nile mud happens — there is no choice about it. They are deposits; and if, out of all the mixture of mud and water, passions and tears, and centuries of sunlight to stew in and to bake in; if, after all the frenzies and terrors of conflict, the endless and deadly toil of generations of slaves, there is a residue of something very precious and very rare as a contribution to the human spirit, to science and to art and to religion, then it was worth while — and they will see that there was.

'They are going to tell me all about it. They are going to write delightful essays on that subject; they are going to museums and libraries; they are going to have a perfectly grand time living in old Egypt if we — you and I — will assist them a little.

'You see, my dear people, a schoolroom must be a high place, a place from which we can see off and see enough to excite our most intense interest and curiosity. Things started there have *got to carry*. We have to put that old discredited stuff they called "phlogiston" into the lives of children, to keep them from becoming soggy.

'I look out of my school-window across the street, to a large wholesale millinery store, and see the processions of girls in and out of that establishment, each one clothed in the latest mode — all their little goods, as the saying is, in the show-window. What would you do? What's a school for? Where else will they get this thing in the shape they can get it here? A school which clarifies the selections, the ethics, the interests, the tastes of its pupils, which heads them positively toward that furnishing of the *interior* as opposed to the furnishing of the *exterior* which you see over there, — a school which teaches the "Mystery of Life and its Arts," as Ruskin had it, — is an educational establishment; otherwise not; otherwise *absolutely not!*

'I want to know whether the keels of men and women are laid the way they used to be. I don't know. Down at Fairhaven last summer they were building a four-masted schooner. It was a magnificent thing, prodigious, standing there in its ribs and bones only, and apparently equal to any kind of strain and stress, besides having that subtle, indescribable beauty of a ship even in this early stage. Everything they built into her helped — helped her strength and helped her beauty too; that was perfectly plain.

How about children? Does everything we build into them help their strength and beauty, do you think? Really, it is a lucky thing that they are able to resist or escape a great deal of it. They have a certain protective coloration and a certain imperviousness, which may be there because, if it was n't, the world would n't get on; the necessary faith in itself would n't survive; disillusionment would set in, and the game would be up.

'But one day I asked an old whaling captain who lives down on the "Drift Road," as they call it, whether he had seen that vessel up there. "Oh, yes," he said, "I was there when they was stretchin' of the keel; and I'll say this — they ain't puttin' the keels into vessels now that they used to."'

III

One evening at her house, instead of talking over these very profound and serious things, we devoted part of the time to trying to locate a tree-toad,

and part to playing with her Amazonian monkey.

'Let me introduce you to a child of a million years ago,' she said, as she brought in the creature with his quizzical face, a little black hand wrapped around his owner's thumb. 'Just think — here's one of those early efforts of nature to get herself humanized, to get herself sinning and repenting, sinking hospital ships, singing the "Messiah," weighing the planets, painting, praying, writing, massacring, educating — What a mess it is!

'And what can an individual do, tell me that, but just distribute such little gifts as he has to give, which increase the chances for happiness by increasing the appetite for — what? The things of the spirit? And for the teacher there is but one way, one way by which you can keep going. You have to take in a very great deal more than you give out. And then you have to wait. You must have seclusion — enough seclusion in which to wait, to "suspend judgment," as Powys says; to "wait upon the Lord," as the Bible says; and by some such process, — by waiting after having done your job each day, — and each year, you renew your strength.

'Look there at your feet — do you see that little green light, like the starboard light of a tiny ship? That's the larva of the firefly. He's going to carry that light down underground, away below the frost-line, and he's going to bring it up again in June and flash it in the air, and at last transmit it to his heirs, to the children of light.'

On my way home, through the massive shadows and mysterious presences of trees, with a great glory of stars arched overhead and the autumnal cricket chanting his own *In excelsis*, I felt as anyone would feel who comes from even a very casual conversation with that teacher, that almost all of us have gone through life without catching fire from a source like this — a source where high emotions glow, burn, sparkle, flame up into passionate, resolute, and tireless effort to refine the ore of life. Therefore we remain, if not a little stony and cynical, at least rather damp with doubts and reservations, or very sure that personal or corporate or political efficiency will make the paths straight through the wilderness. The American mind opens and closes; but in general, and in comparison with the European mind, is generously open, and its spirit still capable of being set alight. That has been the effort of the great schoolman at Washington, namely, to light these millions of inward flames from his own. And that is the mission of every real teacher everywhere.

But that inward fire — what a rare thing and how beyond all telling is its worth, fed from those emotions which go back into the darkest recesses of human history!

Among the tall grass, briars, and weeds of the twentieth century, all drenched with the rains of modernity, of hurry and violence, how steadily and clearly that old emotion burns; how buried, but how immortal, that 'Lux Benigna' of Cardinal Newman, that 'Lux Perennis' of an ancient verse of plain-song taken from the black bag of mediævalism and sung so beautifully by the students at Princeton the other day, in their desire to express in the loftiest and holiest manner their sorrow and their faith in remembrance of the boys who died fighting for what they believed, and what we believe, to be some Kingdom of Light: —

Jam sol recedit igneus,
Tu Lux Perennis Unitas,
Nostris beata Trinitas,
Infunde lumen cordibus.

As fade the fires of the Sun,
Thou, Light Eternal, Three in One,
Oh, ever-blessed Trinity,
Illuminate our hearts, we pray.

I MISLAY THE BAND

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

My first adventure in France was a musical one. From the capacious maw of the Leviathan we had been disgorged, like Jonah from the whale, upon the shores of Brest. En route to a place humorously called the 'Rest Camp,' we had been approached by the first detachment of the ten million ingratiating young innocents who were, in the ensuing months, destined to grasp our hands and demand 'une cigarette pour papa à Verdun.' As we marched, the girls and women had smiled and waved and thrown flowers at us. The men, mostly cripples, had saluted. It was altogether the most inspiring walk that I had ever taken.

By supper time we had made the 'Rest Camp.' This was a very small enclosure of the sacred but liquid soil of France, roofed by a desperately weeping heaven. The enlisted men threw up their pup tents and, in default of supper, slumbered heavily. We officers had an excellent chance to get near to Nature's heart, or at least her Brest. For our tents, bedding-rolls, and hand-baggage, though officially present, did not appear until late the following day.

About the time they appeared, our colonel sent for me and thrust a wad of francs into my hand.

'Lieutenant, we entrain at five-thirty to-morrow morning. You will purchase five rations for each of the headquarters officers. The regimental band is still probably on board the Leviathan. You will see that it entrains.'

As I hurried down to the port, I realized that I was in a dilemma. If I went out at once in person to get the band, all the stores would be closed before I could return and buy food for the long journey that lay ahead of us. If, on the other hand, I bought the provisions first, I might miss the band. Whichever I did, I was almost sure to go wrong.

By good luck I found, almost at once, the skipper of the official lighter, and sent him out to the Leviathan, with strict instructions to bring me back that band. Then I got a detail of doughboys, and with them raced for the shops against closing time. A strange picture my detail must have made as they stumbled back through the black streets of Brest. Their arms were heaped high with figs and huge branches of grapes, and every pocket of their blue jeans was bursting with wine. I thought they offered a fair modern version of the spies returning from the land of Canaan. But I did not tell them that they looked like spies. It would have been bad for the morale.

At eleven I met the returning lighter. No band! That skipper vowed they had taken another lighter an hour and a half before, bound for a remote place called Pier 7. Gracious heavens! It was a case of innocents abroad. It was a case of the little children of the fairy tale wandering about bewildered till Robin Red-Breast should come and gently cover them over with beautiful leaves. So far as I knew, those artless bandsters could n't muster two words of French between them. Even the French

horns were pure Irish. Fisher, their leader, had but recently been commissioned. And while he could lead the fingers and the lips of his men through the Maritana Overture in masterly fashion, I feared that he might lack the more mundane capacity to guide their feet through the stygian mazes of a strange foreign city, darkened against air-raids. I imagined that miserable band wandering about like lost sheep, weighed down by the tuba and the big bass drum and dragging them wearily deeper and deeper into the dark labyrinth of the slums.

Of course I hastened to Pier 7.

No! Positively no band had arrived there that evening. No band of any kind. If they had, they would most certainly have been held up for a tune. The dusky American stevedores always worked better under the stimulus of the divine art of melody. No band was ever allowed to effect a landing there without limbering up their instruments and playing a shake-down and a cake-walk. 'You ought,' continued the young shave-tail, 'to see the "shines" put their backs into it when that happens. And it happens quite often. They unload a boat in half the time. Say, do you know, what I've seen on this dock has convinced me that we're going to win the war *toot sweet*. The very first month we Yankees took hold here we unloaded twenty-nine times as much freight as the French had ever unloaded in their best month. Why, there'll be nothing *to* it. But about your band. I wish they'd show up here.'

I stemmed the young officer's rhapsodies over the effect of my favorite art on the activities of the darker side of the S.O.S. The S.O.S. was not what interested me just then. What interested me was helping to get the 313th Infantry intact to the front. I asked what he thought could have happened to the band. He could n't say for sure, but a couple of lighters had that evening broken away from the Leviathan and were rapidly drifting out to sea in a helpless manner. Perhaps my band was on one of these.

Good heavens! The outlook was growing worse and worse. A lighter that had got so far out of control as to break away and drift seaward might be in a sinking condition. My unhappy imagination boggled at what it beheld. Why, the poor fellows most likely did n't even have life-belts along. I imagined their frantic but vain efforts to plug both ends of the bass tuba so that it might float and serve as a life-raft. This failing, I beheld, with the bloodshot eye of my mind, the thirty-seven heroes all struggling in concentric circles to lay a hand on the buoyant bass drum.

In vain! Down goes the doctor of philosophy who performs so divinely on the piccolo. Their last gasps bubble up from the lips of the plumber who plays the bassoon and the tutor who tootles the flute. For the third and last time the commanding head of Lieutenant Fisher emerges from the foam, commanding his merry men to swim *allegro vivace*, while his baton arm rhythmically caresses old ocean's gray and melancholy waist.

Wild-eyed I hunted up the quartermaster lieutenant in charge of unloading operations, and persuaded him to send out an inquiry to the Leviathan regarding the whereabouts of the band. He was a good fellow and consented at once. According to him it was a perfectly simple matter. He would merely telephone to the Naval Station, which would flash the message by Morse code to another place, which would pass it on to a dreadnought. And the dreadnought would flash it out to the Leviathan. It was all as easy as A B C. The answer would be back in twenty minutes.

Two hours and a half dragged their slow length along. No answer. We called up, and the Naval Station vaguely but optimistically reported progress. It was two in the morning and we were to entrain at five-thirty. We flashed out another and more imperative inquiry. At length that great, slow-moving body, the Leviathan, responded. It was an ambiguous message, saying that the band had just left. It did not say which band or what pier it was bound for. But the lieutenant explained that there were only two possible docks where it could land, and he was positive that there was no lighter *en route* to either of these docks. He said he ought to know about that if anybody on earth did, as he was the ranking officer in charge of docking facilities. By a process of elimination, the 313th Infantry band must be still on board the Leviathan.

There was only one thing to do. I extorted a small tug from the authorities, climbed precariously over the mountainous cargoes of three freighters waiting to be unloaded, swung down a chain into the tug, with difficulty aroused the French skipper and his crew, and, in no more time than it takes to get sleepy and reluctant Frenchmen limbered up and launched into a full tide of activity, we were off.

There was room in the cabin for only ten men packed close; and I spent my force figuring out where to accommodate a band of thirty-seven souls, supposing them not to have been on one of the lighters that had drifted out to sea. For large waves were breaking over the scanty deck above. And where should I dispose the bass drum out of the wet?

We drew alongside the huge cliff of the Leviathan, and I tackled the deck officer. He thought my band had left, but was not sure how or when or why, or to what end. I thought of recommending to that band, if I ever caught it, to adopt as its motto those lines of Omar Khayyám's: —

> What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
> And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!

But then I recollected that the stanza ended in a resolution to hit

> Full many a cup of this forbidden wine,

and it occurred to me that it might perhaps be better not to bring these encouraging words to their attention.

At a moment's notice it is a difficult thing to lay your hands on thirty-seven dreamy, unpractical, and retiring musicians, in a ship whose war-time capacity is fourteen thousand souls. Beginning with the officers higher up, and progressing methodically to those lower down, I woke up all the naval dignitaries, one by one.

Like true knights-errant of the sea, they were all dignified and courteous, once they had dug the sand out of their eyes. But none of them knew anything definite about the 313th band except that it had played very agreeably during the voyage. Of this fact I was already aware. And as I was now hungry and thirsty and a bit on edge, I had some ado to restrain myself from pointing out that my knowledge along this line equaled theirs in every respect.

I woke up the men of the band of another regiment of the 79th Division which had not yet disembarked. (I thought I could distinguish the bandsmen from the less æsthetic doughboys because they snored with greater sonority and sweetness, and because their combined efforts blended into one mighty barber-shop chord which came nearer to being the lost chord than anything I have heard since on sea or land.) I asked them what had become of the 313th band. Wakened thus abruptly in the small hours, they had some difficulty in deciding whether this was to-night, last night, or to-morrow. But

they finally agreed that my band had left the evening before. They could, however, supply none of those precise details for which my soul yearned.

I woke up their colonel. He heaved aloft his pink-spotted pyjamas, pondered darkly for a space of time, and then swore softly to himself.

'Well,' he finally said, 'I'm an old West Pointer and I've heard of mislaying everything in the United States Army from a firing-pin to a field kitchen; but I'll be —— ——d if I ever heard of mislaying a military band!'

Then he pulled the blankets over his head and morosely prepared to relapse into slumber. As I went out I could hear him mutter:

'Lost a band! Well, I'll be d——d!'

Finally, from one of the stokers in the hold I learned definitely, with impressive concrete details, that different sections of the 313th band had left that night at eight and nine-thirty in two coal barges. Destination unknown.

On this I climbed back into the tug, aroused the French nation, and combined a nice cool shower on deck with watching the early dawn streak the surface of that marvelous harbor. If I had been in a properly receptive frame of mind, I should doubtless have received some very æsthetic impressions.

'That's bad!' exclaimed my lieutenant of the port when I told him the stoker's story; 'I never thought of those coal barges. Your band is probably, at this moment, five miles away down the harbor, hopelessly stymied. Here it is, four-thirty, and only an hour left before your entrainment. With the fastest truck I have, you could n't possibly get out there and back in an hour through the mess you'd have to negotiate.'

At that crucial moment, had I for a second lost control, I should have begun to gobble like a turkey and run up the walls. Never before had I realized so clearly the wonderfully expressive power of that vulgar phrase, 'to beat the band,' in connoting superlative states of longing or passion. In a superlative degree I now passionately longed to beat the band of the 313th Infantry, A.E.F.

'There's only one hope left,' said I. 'That stoker, like everybody else, may have been wrong. I'll call up the railroad station again on the chance.'

I had never liked the telephone much; but that morning I experienced a change of heart toward it; and if the Signal Corps had only been courteous enough to run a wire out from the port to the so-called Rest Camp, I probably should never have another word to say against that instrument of torture, even if I lived to be older than the Father of Lies who had distributed his offspring so plentifully about the city of Brest.

'Hello, hello! Yes, the 313th band have just arrived. I can see them now through my window, sitting on their instruments in the yard. Yes, yes, I see both the bass drum and the big bass tuba. They look intact. Talk with Fisher? Why, certainly. Hold the wire.'

Then Fisher explained to me in a voice faint from exhaustion that, in obedience to orders, he had taken the band from the Leviathan at nine-thirty the previous evening, by still another lighter than had ever been heard of by me or by the port-lieutenant; had landed at still another dock that was far out of our combined kens; and had spent the entire night of my anxious researches marching, like the King of France and thirty-seven men, up the hill to the Rest Camp, and immediately turning around with the outfit and marching down again, dragging the bass drum and the tuba in his wake.

Nunc dimittis! I had the band and I had the grub and I had the five-thirty, too.

IF I WERE THE LORD GOD

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

If I were the Lord God,
Of the beauty that lies in my heart,
I would make a tree,
And give it to man as a gift;
A slender young tree, with the tender green leaves
To hang like lace from the branches —
If I were the Lord God.

If I were the Lord God,
Of the wonder that lies in my eyes,
I would make a lake,
A tiny little lake like a jewel,
With the pearly blue sky
Turned down like a cup on a saucer —
If I were the Lord God.

And as I am not, shall the beauty that lies in my heart,
My Gift, go ungiven forever?
And as I am not, shall my wonder
Die out like a ring on the water?

A DEMOCRATIC SCHOOL

BY JAMES G. COZZENS

In his discriminating criticism of the American boarding-school Mr. Parmelee presented to the *Atlantic* readers an interesting study of the situation and the remedy. To the former nothing can be added. The American boy's temperament reacts in the manner described to the conditions that surround it in boarding-school life; one might say in any school life, for, I believe, a number of the symptoms considered walk hand in hand with all American educational systems, both public and private. As to the remedy; this is my fourth year in a school that has been fully tested out and has proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that its system is the answer, the only practical answer, to the various problems discussed by Mr. Parmelee.

I will take up his three principal points one by one, and offer the solution — not the visionary solution, but the solution that, in one school at least, works to-day.

'First, as regards their commercialism. A school of this kind, however high its ideals, is, we must remember, at bottom a business, and in the view of its authorities the first requisite of such a business is that it must pay.'

This is Mr. Parmelee's first difficulty. It is evident that, to make a school of the average type pay in this age, the rates must be high, too high for middle-class boys to profit by the advantages of attending a boarding-school. The task is to reduce expenses in such a way as to lower the tuition fee. This, of course, must not be done by decreasing the number or salaries of the faculty, or by detracting from the quality or quanity of the food. An impossible case, you say? Yet the question has been solved. In the school I have in mind the self-help system is a thoroughly practical answer. Large sums are saved by the work around the buildings which the boys do (no kitchen or laundry-work) without inconvenience, or interference in the slightest degree, either with the necessary academic work, or with regular athletics. It is to be noted that the hardest tasks set can be done thoroughly in the half hour allowed twice a day; and generally less time is required.

Let me assure you that this is no visionary fancy. It is a fact; it works; it has worked for over ten years. The school in question has grown from the cautious experiment to the present splendid fulfillment. It has never been publicly advertised, yet the waiting list numbers several hundred. Never has the future looked brighter. The system has spread, in some or all of its forms, to several other schools. It is the coming type.

Next, the question of arbitrary discipline. Self-government is the satisfactory answer. Here, Mr. Parmelee observes, all head-masters balk. It is a too-much-talked-of and disastrously tampered-with subject to find favor or even toleration with the preparatory-school faculties. Can the average head-master conceive of a big study hall, with every desk filled, no authority in the form of masters in the room, or even in the building, and yet the ticking of the clock far down in front distinct

and sharp in the very last seats—this not for a moment, but for hours at a time? Again you say, impossible; and again I say it is true, and it is working side by side with the self-help system, to the adequate solving of these two serious boarding-school problems.

To be more clear. The members of the faculty have no duties of any kind except their classroom work. The entire discipline is controlled by three 'prefects' appointed by the head-master from the graduating class, and four other fellows elected by popular vote, two from the fourth and two from the fifth form. These seven make up a council, which meets once a week, and has practically absolute power, — excepting the right of expulsion, — subject, of course, to the head-master's veto. Perhaps it does n't sound practicable, but then, it works. The difference in the attitude of boys to the masters is astounding. A more sincere spirit of friendship and respect is developed, because the 'spy system,' with its mutual lack of confidence, is done away with. Of this I will speak later.

The prefects, with another corps of inspectors drawn from the sixth form, are in charge of the regular working of the self-help system. They make out the job 'list,' which is changed from day to day, and is formed by entering numbers opposite the names on the school list. These numbers represent certain 'jobs,' so that the prefects have little knowledge of 'who gets what.' The jobs are done twice a day, and inspected and reported on in job-assemblies held before the morning and afternoon school sessions. Jobs that fail to pass inspection are done over at stated periods, and reported to the prefect of the day. A very poor job, or a failure to do a job over, receives an hour's 'detention,' which is served immediately after lunch by an hour of outdoor manual labor. This hour's detention is the standard penalty used both by the council members and by the faculty.

In exchange for the 'spy system' mentioned above, a form of honor system is used. Questions of all sorts are asked in assembly, and it is a tradition and a point of honor very loyally upheld that the offenders will at once own up, regardless of the nature of the act or the consequences it involves. It is a credit both to the system and to the boys in the school that practically no questions go unanswered.

Mr. Parmelee's third point concerns the spirit of college entrance. The greater part of the boys who attend such a school as this, and plan to go to college, are making no 'social function' of it. It is with them a serious matter and they act accordingly. They are the very type which Mr. Parmelee regrets has so little chance.

It is not my place to discuss the rights or wrongs of the College Entrance Board. The standards it sets may be unwise, but conscientious work finds no trouble with them, and the aim of the school I am discussing is conscientious work in every department. Conscientious work on the 'jobs' has solved the great economic problem of schools. Conscientious self-government has proved practical in forwarding the plan. Conscientious study is swinging wide the doors of the colleges.

May I suggest as our crying need, rather than Mr. Parmelee's 'American Cecil Rhodes,' more men of the type of the head-master of this school, who conceived this educational system. He has endowed American boyhood with a great gift — a gift not yet fully understood by present-day educators, but one which we who have benefited by it must believe to be the coming school, the true, democratic, American school.

THE VIRTUE OF INTOLERANCE

BY ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

One of my friends, by temperament always a somewhat belated adherent of already waning enthusiasms, has just built a spacious sleeping-porch on his hitherto comfortable suburban house, and now discourses warmly on the frigid healthfulness of outdoor sleeping, though the north wind blow never so keenly. Very scornful he waxes over the exploded superstition that some strange noxiousness lurks in 'night air.' I have no quarrel with him on that score. Though I cling to a comfortable bed in a comfortable room, I comply with the age so far as to throw wide the windows — to the great scandal of the kindly French family on whom I was billeted in the December of a year ago. But my friend is not content with the virtues of night air; all day long he keeps 'open house,' so that a visit under his otherwise hospitable roof stores the mind with many shivering memories.

Save for the acknowledged invalid, the open-air life is already on the decline; one hears on every hand the cry of back to sense and comfort. Very much indeed can be said for the snug fireside, for a roof and stout inclosing walls. Whatever may be true of our merely pulmonary life, it is at any rate clear that our mental life transacts itself better indoors than out. Concentration of mind is easier at a study desk than on a breezy piazza. Keeping open house — figuratively or literally — is not the nearest way to wisdom.

Of a much subtler character, though not wholly unrelated, is that idea of widest currency that a man must at all costs keep an open mind. He may build himself a house of brick and stone, he may lock his front door and even shut tight his windows; but his mind must be open as a sleeping-porch to every wind of doctrine and every breath of a new idea, under penalty of intellectual quick consumption. The idea has, of course, its quantum of truth. The catch-phrase is but the quintessence of a broad generalization, and as such is an inextricable weave of truth and falsehood. The mind impervious to new ideas, the mind hermetically sealed, will find no advocate and needs no prosecuting attorney; one may be no fresh-air enthusiast and yet value good ventilation. For a tubercular or atrophied mind one may well prescribe a regimen of open air; but the healthy mind needs its inclosing walls and its fireside, where it may be at home. It will slowly extend its walls, open new windows to the east, build itself new watch-towers; it will from time to time issue forth on travels of high adventure, and bring back the wealth of Asia, or sail to new Americas; but, weary of wandering through eternity, it will, unless it be a mere 'hobo' of a mind, seek back to its fireside and its four walls. There it lives, there it does its fruitful work. The little mind builds itself walls of prejudice; the greater mind fashions them out of convictions. The truly open mind can have neither the one nor the other. Better walls of prejudice than an ineffectual homelessness.

With the ideal of the open mind, or as merely another phrasing of it, goes the

ideal of broad tolerance. Have I not a right to my own opinion? and if so, mere generosity must accord the same right to my neighbor. It is an interesting case of casuistry, this supposed right to one's own opinion. I suspect that its loudest asserters seldom stop to ask what sort of a right they are talking about. If they mean legal right, the answer is simple. The most ruthless minions of the most despotic government cannot keep me from holding what opinion I please, so long as I also hold my tongue; the law can challenge only the utterance of opinion. And here my legal right varies according as I am in Bolshevist Russia or the United States. It varies also with peace and war. I am told that here at home there was, during the war, a rather considerable curtailment of our accustomed liberty of speech; certain it is that, as a member of the army, I found a double watch set on tongue and pen. Even in peaceful 'free' America there are limits to our freedom. A man is legally free to believe that the President — or shall we say a carefully chosen group of senators — should be assassinated; but the public utterance of this belief will entail the penitentiary or the madhouse. I may hold what opinion I will of my neighbor's character, and of his wife's; but the expression of it carries unpleasant possibilities of criminal libel. It is but poor compensation that I may freely declare the opinion that this is a geocentric universe, or that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare and heaven knows how much of Marlowe, Spenser, and Milton. Who cares a fig for matters like these?

If by 'right' one means not legal but absolute right, as established by abstract Justice in the high court of Truth, the liberty of private judgment is not so wide. One can have no absolute right to any opinion except a true opinion; one can have no *right* to believe that two and two make five, or even four and a half. In matters of a less demonstrable finality, the right to my own opinion presupposes that I have taken into account all the evidence, that I have the requisite skill to sift it and the knowledge to weigh it. Many people go through life without the right to form their own opinion on any matter of more weight than the probable formula of a salad-dressing or a new cocktail — and this latter opinion is now becoming a question of merely scholastic abstraction! The only man with the right to an opinion is the expert; and in any matter that we consider really important, we seek his opinion, and acknowledge its superior worth by paying roundly for it. Sensible people quietly abdicate the right to their own opinion when it is a question of estimating the strain of a cantilever span or of ordering a capital operation. They prefer to exercise their 'right' only in matters of less serious moment, such as the League of Nations or the immortality of the soul.

What men demand, after all, is not so much the recognition of a right as a toleration of their idiosyncrasies, if not respectful, at least kindly and good-natured. And toleration within certain limits we are all ready to grant; even the Grand Inquisition could be tolerant in non-essentials. Society will tolerate almost any opinion which does not seem to imply important consequences in the way of action. It will tolerate a sufficiently theoretical attack on the institution of private property, or of marriage — particularly if the attack sparkles with good Shavian wit; it has not tolerated, up to this time, open advocacy of burglary and promiscuous love. Tolerance presupposes indifference, and precludes any eagerness of love or hate. It is not in human nature to be tolerant when we are deeply in earnest. A man is not tolerant when

his wife or his sister is slandered; he is not tolerant when his honor is at stake. We were not tolerant of Mr. Hohenzollern and his system, or of such of our misguided countrymen as would, however indirectly, lend him aid and comfort; we are not tolerant to-day of Mr. Lenin and his Bolsheviki. An army organized on principles of kindly tolerance, where each officer and man had a right to his own opinion, would not have driven the invader out of France. Tolerance is a plant which thrives best during a protracted peace, when the public conscience is blunted by much dipping in the flesh-pots of prosperity and ease; but even in times of peace a successful business man is not tolerant of dishonesty or inefficiency among the men whom he employs. We are in earnest about these things, we have settled standards, we have established judgment in our gates; and we guard the establishment with complete intolerance. Tolerance in non-essentials, yes; but we must not forget that some things are essential.

We reserve our tolerance for those things of the mind which seem divorced from practical affairs, the things about which we do not really care: religion, philosophy, and rival schools of art. Our attitude finds complete expression in the trite formula: 'It does n't make any difference what a man believes, as long as he lives right.' As if real action could ever be divorced from real belief! Mere habit and polite conventionality may take one through a humdrum day; but in every crisis action springs from a genuine belief in some abstraction, in some theory of life, though never, perhaps, phrased into the formality of a creed. The beliefs systematically propagated in the German mind for forty years have made some serious difference to the world. The organized campaigns of propaganda let loose upon us from every side would seem to indicate that it does make some difference what men believe. Anarchy of thought must ultimately issue in anarchy of action.

We still have a few generally accepted standards of conduct; for our more abstract thought we have next to none. Intellectually our modern world is an anarchy. It is not a case of sharply drawn conflict between two standards of thought struggling for the mastery. Such struggles the world has had in plenty, and has survived them with profit; they are always a sign of life, if not of health. There is in our modern world conflict of a sort, but without battle-cries and without leaders, like the battle of embryo atoms in Milton's Chaos, mixed confusedly: —

> To whom these most adhere, he rules a moment.

To this dim battle of the mists can come no decision which will not more embroil the fray; for, if it has any discoverable trend, it is toward the conclusion that there is no such thing as a decision, that one opinion is as good as and no better than the next. There may come an armistice, but no peace. Meanwhile, we stagger to and fro like drunken men, and startle the night with our cries of 'Progress,' forgetting that progress implies a measurement, and that measurement implies standards.

It is surely in no spirit of cowardice that one sighs for the earlier, simpler days when the fight was pitched in ranged battalions; when Romanticist went out to slay Classicist because he knew he was right; when Nominalist and Realist closed in deadly grapple: when Humanist met Scholastic with bitter scorn and beat him about the head with a stout cudgel cut on the mountain-slopes of Hellas; when every other sentence did not limp in on a 'probably' or a 'perhaps.'

Yet there are better days than those of battle. If war gives a certain stimulus, it is rather in an ardent peace that

man works most productively. There have been periods of human history, brief but glorious, when a whole nation, a whole civilization, had made up its mind about the important things of philosophy and art, and all men could work together in generous rivalry, or with, at most, a disagreement over the detailed application of established principles. Those have been the periods of great achievement. The age of Pericles was one; thirteenth-century France was another; and, on a lower plane, the France of the Grand Monarque. The great churches at Bourges and Amiens, the ruined glory of Rheims, are but the supreme monuments of an age when all builders were agreed that the only architecture worth a tinker's damn was that which we know as Gothic. In accordance with its canons they built cathedral and parish church, castle and farmhouse and granary.

When Sir Christopher Wren lifted the dome of St. Paul's over the ashes of the great fire, all of London was being rebuilt in the same school. No one had an 'open mind' in which to entertain the rival claims of a despised Gothic. What is the dominant architecture of present-day New York, or London, or Buenos Aires? The Greek temple, affected by our modern money-changers, jostles a Romanesque clubhouse or a French château; a severely Georgian portico endures stolidly the exuberance of florid Gothic just across the way. Who shall arbitrate? To every man his taste. Yet out of the confusion rises no supreme triumph of the builder's art.

When Milton composed his great epic, all literary Europe was agreed that the heroic poem was the one thing supremely worth writing. From the critical chaos of the present there emerges no great master in any of our discordant manners. If one poetic form more than another expresses our corporate soul, it is the anarchy of *vers libre*. The one established canon of painting is the denial of all established canons. Who shall chart the quagmire of our philosophy and religion, its spiritualisms, its pragmatisms, the revamped Manichæism of Mr. H. G. Wells, 'Ethical Culture' and 'New' Thought, the thousand struggling sects of protestant Christianity — struggling not for final dominance, but for bare survival? And so in all affairs of the spirit we tolerantly spread our sails to every wind of doctrine, and, doubtful to which harbor we should steer, conclude that there is no such thing as a harbor anywhere in all our barren sea.

To this indictment of general anarchy there is one striking exception. The realm of intellectual activity which we call science is no region of vague liberalism and kindly tolerance. Scientists may reach discordant results, though the scoffer is prone to exaggerate the discords; in the fundamentals they are in absolute agreement. There is perfect uniformity in the articles of their creed: the invariability of natural laws, the conservation of energy and indestructibility of matter, the continuity of organic life. Whoever should deny these articles of faith is branded heretic, and read out of the communion with bell, book, and electric light. There is, also, an established procedure which we call scientific method. Whoever departs from it in any essential is a quack and a charlatan; and the canons of this method are so sharply defined that the charlatan can be convicted of charlatanry with due reason shown. No scientist recognizes the charlatan's right to his own opinion. 'Of course, I may be wrong' is not a favorite prefatory phrase with the scientist; it is his business to be right, and demonstrably right, with the smallest possible margin of error. The scientist has established judgment in the gates of his laboratory;

he has built for himself a house instead of a wind-swept sleeping-porch; he is notorious for his intolerance, for the narrowness of his mind; and traveling a strait and narrow path, he has reached his goal. The most fruitful and enduring intellectual achievements of our age are beyond question those of the scientist.

I would not have all the world turn scientist. Heaven forbid! Philosophy and the humane arts may yet contribute as much to human happiness as can the most exact knowledge of the reproductive processes of unicellular organisms. But I should be glad to see in the professors of these arts some of the fine intolerance of the scientist; for that would argue seriousness of conviction. We have no academy to establish canons for our thought and practice — or to lend real zest to heresy and revolt; since there is no orthodoxy, there can be no heresies. 'Of course, you may be right; but I prefer to think this way.' That makes but a muddy, drab world of it; the wine of the spirit is prohibited, along with the more obvious varieties that come in bottles. And so by the average man in the marketplace this drab and bone-dry world of the Seven Arts is not accorded the compliment of a passing glance. Even the college undergraduate, who spends four casual years in its outskirts, too often finds it but a world of shadows. Tolerance, which is a growth of indifference, begets a deeper indifference of its own. I remember with what growing tedium I heard in my own undergraduate days from lecturer after lecturer that 'the truth lies somewhere between this extreme view and that.' I hoped, in vain, that I should some day sit under a professor who would, as one having authority, boldly defend one extreme or the other, or who would at least define sharply the intermediate 'somewhere.' Since then I have become a professor myself, and better realize the lure of Laodicea; it is rarely possible to establish truth of fact with sharp-cut definition. But truth of principle must always be three parts faith; and what is faith unless it burn with a clear flame?

It seems unlikely that our own generation will attain any substantial unity of faith, any body of accepted principles in art and letters, in philosophy or religion. Very well, then; if no king is crowned, no bishop mitred over us, to enlist loyal service, — or provoke bold rebellion, — we must make the most of sect and faction; at least, we can be stout partisans. Having, after due study and meditation, chosen allegiance, — and without such choice creative thought is impossible, — let us maintain this allegiance tooth and nail, without 'if' or 'perhaps,' until we have established it beyond dispute, or are battered out of it by the superior weight of opposing evidence. If intellectual order is ever to supervene over present chaos, it will arise, not out of easygoing tolerance and the indifference of a genial give-and-take, but out of a good clean fight.

The intolerance I would advocate does not mean persecution; it is directed, not at the mistaken individual, but at the wrong idea; not at the heretic, but at the heresy. It does not involve burning people at the stake or shutting them up in prison; that is a stupid and futile way to combat error — though I sometimes wish people were enough in earnest to find these courses tempting. No, I can smoke a pipe of tobacco in all friendliness with a man whose opinions I abhor and detest. I can even understand those damnable heresies of his, while still detesting; for an intolerant mind need not be a narrow mind. Indeed, a narrow mind cannot in the best sense of the word be intolerant at all. To fight an enemy, one has to reconnoitre his positions and form a just

estimate of his strength; one must have the imagination to see the situation as he sees it. Intolerance militant must organize its service of intelligence. Broad-minded intolerance, moreover, will discriminate its hostilities. It will carry no dogmatic chip on its shoulder, nor seek a quarrel over every trifle. Where the broad mind is intolerant, the narrow mind will achieve nothing but bigotry; and bigotry — obstinate, unreasonable, unenlightened — is but a base caricature of fine intolerance. It is bigotry, not intolerance, that draws the sword of persecution, or scornfully declines the pleasant dinner-party at the house of publican and sinner. The bigot may in his blind and stubborn fashion hold fast that which is good; he is forever incapable of obeying the other half of the apostolic counsel, — to make trial of all things, — because he has quenched the light of his own spirit.

They tell a story of two army chaplains, a Roman Catholic and a Methodist, who were assigned to the same regiment. The two soon became inseparable cronies; they were quartered together in one partitioned-off cubicle of an Adrian barracks; they were unwearied in good works and spiritual ministrations to the regiment, each after his kind, and shared, with never a trace of friction, the limited facilities which the camp offered for their work. The chief recreation of their rare leisure was theological discussion, hotly urged on either side, but resulting in no diminution of good-fellowship.

Then one day came orders transferring the Methodist to another unit, and he sought out his Roman colleague to bid him good-bye.

'It has been a real privilege,' he said, 'to be associated with you. I have never before been thrown much with preachers of your church. In spite of all our arguments, I want you to know that I honor and respect you, and that I believe you are serving God in your way, just as I am trying to serve Him in *his* way.'

There you have the spirit of true intolerance — abundant charity, but no compromise.

Yes, one can smoke a friendly pipe of tobacco with the most heterodox of one's acquaintance. I can even spend a pleasant week-end, when the weather is not too raw, with my friend of the sleeping porches and the wide-flung windows. But he has been hinting recently that before another winter he may decide to inclose those wind-swept porches, toward the north, at any rate, with good window-glass. There is something to be said for window-glass. It admits the sunlight, and without obstructing the view, affords at least a brittle shelter from the ever-shifting wind.

But then, with a house of window-glass, one can't enjoy the fun of throwing stones.

THE RISING TIDE IN JAPAN

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

JAPAN, revisited after the interval of the war, seems at first glance less changed by its share in that experience than we might anticipate. To be sure, tall gantry cranes, straddling aloft from new shipyards, are the first objects to greet the eye of a person approaching Yokohama or Kobe from the sea. Motor-cars, which used to be sporadic, show signs of becoming conventionally epidemic. Spindly iron factory stacks are more numerous and more obtrusively smoky than a few years ago. Occidental and half-occidental buildings have multiplied, until one catches an occasional street vista that reveals hardly a suggestion of the Orient. But these changes were coming so rapidly before the war, — they repeat so exactly what occurred during previous periods of absence, — that they do not appear extraordinary.

It is the shock to the visitor's purse that first reminds him of a real and unprecedented transformation. Prices have mounted faster than even in New York or London. No longer is Japan a land where our pleasure in the exotic is heightened by the impression that we are getting it at a bargain. Rickshaws now cost more than cabs used to cost in Europe. The better shops maintain Fifth Avenue prices. At the hotels Russian refugees, lucky enough to have escaped from their country with well-lined pockets, Japanese millionaires and profiteers, and war-enriched spenders from every obscure corner of the Orient, compete for the best accommodations. The white race has ceased to be the sole plutocratic caste in public places. It is being elbowed out of its previous exclusive haunts by Oriental competitors, who can pay liberally for what they want, and who rejoice in their purse-power.

Yet in respect to prices Japan is merely copying the rest of the world. Like ourselves and like Europe, she is on the crest of a wave of currency inflation — in the heyday of greenback and shin-plaster prosperity. A brief chill shot through business circles with the Armistice; but this merely heightened the fever that followed, when it was found that peace hath its profits as well as war. Factories are still flooded with orders. Industrial earnings sometimes reach cent per cent upon the investment. But lust for gain outruns even this generosity of fortune. Promoters and speculators throng the exchanges, grasping at golden visions that spurn percentages. Everyone would dip his bucket into the stream of easy money that flows by so lightly, and draw out an immediate fortune.

A dispassionate stranger naturally asks, 'Where is the physical wealth of which these millions and billions of stocks and bonds and bank-notes are the tokens?' It is not displayed in Japan's show-window. To be sure, the country emerged from the war with more ships, factories, industrial skill, and commercial experience than before. It has accun ulated substantial credits abroad which strengthen its foreign exchange and which will eventually be paid in cotton, wool, and steel, and in

machinery to manufacture them. These are real assets. But against them are such set-offs as depleted mines, worn machinery, and that maladjustment of factory equipment to peace needs that always follows war. Large as the credit balance is, moreover, paper titles to wealth have multiplied faster than wealth itself. Part of Japan's apparent prosperity is fictitious. It is based upon capitalizing a state of mind — upon anticipation rather than attainment.

Nevertheless, fictions shape history — both economic and political. For the time being make-believe wealth exchanges for real luxuries and begets extravagance. It thus increases the actual scarcity created by the war. Even the workingman, whose two yen now buy less than one yen bought before, spends with a more liberal gesture.

These familiar phenomena — high prices, a class of newly rich, and a growing thirst for luxury — are accompanied, as they are in Western lands, by increasing social unrest and a sullen murmur from the proletariat. This is the most significant effect of the war upon Japan.

For several years occasional outbursts of local discontent have issued from the sombre army of industrial workers. But they were very local and very transitory, though sometimes briefly violent. In the past, also, educated enthusiasts from the middle classes now and then set up some idol of radical social theory, fished from the stream of Western learning, and worshiped it with the devotion of half-comprehension. For even the educated Japanese have no historical background of native industrial history by which to interpret social conditions until recently peculiar to western Europe. In their country a ready-made factory system was thrust upon a feudal society unprepared to receive it. The peasants still look at life much as Europeans did in the twelfth century. Feudal loyalty, clan and guild bonds, the superstitions and prejudices and sentiments of an older era, dominate their thought. Indeed, Japan is full of just such contrasts as Mark Twain describes in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*

Nothing else could have disintegrated this society so rapidly as the factory system. It transferred millions of people from the unprogressive labor of the paddy-fields to hives of modern industry. It created almost over-night a new wage-earning class, recruited from peasants and fishermen. In 1887 there were just over 100,000 factory employees in Japan. Thirty years later their number had multiplied nearly fourteen-fold.

Rustic habits and traditions determined the customs and the standard of living of the first generation of industrial operatives. The only protest they knew against oppressive conditions of employment was a sudden flare of temper — a rural labor riot transferred to a factory. A very large proportion of these workers were young women and girls, brought by labor agents directly from the parental discipline of peasant homes to the still stricter discipline of mill boarding-houses. It took a full generation to transform these simple-minded, transplanted country folk into an urban industrial proletariat. Of recent years the population of Japan's five largest manufacturing cities and their suburbs has grown thirteen times as rapidly as the population of the country as a whole. This is where the educated leaders of the working people now begin to get an intelligent hearing from the masses.

The individualist philosophy of modern capitalism was grasped sooner by the propertied classes than by the workingmen. During the interval the former took excess profits from the

caste subordination of the latter. Excessively long hours and low pay were almost universal. These conditions begot a numerous progeny of social evils, which finally aroused the conscience of men of better instincts and alarmed patriots by the threat of national decadence. Many of the old landed aristocrats, who looked with scant favor upon the rising industrial plutocracy, patronized the new ideas thus engendered. So the vague aspirations of the masses were seconded by the good intentions of would-be benefactors. But aspirations and intentions are not remedies. Nor is there a visible limit to the present dispute and bewilderment as to what the remedies should be. Meanwhile the people want action.

Therefore the present speculative and industrial climax finds the field ploughed and harrowed for the seed of popular unrest. Indeed, such seed of an earlier sowing has long been silently germinating. Some ten years ago an earlier period of Socialist propaganda culminated in an alleged conspiracy against the government. Twelve leaders of the movement were executed, after a secret trial, and an equal number were sentenced to life imprisonment. As a result of these severe measures, peripheral symptoms of discontent ceased for a time, but the state of sentiment they disclosed seems to have made continuous headway beneath the surface of society. Quiet but bitter allusions to the 'martyrs of 1910' were recently heard on more than one occasion from intelligent Japanese.

Nor is this discontent confined to wage-earners. Inflation and mounting prices have imposed hardships upon salaried people — students, teachers, writers, clerks, and petty officials — quite as severe as in our own country; indeed, more severe. For before the war prices were rising more rapidly in the Orient than in the Western world, partly as a result of successful wars and a changing standard of living; so that the disparity between the cost of living and fixed incomes was already serious when the present sky-rocketing began. The effect upon the Japanese has been precisely the same as in Europe and America. The lower bourgeoisie and the intellectual proletariat have become radical-minded.

At the same time the sweep toward democracy — both political and industrial — which attended the war, is carrying with it both the laboring and the middle classes.

This trend is indicated by the recent multiplication of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and larger works devoted to social and labor questions. Standard periodicals are filled with articles on the same topics. It is not exceptional for two thousand laboring men and women to assemble, — and to pay an admission fee as large as would be demanded at a place of popular entertainment, — in order to hear these subjects discussed. Three separate translations of Karl Marx's writings are announced for publication. A veteran university professor, long known as a scholarly exponent of academic Socialism, remarked in anything but a spirit of self-congratulation, 'Many, many of our students, even in the Imperial University, sympathize with Bolshevism. Yes, some of them are secretly outright Bolshevists.'

This youthful radicalism may be but a passing fancy, inspired by the social upheaval of the war. But there is a deeper current of democratic sentiment, of which such surface eddies are only the transient and superficial symptoms. This current is carrying the working people into trade-unionism and a class-conscious labor movement, and the middle classes into a new liberalism, which may make their country a very different influence in awakening the

Orient from that which we have hitherto contemplated.

Japan is still in great measure a military-bureaucratic autocracy, operating under constitutional parliamentary forms. Authority does not reside in the people or in their representatives. The franchise, though recently extended, is even now limited to a minority of adult male citizens. Agitation for universal suffrage forms part of the present liberal movement. But even were everyone allowed to vote, it is doubtful whether parliament would make its power effective over the well-intrenched ruling classes. The spirit of political self-assertion, like the spirit of labor self-assertion, is waxing stronger — but it is as yet rather a storm-warning than the storm itself.

Nevertheless, public sentiment already controls the course of government more than it ever did before. That sentiment is turning away from the military ideals which until recently held the place of honor in the hearts of the people. Last year the number of applicants for admission to the Academy for training army officers was 1000 less than in 1918, and 2600 less than in 1912; and of the 221 men accepted, 104 later abandoned their right in order to enter civilian institutions of higher learning. A Japanese paper says, 'It is stated that such a manifestation of the unpopularity of the military profession is a phenomenon unprecedented in the annals of the army authorities.' To be sure, the salaries of officers are not high, and this may account in part for the preference shown for civilian careers. But the incident accords with other indications that the army caste is losing favor. The people recently demanded that the new governors to be appointed in Korea and Formosa should be civilians. In the second instance they won their point. For the first time since the territorial expansion of Japan began, a man who does not wear an army or navy uniform has been appointed to the highest office in an important dependency. Commenting upon this innovation, a leading paper said, 'The time may not be distant when the posts of Minister of War and Minister of the Navy will be held by civilians, as has long been advocated by some people in this country.'

If one may judge by the frequency and sharpness of public criticism, the bureaucracy is losing prestige even faster than the army. The disparagement of militarism may be inspired by the results of the war; but the depreciation of the bureaucracy is the outcome of practical exigencies of government. A widely read newspaper in Tokio recently voiced opinions that are heard on every hand: 'Japan has outgrown her old bureaucratic régime. This is not a question of merit but a question of fact. The real interest of the country is shifting from Tokio to Osaka, from politics to business. The controlling influence is passing from the hands of officials to the hands of capitalists and landlords. Think how the city of Tokio is ruled and owned! This great political metropolis, the seat of bureaucratic culture, the influence which has made Japan what she is to-day, is not run by its numerous officials and its two million inhabitants. Its gas company, for example —' And we have the beginning of the old familiar story.

So the breaking down of the former political structure, as well as the ancient social structure, under the stress of modern industrialism is turning Japan into paths that may lead to regions of radical experiment. The question now disturbing the country is not how to avoid change, but how to maintain the old authority until a suitable modern authority can take its place.

The paper last quoted laments that 'Japan may be entering an age of the general collapse of discipline.'

That self-determined discipline which is every individual's voluntary habit of conduct is the most powerful stabilizer of existing institutions. But mass discipline imposed from above, whether by force or by dogma, has exhibited during the present world-crisis a dangerously narrow margin of safety as a stay to the existing order. No man of different nationality can presume to assert to which class the superficially remarkable discipline of the Japanese belongs. But the rice riots in 1918, and certain recent political disturbances, suggest that, during the interval between laying aside an old civilization and adopting a new one, — an interval by no means measured by the surface achievements upon which so many foreigners dilate, — the Japanese are more or less cast loose from all fixed moorings. The fear expressed in the last quotation is not entirely groundless. It is a reason for the spirit of pessimism widely current in Japan today.

This pessimism betrays itself in every realm of expression, from education to art, — the centre of attraction at a recent exhibition of paintings was entitled 'Hell,' — and from public discussion to the intimacy of confidential intercourse. It contrasts like a black shadow with the rosy optimism of gold-dreaming speculators and promoters. At a recent school meeting a teacher touched a responsive chord among his colleagues by asserting: 'The spiritual world of Japan is now in a state of unprecedented disorder. Japan is now at the cross-roads.' The rising generation is out of sympathy with the institutions and ideals of the fathers. Its members look upon the old Japan as immigrant children in America look upon the old-world customs and standards of their parents. A Japanese commentator upon present conditions says, 'It used to be the policy of the educational authorities to force old-fashioned morals upon the pupils, regardless of the spirit of the times. Can such a policy command the respect of the younger generation? It goes without saying that the pupils will no longer accept the imperative or compulsory morals hitherto dictated by the authorities.' Right here we get a glimpse into the mechanism of Japan's national discipline.

What is this new critical and disintegrating spirit that possesses Japanese youth? 'They speak of the "emancipation of school-education," of the "emancipation of sex," and of "emancipation from the guardianship of the home." The proposal to abolish examinations is a sort of emancipation of school-education; opening the doors of private universities to women is the emancipation of sex in education.' The house shortage, which is acute throughout Japan, is said to be rendered worse by the increasing unwillingness of young married couples to live with the groom's parents, where the bride is traditionally treated as a superior servant of the family.

Though the old mystic reverence for the Mikado survives, — possibly a little impaired, but not materially weakened, — no rank outside the imperial household is spared the attacks of current iconoclasm. A newspaper — radical, to be sure, but of wide and unchecked circulation — says, bluntly, 'The peers and the rich are generally more corrupt than the lower classes. Quite true — they had able men among their forefathers. But most of the descendants of the third and fourth generation are mentally and morally inferior to ordinary persons.'

Suddenly acquired war-fortunes have given dramatic prominence to the inequality of wealth, and evidence is at

hand of an almost amusing timidity lest the 'brain proletariat,' as the Japanese call it, may ponder on this theme too much. One newspaper goes so far as to recommend that the use of motor-cars in large cities be prohibited, because they incite hatred of the poor for the rich. Luxury taxes — though not yet levied — are strongly advocated. The authorities are told that, when one of the commonest books seen in the hands of students on the tram-cars is *Das Kapital*, it is no time to be dallying with a revenue system which favors the opulent at the expense of the needy.

Doubters and slow believers, wrapped in their preconception of the Japanese as a people who grow up from unvocal babyhood to a maturity spent in adoration of the Mikado and the banner of the rising sun, will naturally ask whether this is not a superficial and passing sentiment, or possibly the teacup fury of excited parlor Socialists, whose knack of getting access to the press enables them to megaphone what are in reality but weak and treble voices. The answer to this is that the hard-headed political and industrial leaders of Japan prove by their acts that they take a serious view of the present state of opinion among their countrymen.

Strikes are shown by government statistics to have multiplied during the past year beyond all precedent; and new labor demands go beyond the question of higher wages. A large factory between Kobe and Osaka displays a sign to the effect that its hands enjoy an eight-hour day. That is the working period already nominally in force in nearly all shipyards and engineering works, and in many factories. 'Nominally' means that most employees still voluntarily remain on duty two or three hours additional, tempted by the higher pay for overtime.

Prominent Japanese liberals, imbued with an ancient spirit of beneficent paternalism, have formed a 'Harmonization Society' to improve the relations between employers and employees. At their very first meeting they raised $665,000 (yen 1,330,000) for this object; and according to the latest information their subscriptions already exceed half of the proposed endowment of $5,000,000. Parlor Socialists do not frighten dollars into untried lines of service so rapidly as that.

Yet the Japanese labor movement is in its infancy. Such unions as exist, in defiance of the law prohibiting their activities, have no reserve funds, no corps of salaried officials, and no recognized status in wage-negotiations. Their energy is devoted to political agitation, academic discussion of general social problems, and teaching the rank and file of the working people their elementary rights and how to secure them. The usual strike weapon is what the Japanese call 'sabotage,' which is something different from the European practice of that name. Strikers keep possession of their place of employment by reporting regularly for duty and drawing wages; but they neither perform useful labor nor permit others to do so. Technically they are safe from police interference, since they commit no overt act of disorder; and they make the factory their lodge hall. They destroy no property, create no disturbance, but exhibit at the same time Quaker-like pacifism and unproductive quiescence. These tactics probably work better in Japan than they would with Western employers. They certainly have proved successful during the present intense industrial activity, high profits, and scarcity of skilled workers.

Equally characteristic of the Japanese is the method of protest they adopted when the government selected a delegate to represent the workers at

the International Labor Conference in Washington without consulting the working people themselves. The day the delegate was to sail for America, more than one thousand members of the Yokohama labor organizations assembled at the Seamen's Association office and formed a procession after the fashion of a funeral cortège, with all the necessary paraphernalia, including an ancestral tablet, incense, *shakibi* twigs, and the like, and marched to the quay, singing labor songs as they walked.' Meanwhile large mass meetings to protest against the action of the government were held in Tokio and elsewhere. Some of these were addressed by speakers whose violent remarks landed them in prison.

The government will still resort to strong measures to repress labor agitation — and especially the Socialist movement. But it no longer acts with the old consistency and assurance. Intelligent Japanese, close to high official circles, say frankly that fear of revolution — or something akin to revolution — chills the heart and stays the hands of the authorities. This fear may be exaggerated. It certainly seems so to one who has moved about among the working people and attended their confidential meetings. The ignorant coolie laborers of Japan are still stolid — not people to start anything, or to stop where reason dictates if once started by others. Intelligent and educated workingmen, who are by no means a mere handful, are primarily seeking relief from the intolerable burden of exorbitantly rising prices; but in the course of this effort they are involuntarily acquiring more radical ideas and are learning to promote their interests in new directions. The labor movement is marching in Japan.

But above these people is the 'brain proletariat,' restless, alert, dissatisfied, repressed. It has sympathizers and sentries in every government bureau, factory office, bank, and counting-house in the Empire. Its sentiments creep into the organs of public opinion in innumerable covert as well as overt ways. It has the ear of the silent thousands who are doing the manual labor of Japan — whose very discipline may become one day a weapon against established institutions. The thought of this brain proletariat has many aspects, — from Buddhist passivism to Bolshevist activism, — but through them all runs the red thread of a new discontent, of criticism of everything that has been and is. It resents even its former prides and affections. An educated Japanese of liberal sympathies illustrated this by declaring, with his usually conventional English rendered picturesque by irritation, 'These tourists who bubble at the mouth about our cherry-blossoms must have empty heads, or they would see more serious things in Japan to talk about.'

GERMANY'S REPARATION PAYMENTS

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE treaty of peace imposes upon Germany charges for reparations which cannot fail to entail far-reaching changes in the trade between her and other countries. Through a period of thirty years, more or less, she will be compelled to make heavy remittances to other countries. Without entering now on any close estimate of her obligations, — more will be said presently of the treaty clauses which define them, — it may be premised that they require the regular payment to the Allies of sums quite beyond anything heretofore known in international transactions on government account. The German government will have to effect payments which cannot be less than $750,000,000 a year, and may reach, even exceed, a round billion.

The treaty provisions on this subject divide themselves into three parts. In the first place, Germany is to pay five billion dollars by May 1, 1921. (For simplicity, I reckon the gold mark as equal to a quarter of a dollar — 20,000,000,000 marks equal to 5,000,000,000 dollars.) This first installment, however, will virtually not figure in the remittance operations. As credits toward making it up, Germany is to be allowed to count all the ships, securities, coal, machinery, cattle, and like immediate assets which she may turn over to the Allies until the date mentioned. Whatever remains to be paid after these credit items have been exhausted is to be charged with no interest, but is to be converted, on May 1, 1921, into interest-bearing bonds of the character described under the second head. It is impossible to say how much the credits will amount to, and how much will remain to be funded into the interest-bearing bonds. I should suppose that a very liberal estimate would be to allow one half of the total — two and one half billions — on account of the credit items, leaving an equal amount to be funded in 1921.

Second, Germany is to issue at once ten billion dollars of bonds, which are to bear interest at two and a half per cent, between 1921 and 1926, and after 1926 four per cent, with an additional one per cent for amortization. To this sum of ten billions must be added in 1921 the unpaid obligation under the first head, which, as has just been noted, can hardly amount to less than two and one half billions. The minimum of the principal of the bonds will then be twelve and one half billions. The interest charge on twelve and one half billions at two and a half per cent would be $312,500,000 for 1921–26, and after 1926, when the interest charge will be at the full six per cent, $750,000,000 a year. If the unpaid obligation under the first head is more than two and a half billions, as is probable enough, the interest charge will be so much higher.

Third, there is an indeterminate obligation, — a possible ten billion dollars more, — to be issued 'when and not until the Reparation Commission is satisfied that Germany can meet the interest and sinking-fund obligations.' How much more will be added on this score to the total interest charge, —

that is, to the total remittances which Germany must make, — it would be rash to estimate. I should be surprised if the Reparation Commission were to find Germany able to meet obligations in excess of a billion a year; even that sum is a high maximum.

A considerable period of transition is thus provided for, during which Germany may prepare to pay and the Allies themselves may prepare to receive. Considerable changes may take place in the intervening period, and not a few difficulties may be obviated by foresight and preparation. But when all is said, a new factor of enormous importance will within a few years influence the international trade of all civilized countries. Germany will have to remit a billion a year, more or less, to foreign parts. How can it be accomplished?

Two questions stand out. First, how will the mechanism of international exchange operate, and what will happen to the rates of foreign exchange? And second, what will be the eventual effect on Germany's imports and exports? These questions I will take up in order.

I

Even if the case were of the simplest sort, — if both Germany and the reparation countries were on a specie basis, — no outflow of gold from Germany can be conceived which would bring about a fulfillment of the enormous requirements. If the German government were to undertake remittance by purchasing bills of exchange in the market, and were then to let gold be transferred to foreign countries, Germany would be completely drained of gold in a few months — at the latest, in a year.

In fact, however, Germany is deeply in the throes of a paper-money régime. The chance of her escaping from it at an early date is slender indeed. No gold can flow out of her circulating medium, For a considerable time she will have paper prices, and foreign exchange will be reckoned in depreciated paper. Under such conditions, how manage these extraordinary transactions?

Consider what rates of foreign exchange are to be expected. It is obvious that there will be a steady, insistent demand by the German Government, month by month and year by year, for bills on London, Paris, New York, Amsterdam, Madrid, Copenhagen — anything that will serve for remittance. That demand will tend steadily to raise in Germany the price of exchange on foreign countries, and to depress in foreign countries exchange on Germany. And in consequence there will be a tendency for the prices of foreign exchange in that country to be kept *higher* than would accord with the course of commodity prices. For a long time there will be a divergence between the general price-level in Germany and the rates of foreign exchange. The divergence means that exporters will be in a position to profit. They can buy cheap — comparatively cheap — in Germany, sell the German goods abroad, draw on the foreign purchasers, and sell their exchange to advantage at home. Quite the reverse will be the situation of importers. They will not be able to sell to advantage in Germany, and will have to pay high for the means of remittance to the foreign vendors. The whole situation obviously will tend to attract labor and capital to the German exporting industries and to repel them from the importing industries. The greater the divergence between foreign exchange and the commodity price-level, the more rapid and extensive will be these transpositions of German industry.

In other words, the paper-money régime, bad as it is in every other respect, will not stand in the way of the fulfillment of Germany's obligations. Rather, it will facilitate their fulfillment.

The artificial conditions of foreign exchange will serve to turn her efforts more rapidly to the satisfaction of the reparation requirements. It is odd, but none the less true, that the monetary disorder which would embarrass her export trade under ordinary conditions, is likely to facilitate the extraordinary operations called for by the treaty. No doubt this will be regarded in some quarters as evidence of astute design; in reality it is the fortuitous outcome of an unexpected combination of circumstances.

II

So much as to the first of the outstanding features of the case — the mechanism of payment. Turn now to the second: the concrete form in which the payments must be effected.

There is but one possibility. The substance of the payments will be in goods and in goods only. Germany can remit only by sending out merchandise, and the limit of remittance is found in the possible excess of merchandise exports over merchandise imports. The extent of reparation that can be secured is limited by the available amount of exportable goods.

In many estimates and speculations concerning the maximum which Germany can be made to pay, figures have been put together showing her total wealth and total resources. All such calculations are quite beside the case. Statistics of wealth, property, total possessions, have nothing to do with reparation possibilities. That part only of her property and wealth can be considered for reparation purposes which can be delivered to the Allies and used by them. Her fixed wealth in the form of lands, houses, railroads, factories, is quite unavailable (subject to an exception, not important, presently to be mentioned). Nothing in the way of plant can be moved away or put at the disposal of foreigners. The one and only way in which payments can be made to foreigners is by turning over to them things which they can take and will take. These things obviously include such easily movable assets as gold and securities; but everything of this kind will have been exhausted before the sustained flow of reparation payments sets in. They include also the exportable goods, wares and merchandise; and these are the assets which alone remain for utilization. If the reparations are to be stated in terms of a capital sum, — a total representing the present value of a series of payments spread over many years, — that sum is simply the capitalized value of the maximum excess of Germany's merchandise exports over her merchandise imports. Somehow a huge 'favorable' balance of trade — never has the phrase had greater irony — must be rapidly developed. Exports must expand, imports must shrink. By this process, and by this process only, can the wherewithal be provided for sending to other countries what is due on reparation account.

Before proceeding to the corollaries that flow from this proposition, let me note the one qualification to be attached to it. There is a conceivable way in which lands, houses, and railroads in Germany could be used for reparation purposes: namely, that foreign investors should buy this irremovable property, and arrange to pay the purchase price to the reparation countries. In view of the extreme difficulty of handling investments thus left in Germany; in view of the drain impending in any event upon the available savings of foreign countries; in view, too, of the extreme reluctance of the German government and the German people thus to part with the command of their own industrial outfit — this possibility seems to me almost negligible.

Moreover, it would promptly lead, as the conversant reader need hardly be informed, to further remittance out of Germany. The interest and profits on these investments of foreigners in Germany would have to be sent; and for these again the only resource would be merchandise exports. There is here no serious qualification of the main proposition. To repeat, the only way in which Germany can meet her obligations is by an excess of merchandise exports equal in value to the interest and amortization of the reparation bonds; that is, not far from a billion dollars a year.

It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the statistical aspects of the case or to figure how far it is possible that Germany will really succeed, by whatever method, in sending out this enormous excess of exports. In no one year before the war did her total exports reach the sum of two and one half billion dollars; during the four or five years preceding the war they were, on the average, but two billions a year. The imports, as is familiar to all conversant with these matters, had exceeded the exports for many years, and during the pre-war period were greater than the exports by several hundred millions of dollars annually. During the reparation period, not only must the excess be quite the other way, but the reversal must be upon an enormous scale. True, the general rise in gold prices may somewhat facilitate the change; all monetary transactions mean less than formerly in terms of commodities. But even so, the task is a most formidable one, and he would be rash who would make prediction as to the outcome. My present purpose, however, is not to weigh figures or hazard statistical guesses. I would have the reader note the inevitable changes in the currents of trade, of industry, and of opinion also.

The German government must consciously and deliberately grapple with the task. No country, Germany least of all, would rely solely on automatic trade-adjustments for the procurement of this enormous supply of foreign exchange. There must be search for ways of deliberately stimulating exports and deliberately checking imports.

Import restrictions are an obvious device. They have been utilized in Great Britain and France and other European countries during the war, and for essentially the same reason — namely, that the ordinary mechanism of foreign trade did not bring about that diminution in the purchase of foreign goods which was deemed necessary in the public interest. Germany may be expected to prohibit some imports and to impose high duties upon others. Import restrictions doubtless will, in part, be sumptuary in character, designed to lessen the consumption of articles of luxury, even of comfort. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that they will also have a slant in the direction of protection. Such combination of fiscal and protectionist policies is familiar enough.

But restriction of imports will not alone suffice. Exports must be enlarged as well as imports lessened. The circumstance that German imports consist in large part of raw materials and indispensable food-supplies puts a limit on the effective application of import restrictions. But devices for promoting exports may be expected to be utilized to the limit. And their utmost utilization cannot be consistently objected to by the reparation countries. Among available devices are export bounties, special rates of transportation for exported goods, and specially reduced prices of export commodities. Remission of taxes, or reduction of taxes, on exporting industries might also be on the list.

Under ordinary circumstances practices of this sort are to be condemned in the interest of the very country that applies them. Though they may promote export trade, they do so to the disadvantage of the exporting country itself. Their advocacy and defense usually rest upon a crass mercantilism. But in a case like the present all ordinary reasoning ceases to apply and all ordinary objections cease to have weight. When it comes to the tremendous task of financing these reparation dues, any and every device for promoting exports would seem to be in order. They may mean a loss to the exporting country; but Germany as an exporting country obviously is doomed to incur a loss. She is under the necessity of turning to any and every possible device for meeting the necessities of the case.

Consider now, however, another consequence. Suppose that Germany does promote exports in every possible way. What sound and fury there will be from the protectionists and mercantilists of other countries! Here is Germany the vanquished, the necessitous, the country compelled to disgorge, entering on the very career of a 'war after the war' which these same protectionists and mercantilists had most feared and reprobated. She prohibits imports or imposes high duties. So far from constituting a docile market to which the conquerors can ship goods without let or hindrance, she arrogantly refuses admission to their wares. And as regards exports, here is penetration with a vengeance. A sinister Germany emerges, bent upon trade-conquest. The very steps for forcing export trade which have been so often placarded before an abhorrent world as deeds of the arch criminal are now resorted to more deliberately and upon a greater scale than ever before.

Not only will there be horror and wrath among the staunch protectionists in countries hostile to Germany, but those gentry of the same trend of opinion in the Fatherland will rejoice. They will find in the achievement of a *Weltmarkt* some compensation for their humiliation. Germany's exports will be permeating the world, and bringing countries near and distant 'within the sphere of her influence.' Notwithstanding the plain fact that these exports, being so much tribute, yield nothing at all to the country, the mercantilist attitude will infallibly remain. That attitude colors so indelibly the thinking of the ordinary man and the everyday financial writer, that it may persist even in the face of this *reductio ad absurdum*. Germany is selling, selling, selling; and is not this the way in which nations always get rich? True, the sales serve merely to enable the country to meet the obligations of defeat. None the less, they will be deemed by those astute folk evidences of commercial victory.

Further, it is obvious that there is much in the deliberate plans and expectations of the Allies which runs entirely counter to this sort of commercial change. Their own trade programmes are flatly inconsistent with the programme which they impose on Germany through the reparation requirements. They have been solicitous to promote their own export trade and to supplant Germany in every foreign market. The British have ousted the Germans from every cranny throughout the Orient, South America, Africa, the Levant. French and Italians are no less bent on the same end. Germany's colonies are gone. Whatever open-door principle may be accepted for colonies under the mandatory system, it is tolerably certain that every mandatory power will find ways of making the market open most of all for its own goods.

Germany's ships are gone, too — at

least, for many years to come. True, there is exaggeration in the current talk about the necessity of a merchant marine of a country's own for the purpose of enabling it to carry on an export trade. Export trade can be developed without ships, as is amply proved by the pre-war experience of the United States. Even foreign ships, when they bring imports into Germany, must plan to secure freights out of Germany also. But some interrelation doubtless there is: your own ships may be made to act as instruments for promoting your own trade; and the absence of a merchant marine will constitute a handicap upon the development of Germany's export trade. And yet, — it is so obvious as to seem wearisome, although persistently overlooked in most public talk, — it is only by exporting that Germany can make reparation. The Allied countries, so far as they smother Germany's exports, as they persistently are trying to do, are cutting off the nose to spite the face.

Whither now will Germany export? In part, no doubt, directly to the reparation countries and to the other Allies; in part to third countries, which in turn will send commodities to reparation countries.

All protectionists, especially in the Allied countries, most of all in the reparation countries, will furiously oppose direct exports into their own domains. Everything points to a maintenance, even to a strengthening, of the protectionist attitude in France and Italy. Exports from Germany to those countries will long be resented. Great Britain has always been a better customer for Germany than the others, and may continue to be a good customer. No one can foretell what will be the commercial policy of Great Britain after the first burst of passion has run its course. And who can say whether the United States tariff system will be relaxed? Moreover, the protectionist feeling has been so intensified by the hatred engendered during the war, that tariff duties on imports from Germany are likely to be reinforced by boycotting. At the very best, the direct exports from Germany to the Allies may hold their own; they will hardly be allowed to increase.

Elsewhere, too, the possibilities are dubious, in view of the attitude of the Allies as described in the preceding paragraphs. No German colonies remain. This market was at no time a large one, — the Germans themselves exaggerated its importance, — but such as it was and is, what between chicanery and the natural influence of political preponderance, the lion's share will fall to their rivals. A somewhat similar situation must be contemplated, at least for many years to come, in South America and the Orient. All the Allies, and particularly the British, will try to reap the fruits of the policy which they followed during the war — ousting German firms and banks, and cutting out all German connections, with the express object of securing the trade which Germany had built up.

The only direction in which a considerable expansion of German trade may be looked for is in Eastern Europe, and especially Russia. Here the possibilities are considerable. Not only are they considerable, but they are to be welcomed. On all but bald chauvinistic and mercantilist grounds the development of Russia by Germany is to the advantage of both countries and to that of all the world. And everything in the political and social situation of the two peoples points to the probability of their eventual economic coöperation. The ulterior political and social consequences no one can predict. The experiments in a reconstruction of society of which they are likely to be the scene during the coming generation will be

among the most instructive that have ever come under the observation of the economist. Whatever their course and outcome, they seem likely to be accompanied by trade developments in which Germany will supply manufactured goods to Russia, and Russia will make payments in large measure through the export of food and raw materials. Here is a source from which Germany may procure the wherewithal for her reparation payments.

III

Such are the prospects. How are they to be assessed by the cool-headed? What is there of real good and real ill to Germany and the Allies?

We may brush aside the notion that all this is a cause of loss to the Allies, — say to France, — not of gain. Something of the kind has been propounded, not only by militant mercantilists, but by many persons who have prejudices of quite another sort. Advocates of peace have been disposed to urge that militarist exactions cannot under any circumstances be of real advantage to the victors themselves. The effects of the Franco-German indemnity of 1871 have been adduced as a warning example. Doubtless that indemnity was not an unmixed boon to the Germans. But none the less it was a clear source of material gain to them, promoting in no small measure the first steps in Germany's remarkable industrial development. France, too, will gain from her reparations; she will at least be better off with them than she would have been without them. She will secure tangible economic gain.

And yet France — to use that country still as typical — must face the fact that the gain will not be secured without some disturbance of existing conditions and without some possibilities of unwelcome concomitants. Goods come from Germany *gratis*. They may be dubbed reparations — not gifts, but mere replacements of what was destroyed or taken; yet for the moment they are virtually the same as gifts. The goods so supplied take the place of similar goods which might have been secured in other ways, perhaps are being secured at the very time in other ways. At least the possibility of changes and readjustments in France herself must be faced.

Two kinds of cases may arise, corresponding to the two forms which Germany's export trade may assume. There may be direct export of goods from Germany to France, as of coal, iron, woolens. The labor and capital which formerly produced these same things in France will then be free to turn to something else, perhaps *must* turn to something else. Indeed, France must somehow direct a part of her productive forces to the actual work of reparation — to rebuilding villages, factories, railways. Needless to say, the protectionists will endeavor with all their might to prevent the diversion to this task of forces now engaged in familiar industries. True, the treaty of peace prescribes specifically that Germany must deliver to France quantities of coal, cattle, machinery, materials, furniture. Yet if these same things should be *sold* by German exporters for delivery in France, there will infallibly be resentment.

Second, there is the indirect process. Germany, for example, exports to Russia, and Russia sends flax, wool, timber to France. If this takes place, France in turn cannot export to Russia as much as she might if Germany were out of the way. The expansion of her exports meets with a competition which will be arraigned as illegitimate, if not wicked: the competition of a country which is deliberately developing exports in every possible direction by

every possible means. So with Great Britain. Germany will 'invade' markets coveted by Great Britain and will rouse the ire of the British traders.

In sum, the reparation countries cannot get the substance of what they have insisted on without disturbance and readjustment in their own industrial organization. It is indeed conceivable, though highly improbable, that all the imports into, say, France which the reparation payments will bring about, will take the form exclusively of food and raw materials not produced within her limits at all; or so produced that the imports will always supplement the domestic supply, never displace any part of it. Even so, some disturbance of existing conditions seems inevitable throughout the countries and the branches of trade coming within the scope of these extraordinary operations. Imports and exports will shift as trade-balances and international price-relations come to be readjusted, and the several countries and the several industries within them must in some measure submit to corresponding modifications.

There is more. Eventually the wind-up of the whole reparation business will come; and then a second series of readjustments must ensue, in the opposite direction. A return must take place to international and domestic trade in which reparation payments no longer play a part. The pains of transition will have to be suffered twice: first, while the economic world adjusts itself to the process by which reparation is accomplished, and again, when the cessation of this process compels a return to the old and more normal state of things. There will have to be a double set of adjustments, one at the beginning of the process, another at its end. The lost motion necessarily arising from shift and change is an offset to the tangible material advantages secured by the reparation countries during the period of reparation itself.

To all this may be added a word of warning — which, in the utterances of the fervid foreign-trade promoters, would become a prediction of disaster — on the future export trade of European countries. Some real basis there may be for the forebodings of our friends the mercantilists. It must be admitted that the countries of Western Europe are under a virtual necessity to maintain and even to increase exports, in order to secure the wherewithal to pay for the food and raw materials which they must have. Their needs for these things vary in degree: France, perhaps, is least necessitous, Great Britain most so; but all are in essentially the same case, and all must count on maintaining an export trade. In such trade, as must further be admitted, established position, connection, prestige, habit, custom count heavily. Such factors tell in disposing of goods under any conditions, and tell perhaps most of all in selling for export. Germany will have been compelled during the reparation period to develop by main force a great export business. When the end of the period comes, there will no more be an automatic cessation of her exports than at the beginning there was an automatic start of those exports. She will be in possession of an export market which, however distributed geographically, will be well established. Having developed it, she will be in better position to hold it.

A word of caution as I conclude. I have spoken about the future in terms not sufficiently guarded. Much of what has preceded is matter of speculation; and it might have been wiser to give warning at every stage how careful one must be in venturing on prediction. We are still some way from 1921, and a long way from 1926; and not until 1926 are the reparation provi-

sions planned to be in full effect. Many things may happen before that time, in the political field as well as in the economic. The reparation programme as it stands in the Treaty may be much altered, perhaps quite upset. It remains to be seen how far the conditions assumed in the present analysis of the case will prove to obtain. My forecast must be understood to be of a hypothetical nature. Only if the assumed premises hold good, is it to be expected that the consequences will ensue as predicted.

One remark may be made about the probable or possible future of the reparation programme. France and the other Allies need disposable means at once — ready funds. They must market the German bonds, or else their own securities based on these bonds, presumably with some sort of endorsement or guaranty. Market them they must, in order to command the resources they need at this very moment. But once they have put the securities in the hands of investors, they have given hostages to fortune. Thereafter they *must* permit, nay, facilitate, German arrangements for export. A distinguished French statesman — one whose name, were I free to give it, would carry weight — remarked to me, in the course of a conversation in which the inevitableness of Germany's expanding exports was pointed out: 'If this proves to be the case, — if Germany cannot pay without competing with us and displacing us in the export trade of Russia and Siberia, — we will simply cancel the reparations.' The answer is that, when once the Allies have cashed in the German reparations by selling the securities to investors, no cancellation is possible. Either they must refrain from the initial commitment or else they must allow the contract to be carried out to the bitter end.

And so, like all the international arrangements that the war has led to, this one faces a problematic future. Who can say what sort of a world we shall find ourselves in ten years hence?

THE NATIONALIZATION MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD

I

DURING the Great War, the force of circumstances led the belligerent states to intervene directly in industry, in order to safeguard the production of essential supplies for war purposes. In some quarters the breakdown of the capitalist system and the need for direct state intervention were used as an argument against private ownership. But it is clear that the capitalist organization of industry was based upon the normal conditions of peace, rather than upon the hypothetical needs of a country in time of war. Nevertheless, the experience which has been gained in war-time has its lessons for the days of

peace. This is particularly true in the case of Great Britain, where it seems that the old régime has spent itself.

State intervention in industry during the war took two main forms. In the first place, the enormous and ever-increasing orders for munitions of war of all kinds placed by the government, in conjunction with the gradual withdrawal of large numbers of the most efficient workers for service with the colors, led the State to exercise a considerable measure of control over the general conduct of industry, and the management of industrial firms. This control passed into what may almost be regarded as a partnership between the State and private firms. Accusations were made during the war — and in many cases justifiably — that the effect of government interference was to increase inefficiency. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that British industry became much more highly organized. Coördination of effort, greater coöperation between firms in the same trade, and increased specialization were imperative needs during the war. The government brought together for common counsel the various employers' organizations, trading associations, and individual firms in particular industries. The result of both government action and the pressure of events is seen in the growth of combinations among employers and traders.

In the second place, the State itself assumed industrial responsibilities. It became merchant, manufacturer, and carrier. Through the Ministry of Food it purchased and distributed enormous quantities of food. The Liquor Control Board purchased the licensed houses and breweries in Carlisle and district, and carried on the trade in alcoholic liquors in this area. The War Office became the largest buyer of wool in the world. The transactions of the Ministry of Munitions ran into fabulous figures. At the end of the war, the Disposal Board, on behalf of the government, sold superfluous war-supplies of all kinds. The list of activities of the State could easily be extended, but it is sufficient for our purpose to bear in mind the fact that the State inevitably found itself, during the war, involved in a sum total of direct government effort in the realm of industry and commerce, such as the most visionary collectivist never contemplated as likely within the lifetime of the present generation. Besides all this, the government assumed supreme responsibility for the railway services, without actually becoming the owner of the railroads.

There was, during the war, a considerable amount of criticism of the activities of the State in Great Britain. Charges of incompetence were freely leveled against the government, and business men and others denounced bureaucratic management in angry terms. It would appear, therefore, that while larger-scale production, the consolidation of industrial and financial interests, and the organization of manufacturers and merchants received a powerful impetus as a result of the war, the advocates of collectivism suffered a rebuff. For a while, indeed, this seemed to be the case; but the Labor Party still holds to its policy of nationalization, and is daily adding to its strength.

During the war, the British public made no attempt to distinguish between the various forms of state activity. Direct state action, increased general control over privately owned industry, and the limitations placed by the State upon individual freedom, were not separately analyzed. The State got little credit for its successes, which were smothered under the irritation created by restrictions imposed by war-conditions and by some glaring cases of ineptitude. The British public, indeed,

never had an opportunity of appreciating the government's activities at their true value. Every mistake, every example of inexcusable delay, red tape, and incompetence, was the subject of discussion in all places where men were gathered together. The excellent work carried on, out of the public eye, by the Civil Service and those who came to the aid of the government, had few expositors. It is, therefore, not surprising that with the Armistice there arose a cry for the relaxation of government control in all directions. The government hastened to satisfy the public and the clamorous interests which had the ear of the press, and withdrew many restrictions, against the wish of many of its best advisers. But the conditions which had rendered state intervention necessary persisted, and, in consequence, a popular cry arose again for government action, with the result that in many cases control was reintroduced.

Meanwhile, the government was faced with the problem of its general industrial policy. It lacked the courage to accept the nationalization of the great services. Its main supporters and its majority in the House of Commons were opposed to state ownership as a policy. Yet the government could not readily extricate itself from the position it had occupied in the economic life of the country during the war. Not only was this so, but the transformation of industry during the war rendered a return to the *status quo ante* out of the question, and the glaring defects and shortcomings of pre-war industry are generally accepted. So that, while the government rejected a limited programme of nationalization, it could not revert to the old order. It therefore took what it regarded as a *via media.*

In brief, its policy is one of private ownership combined with government control. It has established a Ministry of Transport, but it has not nationalized the railways and canals. Its Electricity Bill proposes the institution of statutory companies under a wide measure of government control.[1] If it has any policy with regard to coal-mines, it is one of private trusts under state regulation. Though Mr. Lloyd George's government would protest if its policy were regarded as bureaucratic, there is no other word which so conveniently describes it. It is more than probable that the wide powers of external control which the government proposes in the case of transport will prove to combine the disadvantages of both private and public ownership, with the advantages of neither. State regulation, to be effective, must run in certain well-defined channels, and it must not cramp the motives which lie behind private ownership, unless it substitutes new motives. The general trend of the policy of the British government seems to be in directions which will stifle the freedom of private enterprise, without ensuring that public responsibility will take its place. During the passage of the Ministry of Transport Bill through Parliament, even stalwart supporters of the government expressed strong disapproval of the powers to be given to the new minister.

To give a minister power to coördinate and develop the transport system of the country, when that system is privately owned, is to reduce private ownership to a farce, without making the minister responsible for the success of the transport services. Because the

[1] It is typical of the general aimlessness of the government that, since these words were written, it has, owing to the drastic criticism which the Electricity Bill met in the House of Lords, gutted the measure, and left little of its original proposals standing. The compulsory powers of the bill have been abandoned, and practically all that remains is the provision for creating Electricity Commissioners as a central authority. — The Author.

services are in private hands, his powers of coördination are strictly limited. The result is a division of responsibility which, in time, will prove to be intolerable, both to the State and to the owners of the transport services.

The government is, in fact, trying to do the impossible. There is no halfway house between public ownership and private ownership, and the government is vainly trying to build one, by imposing upon privately owned services, not the general requirements and conditions which these services should fulfil, but government coördination and direction.

II

The policy of the British Labor Movement, on the other hand, is crystallizing in favor of the immediate nationalization of certain services. It is mistrustful of government control divorced from public ownership, and it is in revolt against the motive of private gain in industry. Probably most Labor men would agree that a comprehensive measure of nationalization is not immediately practicable. As regards the fundamental services, however, the organized British Labor Movement is agreed on the policy of public ownership; and with the growing insistence of the workers on this programme, the issue between Labor and the Coalition Government is becoming clearly defined. The latter has behind it the weight of tradition and the vested interests of the country. The former gains its adherents from the great trade-unions and from a growing group of 'intellectuals.'

The centre of the struggle is the coal industry. The British public is now confronted with a new factor in the controversy regarding nationalization. In the past, the question of public ownership was more or less academic. But among the miners opinion has moved rapidly in favor of the nationalization of mines, and the public has to grasp the fact that no industry can continue for long to be run in face of the strong opposition of the workers employed in it. This is the situation in the coal-mining industry, and the problem is to work out a system which will meet with the approval and active support of the mine-workers. So far, nationalization holds the field.

During the war, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain prepared their plans. Early in 1919, as a result of negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George, the government appointed a Royal Commission to investigate wages and the larger question of nationalization. The Commission consisted, on the one hand, of three mine-owners and three employers connected with other industries, and, on the other hand, of three miners' representatives and three members of the Labor Party unconnected with the mining industry. The chairman was Mr. Justice Sankey.

The Commission gave its attention in the first place to the question of wages. The Chairman and the three non-mining employers issued a report on this question, which admitted that the present system of mines-management was not utilizing the experience and capacity of the miners. The six Labor representatives, in a separate report, pressed for the full acceptance of the wage-claims made by the Miners' Federation, and urged that nationalization was essential, if the just demands of the miners were to be met. The three colliery owners on the Commission submitted a separate report on wages.

These interim reports are mentioned to show that there was a distinct divergence of view from the beginning. The real issue was joined when the Commission opened the second stage of its proceedings by taking evidence on nationalization. The witnesses who

appeared before it were examined in public. There was considerable interest in the proceedings, and it is certain that the general public became much more favorably disposed toward public ownership of the mines. The owners appeared to disadvantage. Their case was badly fought, and when, eventually, Lord Gainford, on their behalf, put forward a constructive policy, it won little support. On the other hand, the Labor men handled their case extremely well, and, judging by the evidence produced before the Commission, and the results of the examination of witnesses, the honors lay with the miners' side.

As was expected, there was not a unanimous report. The Chairman drafted a report of his own, which recommended nationalization. The six Labor members in a separate document, signified their approval of the general conclusions contained in the Chairman's report. The mine-owners' side, with the exception of one member, produced a report which ran along the lines of Lord Gainford's evidence in favor of a sort of glorified system of profit-sharing and copartnership. Sir Arthur Duckham drafted a report of his own, suggesting the establishment of district monopolies, with limited profits.

Public discussion centred upon the Chairman's report and the recommendations of Sir Arthur Duckham. Shortly after the publication of the report, it was thought for a time that the government would pronounce in favor of the Duckham plan; but since then it has given the impression that it has no policy. It has introduced a bill to limit coal-owners' profits temporarily which, owing to opposition, it seems to have dropped; but it does not appear to have in mind any general plan for dealing with the coal industry. It has, however, through Mr. Lloyd George, declared that it does not accept nationalization. The speech in which he made his announcement was hardly worthy of the seriousness of the subject, and avoided a discussion of the main problems involved.

It was a surprise to the general public when Sir John Sankey, the independent Chairman of the Commission, unhesitatingly recommended the nationalization of the coal-mines. As the miners' side gave adhesion to his recommendations, the Chairman's report is, in fact, a majority report. But while, as a result of the evidence given before the Commission, the public was prepared to deal more sympathetically with the claims of the miners for better wages and improved conditions, it was not convinced as to the wisdom of nationalization. Nevertheless, opposition to nationalization has diminished in many quarters, and more people are favorable to it than before the sittings of the Coal Commission.

III

The Miners' Federation of Great Britain brought the question of nationalization before the Trade-Union Congress in September last, and won the support of the whole Trade-Union movement. It was arranged that a deputation should interview the Prime Minister on the subject, and, in the event of an unsatisfactory reply, that a special Trade-Union Congress should be called. The deputation duly met Mr Lloyd George; but, as was foreseen, the result was that the special Congress was convened in London on December 9 and 10, to consider this and other pressing matters. The Trade-Union Congress stood by its previous decision, to support the miners. A propaganda campaign has been arranged by the Miners' Federation, the Trade-Union Congress, and the Labor Party, and a congress is to be called in February,

to consider further action. In the meantime, every effort will be made to popularize the mines-nationalization proposals, in the hope of obtaining a wide measure of support from the electorate.

It is too early yet to prophesy the probable future developments. Mr. Robert Smillie, the President of the Miners' Federation, stated — at the December Congress — that the miners would persevere in their efforts to eliminate the private owners of the coal-mines, and hinted at the possibility of industrial action. The British Labor Movement is essentially moderate and constitutional; but the miners are becoming more and more restive, and it would not be surprising if, after next February, they refused to work under private ownership any longer.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George might decide on a general election. But it is extremely doubtful whether such an expedient would not create an even more difficult situation. For we may be sure that the Prime Minister, who is an astute electioneer-er, would not keep the issue clear. The election appeal would be on several issues; an attempt will certainly be made, whenever the next election comes, to throw upon the Labor Party the odium of 'Bolshevism,' and a cry will be raised against trade-union tyranny and government by trade-union domination. What would happen after an election on these lines, it is impossible to say. It is not likely that there would be a parliamentary majority pledged to the nationalization of the mines. On the other hand, the trade-union movement, and particularly the Miners' Federation, will not allow the matter to drop. There can be no doubt that, sooner or later, the policy of mines-nationalization will be realized. The firm attitude of the miners' unions — which are extremely powerful and representative — and the gradually increasing number of adherents to the Labor Party, make this inevitable.

The case of the opponents of mines-nationalization is not very strong. They fasten upon two main arguments. In the first place, it is argued that state enterprise is inefficient. Every example of government ineptitude during the war is dragged forth in illustration of this thesis. But the revelations before the Coal Commission show clearly enough that the present system of ownership and management is also inefficient. The searchlight of the Commission penetrated many dark places. The Labor campaign, which has just opened, may be relied upon to expose the waste and inefficiency of private ownership in the mining industry. Not least among the truths which will be brought home, is the fact that the price of coal is not based on the average cost of production, but on the cost of raising coal in the poorest and worst managed mines. For the existence of these the public is penalized, and pays a fine on every ton of coal raised, which passes into the pockets of the owners of the better mines. In view of the need for cheap coal, this argument will appeal with considerable force.

In the second place, those who oppose the nationalization of the coal-mines urge that state ownership spells bureaucracy. This argument assumes that organized Labor has a liking for bureaucracy. It fails to realize that officialism is hated as much by the workers as by employers and upholders of private ownership. The Miners' Federation has made it clear that by nationalization it means state ownership and democratic management, with the maximum amount of devolution. Mr. Justice Sankey, in his report, was at pains to work out a scheme of administration which would avert the bureaucratic tendencies of centralization and put the actual management in the hands

of district councils, each operating over a coal-field.[1]

The growing demand among the miners for nationalization is based on two grounds. First, they object to working for the profit of individuals; and, secondly, they desire a system which will enable them to exercise real responsibility. Industrial democracy, as now conceived, means not only the elimination of private capitalism, but the inauguration of a scheme of working which will place the government of an industry in the hands of those employed in it. What the miners aim at establishing is an experiment in guild socialism. Now, whatever arguments may be leveled against guild socialism, it cannot justly be urged that it will be bureaucratic. The charge could well be brought against collectivism. But British Labor opinion is rapidly moving away from collectivism, and embracing the ideas of guild socialism. This method of enlisting the active coöperation of the various grades of workers in an industry in its conduct and management, it is said by many people, contains no safeguard for the consumer. But at the present time, with the gradual elimination of competition, and the growth of trusts, combinations, rings, and understandings, the consumer enjoys little protection. The advantage of free competition was that it tended to keep prices down. But it has gradually destroyed itself. At any rate, it will be agreed that it is a diminishing force. It will probably prove easier to protect the interests of consumers in a publicly owned service than under a system of private ownership. Those who support the nationalization of the coal-mines have endeavored to meet the need for adequate safeguards so far as consumers are concerned.[2]

It cannot be denied, however, that nationalization will bring its own difficulties and its own problems. It would be sheer folly to pretend that, with the acceptance of public ownership, all will be well, and that troubles will vanish into thin air. The propaganda campaign now taking place will need to satisfy the public that there are reasonable prospects of overcoming the difficulties.

IV

Another industry in which public ownership has become a practical question is the liquor trade. During the war, the government found it necessary to impose drastic restrictions and regulations upon this trade. In and around Carlisle, it was driven, owing to a large influx of munition-workers, to take the bold course of buying out the liquor interests in that area, and conducting the trade itself. Licensed houses and hotels and breweries were bought, lock, stock, and barrel. The Liquor Control Board then had a perfectly free hand. Redundant licenses were extinguished; many public houses were rebuilt; others were improved structurally so far as circumstances allowed; the sale of food became an important feature in many public houses; the managers were given no inducements to push the sale of intoxicants, though, on the other hand, they were given a liberal commission on the sale of food and non-alcoholic beverages. The general manager of the scheme, Sir Edgar Sanders, has the assistance of a local Advisory Committee, of representatives of various local interests and organizations.

This experiment has been a remark-

[1] Several witnesses, notably Mr. Straker of the Durham Miners' Association, outlined means of avoiding officialism. The present writer submitted in evidence before the Coal Commission a scheme of administration with this end in view.

[2] The evidence presented by the present writer suggests the establishment of a consumers' council for this purpose.

able success, and has encouraged believers in state purchase to press for an extension of the scheme. Legislation is inevitable, as the war-time regulations will automatically lapse within six months after the termination of the war. It is generally recognized that a reversion to the *status quo ante* is impossible. Even the vested interests in the drink trade admit so much; and it is significant that the various organizations of brewers and licensed victuallers have prepared a draft bill on the question. But as this measure has been framed by the drink trade, it is not likely to obtain much public support; and, indeed, it may be regarded as dead.

On the other hand, the prohibitionist school of temperance reformers, assisted by Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson, and other American supporters of prohibition, is being used to bring home to the public the advantages of 'going dry.' There is not the slightest doubt, however, that their activities will end in failure. Whether England and Wales will ever be won round to prohibition, none can say; but what can be said without hesitation is that there is not the remotest possibility of the public accepting this policy in the near future. So far, the prohibitionist campaign has probably succeeded in heartening the extreme temperance reformers; but it is extremely doubtful whether it has gained many new adherents.

The government has already announced its intention of passing legislation on the subject, but the introduction of its bill has been postponed. So far as can be gathered, it means to supersede the present Liquor Control Board (which has regulated the drink trade during the war) by liquor commissions, which will exercise at least some of the powers of regulation at present enjoyed by the Control Board. But this solution, while it meets the need for early legislation, will satisfy nobody. It will subject the brewers and publicans to restrictions imposed by the statutory Liquor Commissions, and the trade interests will, therefore, not welcome it. On the other hand, it will receive no welcome at the hands of any school of temperance reformers. The government's measure indicates that Mr. Lloyd George's administration has no policy on the question. As in the case of other controversial subjects, the heterogeneous character of the Coalition majority in the House of Commons robs it of real unity.

It is agreed that the drink question is one of the thorniest of political problems, and only the Conservative Party (to which practically all the trade interests are allied) has a policy upon it. The Liberal Party is torn on the subject. The Labor Movement is predominantly in favor of state purchase, though a number of its supporters are convinced prohibitionists. Recently, however, a committee of trade-unionists and members of the Labor Party has been formed for the purpose of focusing Labor opinion in support of the policy of public ownership and control. It is now actively pursuing its propaganda toward this end. The campaign was formally inaugurated at Carlisle in November, when a conference was held of representatives of trade-union and labor organizations in the area covered by the experiment referred to above. It is significant that, though there were criticisms on the details of local administration, there was no desire to sweep away the principle of public ownership. Over 220 representatives attended the Conference, and resolutions were passed (with only one dissentient) urging the continuance of the Carlisle experiment, and the extension of public ownership of the liquor trade to the whole country.

Already a considerable number of Labor bodies have adopted resolutions

in harmony with the programme of the Labor campaign. Labor conferences are being held, up and down the country, and the opinion of organized Labor is being steadily consolidated in favor of public ownership and control. The interests in the liquor trade, while they treated the prohibitionist crusade with a certain contempt, are expressing alarm at the propaganda which is being conducted under Labor auspices; and it would appear to be probable that the attitude of the Labor Movement will finally determine the policy of the State on the drink question.

It is interesting to observe that the policy of state purchase and public control commends itself to many temperance reformers unconnected with the Labor Party. Prominent publicists and journalists, and many ecclesiastics, have proclaimed their sympathy with this programme, and here and there persons interested in the liquor trade have admitted its soundness. Mr. Waters Butler, a member of one of the largest brewing firms in England, is an avowed supporter of the policy.

In 1915 proposals were made for the purchase of the liquor trade, and the present Prime Minister was then one of the strongest supporters of this policy. At that time the drink interests were in the slough of despondency, and would gladly have relinquished their property rights to the State. Subsequently, however, the financial position of the trade improved, and it enjoyed high profits and the spectacle of an unprecedented rise in brewery and similar shares. In consequence, the brewers and their agents recanted from the earlier position which misfortune had forced upon them, and they have declared their intention of fighting against their expropriation. But as public opinion seems to be crystallizing round the policy of eliminating private gain, as the great step in the interest of national sobriety, the prospect of nationalization and public control is by no means remote.

V

Coal and drink are the two industries in which a vigorous campaign is being undertaken in favor of nationalization; but they are by no means the only ones in which there is a demand for it. It is well known that the National Union of Railwaymen has in view the nationalization of the railway system, though it has not, as yet, formulated a demand to this end. They have been occupied with the satisfaction of their claims regarding wages, hours of labor, and working conditions. The terms they have so far succeeded in obtaining have imposed a new burden on the companies, and it is not improbable that private enterprise will be unable to bear the burden.

There is in all quarters of the community considerable support for railway nationalization, and there is a Railway Nationalization Society to forward it. It is generally felt that the Ministry of Transport will be driven to assume, on behalf of the State, the ownership and control of the railway service. In any legislation for this purpose, the canals also would be bought out, as well as certain shipping services. This would be inevitable, as a considerable number of canals are owned by the railway companies, — which have allowed many of them to fall into disuse, — while some companies own lines of steamboats.

The Labor Party is inclined to regard transport, or, at any rate, the main forms of transport, as a single service. It is urged that, in the event of railway nationalization, the fleets of railway companies' boats running to Continental ports and to various parts of the British Isles should pass under

state ownership. The political Labor Movement would go further, and embark upon a scheme of state purchase of the chief shipping lines. But while the nationalization of the railways would meet with little opposition, any proposal for the nationalization of shipping would not command general approval at present.

At the special Trade-Union Congress held in December, 1919, it was recommended that 'the work of reorganizing and developing the railways should be put immediately in hand, and that the same energy should be applied to the reorganization of the railway and allied transport services, including motor transport, as was put into the task of organizing the nation for war purposes. . . . Such organization can only be effected on a basis of public ownership and democratic control.'

The nationalization of the land is an old cry, and there is an old-established Land-Nationalization Society which seeks to popularize this proposal. Nevertheless, at the moment, land-nationalization is an academic question. There is no really vigorous and effective agitation being carried on, though the British Labor Movement subscribes to the principle and there is a number of people who, while unfavorable, or even actively opposed to the application of public ownership in other directions, indorse the plea for the nationalization of land. Moreover, it is interesting to note that the two chief trade-unions organizing agricultural workers — the Workers' Union in June, and the Agricultural Laborers and Rural Workers' Union in April, 1919 — have declared clearly during the past few months in favor of land reform.

It may be that the nationalization of coal-mines will lead to a demand for the nationalization of other mines and minerals, in which case it will be impossible to ignore the claims of land-nationalization, as many questions of land-ownership and tenure are involved. With the improved organization of the agricultural workers, the demand for nationalization will grow. It is not without significance that a considerable number of Labor candidates contested rural constituencies at the last General Election; and, in spite of the handicaps under which the Labor Party suffered, made remarkably good polls. This is the result of trade-unionism in rural areas. In view of the new political and industrial activity of the agricultural workers, it is certain that more will be heard in the future about the nationalization of land.

The nationalization of the banking services is now a definite part of the programme of the organized Labor Movement, and at the recent Trade-Union Congress an explicit resolution was passed, asking for the immediate nationalization of the banking system. So far, however, there is not any strong pressure behind this demand.

It will be observed that in the services mentioned above there are no manufacturing industries. It is true that the Labor Party contemplates an ultimate extension of the policy of nationalization to the field of manufacture; but the immediate demand is for the establishment of public ownership in a limited range of economic services. In the first place, there is a public opinion desirous of nationalizing certain natural resources, such as land and mines. Secondly, there is the demand for the public ownership of the main transport services. Thirdly, comes the formulation of the policy of a nationalized banking system. Lastly, there is a considerable body of opinion favorable to State purchase and public control of the liquor trade.

The only political force which subscribes to the nationalization of all the foregoing services is the Labor Move-

ment. But while there is nothing approaching unanimity of opinion in Britain on the advisability of introducing the principle of public ownership into coal-mines, land, transport, banking, and the drink trade, there are, nevertheless, groups of people, by no means negligible, who support the policy in one or other of these services and trades. This is especially so in the case of land, railways, and the liquor trade. There is therefore a considerable amount of backing for these various nationalization proposals. On the other hand, there is a strong body of interested opposition, which will rally behind any private interest which is assailed by a nationalization programme. It would seem, however, that, in spite of the misrepresentation from which those who advocate public ownership suffer, and of the strength of old traditions in industry and commerce based upon competition and self-interest, there is an ever-increasing volume of support for this national programme. The trade-union movement now numbers about six million members; and though it would create a false impression if one were to say that these millions of workers were unanimously behind the general policy of the Labor Movement, it is certain that a considerable, and steadily growing, proportion of these organized workers subscribe to at least a restricted measure of nationalization. Further, with the reconstitution of the Labor Party, it has been reinforced by people drawn from other classes than that of the manual workers. Again, it is not without significance that very large numbers of the younger men and women, who have held aloof from political parties, are now profoundly dissatisfied with the existing order, and more and more inclined to look for guidance to the Labor Party.

How rapidly opinion will mature in favor of the nationalization of specific industries and services cannot be foreseen. At the present time, the old system is generally recognized as bankrupt, and no broadly conceived alternative policy has been propounded. Nationalization, consequently, must be regarded as the only alternative programme to the existing chaos at present confronting the British public.

AMERICANIZATION: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE

BY JOHN KULAMER

I

Before putting the patient under the anæsthetic and operating on him, give him a chance to say a few words; they may help the wise doctors in their diagnosis, and may suggest the kind of operation to be performed. It is no consolation to the patient or to his friends to say that the operation was successful but the patient died. 'Americanize the foreigners' is the cry heard all over the country. Several state legislatures have already passed laws, more

or less practical, to satisfy this hysterical cry, and the present session of Congress has similar legislation on its programme. I say hysterical advisedly, for the reason that it looks so to the 'foreigners' who have gone through the mill, who are in better position to know the situation, and can judge better the results of ill-advised attempts by legislators to make to order Americans out of 'foreigners.' It is not a question of principle with us alien-born American citizens; but the means by which 'foreigners' are sought to be Americanized give us cause to raise our voices in protest. By all means, let those who seek the bounty of this liberal country to settle here permanently become in spirit and in truth Americans; and let those who come here temporarily, so long as it pleases America to admit them, gratefully accept her munificence, and observe scrupulously all her laws; but the question is, can a 'foreigner' become a true American by force? Some of the legislation already passed, and some of the methods contemplated, savor strongly of force. Is that wise? Is it practical? Is it American?

I preface this, so as not to be misunderstood. Although born in far-off Czecho-Slovakia, under the shadow of the snow-capped Tatra, I can without boasting say that I yield to no one in my loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; and if I differ in my views as to the methods to be used in Americanizing those who, like me, were born in other countries, I do it out of love for my adopted country, and because I am anxious to see these efforts crowned with success. We who are Americans by our free choice (pardon the boast) deplore sincerely the faults of our compatriots, and are most anxious to see them remedied; we are heartily in favor of any practical movement on the part of American-born citizens to help these people to become true Americans, in the full meaning of the word; but we say that you will never succeed by using the same methods as drove many of them to seek the shelter of free American institutions. Do not transplant Prussia or Hungary to the shores of liberal America. Prussian and Magyar methods have proved to be a failure: the Irish nation is a fairly lively corpse, in spite of the fact that the prohibited Celtic language is almost reckoned among the dead languages. Remember this: a parrot does not become a man by learning to say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' or to swear like a sailor. Do not confuse the means with the end: a man can commit treason in English as readily as in Hottentot.

First of all, why this hectic outcry just now? Why this feverish activity to remedy by legislation the evils which grew up through years of neglect, nay, almost brutal opposition, on the part of the American-born; through years of galling ridicule and heartless exploitation; through years of contempt and prejudice? Let us face the facts squarely. Is it because of the activities of the paid agents of foreign governments during the war? Is it because of foreign and native propaganda now? Why does not the government deal with individuals according to their just deserts? Why does the government so scrupulously adhere to the constitutional safeguards of individuals in its proceedings against those who openly renounce and ridicule them? Could anything be more humiliating than the arrogance of the departing Emma Goldman? Of all the 'foreigners' whom it is proposed now to Americanize only a negligible percentage is dangerous to American institutions, and the government of such a powerful nation ought to have no trouble in getting rid of these.

Some of them are crude in their manners, illiterate, and ignorant of the fine points of our Constitution; but at heart

they are loyal to their new country; their greatest desire is to become like Americans, whom they admire; their greatest boast is that they are citizens, and they almost worship their 'second papers,' if they have been able to get them. I need not cite proofs of this: it is inscribed in letters of blood on the pages of American history. To-day many of them are, besides, bound to this country by gratitude for the help which it extended to their oppressed brethren in the land of their nativity. During the war they looked upon the Stars and Stripes, not only as the flag of their adopted country, but also as a symbol of hope, a guaranty of freedom to their mother countries: and so it is now.

They are living beings, and it is the essential principle of life to respond to favorable environment. All efforts at their Americanization should be founded upon this principle. Remove difficulties out of their way, create a favorable environment, and they will respond to it. Do not place new difficulties in their way.

II

The greatest obstacles to the speedy Americanization of 'foreigners' are the ridicule of, contempt for, and prejudice against them on the part of native Americans. In showing this, I will confine myself to the experience of the Czecho-Slovaks, so that I may be able to make out a concrete case, and because I am best acquainted with their spirit and situation. The Bohemian or Czech portion of the Czecho-Slovaks are old settlers in this country; most of them are considered as Americanized. The Slovak immigration is rather recent, and is included in that invidious term, 'foreigners.' The first immigrants came here, or rather were brought here, by American agents scouring Europe for laborers; so that originally they were sought after. They first settled in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania. After them came thousands seeking larger opportunities, or fleeing from Magyar political persecution. That they are hard workers and economical, every one concedes. But it is said in justification of the existing prejudice, — if class prejudice can be justified, — that they have so many bad habits, their manners are so uncouth, their dress so ridiculous and crude, they live in such an unsanitary way, they are such drunkards and fight so much — in fact they are chronic trouble-makers. There are two other specifications, of a different nature, charged against them: that they constitute the cheap labor of the country and compete unfairly with the American laborer, and that they come here only to save up money and take it home with them, thus taking out of the country a large portion of its capital. Before answering these accusations categorically, let me say this in general: they are deeply religious, no matter what religion they profess; there are hardly any professional hardened criminals among them; and there are no anarchists.

It may be a little humiliating to proud Americans to know that the manners of these 'foreigners' deteriorate in the United States. They have lost many good points by their contact with Americans, principally on account of bad example. Trained in the hard school of centuries of servitude under the most cruel masters, the Slovaks are naturally respectful to their superiors, — not necessarily servile, — retiring and law-abiding; they are trusting, kind-hearted, and cheerful. To them the state and its authority are things sacred. True, the laboring class does not possess the polish of the salon, cannot wear a tuxedo with grace and elegance; but are American laborers courtiers? They learned to chew tobacco in America, but nothing is more

repellent to them than to see the cheek of a well-dressed man bulge with a 'quid,' and they cannot understand how a man in an exalted position, say a judge in the courtroom, can squirt tobacco-juice under the bench. Their dress may appear ridiculous; but when milady turns up her puissant nose at the unshapely dress of her Slovak sister, let her remember that she looks so ungainly because she is trying to imitate Parisian fashions; in her native country she wore lace and embroidery over which milady would rave, and that made with her own hands; she wore the finest hand-made linen, her own product from the flax to the garment. She has not tortured her shape all her life out of the proportions which nature bestowed on her.

They will amuse themselves on Sundays in a boisterous manner, have music and dancing. It should not be, even if there is no real harm in it, if for no other reason than out of deference to American customs. At home they did it mostly in the open air, under some spreading tree, and they hardly realize the difference when done in confined quarters.

Now about their housing conditions. Here the same statement applies as to their manners: they live here, as a rule, worse than they did at home. Who is to blame? The first settlers lived exclusively in company houses, and thousands of them still use such quarters as their employers supply them. Those living in cities mostly occupy houses from which proud American families draw rents. And what exorbitant rates they pay! At the rate which they pay for their two or three rooms they could rent palaces, if counted by rooms. In the old country, no matter how humble the cottage, it had a small plot of ground around it and the flower-garden in front of it was one of the housekeeper's greatest prides. A large coal company in Pennsylvania, in recent years, has made some effort to better the housing conditions, and now in the blooming front gardens you can see the reproduction of some old country village. The Slovak women are the largest buyers of stove-polish, and no other women spend as much time on their knees scrubbing the floors.

So long as the American government drew large revenues from the sale of liquors, who dares to accuse them of disloyalty because they drank a good deal? As to being trouble-makers: if the facts were thoroughly sifted, it would appear that in the majority of cases the fights at celebrations were caused by American hoodlums who wanted forcibly to share their kegs of beer, which the 'hunkies' naturally resented. I need not describe how much the first settlers in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania suffered at the hands of a certain organized gang of another nationality, dozens of whom finally expiated their crimes on the gallows. We heard of their terrorism four thousand miles away.

III

Now take the other side of the picture: what did the 'foreigner' have to endure? Ridicule, contempt, persecution, exploitation, extortion, injustice, all of which was due to the prejudice against him. He is very seldom called by his name, is always referred to as 'hunkie,' or 'dago,' or the like; he is made on all sides to feel that he is despised, that he is a stranger and unwelcome. His children are discriminated against, no matter how hard he tries to bring them up according to the American standard. To bring this home: several times my little girl asked me, 'Daddy, why does Jennie call me a hunkie?' It hurts, and not everybody can take such matters philosophically, especially when he knows that his child

is just as good as if not better than the other.

This ostracism by American-born children and young folk is bearing very disastrous fruit. Fine clean-cut young men of foreign parentage have gone wrong because compelled to associate with American scum. They are shunned by their equals, made to feel uncomfortable among them, and so they seek other society, often dangerous. And this discrimination is not always crude and brutal, owing to ignorance. Some years ago I had occasion to make an argument before the court *in banc*, three judges sitting. Some days later one of the judges was kind enough to compliment me on my effort, and added that Judge —— had remarked upon the fact that a foreign-born attorney could acquit himself so well. And why not, pray? It would take volumes to describe the abuse, ill-treatment, discrimination, and even brutality which the 'hunkies' have to suffer at their work — work which the native American would disdain to perform but which must be done. Let us spread a pall of forgetfulness over it. Furthermore, only those connected with the practice of law know the amount of injustice and extortion that is practised on them. Prejudice often blinds even the jurists sitting as judges. Details could be given *ad nauseam*. At times it seems as if Americans thought that the 'foreigners' have no ordinary human feelings.

It is true that the first settlers competed with American labor; but they soon learned their lesson. There are no stauncher supporters of organized labor than 'foreigners,' and they form the backbone of some large unions. Just now there is an outcry against them, and all the labor unrest is laid at their doors. But go to their meetings, and you will find that in some locals the only Americans are the officers who are their leaders. In whose hands is the national leadership? How many 'foreigners' are at the head of large labor organizations? The number of foreign agitators who are dangerous to American institutions is small: why does not the government eject them summarily? It is a principle of American jurisprudence that a man can renounce his country; why is not the reverse also true, that a country can renounce its citizen, after he has openly declared himself to be opposed to all organized government? Easily misled; blind followers; unfit for our institutions, it will be objected. Which is a greater crime, to lead astray or to follow astray? Besides, why is it almost impossible to abolish political bossism throughout the whole country? That is politics, I hear someone say.

It is true that many of them return to the old country and take money along with them, their hard-earned savings. Can they be blamed for wishing to return to more congenial personal surroundings and put up with political oppression which is more distant? The fact is that the United States should appreciate this propensity of the 'foreigners'; it has saved the country many a labor crisis, and has automatically solved the question of unemployment, with which other countries have had to wrestle. The volume of travel by sea was a good barometer, and a very sensitive one, of business conditions in this country. When slack times came, the outgoing business of the steamship companies was brisk, and when conditions improved, the tide turned the other way. Thus unemployment was kept at a minimum. America should not begrudge the price in money that it had to pay for the solution of such a delicate problem.

Now, what efforts are being made to make the 'foreigners' forget all this, and to make them cheerful, loyal, and willing Americans? I am sure that no one wants to force them to become

Americans: that would be un-American. The methods so volubly and voluminously discussed can be divided into two groups — educational and legislative. Settlement-workers are as thick as flies among the 'foreigners.' But these latter, for some reason or other, are not responding to kindness, it will be reported by some kind-hearted but rather meddlesome lady. It would be far better for her if she stayed at home and did her own knitting, put her own house in order. It would be well if this work were more sympathetic and less professional. The 'foreigners' do not want to be pampered, but neither do they want strangers to come among them with a better-than-thou air and try to 'uplift' them. The earnest 'foreigner,' with a little self-respect in him, hates to be made a public spectacle, to be exhibited like some rare bird or a freak of nature to boost the standing of some professional Americanizer, so that his salary may be increased. There is a suspicion among the foreign-born that all this hullabaloo now raised is artificial, that the professional Americanizers need it in their business. The war has created so many new professions, organizers, and charity workers, who need new outlets for their talents. I was present at one 'Americanization meeting' and was disgusted with it. 'See,' the professional seemed to say, 'what I made of these savages; that is my work.' I know of a Federal judge who has made more Americans, technically and spiritually, by his sympathetic talks when granting papers, than whole shoals of professional Americanizers. They fairly worship him, but the outside world knows little about it. But when it is done to the accompaniment of theatricals, the victim may remember what the boss called him at his job the day before, and he will not have a very high opinion of American sincerity.

Really all such work is unnecessary. The old generation, the original immigrants, will soon die out, and the public schools are doing all that can be done for the coming generation. Only one thing need be added to their present system; teach the American-born children to treat the others as their equals. The problem will solve itself, if you will remove the friction between native and alien-born, and keep meddlers, who cannot take the 'foreigner's' view, from interfering with the natural process.

In the vast mass of literature spread broadcast over the country so far I have seen but one item which showed the proper spirit. The Massachusetts Bureau of Immigration gave out this motto: 'Our foreign-speaking neighbors desire our friendship; we desire theirs. We should make these strangers in a strange land feel "at home"; that we want them to share "our house." You can help make America united by special courtesy and patience in your daily contact with all who do not speak our language readily. Help make America, its institutions, and Americans dear to them, so that they, too, will become steadfast Americans.'

Sincere thanks from all 'foreigners' to the composer of this beautiful motto. In other words, Americanize the Americans first, and there will be no trouble with the 'foreigners'; for all these various methods are not truly American. These 'foreigners' have a very high conception of Americanism. My teacher of English (and he was a Prussian), so far as I can remember (it was twenty-eight years ago), said to me: 'John, no higher compliment can be paid to a man than to say that he is an American gentleman; the qualification "American" raises him above everybody.' That was my first lesson in Americanism; quite often I was disabused; but when I meet with an American gentleman, I have no trouble in recognizing him from this description.

IV

All the legislative programmes contain in one form or another a provision for forcing the 'foreigners' to learn the English language. That is a great mistake. By all means, raise the bars against immigrants as high as public policy demands; be very stringent in granting the foreign-born the supreme privilege of citizenship. It is right, nay, it is the duty of the country to protect itself against undesirables; but the language test is the poorest test that could be thought of. It is just as futile as the literacy test in the immigration legislation; it will produce results contrary to those desired. It will admit into the country and to citizenship the crook, the agitator, the dangerous criminal, and keep out the honest, hard-working man. The swindler, the agitator, and his like are usually educated men, and can easily comply with the provisions of such legislation; the ignorant, unlettered man is politically harmless.

It is also proposed by some to abolish the foreign-language press. That would be taking away from aliens the only means of acquiring information, and from the government the only means of reaching the 'foreigners.' I am surprised that no government officials raise their voices in protest after their experience during the war; after the help that they received from the foreign-language newspapers in counteracting the poisons spread by paid agitators of hostile foreign governments. They could also tell that they received voluntary information concerning meetings at which dangerous principles were advocated.

History has proved that language will not necessarily make a man a loyal citizen. What has England gained by forcing the Irish to learn the English language? Prussia tried to Prussianize the Poles by prohibiting the use of the Polish tongue, and Hungary tried to Magyarize its various nationalities by similar legislation; and what has happened? The principle of the oppressed nations was that action creates reaction; and the more the government tried to force a strange tongue on them, the more strenuously they opposed it.

Language is a very useful means to an end; also it is something to which a strong sentiment attaches; but it is a mistake to make the language an end, the test of a man's loyalty. So long as a man is free to learn another language, he will do his best to learn it, if it is to his advantage; but if you try to force him to learn it, his opposition to it will at once be awakened. The psychology of this need not be discussed; it is a fact. The foreigners in this country realize the value of the English language, and are doing their best to acquire it; but let them find out that it is obligatory, and they will present a thousand and one excuses against learning it. For one thing, they will argue: 'You call this a free country; we came here because we thought it was so; we fled from our native land because they wanted us to learn a strange tongue; and behold, America is doing the same thing.' They do not object to the English language as a language, but they will more or less strenuously oppose it, if required by law to learn it. Their objections are not wholly for sentimental reasons; most of them are hard-working men, doing back-breaking labor in grime and amid intense heat which completely exhausts them; to require them, after a day put in at such work, to go to school and to learn a new language, at an advanced age, is almost inhuman. It is all very well for a professional Americanizer, sitting at his desk, with plenty of leisure, to learn another language; but it is a different matter for a hard-working man.

Besides, it is unnecessary: the new generation knows English; a great

many young men and women are even ashamed of their mother-tongue. Outside of small villages, where the population is in some cases almost entirely foreign, the children do not speak their mother-tongue even among themselves. It is a common experience with some parents to be answered in English by their children when addressed in their mother-tongue. What advantage can be gained from arousing the secret opposition of these people by such legislation? Because of the undue importance given to language in European countries by their governments, it received an equally undue importance in the estimation of the people; language was raised by these means to the same sentimental heights as religion. It is not wise for legislators to meddle with sentiments not directly harmful to the country.

This problem of language will also solve itself, if left to its natural course. Liberal and generous treatment, in accord with the principles of Americanism, on the part of individuals in their daily contact with the 'foreigners' will do more than volumes of laws. Let every American constitute himself a committee of one to behave with ordinary courtesy toward the 'foreigner,' and not to discriminate against him, and he will respond wonderfully. He need not show 'special courtesy' as the Massachusetts Bureau asks: ordinary courtesy will be sufficient. The American is not asked to go out of his way to please the 'foreigner'; he needs only to meet him half-way. If the government will supplement this by energetic action against the real undesirables, the country will have nothing to fear from the others. There is no one more disgusted with the dilatory, temporizing tactics of our government in dealing with these pests than the alien-born citizens.

It can be said with assurance that the solidarity of the United States during the past war, in spite of its very much mixed population, rested solely on its past liberality, these unpleasant features notwithstanding. The foreign-born population overlooked all that, and their love for their adopted country wiped out all past irritation, healed all their wounds when the great crisis came. Do not repay them with distrust and unnecessary burdens. Was not the Kaiser disappointed in his 'American party'? And the evidence against the Germans seemed to be the strongest.

The position of the 'foreigners' here is analogous to that of the Christians in the days of persecution by the Roman Empire. They are treated, not as individuals, according to their deserts, but as a class, and the whole class is condemned. There seems to be a certain perversity that is unexplainable; indulgence to the individual transgressor and severity with the class. A man can openly renounce his allegiance, declaim against organized forms of government, denounce the right of the government to interfere with the individual, laugh at constitutional guaranties, and at the same time invoke them for his protection, and they will be granted to him; but you condemn a whole class without a hearing. It seems so un-American, for the American boasts of his fondness for fair play. Let Congress stop playing politics, catering to the popular clamor; let it pass stringent laws for the protection of the country, and wise and constructive laws to promote its future welfare; let the executive powers enforce those laws fearlessly; let them hunt down the violators, high and low, native or alien, and it will be found that those of Czecho-Slovak origin, naturalized or unnaturalized (I speak now for them alone), are as a class, loyal, law-abiding, hard-working inhabitants of the United States, and that there are no more criminals and traitors among them than among native-born Americans. What more is wanted of them?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

RAGHIB

At first I did n't appreciate Raghib. Starting upon new work with one of the highest classes in an Egyptian mission college, dealing with the intricacies of English grammar and idiom, I was not altogether confident anyway. Egyptian students know disconcerting things about the grammar of our language. And Raghib, knowing more than most, amused himself during the first few weeks in trying to take me unaware. Very innocently he would rise and ask me some apparently simple question, which, alas, was full of guile. He kept me constantly in hot water.

So one day I decided to quash him for all time. He rose with one of his innocent catch-questions, and I was primed. That one point of idiom I knew better than he did. So I started in on him. Soon he was back-watering rapidly. In two minutes he had surrendered and was crying for mercy. But I persisted, and before I had done, the class was in roars of laughter at his expense. So I felt very self-satisfied.

After the class had grinningly filed out, Raghib remained behind. Looking at me mournfully out of his innocent eyes, he asked me sadly, 'Why have you despised me in the face of all these students, my collaborators?'

My self-satisfaction rapidly faded, and from that time forth Raghib and I had an understanding.

When Raghib's first composition came to me, I wept — from what feelings you may judge. To try out the class, I had given them a simple subject, 'Young Animals,' and here is part of what Raghib wrote: —

If we cast our eyes over this subject with a spirited eagerness and manful way, we find that the benefits of animals, as a total, are prodigious and unparalleled. Bethink the sheep, which has four feet, two eyes, and a neck with a head, and which gives us milk of no parallel and excellent flesh. Are these not resulted from this young animal? Is it not the camel which walks through deserts listlessly and endures the pangs of hunger coolly and severity of thirst without lodging a complaint? Is it not the camel from which we make our boots and shoes? Certainly, it is indubitable. The cow has two big eyes, a long neck, ended in a head upon which two horns are standing. The cow is of inexhaustible avails. Before setting on foot for its benefits, we must say that it is humble. If we idealize its advantages, we shall become owed by ourselves to it.

How was I to correct that composition? The grammar was not bad, as Egyptian students write; unquestionably the English was idiomatic; and Raghib would believe my criticisms were prejudiced. I made a few perfunctory remarks (red ink) on his paper, and called him to me after class.

'You'll have to change your style, Raghib,' I told him. 'Write simply and naturally. This is absolutely no good.'

Raghib was hurt. 'It is easy to write simple English,' he declared scornfully. 'All students can do that. But no other student can write as I do!' Seeing me unconvinced, he went on, 'See the idioms I use — almost nothing but idioms. You have said it is good to use idioms.'

I saw that further protest was useless; interference with Raghib's peculiar genius was truly of 'inexhaustible avails.' So he wrote on, triumphant.

After a time, I became absorbed in

Raghib's compositions. They were the oases in a desert of grammatical errors. He never failed me. However abstruse or however simple the subject I assigned him, he managed always to flood it with idioms and effervesce it with his inexhaustible enthusiasms.

Very soon I found that Raghib was not truly at his best until he was assigned a proverb subject. Proverbs are favorite themes among the students: they love good-sounding generalities. And Raghib's style was eminently suited to proverb-compositions. Given such a subject, he wrote furiously for fifty minutes, and begged an extra five minutes to express a thought which he said was 'struggling in him for expression.' This boon I consistently denied him. Early in the term, I assigned him the subject, 'The child of to-day is the father of to-morrow,' and smacking his lips he went to work.

If we cast our eyes over this motto with precise correctness of its meaning from a moral point of view, it seems obvious to us that man, in all his stage, is changeable. For instance, to-day is small; to-morrow is old; shortly after is a millionaire, — and in a word, the world has ups and downs. Then we must prepare for our future as children, during our childhood, what we can afford. We must illuminate our intellect with the lustre of knowledge, and secure education which goes by us in after-life. Or at least it is our duty to go after any calling from which we obtain our daily bread.

As time went on, I found myself choosing themes for the class with Raghib in mind more than the benefit of the class. It was undoubtedly solely for his benefit that I selected the subject, 'A fool and his money are soon parted,' and he responded fervently. After three paragraphs of 'nothing but idioms,' he concluded smashingly, —

Then it is our duty to advise the fool to become aware of his bad habits and banish from himself the diversion of this vanished world and act the manly part. And let him know that if he spends his money in useful things he may be honored, loved by people, and the case is the reverse with those who spend their money in low things. Oh, fool one, you are bubbling, you are pursuing your low ideals and leaving the golden untouched which elevates you to the highest sky. In all likelihood, if you do not give up this habit, you will strip down to the indigence.

By that time, I had become so accustomed to Raghib, and had developed such a powerful 'teacher's conscience,' that I unfeelingly dipped my pen deep in the bottle of red ink and scrawled after Raghib's final masterly sentence, 'The meaning is very obscure.' Thus does the unfeeling world reward the few geniuses in its midst.

But Raghib, like a real genius, bore in his heart no malice for his critic. On the last day of school, after we had stumbled through the final exercise in our grammar-and-idiom book, Raghib rose and asked permission to address the class. Curiosity prompted an immediate assent. Drawing a manuscript from his pocket, he tossed back his long black hair, and read feelingly, —

'Before setting on foot for delivering my speech, here is a great impulse struggling with me for expression. O would that I knew, what is it? The deep thanks for you, which would not enter under description. It is for everyone to profess that our illustrious teacher did his best and exerted himself to the utmost to shift for us the best mode of teaching by which we can learn English tongue easily and surmount the difficulties of it.

'By your unparalleled conduct we learn that slothfulness, indolence, and touching the hands of the rude and curs, drag us down to the precipice of devastation and pit of misery, and the case is the contrary to this if we take pattern after character, strictest diligence and laboring earnestly which raise us to the highest pitch.

'Now it would be melancholy and la-

mented to say that the hour of departure is come. My heart falls within me on calling to mind that this is the last period of study. Now we take leave of your diligence and perseverance on work with a renewed character. We take leave of your rosy face which indicates your dexterity and efficiency.

'At last, I ask God to touch your hand on all hands. May God protect you against the brands of sin and evil. Gentlemen, we must make a covenant with ourselves not to forget our illustrious teacher. We must fall in opinion with our brain to remember our teacher as long as we live.

'Our teacher, notice but ratify without scruple that your name is written in the pages of our hearts, and do not go away but with the end of our lives!'

JUST ENOUGHS

I can have been no more than six when it came home to me that it was very nice to be just sick enough to have my mother smooth my wrists and hold her great cold crystal beads against my small hot brows, and presently feed me 'lammie-baa-broth-with-rice-in-it.' In fact, the phrase 'just sick enough to have lammie-baa-broth' became the symbol of a mild paradise, not to be overworked, yet most desirable.

Since then I have been unconsciously collecting 'just enoughs' until I have a goodly assemblage, familiar to everyone in their homely mingling of pains and pleasures.

How excellent it is to be just cold enough at three A.M. to want another blanket over you; to pull it dozily yet snugly around your chin, and to feel new spots in the cool sheets growing warm and amiable to your seeking tentacles! Or to be just hot enough, on a May-day tramp, to cast your sweater over your shoulder and to step out gayly with the wind feeling its way up your sleeve and the sun drawing warm patterns on your back!

Then to be just hungry enough to find a dry antique of a sandwich food for Olympians, and just thirsty enough to dream for three miles of the best and coldest spring, sure to come; to turn in, just tired enough to purr and ache, at the end of the road and the day!

These are joys well-known, and celebrated by all professional Open-Roaders, like Stevenson or David Grayson; but there are others more homely and more miscellaneous: just dirty enough to enjoy getting clean; just poor enough to feel the adventure, as Charles and Mary Lamb did, of a new pair of shoes or a new book of poetry; just fashionable enough to feel superior to both the thoroughly stylish and the thoroughly dowdy; just unconventional enough to scorn the pose of upper Fifth Avenue as well as of Greenwich Village; just lonely enough to dream and to enjoy one's loneliness for half a day.

So one could go on forever. It is plain that my ideal is simply that of the Little Bear. His porridge, you remember, Goldilocks found neither too hot, nor too cold, but just hot enough; his bed not too hard or too soft, but just right.

I cannot help thinking that, either by temperament or by voluntary growth in grace, the Little Bear and Goldilocks are patterns for certain of my acquaintance, who, never willing to accept the Doctrine of the Mean (is there such a doctrine?), go miserable all their lives. They can see no good in being a little bit sick, a little bit hungry, a little bit poor, a little bit lonely. Therefore they find no good in anything; for life deals out her little bits with a generous hand, no matter how sparing she may be of her wholes.

But I cannot preach to such uneasy idealists, being well aware that my own standard of just enough may not tally at all with theirs. For instance, who shall say when another is just dirty enough to enjoy getting clean? The

tramp who boils his stolen potatoes over a fire on the railway ties, and sleeps in a vagabond box-car, would need to be finely seasoned and pickled before he would dream of the least pleasure in a white tubful of hot water; while the grand dame of the shell-pink cheeks and old point lace would shudder should a smut of soot plant itself on her dainty old nose, or her ivory fingers dally a moment in a greasy dish-pan.

So, when it comes to greater things than dirt, I cannot tell other people that because I choose the very least of Fame, next to the least of Fortune, and, be it admitted, a great deal of Love, they must content themselves with the same. If one thinks that just enough means, not only the intimate and precious things that all normal creatures long for, but world-wide celebrity, and a dozen palaces to live in, and a hundred servants to run his remotest bidding, how can I deny him? Perhaps, even when he was Goldilocks's size, he never would have liked being just sick enough to be fed lammie-baa-broth, and to feel cold crystals on his eyes, or just poor enough to scrimp and screw six months to buy some superfluous childish luxury — a real fountain-pen, may be, or a real trout rod!

Perhaps he would say that I have mean ambitions and uncivilized scantiness of desires. That is not true. I want all that is coming to me, and more; but on the road, there are all those pleasant just enoughs to give me joy. If I should get to heaven and find that I could never get tired enough by running around those golden streets and flying over that glassy sea to feel my wings ache and purr like a foot asleep, I think I should drop down below. One could surely find odd jobs enough there to get tired on.

But — I had better not try that, for it is understood that nothing down there is like the Little Bear's porridge. In fact, the very soul of hell is that it has no just enoughs anywhere. Hell is Idealism turned topsy-turvy.

So I will ask of heaven only that it make no error to the other extreme. There must be some night there, some poverty, some sickness, some hunger. But not too much.

How desperately afraid we are, after all, of absolute perfection! How natural it was that Adam and Eve could not have borne the perfect garden any longer without hating it and each other!

One can almost argue, in this mood, that the Old Serpent, who was more subtle than all the other beasts that God had made, was *just bad enough!*

THE COMING SUBJECT

'Howdy?' came the greeting of my voluble friend, as he stopped me in the midst of my Saturday morning errands about town. 'So you're back at work! And still teaching English! Foolish! Very foolish! Science is the subject to-day. We need science. Or, if you must have language, why not Spanish? That is becoming more important every day. No more defunct branches for the wise student. Silent tongues do not call the live man.'

I opened my lips, preparatory to verbal expression in a live language.

'Oh, yes,' continued Sir Voluble, 'the usual excuse. English is in general use. Then why over-emphasize? It disseminates itself. We English-born do not need you. As for the foreign element — they soon pick up a vocabulary sufficient for their needs, without you enthusiasts, who preside over English in the most impossible form for popular utility. If you taught science now, or Spanish! There is your coming subject!'

I made my departure during his intaking of breath, the name of the coming subject following me to the door of the shoe-shop a few yards away.

'Well, did you find my shoe?' I asked.

The alert black eyes sparkled their assent. The little waxed moustache twitched with suppressed enjoyment of the joke.

'Ach, ya! I haf heem. He eez feexed.'

A grimy right hand flourished the shoe wildly before my face, and the glib tongue continued the narration to the nervous accompaniment of the left.

'I say when you go las' time—Damn heem! I fine heem! All day it could take me, but I fine heem! I chase heem all over store. He nowhere. I chase heem een pile, een corner, een drawer — allwheres I chase heem — he nowhere. Sometime I see shoe on peg where I leef heem when man come! Ach! I grab heem!' — This with dramatic demonstrations. — 'I grab heem — I hole heem up — I look at heem! Ach! Mein Gott! You eez de shoe!'

I departed for the Chinese laundry. The Chinaman shuffled forward. His passive yellow face reflected no emotion as he wrapped the shirt in its white paper and hunted for the ball of string. The string was apparently missing. He padded to and fro in vain, and from the gentle murmur, I judged that he was slowly and safely troubled.

'Dammee stringee gonee — dammee stringee gonee — dammee stringee gonee —'

He finally inserted a pin to do duty for the string, his motionless lips still emitting the fascinating refrain about the lost ball.

As I went up the steps to the street, a sprinkle or two announced a shower close at hand. I hurried along, but the shower caught up with me, and ran ahead of me through the streets. Those unnecessarily abroad hastened indoors or under awnings. I crossed the street, weight on heels on the dangerously slippery pavement; then stopped to witness a modern Italian drama, street scene, all characters on stage.

An apartment house was in process of construction. A number of the poorer branches of Æneas's family-tree had been engaged in their ancestor's classic occupation—building. They now stood waging verbal war with the Dutch in the person of their boss, a stolid little man, who, between pipe-puffs, continued his commands.

'Go on mit dem bricks, I tell you. Hustle mit dem bricks.'

Some of the meeker sheep started to obey, but were restrained by the incensed gestures and staccato Italian of the stronger-minded. One bold spirit pushed to the front and a dialogue ensued.

'You hustle mit dem bricks.' Puff. Puff.

'It rain. Men say no work.' Inclusive gestures.

'I tell you hustle mit dem bricks or no money.' A decisive gesture.

The hero shrugged his shoulders and confronted his supporters.

'Damma boss! We no work. Rain! Get wet! Seek! Dead! To hell wiz ze money!'

Poorer, but conqueror, he led his comrades to the unfinished basement and their abandoned coats. The boss puffed after them sullenly.

I laughed as I turned my home corner, nearly colliding with three girls, whose ideas were wont to form part of a dull conclusion to my teaching day. I should explain that they were not foreign-born. They barely nodded to me, but this remark came back to me.

'New glad rags! An' out in all this soup! Wha' d'yer know about that!'

On my own doorstep I stood and pondered. Then, with absent-minded ease born of habit, I took out my notebook and wrote: 'If you could teach science, now — or Spanish. *There* is your *Coming Subject!*'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THERE are many ways of liking to read. Some people read for the delight of it; some for knowledge; and some, again, to learn whether they cannot find out something about the author. Now, the right way to read **The Story of Opal** is for the delight of it; but if you want to speculate about the author and her education, you may do so to your heart's content. About her past, the editor knows only what she has told him, but about the manuscript he knows a good deal; and during the five months she has passed in piecing it together at his instigation, he has seen her frequently and with some intimacy. The difficulties of her task are increased by the diarist's frugal practice of printing on both sides of the sheet; but the color of the chalk, varying with the life of the crayon used, and the quality of the paper, give a superficial clue to kindred portions of the manuscript. The method employed is to fit sheets, and, later, fragments of episodes, together, smoothing out the paper bags on which, for the most part, they are written, and proceeding after the fashion of the experienced solver of picture-puzzles. Whenever a small fragment is completed, it is typed on a card; and in this way Miss Whiteley has prepared a card system that would do credit to a scientific museum. Finally, the cards are filed in sequence, and the manuscript is then typed off just as it was first written, except for capitals and punctuation. In the original, the style employed was all capitals and no punctuation — much like inscriptions dug up by archæologists.

* * *

Politics is become our American obsession. It has moulded the very structure of our minds into its own tortuous shapes, and there is no reform, social or personal, of which we do not think in political terms. **Dr. Jack's** original and highly stimulating paper helps one's thoughts discharge into channels long unused, and we are very glad to have the privilege of publishing it. As all men know, he is Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and, incidentally, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt) is again at work in England, after two years of service with her husband in France. **Edwin Bonta** is a Syracuse architect, who saw much of the Russian people, owing to his years of relief work during the war.

* * *

M. A. DeWolfe Howe, long ago an associate member of the *Atlantic* staff, has returned to the office, and is now in editorial charge of The Atlantic Monthly Press. All we may say about the writer of 'Boys' is that the author has had ample opportunity to know them. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson,** best known, perhaps, by his striking volume, *Daily Bread*, has often contributed to the *Atlantic*. A poem of his, which we are particularly glad to recall to the reader, is 'Solway Ford,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* in October, 1913. These are stanzas which we have never forgotten. **C. Gouverneur Hoffman,** a new contributor, is a New Yorker, who saw service with the American Air Force during the war.

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A. Edward Newton, with whose literary achievement this magazine has been so closely identified, 'commenced author' with his papers on 'The Amenities of Book-Collecting' in the *Atlantic* for March and April, 1915. **Mrs. Helen Ellwanger Hanford** sends this her first contribution from a Southern college town. **Edward Yeomans,** a Chicago manufacturer, contributed a paper on 'Geography' to our February issue. The Schauffler family, in spite of predilections for music and literature, can be warlike on occasion. **Robert Haven Schauffler** had four brothers, seven nephews, and two cousins in the army and navy during the war, of whom not one was drafted. All the brothers were over the draft age. Of the thirteen, seven served in France and three in Germany, and there are three *Croix de*

Guerre in the family. Furthermore, Mrs. Schauffler, then unmarried, served as a War Camp Community Service Worker.

* * *

Claudia Cranston, a young Texan of Quaker descent, now living in New York, was the author of two fanciful sketches, 'A Thin Day' and 'The Invisible Garden,' which we printed in July, 1918, and September, 1919, respectively. **James G. Cozzens** is a fourth-form boy at the Kent School in Connecticut.

I entered the school at the bottom [he writes]. I have been personally affected by some of the experiences which Mr. Parmelee mentions. [In 'A Boarding-School Inquiry,' January *Atlantic.*] Most of the fellows of boarding-school age are woefully ignorant of the beautiful things of life which they do not yet appreciate. This comes later. At Kent, however, I have never known anyone to be seriously ridiculed because he enjoyed nature, good pictures, or good music. The boy who really cares for these things is not worried by disparaging remarks from those who don't understand.

Another boy, a sixteen-year-older from an Eastern boarding-school, writes as follows:

I had the latest *Atlantic*, so you see I did not lack good reading matter. I think the article on the boarding-school is wonderfully correct and good. Any man who is able to see the facts in the light that the author saw them in, and he saw them incorrectly in not a single detail, deserves credit. I was of the opinion that only a boy himself in such a 'prep' school would be able to think in that fashion. But what he says about the present-day school-fellow is absolutely indisputable. His boy waiting till he is alone to play good music on his Victrola for fear of jibes from the others is probably in every school; and furthermore the conditions which force this boy to do this in all probability exist in every school. The boy who reads good literature, who likes good music, is considered snobbish; the naturalist is an eccentric. I am not agreeing with the author because of any personal experience, but because of my observations in my school. I begin to realize that in almost any company of fellows an attempt to start a discussion about current events would be jumped on immediately and would be, at the best, very short-lived. However, after all, were not these conditions identical fifty or one hundred years ago? Will they not be the same that many years hence? The world must be the same always, fellows between the ages of fifteen and twenty are bound to be the same the world over and for all time. Of course, there are exceptions to everything.

* * *

Robert Kilburn Root is Professor of English at Princeton. **Victor S. Clark,** economist and student of contemporary history, and for several years past on the staff of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is now controlling the political destinies of the *Living Age*, published from the *Atlantic* office. Dr. Clark has just returned from a visit to Japan. **Frank W. Taussig,** for many years Henry Lee Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, is recognized as a leading political economist. He has recently resigned from the United States Tariff Commission of which he had been chairman since 1917. His *Principles of Economics* (1911) is perhaps the most notable of his numerous publications. **Arthur Greenwood** is an English economist and student of social problems. At one time Lecturer on Economics at the University of Leeds, he is now General Secretary of the Council for the study of International Relations. **John Kulamer,** of Czecho-Slovak origin, is a lawyer of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

* * *

This appeal, tragic in our ears as some old chorus of 'The Trojan Women,' we gladly print as showing how fruitful, throughout Europe, is the harvest of ancient wrong.

Give us Liberty, or give us Death!

'Better a free life of few hours, than forty years of servitude and shackles.' We, women and men of Thrace, have solemnly sworn, to accept no other resolution of our question, pending before the conference in Paris, but the union of our land with Mother Greece.

The souls of our beloved dead shall condemn us and their bones will have no peace, nor rest, were we to accept less.

We seek nothing that does not belong to us. We only desire the freeing of the land where we live.

Our hearts bleed, danger and despair hang over our heads. Our only cherished hopes and our sacred desires are ignored. Our expectations that we, too, may live free in our beautiful Thrace, Greek from immemorial time, are extinguished.

In these momentous times, and this hour of our agony, we, the women of Thrace, appeal to you, the women of America, who have the good fortune to be born free, and inhale the breezes of liberty and the inspiring air of your land, to raise the clarion call of danger for downtrodden poor Thrace.

When the servitude yokes are cast asunder and the peoples of Europe are freed, our distressed land suffers.

We hope for nothing less than the union of Thrace with Mother Greece, and the freeing of her from her depressing bonds.

We, for whole centuries, suffered cruel servi-

tude; the double-edged sword of Turk and Bulgar hangs, night and day, over our heads; our honor is not secure, the lives of our fathers and husbands, of our brothers and daughters are not safe.

We have stood all the cruel persecutions, deportations, robberies, expropriations, imprisonments, exile, forcible conversions to Mohammedanism, desecrations of our houses of worship and of cemeteries, expecting the proper time to cast aside the overhanging tyranny.

When the war was raging in Europe, a war of freedom against servitude, we, the Greek women of *irredenta* Greece, hoped that the time had arrived for Thrace to be freed and throw herself on the bosom of Mother Greece.

But we are greatly disappointed. Greek Thrace suffers the yoke of those beasts in human form, the Bulgars, and bleeds, in full twentieth century, under the feet of bloodthirsty Turks.

After solemn promises of the powerful, that this was a struggle against tyranny and for the freeing of the downtrodden, when hundreds and thousands of our brothers fought beside the Allies, when other hundreds of thousands suffered martyrdom and death in the hands of Bulgar and Turk, hundreds of thousands of women, old folks and children, naked, hungry, and downcast from persecution, lie unburied and unlamented, far from their homes — after all these, we see our rights ignored and in this, the twentieth century, *they abandon us, anew, as lambs to slaughter.* The situation becomes, from day to day, worse.

We have no security of life, neither in town nor village; especially those in the fields are mercilessly butchered; murders and robberies continue, we know not what is to-morrow in store for us.

They are armed, we defenseless.

And now that our fortunes hang in the balance, our hearts turn to you hopefully, *and plead,* with all our might, in the name of all the tyrannized Greek population of Thrace, that by all means in your command you raise your voice, through your society, the press, through meetings, by your influence, for our rights that are being ignored.

Hoping that the entire freedom-loving American public will support us, and thanking you in advance, we remain sincerely yours.

SILIVRIC (Thrace), *October* 15, 1919.
(Sea of Marmora).

* * *

Dr. Brubacker's 'Plain Talk to Teachers' has roused wide and deep interest. Here is one teacher's reaction.

CHICAGO, *December* 17, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May a grade teacher say a few words regarding Mr. Brubacker's article 'Plain Talk to Teachers' in the December *Atlantic.* He deplores the lack of professional spirit among teachers, but does not seem to know the reason for it. May I tell him?

The teacher expresses the enthusiasms, the ideas of other people. She is bound by a cast-iron graded course, which obliges her to teach certain definite things. As to her methods, she must use those desired by her superiors — principals or supervisors. *Her* judgment, *her* ideals, *her* common sense, *her* conscience must be set aside. Many times she teaches what she knows is not best for her pupils — but she must not 'reason why,' or 'make reply.' She is treated like a cog in a machine, and naturally becomes like one.

Mr. Brubacker compares teachers to doctors and lawyers! What doctor advises patients, gives prescriptions, or performs surgical operations under the orders of superiors who never allow him to use his own ideas, and give him no freedom to think or act as he judges best? A lawyer, or architect, or writer expresses his own judgments; a teacher cannot, and therefore cannot be compared to the members of other professions. After a few attempts to do and dare, most of them, tiring of the 'Everlasting Nay' of their supervisors, give up in despair, and plod along, trying to keep their positions by doing meekly what they are ordered to do. Hence their lack of 'professional conduct.'

Respectfully,
GRADE TEACHER.

Another teacher writes: —

I wish to thank you for the article 'Plain Talk to Teachers,' by A. R. Brubacker.

I have been a teacher for many years in a special line, — training of nurses, — and I deplore the evidence of many destructive elements in my own line of work, as well as in high schools, normals, etc. Two faults particularly I have had to contend with in practically all my pupils — particularly those just out of school: stressing methods instead of principles, which tends to negative reasoning because it emphasizes memory; and, second, the effort to *learn* pupils instead of teaching them, by preparing sets of tasks and then pouring them into the mind. Our teaching should, it seems to me, make for thinking; for when we get a thinker, then we get a learner. And if the direction of the life has been borne in mind for constructive purposes, principles will work out through thinking for good results in the individual. Very truly yours,

L—— C—— B——.

* * *

To anyone who can speak of 'Cousin Abe,' the editor listens hat in hand. We are glad to pass on to our readers this interesting letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Morgan's article, 'New Light on Lincoln's Boyhood,' in the February *Atlantic,* reminds me of the stories I used to hear from my mother about her uncle Tom. She was the daughter of John Lincoln, brother to Thomas Lincoln, hence

first cousin to Abe Lincoln. When John and Thomas left the old Lincoln home in Rockingham County, Virginia, John, my grandfather, settled in Ohio and Thomas in Kentucky. Mother's stories about her uncle did not extend beyond his residence in Kentucky. Living somewhat remote from her early home, she was fond of telling us children about the scenes and events of her girlhood and her family history. What she said about Uncle Tom agrees on the whole with incidents of his life already published, hence need not be repeated here. One incident, however, I have not seen in print, namely a skirmish with Indians in which Uncle Tom was slightly wounded.

My brother, John Lincoln Hicks, was named for his grandfather.

I voted for Cousin Abe in 1860, responded to his first call for volunteers, and served throughout the war. I never sought any favor from Abe, and, unlike John Lynch, I never had occasion to thrash anyone for disrespect to him.

As for the alleged poverty of the Lincolns, I can say this: John Lincoln was a substantial farmer, and I never heard any hint that his brother was any less fortunate or less worthy of respect. Unlike Andrew Johnson, Abe Lincoln's boyhood was not darkened or embittered by any sense of social inferiority.

'Uncle Tom made the *little* wheels.' That sentence in Mr. Morgan's article brings vividly to mind the cheerful picture of my mother sitting at her spinning-wheel, deftly drawing out the smooth linen thread. The 'little wheel' was turned with a treadle and spun hetcheled flax. The 'big wheel' was twirled about with the right hand on a spoke, and the woolen thread drawn out by walking backward with the carded roll in the left hand. Frequently both wheels were humming at once, mother at the little wheel and one of my sisters at the big wheel.

Like Cousin Abe, I wore in boyhood home-spun and home-woven linen and woolen. We left the linen in its natural color instead of dyeing it with walnut or butternut. For table-cloths we bleached it.

One of Mr. Morgan's statements challenges critical comment. 'Very little wheat was raised, as it had to be cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, and carried to some small water-power for grinding.' Cutting wheat with a scythe pertains to a later period than Lincoln's boyhood. The *sickle* was the more primitive tool, and its use persisted even into my own boyhood. Then came the *cradle*, a broad scythe reinforced with curved rods, to hold the wheat cut at one stroke. Much strength and skill were required to swing the cradle and lay the golden grain evenly for binding into sheaves.

As for the use of the 'flail,' treading out the grain with horses was much more frequent and efficient. Many a day have I sat astride of staid old Bob, with frisky young Tib by his side, swinging round and round the circle, and I doubt not Cousin Abe had a similar experience.

L. E. Hicks.

Augusta, Ga.

* * *

One of the ways not to recommend one's wares is illustrated by the 'lucid directness' of the following note.

Dear Atlantic, —

Man, to sustain his earthly being and preserve its power of activity, must engage in energetic endeavors relative to his general formation. By such exertions he gains double compensation, the livelihood and the preservation.

To thus employ his energy for personal sustenance he must seek active and progressive quarters where his serviceable efforts may be of commercial usefulness, and where through earnest solicitation he may obtain the desired employment.

Being thus informed of the modern method of solicitation, I write this letter to you to announce my pressing desire for literary employment. I seek profitable work in the literary world; a pursuit indeed barren of joy.

I am a writer new and unknown; and being thus free of glory and fame, my literary efforts move on unread and if read, misunderstood; for my writing is based on a system of human philosophy that is new; and being new it appears strange.

This system conceived I aim to expound in essay form of simple delivery, in a style of lucid directness. My aim is to enlighten all thinking beings, not a mere few with obscured composition; for the thoughts I wish to diffuse and inculcate are of the vital problems perplexing the average thinking man.

It is therefore that I earnestly ask you to grant me a reading, a careful reading; that is all I ask: for then you will perceive the universal importance and human usefulness in the submitted work. And by obtaining for publication my literary and philosophic work you will not only encourage and sustain this humble writer, but you will add glory to your name and wisdom to mankind. Permit me to send an essay for your intelligent perusal. I may also furnish you short poems and short stories that are unlike others.

A speedy response to this call will indeed be received in joy, for great will my suspense be till then.

Your earnest and humble servant, J. D.

The suspense was great, but mercifully brief.

* * *

The rapid growth of the *Atlantic* is the text of many remarks, deprecatory and enthusiastic, minatory and exulting. But the one we like best to quote comes to us through the kindness of a reader, Mrs. B. G. Wilder, who reminds us of this prophetic impromptu of Dr. Holmes: —

When the toughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,
All worship the good, and the true, and the beautiful,
And, preying no longer as lion and vulture do,
All read the *Atlantic*, as persons of culture do.

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PRISON CRUELTY

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BY FRANK TANNENBAUM

I

To the uninitiated, prison cruelty seems to be a rare and isolated phenomenon. When on occasion instances of it become known and the community has its sense of decency outraged, there is generally a demand for investigation and removal of the guilty warden and keeper. With that achieved, the average citizen settles back comfortably into the old habits of life, without asking too many questions, and with the general assumption that, after all, it cannot be expected that prisons should be turned into palaces.

To him who goes into the matter more deeply, there is the added comfort, not only that the given warden has been punished for cruelty, but that there are legal and constitutional provisions against its reappearance. Our laws provide against cruel and unusual punishments, and to the average mind, with its faith in the law, this is sufficient assurance against their repetition. These facts, added to the infrequency of the publicity, strengthen the general feeling that prison brutality is a personal matter for which particular individuals are responsible.

This is the general view. But to those who are acquainted with prison organization, brutality is a constant factor — constant as the prison itself; and the publicity which upon occasion makes it known to the public has only an accidental relation to the thing itself. It is some fortunate approach on the part of an inmate to the publicity forces in the community, or some accidental trial, such as brought before the public the current charges against Bedford, which makes it evident that brutality exists in a particular institution. It is obvious, of course, that, had it not been for the trial at which the charges of brutality at Bedford were brought in as a part of the court procedure, brutality might have existed for a long period of time without general public knowledge. I am stressing this point because it helps to carry the important fact that cruelty in prison and publicity about it are not closely related.

Historically, cruelty has always marked prison administration. We have records of brutality in prisons stretching over all written history, and including practically every nation of which we have written records. Prison brutality is both continuous and universal. Publicity, public indignation, investigation, removal of officials, and the institution of reform methods have, up to the present time, been ineffective in

eliminating brutality from prison administration.

A prison is primarily a grouping of human beings involving problems of coöperation and discipline. As such, it gives room for the play of all the various emotions and instincts common to man in any other grouping. There is, however, one striking difference. This difference is that the man in the prison, just because he is shut out and away from the world, is forced, so to speak, to become a closer neighbor to himself, and therefore exhibits most of the instincts and passions, the loves and hates, the boldness and the fear, common to men, but in a more intense, more direct, and less concealed way. A prison is, in a sense, the greatest laboratory of human psychology that can be found. It compels men to live social lives — for man lives primarily by being social — under unsocial conditions, and it therefore strains to the breaking-point those things that come naturally to people in a free environment. The fact that men are more sensitive, more self-conscious, more suspicious, more intensely filled with craving, more passionately devoted in hate and in love, — just because most of these emotions are expressed in idea rather than in fact, — makes the prison a grouping of men requiring very delicate and sympathetic treatment. This is the general background which must be taken into consideration in the discussion of prison administration, and in any analysis of the forces that lead toward prison brutality. Like every human grouping, the prison group is complex, and all that one may hope to do in an analysis is to describe what seem the most important elements in the situation.

II

Our approach to the criminal is the first element in any consideration of prison brutality. It is obvious that somehow or other our feeling about the criminal is different from our feeling about other members of the community. We feel differently about him because we are under the impression that he is a being distinctly different from ourselves. Just why he is different, or just in what degree he is different, or whether the difference is really one that is basic in the man himself rather than in our assumption about the man, does not concern the average person. We know that he is different. This belief is common to most people, and, in general, it is shared by officials concerned with prison administration.

The elements that go to the making of this attitude may broadly be described in the following terms. The first apparent fact is that we do not ordinarily distinguish between the thing a man has done and the man himself. We tend to translate a single isolated act into a whole being, forgetting all of the man's past, with its innumerable unrecorded emotions and deeds. We make the crime and the man synonymous. In common parlance we say that the man who has stolen is a thief, and the man who has committed murder is a murderer, summarizing all of the man in terms of the single fact with which we are impressed. We thus seem to transfuse the one act which we do not like into all of the man, who may, apart from that one act, be a very lovable person, and we place him in a category distinctly outside the pale of common association and consideration. He is different. Not only different, but he is worse. Any treatment which would seem unfair and unjust for people 'like ourselves' seems, even to the best of us, less unfair, less unjust, for him whom we have classified as different from and worse than ourselves.

To this may be added three other and closely related influences which

tend to strengthen the feeling of difference, and to justify methods of approach which are not in common use for people not so classified. The first of these three influences is undoubtedly the feeling that the man who is in himself bad is socially undesirable. A criminal is not only a bad man in moral evaluation, but he is a bad man socially. He is not fit, to put it in colloquial terms, to associate with other people better than himself, because he may make them bad; or, in other words, he is felt to be unsocial and deserving of some method of exclusion from the community of 'good' people who may suffer from contamination if he is let loose.

The second, and, to some people, a very important consideration is the fact that a man who is a criminal is not only bad, not only unsocial, but also a man who has broken the law. This may not only involve a very strong emotional reaction for people to whom the law generally is a rather vague and sacred summary of all things forbidden, but it is undoubtedly a forceful fact in the life and the emotional reactions of officials, whose habitual business is centred about the enforcement of the law. A crime to them may, in fact, primarily be a violation of the law. In other words, apart from any 'badness' or 'unsociability' in the official immediately concerned, the breaking of the law may in itself create an emotional bias sufficient to carry a condemnation which, to ordinary people, is carried by 'badness' and 'social undesirability.'

There is yet a third element, which, in a measure differing in different groups, contributes materially to the general conviction that the criminal is a sinful and vicious person. I refer to the general confusion in the minds of religious people between crime and sin. While not all crimes are considered sins, and not all sins are recognized as crimes, yet for most purposes there is a sufficient overlapping to add the flavor of sin and its consequences to the act of the criminal.

A criminal, to the ordinary person, is thus bad, unsocial, a violator of law, and a sinner as well. Provision is made in these four categories for the possibility of condemnation by almost every member of the community.

I have placed these considerations first, not because they are first in importance, but because they tend to define the approach toward the criminal, on the part of the officials who are to care for him during the period of punishment, expiation, or reform, or whatever you choose to consider the purpose of confinement. I say the *purpose* of confinement, because in ordinary criminal procedure confinement comes first and is the basis for punishment or reform.

III

The function of the prison is to keep the men confined. The function of the warden is to make sure that the purpose of the prison is fulfilled. He is primarily a jailer. That is *his* business. Reform, punishment, expiation for sin — these are social policies determined by social motives of which he, as jailer, becomes the agent. He is a jailer first; a reformer, a guardian, a disciplinarian, or anything else, second. Anyone who has been in prison, or who knows the prison régime, through personal contact, will corroborate this fact. The whole administrative organization of the jail is centred on keeping the men inside the walls. Men in prison are always counted. They are counted morning, noon and night. They are counted when they rise, when they eat, when they work, and when they sleep. Like a miser hovering over his jingling coins, the warden and the keepers are con-

stantly on edge about the safety of their charges — a safety of numbers first, of well-being afterwards.

This leads to some very important consequences. It is the core of the development of prison brutality. It is the feeding basis upon which a number of other important elements tending in the direction of brutality depend. The warden is human. Being human, he is strongly inclined to follow the path of least resistance. And the path of least resistance, in the light of the ordinary understanding of a prison warden, is to make jail-breaking hard, by making the individual prisoner helpless.

One of the ways of making it easy for the warden to keep the prisoner safely, is to prevent all possibilities of collusion among the criminals. *He* knows them to be dangerous and bad men, whose interests are diametrically opposed to his. They are interested in freedom. He is interested in keeping them confined. Collusion is the greatest danger to the warden's programme. Collusion may be the means toward escape — this is the great fear of the warden. So he does what administrative interests direct under the circumstances. He attempts to isolate the individual from the group. It is easier to deal with one individual criminal than with a whole prison of criminals. And so the warden tries to achieve all the benefits of isolation, of solitary confinement, in fact, if not in form.

That this is the warden's purpose is made evident by a consideration of the facts. At Blackwell's Island, for instance, we were not allowed to have pencils or paper or thread in our cells, because these might become the instruments of communication with other prisoners. The rule of silence is another illustration of the general insistence upon isolation for the individual prisoner. I am not forgetting that isolation was at one time considered a reform; that the good Quakers who introduced it were convinced of the benefits of silent communion with one's self and of meditation upon one's place and fortunes in the world. Be the cause that brought isolation into prison what it may, to the warden it is a method of administrative efficiency which has little relation to the original purpose which made isolation an ideal. But isolation, suppression, the denial of association, of communication, of friendships, are things that men cannot accept in their completeness without resistance. Men resist isolation as men resist death, because isolation, complete denial of social relations with the group, is a kind of death. It leads to a gradual disintegration of self, a distortion of the mind, and to the deterioration of all that one holds valuable in personality. Sociability becomes to the prisoner the means of sustaining a semblance of normality in an abnormal environment. It is an instinctive adjustment, and is vividly insistent just in the degree in which it is suppressed. There is no room for compromise in that issue between the warden and the prisoner. The warden wants isolation. The men must have group-life. This fact has interesting results: it makes for the growth of a definitely two-sided social organization. There is routine, discipline, the formal, methodical aspect of the prison life which centres about isolation and safety of confinement for the prisoner; and its opposite — insistent, ingenious group-organization and group-life within the sphere of isolation controlled by the administrative machine in the prison.

A visitor entering the prison sees one side — the formal, stiff, and disciplinary side of the prison. The prisoner knows the other. To the visitor there exists nothing but what is apparent. And what is apparent is formality, uniformity, evenness, and lack of variation. Everything looks alike.

And everything runs by the clock, the bell, and the command of the keeper. The rest is silence. It is the disciplinarian's ideal.

But inside of this formal organization there exists a humming life — a life of ingenuity and association. Right under the eye of the authorities, in spite of all the restriction imposed, in spite of the constant watchfulness, in spite of the insistence upon isolation, the men manage to find a means and method of achieving coöperation. Anyone who has been in prison can recall a thousand ways of associating with the other prisoners. The prisoners break every rule in the prison. They talk, they communicate with each other, they exchange articles, and they even publish newspapers, in spite of all the attempts at isolation. They do it because they must. Never yet has there been a prison régime that successfully suppressed association. Not even solitary confinement does that.

In my own prison experience there are hundreds of instances which illustrate this constant violation of the rules, and the irresistible insistence upon association in some form. We were not allowed to communicate with each other, or to possess pencil or paper in our cells. But he was a poor prisoner, indeed, who had not a little pencil and a scrap of paper hidden in some crevice of the wall. As for communication, the methods are as varied as the day. For instance, one of the boys would steal a colorless ball of thread from the shops, and when stepping into the cell for the night, would slip an end to the man behind him, and that man would pass it on until it reached the end of the gallery; thrown on the floor, drawn against the wall, and tied inside a cell at each end of the gallery, it would serve as a successful means of communication throughout the night. All one had to do was to tie a slip of paper with the cell-number to the thread and give it a few jerks, and it would be passed on until it reached the designated cell.

Another instance illustrative of the unsuppressible sociability of prison life is to be found in the following personal experience. Having been placed in solitary confinement and kept there for some weeks, and being denied the right to smoke, I was regularly supplied with tobacco in spite of all rules, and in spite of all watchfulness. But more striking than this is the story of a piece of pie that was sent to my cell. One of the boys working in the keepers' mess-hall decided that I ought to have a piece of pie. Pie was served only twice a year in that prison, on very special occasions. I had the two legal pieces of pie and one illegal piece, the piece of pie stolen from the officers' mess-hall by a prisoner. He placed it in a bag and put my cell number on it. As I was in solitary confinement and he was working outside the prison proper, the piece of pie must have traveled some three days and gone through many different hands; and yet it reached me without mishap, though in a rather dried and crushed form. As pie it tasted very good; but it tasted better still because it illustrated the intense social character that is characteristic of a prison group. It must be remembered that pie was rare to all the men, and that it would have tasted equally sweet to any one of them, and yet they passed it on without eating it.

The breaking of the rules is constant, discovery frequent, and punishment follows discovery. To the warden discovery spells lack of discipline, lack of isolation, danger of collusion. It means that there are not enough rules and that there ought to be greater strictness. It means that the danger of collusion is serious and must be prevented. It does not mean to him that there *must* be association. So the rules are made more numerous, the discipline stricter, and

the punishment more severe upon each discovery of a new violation. But to the prisoner punishment only intensifies the need for association. Punishment takes the form of a greater isolation, of more suppression, and for the prisoner has the result of greater discontent, more bitterness, and the greater need for friendship, for communication, and the very pleasures of attempted association, in spite of opposition. This simply means that the more rules there are, the more violations there are bound to be; and the greater the number of violations, the more numerous the rules. The greater the number of violations, the more brutal the punishments; for variety of the punishments and their intensification become, in the mind of the warden, the sole means of achieving the intimidation of the prisoner by which he rules.

Brutality leads to brutality. It hardens official and inmate alike, and makes it the ordinary and habitual method of dealing with the criminal. It adds hatred to the prisoner's reaction against the individual official, and makes the individual official more fearful, more suspicious, more constantly alert, and develops in him a reaction of hatred against the prisoner, making the need for brutality greater and its use more natural. This general consequence holds true for the whole prison. The punishment of the individual prisoner develops within the whole prison a feeling of discontent and hatred because of the natural sympathy which the prisoners feel for one whom they know to be no more guilty than themselves; and particularly because solidarity of feeling is in proportion to individual physical helplessness. This adds to the tensity of the situation in the prison, adds fuel to the discontent, and makes the need for isolation in the light of the warden's disciplinary measures more justified, brutality more normal, hatred on the part of the prison group more constant, and irritation more general.

The use of brutality on the part of the warden comes as a comparatively natural process. It becomes a matter of administrative procedure and a normal expectation on the part of the prisoner. If the warden is to punish the man for violating the rules, his field of operations is very limited.

The rules being numerous, the violations corresponding to their number, the bitterness increasing with the rules and their violations, all tax the ingenuity of the prison officials in meting out punishments that will fit the crimes. The men in prison are already deprived of most of the privileges and rights which are ordinarily possessed by the free man. They cannot be taken away as punishment, for they are not there. The only thing at hand for the prison officials upon which to exercise their authority is the prisoner's flesh and bones. They cannot take away his liberty, for stone walls *do* a prison make. They cannot deprive him of his property. In prison most men are equally propertyless. The privileges are few, and not sufficient to satisfy the need for punishment. Nor is there that dignity and social status which among free men may be used for purposes of control. Men in prison are not sensitive about their social standing. They have a social status all their own, it is true. But this is increased by punishment; for the punishment gives the prisoner a standing and honor in a prison community which is enjoyed among free men by a martyr in a good cause. The man must be punished. And this being the situation for which procedure must find a method — the dark cell, starvation for days at a time, beating, strait-jacketing, handcuffing, hanging to a door, or lifting from the floor become the immediate instruments at

hand. They become so through the limitation of the field of punishment. The habitual use of physical manhandling requires intensification to carry out the purpose of intimidation by which the prison authorities operate. In addition, the physical manhandling of the human body tends to develop an indifference to human suffering and a craving for the imposition of cruelty, which increases with the exercise of brutality.

This is the general setting for the development of other phases of cruelty and brutality. A prison, just because it centres on keeping the prisoner from escaping, succeeds not only in keeping the prisoner inside the walls, but in keeping the sun out. A prison is a dark, damp, and cheerless place.

IV

The harshness, silence, twilight, discipline hold true, not only for the prisoner, but also for the keeper. The keeper, too, is a prisoner. He is there all day long, in this atmosphere of tense emotional suppression and military discipline, and, in addition, he is generally there at least two nights a week when on special duty. He is a prisoner. For him there is little beyond the exercise of power. This exercise is a means of escape and outlet, but it is not a sufficient means. It does not make the keeper a happy person. It makes him a harsh and brutal one. The keeper subjects the prisoners to military organization, but he himself is subjected to a similar rule. In the prison as he is all the time, in constant contact with the prisoners, of whom he sees more than of his own wife and children, his contact is chiefly physical. He has no social relations with them. The military discipline to which he is subjected makes that a primary rule of procedure on the part of the keeper. The warden is not only afraid of collusion among the prisoners, but he is also afraid of collusion between the prisoners and the keepers. The general rule is that a keeper must not speak to a prisoner except on strictly official business, and then the words must be few and to the point. This is the ordinary rule, and the violation of it in the more strictly disciplinary prisons is followed by immediate and summary punishment.

There is, however, another reason why the keeper does not associate with the prisoner. After all *he* is a keeper, an official, a good man (at least in his own judgment). Whereas a convict is a criminal. For his own clear conscience' sake the keeper must, and does instinctively, make a sharp distinction between himself and the man whom he guards. This distinction in the mind of the keeper is absolutely essential. It is essential because we cannot brutally impose our will upon our equals and betters. We can do it only to those whom we *believe* to be inferior, — different, — and not as good as ourselves. In particular, it is *helpful* if to this feeling there is added a personal element of hatred. It all tends to make brutality easier and more natural.

The keeper, of course, does not know all this. He does not see that his hatred and contempt for the prisoner is a shield for his own conscience and a cover for his own morality. He believes the prisoner to be worse, just because he is a prisoner. This makes association between the prisoner and the keepers almost impossible, except as it expresses itself in dominance. The keeper succeeds in making a gap between himself and the prisoner, and the gap is filled by contempt.

But the prisoner is not at all ready to make the concession of inferiority. In fact, the prisoner feels that he is much better than the keeper and certainly as good as most other people in the community. This is the prisoner's morality.

To him — and within his experience — there is room for reasonable conviction that all people are crooked, and that the chief distinction between himself and the others is that he has been caught and the rest are still to be caught. For if a man is not a thief he is a fool, or a poor 'simp' like the keeper, who cannot make a living at anything except torturing better and smarter men than himself.

I say this feeling on the part of the prisoner is understandable in the light of his experiences. The people with whom he has associated, the police who have hounded him, the lawyers who have prosecuted or defended him, the courts instrumental in jailing him, and the keepers who guard him are, as he well knows, and have been on occasion, subject to proper influence — 'proper' meaning *safe* and *remunerative* approach. That being the case, the prisoner is convinced, generally speaking, that his conviction and sentence are unjust and unfair; that he is in a way a martyr; that justice and decency are on his side; and that the poor ignorant and simple-minded 'screw' knows nothing but brutality, is simply a person beneath his own class and worthy of nothing but contempt. The gap which the keeper fills on his side is on the other side filled to its limit by the prisoner.

It is necessary fully to understand what all this means to the keeper, and its consequence upon his mental development. Most keepers enter prison as young men, long before maturity and experience have given them that larger and more sympathetic insight and understanding which come to most men as they grow older. They become the keepers of other men when they themselves are still immature and undeveloped. They are thrown into an atmosphere that tends to stifle initiative and personal activity of any kind. They are pressed from the bottom by their charges, and from the top by their superiors. They are in a vise that stifles, cramps, and destroys all spontaneity in their being, long before it has reached its full growth. Not being free men, in the sense that men are free in their work; not being able to play and laugh and associate humanly with the people with whom they are in the most constant companionship, they are not likely to be social. The suppression and the lack of personal freedom, the monotony of their existence, the constant atmosphere of hatred, suspicion, and contempt, tend to contort, to twist, and to make bitter the attitude of the keeper toward his charges. The only relation he can have with them is that of dominance, and the only pleasure and play he can get, the only exercise of initiative at his disposal, comes through the imposition of authority. He needs pleasures, because all men need pleasures; but his pleasures become, through the prison machine, the exercise of brutality for him and pain for others.

These two elements — the exercise of authority and the resulting enjoyment of brutality — are the keynote to an understanding of the psychology of the keeper. They are both the result of the prison organization, and both feed upon suppression. The exercise of authority has a very peculiar influence on most men. It tends to make them domineering, abrupt, harsh, inconsiderate, and terribly opinionated. This is true to the *n*th degree in prison. In the outside world, authority is limited by the freedom of the subject. In the army, the soldier can always desert; in the factory, he can always quit his job. Both of these have obvious limitations, but they are not limitations that are absolute. They can be overcome in despair, in anger, or in disgust. But in prison there is no escape from authority. The authority of the keeper

and the warden is absolute, and the weakness and helplessness of the prisoners are absolute. What this means is that the influence of authority tends to show itself more quickly and more conspicuously and more effectively in the prison than it does in any other organized community. The influence of domination upon those who exercise power is apparently proportioned to the weakness of those on whom the power is exercised.

Let me illustrate: I remember one day a young Irish lad was brought as a keeper into our prison. He was a small, thin-faced lad of about twenty-one. He had a coat some three sizes too large for him and a cap that reached down over his eyes. When he first made his appearance inside the walls, standing beside a long row of marching men in gray, he made a very pitiful sight. His face was a little pale, his shoulders stooping, his coat slipping down (because it was too large), his feet drawn together, a club hanging limply between the legs, his head down, his eyes on the ground. He seemed very much frightened, indeed, apparently fearing that these terrible men in gray would jump at him and bite him. But in time, as the boys who marched by smiled rather humorously at his obviously frightened appearance, he began to straighten out, to raise his eyes, to move his cap slightly upward. This change of appearance was visible from day to day. The cap moved just a little higher and he raised his eyes a little farther off the ground, his feet were a little more apart, his shoulders a little straighter, and his limp club began to swing a little more every day.

In two months young Kelly was a new man. He strutted like a peacock in his morning glory. His shy, rather frightened expression had been replaced by a harsh, domineering, rather cynical one, with just a little curl of the lower lip to the right of his mouth. He became the worst guard we had in prison. He was the youngest guard we had there. They all become a little more cautious when they become older, because they find that a prisoner may on rare occasions have a 'come back'; but it takes time to learn that, and Kelly had not learned it. He became the most hated man in prison, and actually drove a gang under his charge into mutiny, so that they nearly killed him. After that Kelly was a little more cautious. He exercised his brutality on the isolated individual and was more circumspect with the group.

I have gone to this length to describe a change which took place in that boy, because I am convinced, both from observation and from what I know of prisons, that this is a fairly characteristic consequence due to the exercise of dominance within prison walls.

V

The prisoner gets some pleasure trying to beat the rules of the game laid down by the prison administration. These facts, combined with the morbid lonesomeness of an isolated prison community, with the intensity of the atmosphere, make the need for excitement a physical craving, at least, for some of the guards. There is thus a passion developed for cruelty in prison on the part of the keeper, which is unmistakable, and for which testimony is to be found in almost every prison memoir and the report of almost every investigation of prison cruelty. Nothing can explain the ingenious tortures, the readiness and almost the pleasure with which they are inflicted, except a strong desire in terms of emotion (rather than reasonable conviction of their utility) for their imposition. Hanging people by their wrists, handcuffing them to their doors, making them wear head-

cages chained around the neck, beating them with clubs, and doing other brutal things cannot be explained in terms of discipline or its effectiveness. This seems especially true when the evidence of brutality is set against the psychology of the man who has been a practitioner of that type of brutality for many years. Let me describe one instance of what was, undoubtedly, cruelty of this particular type.

In the 'cooler' of Blackwell's Island we had a keeper whose business it was to look after the men in that particular place. He was a tall, lanky, slim, pale-faced person, with a bald head, except for the fringe of yellow hair hanging loosely down the back of his head. His general name in the prison was 'String Beans,' because he looked like a string bean, — long, lean, and crooked, — except that he was yellow rather than green. His special name, the name given him by the boys in the cooler, was the 'Chippie Chaser.' He had a very long face, with a mouth that hung down and had no teeth in it, and eyes that were inside of his head, just a little green and rather small. He looked, as a matter of fact, the nearest thing to a copy of the proverbial devil, or what might have passed for his assistant, that I have seen outside of a picture-book.

I do not want to be unkind to the 'Chippie Chaser.' He had been a keeper for twenty years; practically his whole life had been passed in looking after men in their weakest and in their most brutal moments. He had been, for a long time, in charge of the confinement of the men in the cooler, or in the dark cell, before the cooler took its place, and his contact with the men was in their most helpless and least interesting moments. Confined in this little room of twenty-eight cells, locked away from the rest of the prison, his was a very dull and monotonous life. I was there fourteen days as a prisoner, but he had been there for many years as a keeper, and it is not the place where a man can keep his senses in a normal state over a long period of time. Men are put in the cooler for special discipline, and in this particular case the discipline took the form of depriving us of our beds, our clothing (except pyjamas), our food, except two slices of bread and a gill of water every twenty-four hours, and of keeping us there until we were broken in spirit or succumbed to the gnawings and deterioration of a hungering body. It was his business to care for us and those like us who had been there before throughout the years. It was not a pleasant job and it did not tend to make a pleasant man.

We called him the 'Chippie Chaser' because he used to chase the little birds off the window that would occasionally come there with early morning and chirp a morning song. To a man in the cooler, hungry and unwashed, with a broken body and a sick, melancholy soul, a cheering note from a little bird was a very pleasant sound. It used to refresh and lighten our burden. He knew it. That is why he chased the birds away. We knew that was why he did it, and we cursed him. But the more we cursed, the happier he seemed to be. He had developed a desire, apparently, to make us curse, to make us suffer, to exasperate us, if he could. If the bird did not provide the occasion, he would find other means to provoke us. He would stand down there on the floor and look up at us on the galleries, each one of us standing against the barred door, straining our necks to look out, and he would call us every name that he could think of. He would say things to us that cannot be said anywhere but inside a prison, where men are locked safely behind their bars. He knew a great many vile names — he had spent many years in an atmosphere

where adjectives of human disrepute were a specialty. And we would say them back. But we who were hungry and weak would soon tire of this game, and, leaving the honors to him, would retire to our corners exhausted.

At times, however, not having had enough excitement, he would take a pail of cold water and spill it into the cell of one of the boys. It must be remembered that we slept on the floors, that for greater comfort the floors were hilly and the water would not all run out, that the windows were kept open, and that it was cool at night. A pail of water did not tend to add to the comfort of the situation. We responded in the only way we could — by exasperation. We howled and screeched, gritted our teeth, grabbed our buckets and slammed them against the doors, raising a desperate, maddening sound, that must have been heard in heaven. And he, standing down there looking up at the galleries where the men were foaming at the mouth with exasperation, would rub his hands, open his toothless mouth, and shout above the din of the banging buckets against the iron doors, 'This is hell and I am the devil.'

I take it, of course, that this is probably an unusual example of cruelty. But if it is different, it is different only in degree and not in kind from other types of prison cruelty. Prison organization, being what it is, leads to cruelty, and the cruelty tends to vary in form and particular emphasis with the special person who exercises it.

It must be remembered that to all of this there is to be added the fact that men who live in small cells, on poor food, without sufficient exercise or air, without the soothing influence of wife or family, in an atmosphere of suppression and extreme self-consciousness, become weak and sensitive. They tend to exaggerate the importance of little things, their nerves are on edge, and their response to imposition, even of the slightest degree, is likely to be disproportionately intense. All this only goes to make each little rule, which seems unimportant and of no consequence to an outsider, a heavy and unsupportable burden to the prisoner.

VI

There is at least one more element to be considered in the discussion of prison cruelty: the relation of the well-intentioned warden to this whole scheme of rule and discipline. The better intentioned the warden is, the more likely is he to become cruel, if he maintains the old prison organization. He generally comes into prison a comparatively ignorant man in so far as the real significance of prison organization is concerned. He knows very little about the actual workings and consequence of the prison régime. He comes, generally, with the same attitude toward the prisoner that is characteristic of most people. The men are bad and he is going to reform them. Not understanding the vicious circle of prison isolation and its results, he assumes that reform consists in the changing of a few of the more stupid rules, and that in doing so he will have laid the basis of complete regeneration of the prisoner.

But this is, of course, an idle dream. The prison cannot be changed as long as the old basis of suppression and isolation is maintained; and he finds to his dismay that the men do not reform; in spite of his good intentions, the men continue breaking the rules. He does not know that they *must* break them, so he thinks they break them because they are bad. He is a conscientious person. He means well by the community. He is outraged at a lack of gratitude on the part of the men. He becomes convinced that there are a few men who are incorrigibles, and that these few must

be made a lesson of for the greater benefit of the rest. So he falls back into the older ways. Were he an indifferent man instead of a reformer, he would let things go their way and not be oversensitive about them; but just because he is sensitive, just because his intentions are good, just because he means well, he has a tendency to lose his temper, to damn the fellow who would take advantage, as he puts it, of his own good-nature, and his cruelty rises with his good intentions. I do not say he is cruel; all I say is that he means well and his cruelty is only an indirect reflection of his good intentions.

This point may seem strange, because good intentions are in themselves held, as a general rule, in such high esteem. In prison organization, however, what is important in the consideration of cruelty and its development is the fact that the old prison system exists in terms of suppression and isolation of the individual and in a denial of a social existence; and just so long as this is the major fact in prison administration, just so long is cruelty inevitable, and just so long can the cruelty phenomenon not be eliminated by a few changes in rules and regulations.

The chief merit, from this point of view, of Thomas Mott Osborne's work lies in the fact that the emphasis, instead of being upon isolation, is upon sociability; that through self-government the men are given an ever-increasing degree of inter-relationship and communication, association, group-problems and *esprit de corps*. This simply means that the prime cause of the development of the cruelty phenomenon ceases to operate, because isolation from the group ceases, and the less isolation and suppression, the less hatred, bitterness, lonesomeness, morbid self-consciousness, and moodiness; the less pressure there is upon the individual to escape, and therefore the less need there is for isolation. Just as isolation works in a vicious circle leading on to greater isolation and to more cruelty and more isolation, so its reverse leads to a lessening of the pressure upon the individual; the more sociability, the less need for cruelty and the resulting greater sociability.

I do not want at present to go into an analysis of the results upon the individual of social organization in prison. It must, however, be obvious that its first consequence is to eliminate the greater part of the evil results of the old system, to make those non-existent; and secondly, it tends to introduce a new set of consequences which emphasize the social aspects of human life, which develop initiative, self-restraint, coöperation, powers of group-activity, and all the characteristics that come from freedom of participation in the activities of the group. It brings new problems and new evils, but they are the problems and the evils of association and not those of isolation. And these new problems are the problems of democracy, and their control is to be found in the methods of democracy. Just as the old system tends to desocialize and to distort the prisoner, this new system of social organization tends to socialize the unsocial criminal, and to develop the undeveloped mind of the man who has lived — as many prisoners have — a very one-sided and incomplete life.

OF SCHOOL, THE TRAMPER, AND MANY THINGS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

Six Years Old

It was after some of our reading lessons this morning — it was then teacher did ask questions of all the school. First she asked Jimmy eight things at once. She did ask him what is a horse and a donkey and a squirrel and a engine and a road and a snake and a store and a rat. And he did tell her all. He did tell her in his way. Then she asked Big Jud some things, and he got up in a slow way and said, 'I don't know,' — like he most always does, — and he sat down. Then she asked Lola some things, and Lola did tell her all in one breath. And teacher marked her a good mark in the book, and she gave Lola a smile. And Lola gave her nice red hair a smooth back and smiled a smile back at teacher.

Then it was teacher did call my name. I stood up real quick. I did have thinks it would be nice to get a smile from her like the smile she did smile upon Lola. And teacher did ask me eight things at once. She did ask me what is a pig and a mouse and a baby deer and a duck and a turkey and a fish and a colt and a blackbird. And I did say in a real quick way, 'A pig is a *cochon* and a mouse is a *mulot* and a baby deer is a *daine* and a duck is a *canard* and a turkey is a *dindon* and a fish is a *poisson* and a colt is a *poulain* and a blackbird is a *merle*.' And after each one I did say, teacher did shake her head and say, 'It is not,' and I did say, 'It is.'

When I was all through, she did say, 'You have them all wrong. You have not told what they are. They are not what you said they are.' And when she said that, I did just say, 'They are — they are — they are.' Teacher said, 'Opal, you sit down.' I so did. But when I sat down, I said, 'A pig is a cochon — a mouse is a mulot — a baby deer is a daine — a duck is a canard — a turkey is a dindon — a fish is a poisson — a colt is a poulain — a blackbird is a merle.' Teacher says, 'Opal, for that you are going to stay in next recess and both recess-times to-morrow and the next day and the next day.' Then she did look a look at all the school, and she did say as how me not getting to go out for recess-times would be an egg sam pull for all the other children in our school.

They are out at play. It is a most long recess, but I do know a pig is a cochon and a mouse is a mulot and a baby deer is a daine and a duck is a canard and a turkey is a dindon and a fish is a poisson and a colt is a poulain and a blackbird is a merle. So I do know, for Angel Father always did call them so. He knows. He knows what things are. But no one hereabouts does call things by the names Angel Father did. Sometimes I do have thinks this world is a different world to live in. I do have lonesome feels.

This is a most long recess. While here I do sit I do hear the talkings of the more big girls outside the window most near unto my desk. The children are playing Black Man and the ones more

little are playing tag. I have thinks as how nice it would be to be having talks with Good King Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile and Peter Paul Rubens and Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Aphrodite. And I do think this is a most long recess.

I still do have hearings of the talkings of the girls outside the windows. The more old girls are talking what they want. Martha says she wants a bow. I don't have seeings why she wants another one. Both her braids were tied back this morning time with a new bow, and its color was the color of the blossoms of crow-berry. Lola says she wants a white silk dress. She says her life will be complete when she does have on a white silk dress — a white silk dress with a little ruffle around the neck and one around each sleeve. She says she will be a great lady then; and she says all the children will gather around her and sing when she has her white silk dress on. And while they sing and while she does have her white silk dress on, she will stand up and stretch out her arms and bestow her blessing on all the people like the deacon does in the church at the mill town.

Now teacher is come to the door. She does say, 'Opal, you may eat your lunch — at your desk.' I did have hungry feels and all this is noon-time instead of short recess-time. It so has been a long recess-time. I did have thinks when came noon-time of all the things I would do down by the rivière.

I went to look for the fairies. I went to the near woods. I hid behind the trees and made little runs to big logs. I walked along the logs and I went among the ferns. I did tiptoe among the ferns. I looked looks about. I did touch fern-fronds and I did have feels of their gentle movements. I came to a big root. I hid in it. I so did to wait waits for the fairies that come among the big trees.

While I did wait waits, I did have thinks about that letter I did write on the other day for more color pencils that I do have needs of to print with. I thought I would go to the moss-box by the old log. I thought I would have goes there to see if the fairies yet did find my letter. I went. The letter, it was gone. Then I did have joy feels all over. The color pencils, they were come.[1] There was a blue one and a green one and a yellow one. And there was a purple one and a brown one and a red one. I did look looks at them a long time. It was so nice, the quick way the fairies did bring them. While I was looking more looks at them someone did come near the old root. It was my dear friend Peter Paul Rubens. I gave him four pats and I showed him all the color pencils. Then I did make a start to go to the mill by the far woods. Peter Paul Rubens went with me and Brave Horatius came a-following after. All the way along I did feel glad feels, and I had thinks how happy the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice would be when he did see how quick the fairies did answer my letter and bring the color pencils.

When we were come near the mill by the far woods, it was near gray-light time. The lumber men were on their home way. They did whistle as they did go. Two went side by side, and three came after. And one came after all. It was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. Brave Horatius made a quick run to meet him, and I did follow after. I did have him guess what it was the fairies did

[1] The manuscript is written in great part with colored pencils — an accident which is now of material assistance in grouping the torn fragments which belong together. — EDITOR.

bring this time. He guessed a sugar-lump for William Shakespeare every day next week. I told him it was n't a right guess. He guessed some more. But he could n't guess right, so I showed them all to him. He was so surprised. He said he was so surprised the fairies did bring them this soon. And he was so glad about it. He always is. He and I — we do have knows the fairies walk often in these woods, and when I do have needs of more color pencils to make more prints with, I do write the fairies about it. I write to them a little letter on leaves of trees, and I do put it in the moss-box at the end of the old log. Then, after they do come walking in the woods and find the letter in the moss-box, they do bring the color pencils, and they lay them in the moss-box. I find them there and I am happy.

No one does have knowing of that moss-box but one. He is the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He has knowings of the letters I do print on leaves and put there for the fairies. And after he does ask me and after I do tell him I have wrote to them for color pencils that I have needs of, he does take a little fern plant and make a fern wish with it that the fairies will bring to me the color pencils I have needs of. Then we do plant the little fern by the old log. And the time is not long until I do find the color pencils in the moss-box by the old log. I am very happy.

To-day the grandpa[1] dug potatoes in the field. Too, the chore-boy did dig potatoes in the field. I followed along after. My work was to pick up the potatoes they got out of the ground. I picked them up and piled them in piles. Some of them were very plump. Some of them were not big. All of them wore brown dresses. When they were in piles I did stop to take looks at them. I walked up close. I looked them all over. I walked off and took a long look at them. Potatoes are very interesting folks. I think they must see a lot of what is going on in the earth. They have so many eyes. And after I did look those looks as I did go along, I did count the eyes that every potato did have and their numbers were in blessings. To some piles I did stop to give geology lectures, and some I did tell about the nursery and the caterpillars in it — the caterpillars that are going to *hiver* sleep in silken cradles, and some in woolen so go.

And one I did tell about the new ribbon Aphrodite has to wear, and how she does have a fondness for chocolate creams. To the potato most near unto it I did tell of the little bell that Peter Paul Rubens does wear to cathedral service. To the one next to it I did tell how Louis II, le Grand Condé, is a mouse of gentle ways and how he does have likings to ride in my sleeve. And all the times I was picking up potatoes I did have conversations with them. Too, I did have thinks of all their growing days there in the ground and all the things they did hear.

When I grow up I am going to write for children — and grown-ups that have n't grown up too much — all the earth-songs I now do hear. I have thinks these potatoes growing here did have knowings of star-songs. I have kept watch in the field at night, and I have seen the stars look kindness down upon them. And I have walked between the rows of potatoes and I have watched the star-gleams on their leaves. And I have heard the wind ask of them the star-songs the star-gleams did tell in shadows on their leaves. And as the wind did go walking in the field talking to the earth-voices there, I did follow her down the rows. I did have feels of her presence near. And her goings by

[1] Mrs. Whiteley's father.

made ripples on my nightgown. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did cuddle more close up in my arms. And Brave Horatius followed after.

Sometimes, when a long time it is I have been walking and listening to the voices of the night, then it is Brave Horatius does catch the corner of my nightgown in his mouth and he pulls — he pulls most hard in the way that does go to the house we live in. After he does pull, he barks the barks he always does bark when he has thinks it is home-going time. I listen. Sometimes I go back. He goes with me. Sometimes I go on. He goes with me. And often it is he is come with me to this field where the potatoes grow. And he knows most all the poetry I have told them.

On the afternoon of to-day, when I did have a goodly number of potatoes in piles, I did have thinks as how this was the going-away day of Saint François of Assisi and the borning-day of Jean François Millet; so I did take as many potatoes as they years did dwell upon earth. Forty-four potatoes I so took for Saint François of Assisi, for his years were near unto forty-four. Sixty potatoes I so took for Jean François Millet, for his years were sixty years. All these potatoes I did lay in two rows. In one row was forty-four and in the other row was sixty. And as I had seeing of them all there, I did have thinks to have a choir. First I did sing, 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.' After I did sing it three times, I did have thinks as how it would be nice to have more in the choir. And I did have remembers as how to-morrow is the going-away day of Philippe III, roi de France, and so for the forty years that were his years I did bring forty more potatoes in a row. That made more in the choir. Then I did sing three times over, 'Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto. Hosanna in excelsis.'

Before I did get all through the last time with 'Hosanna in excelsis,' I did have thinks as how the next day after that day would be the borning-day of Louis Philippe, roi de France, and the going-away day of Alfred Tennyson. And I did bring more potatoes for the choir. Seventy-six I did so bring for the years that were the years of Louis Philippe, roi de France. Eighty-three I so did bring for the years that were the years of Alfred Tennyson. And the choir — there was a goodly number of folks in it — all potato folks wearing brown robes. Then I did sing one *Ave Maria*. I was going to sing one more when I did have thinks as how the next day after the next day after the next day would be the going-away day of Sir Philip Sidney, so I did bring thirty-one more potatoes for the choir. It did take a more long time to bring them because all the potatoes nearabout were already in the choir.

Brave Horatius did walk by my side, and he did have seeing as how I was bringing potatoes to the choir. And so he did bring some — one at a time he did pick them up and bring them, just like he does pick up a stick of wood in his mouth when I am carrying in wood. He is a most helpful dog. To-day I did have needs to keep watches. I did so have needs to see that he put not more potatoes in the other choir-rows. First time he did bring a potato he did lay it down by the choir-row of Alfred Tennyson. Next potato he did bring, he did lay it by the choir-row of Jean François Millet. Next time I made a quick run when I did have seeing of him going to lay it down by the choir-row of Philippe III, roi de France. I did pat my foot and tell him where to lay it for the choir-row of Sir Philip Sidney. He so did. We did go for more. When there were thirty-one potatoes in the choir-row of Sir Philip Sidney we did start service again. I did begin

with 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.' And Brave Horatius did bark amen. He is a most good dog.

When near gray-light time was come, the chore-boy went from the field. When most-dark time was come, Brave Horatius and I so went. When we were come to the house we live in, the folks had gone to visit at the house of Elsie. I did take my bowl of bread and milk and I did eat it on the back steps. Brave Horatius ate his supper near me. He did eat his all long before I did mine. So I did give him some of mine. Then we watched the stars come out.

I did not have goings to school to-day, for this is wash-day and the mamma did have needs of me at home. There was baby clothes to wash. The mamma does say that is my work, and I do try to do it in the proper way she says it ought to be done. It does take quite a time long, and all the time it is taking I do have longings to go on exploration trips. And the brook that does go by our house is always bringing songs from the hills. When the clothes of the baby were most white, I did bring them again to the wash-bench that does set on the porch that does go out from our back door. Then there was the chickens to feed and the stockings were to rub. Stockings do have needs of many rubs. That makes them clean. While I did do the rubs, I did sing little songs to the grasses that grow about our door.

After the stockings did have many rubs, the baby it was to tend. I did sing it songs of songs Angel Mother did sing to me. And sleeps came upon the baby. But she is a baby that does have wake-ups between times. To-day she had a goodly number. By and by, when the washing was part done, then the mamma went away to the grandma's house to get some soap. When she went away, she did say she wished she did n't have to bother with carrying water to scrub the floor. She does n't. While she has been gone a good while, I have plenty of water on the floor for her to mop it when she gets back. When she did go away she said to me to wring the clothes out of the wash. There was a lot of clothes in the wash — skirts and aprons and shirts and dresses and clothes that you wear under dresses. Every bit of clothes I took out of the tubs I carried into the kitchen and squeezed all the water out on the kitchen floor. That makes lots of water everywhere — under the cook-table and under the cupboard and under the stove. Why, there is most enough water to mop the three floors, and then some water would be left over.

I did feel glad feels because it was so as the mamma did want it. While I did wait for her coming, I did make prints and mind the baby. When the mamma was come, she did look not glad looks at the water on the floor. She did only look looks for the switches over the kitchen window. After I did have many sore feels, she put me out the door to stay out. I did have sorry feels for her. I did so try hard to be helps.

When a little way I was gone from the door I did look looks about. I did have thinks about Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus — about his nose — its feels. I so went in the way that does go to the hospital. That dear pet rat's nose is getting well. Some way he got his nose too near that trap they set for rats in the barn. Of course, when I found him that morning, I let him right out of the trap. He has a ward all to himself in the hospital. For breakfast he has some of my oatmeal. For dinner he has some of my dinner. And for supper I carry to him corn in a jar-lid. Sadie McKinzie, who has on her face many freckles and a kind heart,

gives me enough mentholatum to put on his nose seven times a day. And he is growing better. And to-day when I was come to the hospital I took him in my arms. He did cuddle up. Too, he gave his cheese squeak. That made me have lonesome feels. I can't carry cheese to him any more out of the house we live in. I can't because, when the mamma learned that I was carrying cheese to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, she said to me while she did apply a kindling to the back part of me, 'Don't you dare carry any more cheese out to that rat.' And since then I do not carry cheese out to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, but I do carry him into the kitchen to the cheese. I let him sniff long sniffs at it. Then I push his nose back and I cut from the big piece of cheese delicate slices for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

This I do when the mamma is n't at home. To-day, she being come again to the house we live in, I could not have goings there with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to the cheese. I did go the way that goes to the house of Sadie McKinzie. I did go that way so she might have knowings of the nose-improvements of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. When I was most come there he did squeak more of his cheese squeaks. It was most hard — having hearing of him and not having cheese for him. I could hardly keep from crying. He is a most lovely wood-rat and all his ways are ways of gentleness. And he is just like the mamma's baby — when he squeaks he does have expects to get what he squeaks for. I did cuddle him up more close in my arms. And he had not squeaks again for some little time. It was when I was talking to Sadie McKinzie about the château of Neuilly that I do have most part done; it was then he did give his squeaks. He began and went on and did continue so. I just could n't keep from crying. His cheese longings are like my longings for Angel Mother and Angel Father. He did just crawl up and put his nose against my curls. I did stand first on one foot and then on the other. The things I was going to say did go in a swallow down my throat.

Sadie McKinzie did wipe her hands on her blue gingham apron with cross stitches on it. She did have askings what was the matter with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. And I just said, 'O Sadie McKinzie, it's his cheese squeak.' And she said not a word, but she did go in a quick way to her kitchen. She brought back a piece of cheese. It was n't a little piece. It was a great big piece. There's enough in it for four breakfasts and six dinners. When Sadie McKinzie did give it to me for him, she did smooth back my curls and she did give me three kisses — one on each cheek and one on the nose. She smiled her smile upon us, and we were most happy and we did go from her house to the cathedral. There I did have a thank service for the goodness of God and the goodness of Sadie McKinzie, and the piece of cheese that did bring peace to the lovely Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

When I was come to the house we live in, the mamma and the little girl and the baby — they were all gone to the house of Elsie. I made a start at the works. I did feed the chickens, and there was much wood to bring in and baby clothes to wash and ashes to empty from the stove. These four things I did. I looked looks about to see what other works did have needs to be done. I had remembers that, when the papa went away to work this morning, he said he did not have time to cut the ham before he went. I have know if he is too busy in the morning to get a thing done, it mostly don't get done when he comes home from work at

night. It so does not because he has so tired feels.

To-day I had thinks the time was come when I better help about that ham. I went out to the woodshed. I went not out to get wood. I went out to the woodshed to tend to that ham. I had thinks I better make an early start or that ham would n't be cut up by evening. I piled wood high enough so I could stand on tiptoes and reach to the flour-sack the ham was tied in. But I could not get that sack down. I pulled and pulled, but it would n't come down. I did n't have knows what I was going to do.

Pretty soon, by having concentration of my thinks, I thought of a way. I got the scissors and cut the bottom out of that sack. That ham came down right quick. It landed on its back on the wood-pile. My foot slipped and I landed on top of it. I got up and dragged it up on the chopping-block. Then I got the butcher knife from its place in the cook-table drawer. I went to work. That knife did n't seem to make moves like the moves it does make when it is in the hands of the papa. I tried to make it go down in a quick way. It went not so. I looked close looks at it. Its appears did have looks like it did have needs of a sharp pennying. I have seen the papa sharp pen it on the grindstone by the singing brook. So did I. I poured a goodly amount of water on that stone wheel. Most of the water splashed off. The rest did trickle away. Then I did hold that knife to the stone wheel. And I did make tries to turn it in a quick way like I have seen the papa do. But I could not make that wheel go in quick turns. It would not so go. I made big tries for a long time.

When I had thinks the knife did look some better, I did go again to my work. I walked three times around that ham there on the chopping-block. I so did to take looks at it to see where I better make begins. I did have thinks in under its outside where it is most big would be the proper place. I made begins. I did make the knife to go a little way. Then I made a stop to rest. Then I made the knife go some more. I made another stop to rest. I went on. Pretty soon a slice of ham landed. It fell off the chopping-block on to a stick of wood. I picked it up. I held it up to take a look at it. My, I did feel such proud feels from my toes to my curls. I had it cut in such a nice way. It had frills around it and holes in between — just like Elsie's crochet doily that she keeps on her best stand table. I have knows the papa never did cut a slice of ham that way. The slices of ham he cuts, they never do have frilly looks with holes in between. After I did hang that slice of ham on a nail by the door, I did cut another slice. It was not so wide but it had more longness and some strings on it like the little short strings on the nightcap of Jenny Strong. I had not decides yet where to hang it. It was when I was having thinks about it — it was then I did hear a heavy step.

I turned me all about, and there was a tramper by the woodshed door. He had not gentle looks like some trampers have. His beard did grow in the hobo way. And his appears did look like he knew not knowings of neatness. He stood there looking looks at that ham. He kept his looks on it and he did walk right into the woodshed. He had asking if the mamma was at home.

I said, 'No, she is not. She is at the house of Elsie.'

Then he says, 'I guess I'll take this ham along with me.'

I almost lost my breathings because I did have remembers of all the days the papa has plans to have that ham for breakfast and dinner and supper. So I just sat down on the chopping-

block. I sat on the ham and I spread my blue calico apron out over it. I put my hand on its handle that it hangs in the woodshed by. Me and my apron covered that ham so he could n't have seeing of it. And while I sat on the ham I did pray God to keep it safe for the breakfasts and dinners and suppers of the papa and the mamma.

The tramper looked queer looks at me. He came a little more near. I did pray on. And God in his goodness sent answer to my prayer in a quick way. Brave Horatius came on a run from somewhere. He made a stop at the woodshed door. He looked a look in. He gave a growl. Then he went at that tramper. He did grab him by his ragged pants. I have thinks maybe his teeth did touch the ankle of the tramper, because he gave a little pain squeal and shook his leg. Then he did go in a hurry away. Brave Horatius followed after.

I was just going to start work again on that ham when the mamma was come home from her visit. She did soon give me a whipping and put me here under the bed. Now I have wonders what that whipping was for. I did feed the chickens and carry in the wood and do the baby's washing and empty the ashes. And more I did beside — I cut two slices of ham with frills on them.

Some of the trampers that go the way that goes to the upper camps do have stops when they go by here. They stop to get a bite to eat. And some come to the front door, and some do come to the back door. They knock on the door. Some rap their knuckles hard and some tap in a gentle way. There was one who so did one week ago. Sleeps was just come upon the baby after I did sing it *Le chanson de Saint Firmin,* and I did go to the door to see who it was. The man that it was, he said he was on his way to get work at the upper camps. He was a man with a clean sad face and a kind look in his eyes. And the roll upon his back was a heavy roll. I straightway did go and get my bowl of bread and milk that I was going to have for dinner. I gave it to him. He ate it in a hungry way, like Brave Horatius does eat his supper when we are come back from a long explore trip. Then, when the man did eat all the bread and milk, he did split some wood out in the woodshed. He did pile it up in a nice way. Then he went. He went on to the upper camps. When he did go he said, 'The Lord's blessing be with you, child.'

I said, 'It is.' And I did tell him, 'We have a cathedral in the woods; and this eventime, when we have prayers there, we will pray that you may get work at the upper camps.' And at coming of eventime we did. And Peter Paul Rubens did grunt amen at in-between times. Now every day we do pray for the man that was hungry and had a kind look in his eyes.

When I was come to the house, I went around and I did walk in the back door-way. The mamma was n't in. I took long looks about to see what works I best do first. There was washed-up dishes in a bake-pan, so I did dish-towel them all and put them away. There was needs to climb upon a chair and upon a box to put those dishes where they ought to be put. While I was up there, I took looks about to see what there was. I saw a cake of Bon Ami. Bon Ami is to give things a shine-up. And this morning I gave the knives a shine-up and the forks too. Then I tried Bon Ami on the black kettles and the bakepans. It did not give unto them such nice appears, so I gave them a shine-up with vaseline. After that I did take the broom from its place and I gave the floor a good brooming. I broomed the boards

up and down and cross-ways. There was not a speck of dirt on them left. What I did sweep off with the broom I did place into a shoe-box lid and dust it in the stove. Then the floor did look clean like the mamma does say it ought to look all of the time. I put the broom back in its place, where the mamma does say it ought to be.

Then I did look looks from the floor to the window. I thought I better clean the window too while I was fixing things. Just when I started to put Bon Ami on the window, I did look out to see what I could see. I saw Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon going in a slow walk by. He was giving his neck a stretch-out. He gave it another one, and when he made a swallow his throat did look appears of croup. And croup does always have needs of being fixed up. So I laid down the Bon Ami, and I went and I did pour a whole lot of coal-oil down the throat of Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon. That was to make his croup go away. Now he will be feeling well feels real soon. He did n't want to take the coal-oil. I had to hold him tight. Some turkey gobblers can kick most hard. After that I went out in the woodshed where the papa keeps his tools. He keeps them in a big box. Some days he forgets to lock the box. Those days I have very interesting times in the woodshed. There are all kinds of queer-looking things in that tool-box.

Just when I did have the lid open, the mamma did call. She was come again home, and she sent me back to Elsie's to get the tidy she was crocheting that she did forget and leave there. So I did go the way that does lead to the house of Elsie. It is not far from the house we live in, and Elsie has not been married long. She only has one baby. She has much liking for it. Elsie is a very young girl — a very young girl to be married, the mamma says. To-day, when I came to the house of Elsie, she was trotting on her knee that dear baby boy the angels brought her when she did live at the other camp where we did live too. To him she was singing a song. It was

'Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot,
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot.'

She tossed her head as she did sing. And the joy-light danced in her eyes. I have thinks it must be wonderful happiness, being married. I have seen the same joy-light in the eyes of her tall young husband. It is there much when he is come home at eventide from work in the woods. Then she does have many kinds words and kisses for him. He has adores for her, and too he has a pumpadoor that he smooths back with vaseline. Why to-day I did see he had used most all of the vaseline out of that jar that sets on their kitchen-shelf. That vaseline jar has an interest look. I have been watching it. And every day when I do stand on tiptoe and take peeks at it, there is not so much vaseline in it as there was in it the day before. I have thinks it does take a goodly amount to keep his pumpadoor smooth.

While I was bringing home the tidy the mamma did leave at the house of Elsie, I saw a gray board. I did turn it over. Under that old gray board were five little silk bags. They were white and they did feel lumps. I know baby spiders will come out of them when come spring days, because last year I found bags like these, and this year in the spring baby spiders walked out. They were very fidgety youngsters.

Just when I did most have decides to take them to the nursery, I heard the mamma calling. I put the board back again in the way it was before I came that way. Then I did run a quick run in the house. And the mamma did

send me in a hurry to the woodshed. It was for two loads of wood she wanted. I did bring in the first load in a hurry. The second load I brought not so. I did pick up all the sticks my arms could hold. While I was picking them up, I looked long looks at them. I went not to the kitchen with them in a quick way. I was meditating. I did have thinks about the tree they all were before they got chopped up. I did wonder how I would feel if I was a very little piece of wood that got chopped out of a very big tree. I did think that it would have hurt my feelings. I felt of the feelings of the wood. They did have a very sad feel.

Just when I was getting that topmost stick a bit wet with sympathy tears, then the mamma did come up behind me with a switch. She said while she did switch, 'Stop your meditations.' And while she did switch, I did drop the wood. I felt the feels the sticks of wood felt when they hit the floor. Then I did pick them up with care, and I put them all in the wood-box back of the cook-stove. I put them there because the mamma said I must put them there. But all the time I was churning I did hum a little song. It was a good-bye song to the sticks in the wood-box back of the kitchen stove.

When the churning was done and the butter was come, the mamma did lift all the little lumps of butter out of the churn. Then she did pat them together in a big lump, and this she put away in the butter-box in the woodshed. When she went to lay herself down to rest on the bed, she did call me to rub her head. I like to rub the mamma's head, for it does help the worry lines to go away. Often I rub her head, for it is often she does have longings to have it so. And I do think it is very nice to help people have what they do have longings for.

By and by, when the mamma did have sleeps and after I did print, I did go to listen to the voices. The wind was calling. He was in a rush. I raced. Brave Horatius ran. We played tag with the wind. By and by I came to a log. I climbed upon it. The wind did blow in a real quick way. He made music all around. I danced on the log. A grand pine tree did wave its arms to me. The wind did blow back my curls. They clasped the fingers of the bush people most near. I did turn and untangle them.

When I did turn to untangle my curls, I saw a silken cradle in a hazel bush. It was cream with a hazel leaf half way round it. I put it to my ear and I did listen. It had a little voice. It was not a tone voice; it was a heart voice.

And I did hurry away in the way that does lead to the house of the girl that has no seeing. I went that way so she too might know its feels and hear its heart voice. She does so like to feel things. She has seeing by feels. Often I do carry things to her when I find them, and she knows some of my friends. Peter Paul Rubens has gone with me to visit her. So has gone Felix Mendelssohn and Nannerl Mozart — the two mice with voices that squeak mouse-songs in the night. And Plato and Pliny, the two bats, and others go too. And their goings and what she has thinks about them I have printed here in my prints. And it is often I go the way that does lead to her house, for the girl who has no seeing — she and I — we are friends. One day I told her about the trees talking. Then she did want to know about the voices — and now I do help her to hear them.

I led her in the way that does lead to that grand fir tree, Good King Louis VI. And when we were come unto him, I did touch his finger-tips to her cheeks. She liked that. Then we did stand near unto him, and I told her of the trees in the night, of the things they tell to

the shadows that wander through the woods. She said she did n't think she would like to be a shadow. And just then she stubbed her toe. She did ask me what that was there near unto her foot. I told her it was a *ville* I did build there — the ville of St. Denis. She wanted to know why I builded it there. I told her there was needs of it being near unto Good King Louis VI, for he so loved it; so I builded it there where his branches shelter it and his kindness looks kind looks upon it. And I did tell her about his being on his way to St. Denis when he died. While I builded up again the corner of the abbey, I did give explanations about how lovely it is to be a gray shadow walking along and touching the faces of people. Shadows do have such velvety fingers.

After that we did go on. We went on to where dwell Alan of Bretagne and Étienne of Blois and Godefroi of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse. To each I led the girl who has no seeing, and she was glad to know them all. They are grand trees. As we went our way we did listen unto the voices. And I took all the hairpins that were in her hair out of it. I so did, so the wind could blow it back and whisper things into her ears. The wind does have so much to tell of far lands and of little folks that dwell near unto us in the fields and in the woods.

When I was come near unto the barn, I did go in to get Plato and Pliny. I put them in my apron-pockets. The barn was rather dark. There were friendly shadows in its corners. When I came out I thought of Peter Paul Rubens. I did have thinks cathedral service would be good for his soul. I went again into the barn to get his little bell that he does always wear around his neck to service, and I did put it on. There was a time when there was no little bell for Peter Paul Rubens to wear to service. That was in the days before one day when I did say to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice, 'I do have needs of a little bell for Peter Paul Rubens to wear to church.' I got it. And Peter Paul Rubens always knows he is going to the cathedral when I put that little bell around his neck. It does make lovely silver tinkles as he goes walking down the aisle to the altar.

To-night so we did go and too with us was Elizabeth Barrett Browning. When we were come near unto the hospital, I went aside for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. In the cathedral the wind and the trees sang a vesper song. And I prayed for quite a long time little prayers and long prayers for the goodness of us all. Peter Paul Rubens did grunt amen in between.

Now I hear the mamma say I wonder where Opal is. She has forgets. I'm still under the bed where she did put me quite a time ago. And all this nice long time light is come to here from the lamp on the kitchen table — light enough so I can print prints. I am happy. I think I better crawl out now and go into the bed for sleeps.

Dramatis Personæ of this chapter of Opal's Journal

Lars Porsena of Clusium, a crow.
Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon, a turkey.
Felix Mendelssohn, Nannerl Mozart, Louis, le Grand Condé } mice.
Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a most dear wood-rat.
William Shakespeare, the gray horse.
Aphrodite, the mother pig.
Peter Paul Rubens, her son.
Brave Horatius, the shepherd dog.
Plato, Pliny } bats.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a cow.

IN THE DELTA

THE STORY OF A MAN-HUNT

BY BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF

[We print this genuine letter without alteration. — THE EDITORS.]

DREW, MISSISSIPPI, *April* 24, 1919.

DEAR FATHER, —

The reason I have not written you for several days is because we have been all upset with a 'nigger chase.'

Sunday Paul and I went out to Fitzhugh plantation for dinner, and walked home in the afternoon. It is only six miles, and such a lovely country road, though only Ethiopians walk on the country roads here. If we had proceeded on our hands, we could scarcely have received more stares and comment! Just as we got into the house Mrs. Clara telephoned that Gardner's murderer had 'taken to the woods' near Fitzhugh, and a chase was on. The proper thing seemed to be to get into our car and go racing back to Fitzhugh. We found the road crowded with cars going the same way.

I believe I wrote you about the Gardner murder, which was committed when I first came down here: a man from Blaine, riding along the road with a friend, was killed by a negro who had never seen him before. 'Will jes' felt biggoty an' took a shot at the car,' the negro's companion said. That was about a month ago, and several rewards have been offered for the negro's arrest.

Shortly after we started home Sunday, Dr. Sims of Blaine, who knew this negro, Will Lane, had seen him walking along the railroad just beyond Fitzhugh, headed south toward Blaine. It seems that negro criminals, instead of leaving the country, almost always go 'back home,' trusting their friends to hide them. Dr. Sims had his wife and little girl in the car and did not dare shoot for fear Lane was armed. He turned around and drove to Fitzhugh, stopped Mr. Tom, who was on his way to the afternoon train, and asked him if he was going away.

'Just to get a paper,' said Mr. Tom, and proceeded about his business.

The worthy doctor was too excited to think clearly. When Mr. Tom came back, he asked him whether he had a rifle. Mr. Tom said that he had.

'Got any buckshot?' demanded Dr. Sims.

'Plenty,' said Mr. Tom, in his incurious fashion.

After all this parley the doctor told him that the man who killed Gardner was 'up the road.' But it was n't until the doctor's wife, sitting in the car, called out, 'He's taken to the woods,' that Mr. Tom realized that Lane had been in sight (and within gunshot) for a full fifteen minutes. Of course, if he had known, the trouble would have been over. Mr. Tom is 'the best shot in the county,' and 'has a way with the niggers.' Dead or alive, Lane would have been 'stopped.' But by that time Lane was in the tangled woods, a quarter of a mile beyond the railroad track.

Just before we reached Fitzhugh Paul and I met Mr. Tom and Mr. Vick Burnett 'on the trail,' with bloodhounds from the convict farm at Parchman.

'Stay with Mrs. Clara if I don't get back to-night,' Mr. Tom called to us.

He and Burnett had the only saddles on the place. Paul was disappointed. Five minutes sooner, and he, instead of Burnett, would have ridden to the hunt with Mr. Tom. How thankful I was for those five minutes!

The whole country seemed to congregate at Fitzhugh, and those who did not congregate telephoned. Men hurried in and out of the house, with rifles and shotguns, and rode across the lawn on mules or horses. There was much excitement, conjecture, and general talk, with Dr. Sims going from one group to another, telling just how Lane kept looking at him to see whether he was recognized, and by what signs he recognized Lane 'beyond doubt,' and what he would have done if he had not had Mrs. Sims and Sissy in the car.

Mrs. Clara was the one calm person on the plantation. It seems that Mr. Tom always takes charge of such expeditions. He is tireless, unexcitable, and utterly fearless, and he has a strange, intuitive knowledge about negroes; they say he 'senses' what they are going to do next.

Paul and I settled down to be bodyguard at Fitzhugh, for it grew dusk and then dark, and no Mr. Tom. Someone telephoned that they had found the trail.

'That 's all we may know for a week,' said Mrs. Clara.

About ten o'clock Mr. Tom telephoned from Wildwood plantation, away back from the railroad, that the trail was hot and they might come up with Lane at any time.

Two hours later Mr. Tom telephoned from Cole's. They had lost the trail in the middle of the road and could not do anything more until daylight. He wanted Paul to come for him with the car. Cole is the tenant on Mr. Tom's 'little' place,' on the road to his 'old place.' There is a long, straight road from Fitzhugh plantation to Drew, following the railroad. A mile from Drew the road to the 'old place' branches off to the east.

Paul and I dressed in a hurry, and went rushing through the night in the big yellow car, which is like a living thing, it is so easy and wise.

There were armed 'volunteers' at all the culverts and crossroads. We found three guards sitting on the little cement bridge over the branch a mile from Fitzhugh, and one of them called out, 'Nothing doing,' as we passed. Half a mile farther, a guard, nearly wild with excitement, stopped us. Will Lane had been there not three minutes before. He came up the track from the direction of Drew. Evidently he had made a circle through the woods and regained the railroad; but the sight of the crowd at Whitney had turned him back to look for a road that would enable him to circle Whitney without getting too far from the railway. He does not know this part of the country (Blaine is nearly twenty miles below Drew) and he had to stick to the tracks or run the risk of losing himself completely. The guard shouted to him to stop. He ran down the embankment, away from the road, and disappeared in the brush. They heard him crashing along up the right of way. We passed him between the bridge and the next guard, we later learned, for the bridge guard saw him try to cross the branch on the trestle after we passed, called to him to stop, and then watched him deliberately turn around, walk off the trestle and disappear in the woods along the branch. Not a shot was fired after him. Excellent reasons were given, but the fact remains that six of the dom-

inant race, with rifles, did not stop one hunted nigger. Of course, he has a 'desperate' reputation since the murder; but the loquacious reasons for the 'getaway' never referred to this.

The guard begged us to 'get Mr. Tom,' and this we proceeded to do at rather a reckless pace. Mr. Tom roused the man with the bloodhounds, who proved to be a trusty (colored) from the convict farm at Parchman. The dogs were nice little sleek brown beasts, gentle as kittens, and so pretty that it was impossible to visualize them as baying bloodhounds.

Mr. Tom was startled to find me in the car, and intimated that this was 'no place for a lady'; but there was nothing to do except take me along. We went back to the place where Lane had left the railroad, and the dogs took the trail at once, starting unhesitatingly up the branch.

'He'll look for a good place to cross, I believe,' said Mr. Tom; 'then go over and come back to the railroad along the far side, unless we are too close to him. That nigger won't get away from the tracks if he can help it.'

Quite a little procession went stumbling across the wet field, led by the graceful little dogs, sniffing along, with the negro in his stripes holding the reins and encouraging them; then came Mr. Tom and Paul and I; and behind and beside us a dozen armed volunteers, among them one of the bridge guards, still explaining, *sotto voce*, why he did n't shoot.

The stars seemed as large as they do in the desert, and a great red moon was half-way up the sky. You could see for miles and miles by its white, deceptive light. An owl hooted along the branch now and then, and made everybody jump. About half a mile from the tracks Mr. Tom, Paul, and I stopped. We were sure the dogs would cross and come back on the other side in a few minutes. While we waited, Mr. Tom reminisced in his slow drawl about 'the last big hunt, after the man that killed Kutner.'

'And that was a real chase, too,' he said. 'The first day we ran that nigger, his trail led to the cabin of a nigger named Ray. Beyond Ray's we could n't find a trace of it, so we decided he had got a lift from there. I told Ray, —

'"Now, the best thing you can do is tell all you know. It may go hard with you anyway, but your only chance is to tell the truth."

'He said, "Yes, suh, boss, I sho' will tell all I knows."

'He was scared to death. That was a nasty shooting and everybody was stirred up. Ray told his story without any hesitation. Filly, the nigger who killed Kutner, had come to his cabin, he said, but he did n't want to have anything to do with him and told him to get out. Then Filly pulled a gun, according to Ray, and ordered food, quick. With the gun pointed at him, Ray gave him some cornbread and meat and a "drink of coffee." Then, Ray said, Martin, another nigger, came along on a horse. He stopped outside the cabin and whistled. Filly got up behind and they rode away.

'Martin lived near Ray and we got hold of him in a few minutes and questioned him. He insisted he had n't seen Filly since the murder, and said he and Ray were always having trouble. We whipped him till he could n't stand up, but while we were whipping him he kept screaming that he did n't take Filly away. Then we filled him up with water till he lost his senses, but he stuck to his story.

'Finally I went to Ray's wife, who had been hiding in the cabin, and asked her about it. She said she had n't seen Filly, and swore he had n't been at the house. I took her out in the yard and made Ray tell his story before her.

Then we began to whip her. She yelled that she would "tell it," and began to give the story she had heard Ray tell. She had it almost right, but there was just enough difference to prove she was lying to save herself and trying to repeat what Ray had said.

'I told the crowd I did n't believe Martin had helped Filly, and that Ray had made up his story because he thought he had to tell something to save his neck. I did n't want any more to do with it and came home.

'We never did get hold of Filly. We finally struck his trail again. Someone saw him drop off a train forty miles away. We carried the hounds down there on a flat car and followed the trail for a week, but we lost him out in the hills. I'd like to get my hands on that nigger, just to find out how he got away from here. He was at Ray's cabin, of course, but I'm convinced it was while they were in the field. He may have stopped somebody passing there who did n't know him and begged a ride, but more likely he was helped. I'd certainly like to know who carried him away.'

I wanted to know whether anything happened to Martin and Ray.

'The crowd let Ray off with a whipping,' said Mr. Tom, 'but they hung Martin.'

The owl screeched and I shivered. Mr. Tom suggested that we go back to the car. We found Burnett waiting there. He was tired. He and Mr. Tom had trailed all the evening, a hot trail across Wildwood plantation to the Sunflower River. There they found a negro who had put Lane over the river. Lane told him who he was, after he was on the other side. He had secured a bottle of turpentine some way and sat on the bank rubbing turpentine on his feet. (That is supposed to destroy the scent.) Lane told his ferryman that the dogs were after him, and, according to the negro, asked for a gun and a mule. Mr. Tom thought he might have asked for the mule; but if he asked for a gun, it was to give the impression that he was unarmed.

'He had a gun to kill Gardner, and he must have known he would need it again.'

Soon after he crossed the river the trail disappeared.

At four o'clock we all went back to Fitzhugh. It was gray dawn, with fading stars, and away up the branch the barking of dogs marked the progress of the chase. The hounds do not bark, of course, but all the dogs they meet do. We dropped into bed, and were asleep almost before we knew it. The bloodhounds from Crystal Springs, supposedly the best in the state, were expected in the morning.

'Keep him moving all night, get fresh dogs on him in the morning, and it 's done,' said Mr. Tom.

Yesterday morning one of the volunteers reported that they had followed a fresh trail along the branch all night. Once they actually saw Lane in a lot, trying to catch a mule,'but we did n't shoot for fear of killing the mule.' This was accepted as perfectly legitimate.

The hounds from Crystal Springs did not come yesterday, but they got fresh dogs from Parchman and went on. All yesterday Paul and Mr. Tom were in the woods along Sunflower, and the trail zigzagged back and forth, now up the river, now down.

'That buck's worth trailing,' said Mr. Tom.

Paul and Mr. Tom got back to Fitzhugh in the evening, and Paul was ready to go home for a good sleep, leaving other zealots to follow the hounds.

Mr. Tom came in town early this morning, bringing lots of news. Someone had taken Lane in a car to Ruleville, six miles beyond Drew, on the way to Blaine. That was about noon

yesterday, but he had left such a complicated trail that the dogs did not reach the place where he was picked up till late last evening.

At Ruleville Lane went to the home of a negro family he had known for years. Only the woman was at home. He asked for something to eat, and she gave him a good meal, which he bolted. Then he took to the woods again. He had been twenty-four hours without food or rest. As soon as the woman's husband came home, she told him Lane had been there and she had fed him. He reported it at once to his 'boss,' knowing the trail would eventually be followed to his cabin, and consequences would be dire if he was found to have been 'harboring.' The 'boss' finally reached Mr. Tom over long-distance, and last night the dogs were taken to Ruleville on the train and carried to the house of Lane's friends, where they picked up the trail. In the woods they came on the place under some bushes where Lane had slept for several hours in the afternoon; then the trail led straight back into the canebrake — heavy, slow going for everybody. This afternoon they were in the woods behind Doddsville, the next station to Blaine. That was Gardner's home town, and the whole place has turned out.

'It's their hunt now,' Mr. Tom says; and he and Paul are peacefully at work shingling the kitchen porch at Fitzhugh. 'They'll have him by morning. It would have been better for that nigger to have been caught up here where we are n't so excited.'

I try to tell this tale without confusing it by my impressions, but I am afraid it is an untidy piece of reporting. There were many sidelights. For instance, the woman from Blaine who stopped at Fitzhugh in her car to learn the progress of the hunt.

'They'll get him, and I hope they torture him a couple of hours before they hang him,' she said.

The sheriff of this county said to some men from Blaine, 'If we catch him up here I'll 'phone you all and bring him down on the train. You can meet me and overpower me at Doddsville.'

Mr. Tom. — We can't let biggoty niggers get away with things like this. If we do, no one will be safe on the roads.

Jimmy (age six). — Dirty nigger gonna get his if Daddy has to chase him a week.

Mr. Dermott. — If we could trail him all day to-day and all night, and catch him in the morning, we 'd have had a good chase.

Vick Burnett. — Deer-huntin' has its excitement, but there's nothin' as excitin' as chasin' a man. He's worth outwittin'.

Wednesday morning.

Paul drove up then, having come into town for Paris green. He wanted me to go out to Fitzhugh with him, and of course I went. It was a hot, sleepy day, and I was fidgety. 'Nigger chases' get on your nerves. I seem to be getting my higher education in the practical aspects of the race-question, and it's wearing business.

I found Mr. Tom deep in the construction of the new kitchen porch where the churning can be done in coolness and peace. Jimmy, little Paul, Billy, and the baby were assisting, and all the tools disappeared all the time. Rose, one of the field negroes, was whining nearby. Across the railroad from the plantation house there is a row of cabins, in which a good many of the croppers live. One of them is Dick Washington, who has a wife named Maria. But 'jes' this summer' he is also 'living with' Rose, to Maria's great annoyance.

Yesterday Maria was evidently irri-

tated to 'the point beyond which,' and 'stuck a knife in Rose'—in her thigh, I believe, and not very far in. Rose came to Mr. Tom, appealing for justice. She insisted that he 'heah de story in private.' Finally Mr. Tom threw down his hammer and went around the corner of the house with her. A moment later we saw Rose limping across the lot to the commissary, with Mr. Tom following her. She turned around with such a desperate face and sniffled,—

'Please, please, suh!'

'Go on,' said Mr. Tom briefly.

'What's the matter with Rose?' I asked Mrs. Clara.

'I guess Tom is going to give her some liniment for her hip,' Mrs. Clara replied, and winked at Paul.

Presently Rose came dragging out of the commissary, and Mr. Tom resumed his carpentering.

'I don't want to hear another word out of you!' he said to Rose.

'You won't, suh,' she promised heartily.

Jimmy danced up and down.

'Rose got a whipping! Rose got a whipping! Rose got a whipping!' he taunted.

Mr. Tom has a reputation for unusual fairness to his negroes.

They caught Lane this afternoon, just outside Itta Bena. A negro discovered the fugitive hiding near his cabin, and told his 'boss,' who 'stopped' Lane and turned him over to the sheriff of Sunbriar County. The 'boss' wanted the reward, Mr. Tom explained at length, and to get it, it was necessary to turn Lane over to an officer of the law instead of to the crowd. They have him in jail at Itta Bena, and the sheriff of this county is going after him tonight. Mr. Tom says he will notify the people of Blaine what train he is taking, and he will be 'met and overpowered' *en route*. 'Then Lane won't have long to worry.' The hunters say they were on Lane's trail, and would have come up with him in about half an hour.

While all the Parchman bloodhounds were out looking for Lane, three convicts at Parchman seized the opportunity to escape. Now people are trailing around the landscape with guns, looking for them.

I don't suppose I can ever forget that broad field before dawn, and the screech-owl and the convict in stripes and the cocked guns and Mr. Tom's low, pleasant voice, telling about the whipping and the torture and the screaming negro; or the little rustlings which might have been a desperate hunted thing creeping through the mud and the brush; or the six-foot strap of harness leather hanging in the commissary which, Mr. Tom told me, 'stung mighty sharp.'

'Don't be so squeamish, Beulah,' Mrs. Clara advises; 'remember you've come to live in the delta.'

With love,

BEULAH.

MARK TWAIN[1]

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

When I was a boy of fourteen, Mark Twain took hold of me as no other writer had then and as few have since. I lay on the rug before the fire in the long winter evenings, while my father read *The Innocents Abroad* and *Old Times on the Mississippi*, and *Roughing It* and I laughed till I cried. Nor was it all laughter. The criticism of life, strong and personal, if crude, the frank, vivid comments on men and things, set me thinking as I had never thought, and for several years colored my maturing reflection in a way that struck deep and lasted long.

Such is my youthful memory of Mark. For forty years I read little of him. Now, leaping over that considerable gulf, reading and rereading old and new together, to distil the essence of his soul in this brief portrait, has been for me a wild revel, a riot of laughter and criticism and prejudice and anti-prejudice and revolt and rapture, from which it seems as if no sane and reasoned judgment could ensue. Perhaps none has, or ever does. But I have done what I could.

This much is clear, to start with: that Mark is not to be defined or judged by the ordinary standards of mere writers or literary men. He was something different — perhaps something bigger and deeper and more human; at any rate, something different. He did a vast amount of literary work and did it, if one may say so, in a literary manner. He was capable of long, steady toil at the desk. He wrote and rewrote, revised his writing again and again, with patience and industry. He had the writer's sense of living for the public, too, instinctively made copy of his deepest personal emotions and experiences. One of his most striking productions is the account of the death of his daughter Jean; yet no one but a born writer would have deliberately set down such experiences at such a moment, with publication in his thought. And he liked literary glory. To be sure, he sometimes denied this. In youth he wrote, 'There is no satisfaction in the world's praise anyhow, and it has no worth to me save in the way of business.' Again, he says in age, 'indifferent to nearly everything but work. I like that; I enjoy it, and stick to it. I do it without purpose and without ambition; merely for the love of it.' All the same, glory was sweet to him.

Yet one cannot think of him as a professional writer. Rather, there is something of the bard about him, of the old, epic, popular singer, who gathered up in himself, almost unconsciously, the life and spirit of a whole nation, and poured it forth more as a voice, an instrument, than as a deliberate artist. Think of the mass of folk-lore in his best, his native books! Is it not just

[1] The material essential to an intelligent estimate of Mark Twain's character will be found, of course, in Albert Bigelow Paine's monumental and very human biography, in three volumes, published by Messrs. Harper and Brother, and referred to in this article. — The Editor.

such material as we find in the spontaneous, elementary productions of an earlier age?

Better still, perhaps, we should speak of him as a journalist; for a journalist he was, essentially and always, in his themes, in his gorgeous and unfailing rhetoric, even in his attitude toward life. The journalist, when inspired and touched with genius, is the nearest equivalent of the old epic singer, and most embodies the ideal of giving forth the life of his day and surroundings with as little intrusion as possible of his own personal, reflective consciousness.

And as Mark had the temperament to do this, so he had the training. No man ever sprang more thoroughly from the people or was better qualified to interpret the people. Consider the nomadic irrelevance of his early days, before his position was established, if it was ever established. Born in the Middle West toward the middle of the century, he came into a moving world, and he never ceased to be a moving creature and to move everybody about him.

He tried printing as a business; but any indoor business was too tame, even though diversified by his thousand comic inventions. Piloting on the vast meanders of the Mississippi was better. What contacts he had there, with good and evil, with joy and sorrow!

But even the Mississippi was not vast enough for his uneasy spirit. He roved the Far West, tramped, traveled, mined, and speculated, was rich one day and miserably poor the next; and all the time he cursed and jested alternately and filled others with laughter and amazement and affection, and passed into and out of their lives, like the shifting shadow of a dream. Surely the line of the old poet was made for him, —

> Now clothed in feathers he on steeples walks.

And thus it was that he met his friend's challenge to walk the city roofs, where they promenaded arm in arm, until a policeman threatened to shoot and was restrained only by the explanatory outcry, 'Don't shoot! That's Mark Twain and Artemus Ward.'

This was his outer youthful life, and within it was the same. For with some the feet wander while the soul sits still. It was not so with him. Though he always scolded himself for laziness, complained of his indolence or gloried in it, yet when he was interested in anything, his heart was one mad fury of energy. Hear his theory on the subject: 'If I were a heathen, I would rear a statue to Energy, and fall down and worship it! I want a man to — I want *you* to — take up a line of action, and *follow* it out, in spite of the very devil.' And practice for himself never fell short of theory for others.

To be sure, his energy was too often at the mercy of impulse. Where his fancies led him, there he followed, with every ounce of force he had at the moment. What might come afterwards he did not stop to think — until afterwards. Then there were sometimes bitter regrets, which did not prevent a repetition of the process. He touches off the whole matter with his unfailing humor: 'I still do the thing commanded by Circumstance and Temperament, and reflect afterward. Always violently. When I am reflecting on these occasions, even deaf persons can hear me think.'

Perhaps the most amusing of all these spiritual efforts and adventures of his youth were his dealings with money. He was no born lover of money, and he was certainly no miser; but he liked what money brings, and from his childhood he hated debt and would not tolerate it. Therefore he was early and always on the lookout for sources of gain, and was often shrewd in

profiting by them. But what he loved most of all was to take a chance. His sage advice on the matter is: 'There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it and when he can.' Apparently his own life escaped from these all-embracing conditions, for he speculated always. A gold mine or a patent, an old farm or a new printing machine—all were alike, to him, vast regions of splendid and unexplored possibility. And much as he reveled in the realities of life, possibility was his natural domain—gorgeous dreams and sunlit fancies, strange realms of the imagination, where his youthful spirit loved to wander and shape for itself cloud futures that could never come to pass, as he himself well knew, and knew that to their unrealizable remoteness they owed the whole of their charm.

But, you say, this was, after all, youthful. When years came upon him, when he had tasted the sedate soberness of life, dreams must have grown dim or been forgotten. Far from it. His lovely wife called him 'Youth' till she died, and he deserved it. Though he was married and a great author, and had a dozen homes, he never settled down, neither his feet nor his soul. The spirit of his early ideal, 'A life of don't-care-a-damn in a boarding-house is what I have asked for in many a secret prayer,' lingered with him always. You see, he had restless nerves, to which long quiet and solitary, sombre reflection were a horror. And then he had perfect, magnificent health, the kind that can endure boarding-houses without ruin. 'In no other human being have I ever seen such physical endurance,' says his biographer. And Mark himself declared that he never knew what fatigue was. Who that was made like this would not be glad to wander forever? So Mark was most happy and most at home when he was wandering.

He saw and liked to see all things and all men and women. The touch of a human hand was pleasant to him, and the sound of a human voice, speaking no matter what lingo. He made friends of pilots and pirates and miners and peasants and emperors and clergymen—above all, clergymen, over whom he apparently exercised such witchery that oaths from him fell on their ears like prayers from other people. No man ever more abused the human heart or railed more at the hollowness of human affection, and no man ever had more friends or loved more. To be sure, he could hate, with humorous frenzy and, it would seem, with persistence. But love in the main prevailed; and, indeed, what anchored his wandering footsteps was not places but souls, was love and tenderness. He had plenty for the pilots and the pirates and clergymen. He had much more for those who were nearest him. His infinite devotion to his daughters, most of all to his wife, who was fully worthy of it, and who understood and brought out the best in him and tolerated what was not so good, is not the least among the things that make him lovable.

As he was a creature of contradictions, it is no surprise to find that, while he prayed for boarding-houses, he loved comfort and even luxury. He would have eaten off a plank in a mining-camp, and slept on one; but the softest beds and the richest tables were never unwelcome, and one attraction of wandering was to see how comfortable men can be, as well as how uncomfortable.

Now, in order to have luxury, you must have money. And Mark, in age as in youth, always wanted money, whether from mines in Nevada, or from huge books sold by huge subscription, or from strange and surprising inventions that were bound to revolutionize the world and bring in multi-millions. He

always wanted money, though rivers of it ran in to him — and ran out again. He spent it, he gave it away, he never had it, he always wanted it.

And always, till death, his soul wandered more than his body did. And his adventures with money were always matters of dream, even where the dreams were punctuated with sharp material bumps. Again and again some exciting speculation appealed to him, as much for its excitement as for its profit. He built great cloud-castles, and wandered in them, and bade his friends admire them, and made colossal calculations of enormous success. Then the clouds collapsed and vanished, and the flaw in the calculations became evident — too late. Calculations were never a strong point with him, whether of assets or liabilities. He spent a white night working over the latter. 'When I came down in the morning, a gray and aged wreck, and went over the figures again, I found that in some unaccountable way I had multiplied the totals by two. By God, I dropped seventy-five years on the floor where I stood!'

Even his loves had an element of dream in them, and surely dream made up a large portion of his hatred. Certain natures offended him, exasperated him, and he amused himself with furious assertion of how he would like to torment them. If he had seen one of them suffer, even in a finger's end, he would have done all in his power to relieve it. But in the abstract, how he did luxuriate in abuse of these imaginary enemies, what splendor of new-coined damnation he lavished on them, and all a matter of dreams.

Something of dream entered also into his widespread glory; for such wealth of praise and admiration has surely not often fallen upon walkers of the firm-set earth. During the first decade of the twentieth century he drifted in his white dream-garments — as Emily Dickinson did in solitude — through dream-crowds, who applauded him and looked up to him and loved him. And he ridiculed it, turned it inside out to show the full dream-lining, and enjoyed it, enjoyed his vast successes on the public platform, enjoyed the thronging tributes of epistolary admirers, enjoyed the many hands that touched his in loving and grateful tenderness.

And at the end, to make the dream complete, as if it were the conception of a poet, a full, rounded, perfect tragedy, misfortunes and disasters piled in upon the dream-glory and thwarted and blighted it, even while their depth of gloom seemed to make its splendor more imposing. Money, which had all along seduced him, betrayed him, for a time, at any rate, and he wallowed in the distress of bankruptcy, till he made his own shoulders lift the burden entire. One of his daughters, who was very dear to him, died when he was far away from her. His wife died, and took happiness with her, and made all glory seem like sordid folly. His youngest daughter died suddenly, tragically. What was there left?

Nothing. Toys, trifles, snatched moments of oblivion, billiards, billiards till midnight, then a little troubled sleep, and more billiards, till the end.

In perhaps the most beautiful words he ever wrote he summed up the fading quality of it all under this very figure of a dream: —

'Old Age, white-headed, the temple empty, the idols broken, the worshipers in their graves, nothing but you, a remnant, a tradition, belated fag-end of a foolish dream, a dream that was so ingeniously dreamed that it seemed real all the time; nothing left but You, centre of a snowy desolation, perched on the ice-summit, gazing out over the stages of that long *trek* and asking Yourself, "Would you do it again if you had the chance?"'

II

Mark Twain is generally known to the world as a laugher. His seriousness, his pathos, his romance, his instinct for adventure are all acknowledged and enjoyed. Still, the mention of his name almost always brings a smile first. So did the sight of him.

There is no doubt that he found the universe laughable and made it so. The ultimate test of the laughing instinct is that a man should be always ready to laugh at himself. Mark was. The strange chances of his life, its ups and downs, its pitiful disasters, sometimes made him weep, often made him swear. But at a touch they could always make him laugh. 'There were few things that did not amuse him,' writes his biographer, 'and certainly nothing amused him more, or oftener, than himself.' One brief sentence sums up what he was never tired of repeating: 'I have been an author for twenty years and an ass for fifty-five.'

And he not only saw laughter when it came to him: he went to seek it. He was always fond of jests and fantastic tricks, made mirth out of solemn things and solemn people, stood ready, like the clown of the circus, to crack his whip and bid the world dance after him in quaint freaks of jollity, all the more diverting when staid souls and mirthless visages played a chief part in the furious revel.

On the strength of this constant sense and love of laughter many have maintained that Mark was one of the great world-humorists, that he ranks with Cervantes and Sterne and the Shakespeare of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, as one who was an essential exponent of the comic spirit. With this view I cannot wholly agree. It is true that Mark could find the laughable element in everything; true also that he had that keen sense of melancholy which is inseparable from the richest comedy. Few have expressed this more intensely than he has. 'Everything human is pathetic. The secret source of humor itself is not joy, but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven.' Yet the very extravagance of expression here suggests my difficulty. Somehow in Mark the humor and the pathos are not perfectly blended. The laughter is wild and exuberant as heart can desire, but it does not really go to the bottom of things. Serious matters, so-called serious matters, are taken too seriously; and under the laughter there is a haunting basis of wrath and bitterness and despair.

To elucidate this, it is necessary to examine and follow the process and progress of Mark's thinking. In early years, as he himself admits, he thought little — that is, abstractly. His mind was active enough, busy enough, and, as we have seen, his fancy was always full of dreams. But he let the great problems alone, did not analyze, did not philosophize, content to extract immense joviality from the careless surface of life, and not to probe further. Even the analysis of laughter itself did not tempt him. In this he was probably wise, and he maintained the attitude always. 'Humor is a subject which has never had much interest for me.' Indeed, the analysis of humor may be safely left to those gray persons who do not know what it is. But much of the jesting of Mark's youthful days is so trivial that it distinctly implies the absence of steady thinking on any subject. Not that he was indifferent to practical seriousness. Wrong, injustice, cruelty could always set him on fire in a moment. There was no folly about his treatment of these. But at that stage his seriousness was busy with effects rather than with causes.

Then he acquired money and leisure and began to reason on the nature

of things. This late dawning of his speculative turn must always be remembered in considering the quality of it. It accounts for the singular gaps in his information about simple matters, for the impression of terrific but not very well guided energy which comes from his intellectual effort. It accounts for the sense of surprise and novelty in his spiritual attitude, which Mr. Howells has so justly pointed out. He seems always like a man discovering things which are perfectly well known to trained thinkers, and this gives an extraordinary freshness and spirit to his pronouncements on all speculative topics.

When he grew aware of his reasoning powers, he delighted in them. His shrewd little daughter said of him, 'He is as much of a philosopher as anything, I think.' He was a philosopher by inclination, at any rate. He loved to worry the universe, as a kitten worries a ball of yarn. Perhaps this seemed to make up in a small way for the worries the universe had given him. He loved to argue and discuss and dispute and confute, and then to spread over all bitterness the charm of his inextinguishable laughter. His oaths and jests and epigrams convulsed his interlocutors, if they did not convince them.

As to his theoretical conclusions, it may be said that they were in the main nihilistic. But before considering them more particularly, it must be insisted and emphasized that they were wholly theoretical and did not affect his practical morals in the least. Few human beings ever lived who had a nicer conscience and a finer and more delicate fulfilment of duty. It is true that all his life he kept up a constant humorous depreciation of himself in this regard. If you listened to his own confessions, you would think him the greatest liar in existence, and conclude that his moral depravation was equaled only by his intellectual nullity. This method is often effective for hiding and excusing small defects and delinquencies. But Mark needed no such excuse. What failings there were in his moral character were those incident to humanity. As an individual, he stood with the best.

The most obvious instances of his rectitude are in regard to money. In spite of his dreams and speculative vagaries, he was punctiliously scrupulous in financial relations, his strictness culminating in the vast effort of patience and self-denial necessary to pay off the obligations of honor which fell upon him in his later years. But the niceness of his conscience was not limited to broad obligations of this kind. 'Mine was a trained Presbyterian conscience,' he says, 'and knew but the one duty — to hunt and harry its slave upon all pretexts and all occasions.' He might trifle, he might quibble, he might jest; but no one was more anxious to do what was fair and right, even to the point of overdoing it. 'I don't wish even to seem to do anything which can invite suspicion,' he said, as to a matter so trivial as taking advantage in a game.

And the moral sense was not confined to practical matters of conduct. Human tenderness and kindliness and sympathy have rarely been more highly developed than in this man who questioned their existence. The finest touch in all his writings is the cry of Huck Finn, when, after a passionate struggle between his duty to society and his duty to friendship, he tears the paper in which he proposed to surrender the nigger, Jim, and exclaims, 'All right, then, I'll *go* to hell.' And Mark himself would have been perfectly capable, not only of saying he would go, but of going.

As he loved men, so he trusted them. In the abstract, judging from himself, he declared they were monsters of selfishness, greedy, deceitful, treacherous,

thoughtful in all things of their own profit and advantage. In the individual, again judging from himself, he accepted them at their face value, as kindly, self-sacrificing, ready to believe, ready to love, ready to help. Being himself an extreme example, both in skeptical analysis and in human instinct, he often fell into error and trusted where there was no foundation to build on.

In consequence, his actual experience went far to justify his skeptical theories, and he presents another example, like Swift, like Leopardi, of a man whose standard of life is so high, who expects so much of himself and of others, that the reality perpetually fails him, and excess of optimism drives him to excess of pessimism. For example, his interesting idealization or idolatry of Joan of Arc, his belief that she actually existed as a miracle of nature, makes it comprehensible that he should find ordinary men and women faulty and contemptible enough compared with such a type.

It is not the place here to analyze Mark's speculative conclusions in detail. They may be found theoretically elaborated in *What is Man?* practically applied in *The Mysterious Stranger* and the *Maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson*, and artistically illustrated in *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg* and innumerable other stories. They may be summed up as a soulless and blasting development of crude evolutionary materialism, as best manifested in the teachings of Robert Ingersoll. Man's freedom disappears, his best morality becomes enlightened selfishness, his soul is dissipated into thin air, his future life grows so dubious as to be disregarded, and the thought of death is tolerable only because life is not. The deity, in any sense of value to humanity, is quite disposed of; or, if he is left lurking in an odd corner of the universe, it is with such entire discredit that one can only recall the sarcasm of the witty Frenchman: 'The highest compliment we can pay God is not to believe in him.'

In all this perpetually recurrent fierce dissection of the divine and human one is constantly impressed by the vigor and independence of the thinking. The man makes his views for himself; or since, as he repeatedly insists, no one does this, at least he makes them over, rethinks them, gives them a cast, a touch that stamps them Mark Twain's and no one else's, and, as such, significant for the study of his character, if for nothing more.

On the other hand, if the thinking is fresh and vigorous, one is also impressed and distressed by its narrowness and dogmatism. Here again the man's individuality shows in ample, humorous recognition of his own weakness, or excess of strength. No one has ever admitted with more delightful candor the encroaching passion of a preconceived theory. I have got a philosophy of life, he says, and the rest of my days will be spent in patching it up and 'in looking the other way when an imploring argument or a damaging fact approaches.' Nevertheless, the impression of dogmatism remains, or, let us say better, of limitation. The thinking is acute, but does not go to the bottom of things. The fundamental, dissolving influence of the idealistic philosophy, for instance, is not once suggested or comprehended. This shows nowhere more fully than in the discussion of Christian Science. Everything is shrewd, apt, brilliant, but wholly on the surface.

The effect of the bitter and withering character of Mark's thought on his own life was much emphasized by the lack of the great and sure spiritual resources that are an unfailing refuge to some of us. He could not transport himself into the past. When he attempted it, he carried all the battles and problems of to-day along with him, as in *A Connecti-*

cut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. He had not the historical feeling in its richest sense. Art also, in all its deeper manifestations, was hidden from him. He could not acquire a love for classical painting or music, and revenged himself for his lack of such enjoyment by railing at those who had it. Even nature did not touch great depths in him, because they were not there. He felt her more theatrical aspects — sunsets, ice-storms. Her energy stimulated a strange excitement in him, shown in Twitchell's account of his rapture over a mountain brook. I do not find that he felt the charm of lonely walks in country solitude.

It is on this lack of depth in thinking and feeling that I base my reluctance to class Mark with the greatest comic writers of the world. His thought was bitter because it was shallow; it did not strike deep enough to get the humble tolerance, the vast self-distrust, that should go with a dissolving vision of the foundations of the individual universe. His writing alternates from the violence of unmeaning laughter to the harshness of satire that has no laughter in it. In this he resembles Molière, whose Scapins are as far from thought as are his Tartuffes from gayety. And Mark's place is rather with the bitter satirists, Molière, Ben Jonson, Swift, than with the great, broad, sunshiny laughers, Lamb, Cervantes, and the golden comedy of Shakespeare.

Indeed, no one word indicates better the lack I mean in Mark than 'sunshine.' You may praise his work in many ways; but could anyone ever call it merry? He can give you at any time a riotous outburst of convulsive cachinnation. He cannot give you merriment, sunshine, pure and lasting joy. These are always the enduring elements of the highest comedy. They are not the essential characteristics of the work of Mark Twain.

III

But perhaps this is to consider too curiously. The total of Mark's work affords other elements of interest besides the analysis of speculative thought, or even of laughter. Above all, we Americans should appreciate how thoroughly American he is. To be sure, in the huge mixture of stocks and races that surrounds us, it seems absurd to pick out anything or anybody as typically American. Yet we do it. We all choose Franklin as the American of the eighteenth century and Lincoln as the American of the nineteenth. And most will agree that Mark was as American as either of these.

He was American in appearance. The thin, agile, mobile figure, with its undulating grace in superficial awkwardness, suggested worlds of humorous sensibility. The subtle, wrinkled face, under its rich shock of hair, first red, then snowy white, had endless possibilities of sympathetic response. It was a face that expressed, repressed, impressed every variety of emotion known to its owner.

He was American in all his defects and limitations. The large tolerance, cut short with a most definite end when it reached the bounds of its comprehension, was eminently American. The slight flavor of conceit, at least of self-complacent satisfaction, the pleasant and open desire to fill a place in the world, whether by mounting a platform at just the right moment or wearing staring white clothes in public places, we may call American with slight emphasis, as well as human.

But these weaknesses were intimately associated with a very American excellence, the supreme candor, the laughing frankness which recognized them always. Assuredly no human being ever more abounded in such candor than Mark Twain. He confessed at all times,

with the amplitude of diction that was born with him, all his enjoyment, all his suffering, all his sin, all his hope, all his despair.

And he was American in another delightful thing, his quickness and readiness of sympathy, his singular gentleness and tenderness. He could lash out with his tongue and tear anything and anybody to pieces. He could not have done bodily harm to a fly, unless a larger pity called for it. He was supremely modest and simple in his demands upon others, supremely depreciative of the many things he did for them. 'I wonder why they all go to so much trouble for me. I never go to any trouble for anybody.' The quiet wistfulness of it, when you know him, brings tears.

Above all, he was American in his thorough democracy. He had a pitiful distrust of man; but his belief in men, all men, was as boundless as his love for them. Though he lived much with the rich and lofty, he was always perfectly at home with the simple and the poor, understood their thoughts, liked their ways, and made them feel that he had been simple and poor himself and might be so again.

He was not only democratic in feeling and spirit, he was democratic in authorship, both in theory and practice. Hundreds of authors have been obliged to write for the ignorant many, for the excellent reason that the cultivated few would not listen to them. Perhaps not one of these hundreds has so deliberately avowed his purpose of neglecting the few to address vast masses as Mark did. The long letter to Mr. Andrew Lang, in which he proclaims and explains this intention, is a curious document. Let others aim high, he says, let others exhaust themselves in restless and usually vain attempts to please fastidious critics. I write for the million, I want to please them, I know how to do it, I have done it. 'I have never tried in even one single instance, to help cultivate the cultivated classes. . . . I never had any ambition in that direction, but always hunted for bigger game — the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but have done my best to entertain them. To simply amuse them would have satisfied my dearest ambition at any time.'

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the weak points in this theory. Whatever Mark, or anyone else, professes, it cannot be questioned that he prefers the approbation of the cultured few, when he can get it. Moreover, it may easily be maintained that the many in most cases take their taste from the few; and if this does not hold with a writer's contemporaries, it is unfailing with posterity. If a writer is to please the generations that follow him, he can do it only by securing the praise of those who by taste and cultivation are qualified to judge. In other words, if Mark's works endure, it will be because he appealed to the few as well as to the many.

However this may be, there can be no question that Mark reached the great democratic public of his own day and held it. To be sure, it is doubtful whether even he attained the full glory of what he and Stevenson agreed to call 'submerged authorship,' the vast acceptance of those who are wept over at lone midnight by the shop-girl and the serving-maid. But his best books — *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper* — may justly be said to belong to the literature of American democracy; and the travel books and many others are not far behind these.

In view of this fixed intention to appeal to the masses and to affect the masses, it becomes an essential part of the study of Mark's career and char-

acter to consider what his influence upon the masses was. He talked to them all his life, from the platform and from the printed page, with his sympathetic, human voice, his insinuating smile. What did his talk mean to them, how did it affect them, for good or for evil?

In the first place, beyond a doubt, enormously for good. Laughter in itself is an immense blessing to the weary soul — not a disputable blessing, like too much teaching and preaching, but a positive benefit. 'Amusement is a good preparation for study and a good healer of fatigue after it,' says Mark himself. And amusement he provided, in vast abundance, muscle-easing, spirit-easing.

Also, he did more than make men laugh, he made them think, on practical moral questions. He used his terrible weapon of satire to demolish meanness, greed, pettiness, dishonesty. He may have believed, in the abstract, that selfishness was the root of human action, but he scourged it in concrete cases with whips of scorpions. He may have believed, in the abstract, that men were unfit to govern themselves, but he threw scorn biting as vitriol on those who attempted to tyrannize over others.

Finally, Mark's admirers insist, and insist with justice, that he was a splendid agent in the overthrow of shams. He loved truth, sincerity, the simple recognition of facts as they stand, no matter how homely, and with all his soul he detested cant of all kinds. 'His truth and his honor, his love of truth, and his love of honor, overflow all boundaries,' says Mr. Birrell. 'He has made the world better by his presence.' From this point of view the praise was fully deserved.

Yet it is just here that we come upon the weakness. And if Mark made the world better, he also made it worse — at any rate, many individuals in it: for, with the wholesale destruction of shams, went, as so often, the destruction of reverence, 'that angel of the world,' as Shakespeare calls it. The trouble was that, when Mark had fairly got through with the shams, there was nothing left. One of his enthusiastic admirers compares him to Voltaire. The comparison is interesting and suggestive. Voltaire, too, was an enormous power in his day. He wrote for the multitude, so far as it was then possible to do it. He wielded splendid weapons of sarcasm and satire. He was always a destroyer of shams, smashed superstition and danced upon the remains of it. But Voltaire was essentially an optimist and believed in and enjoyed many things. He enjoyed literature, he enjoyed glory, he enjoyed living; above all, he believed in and enjoyed Voltaire. When Mark had stripped from life all the illusions that remained even to Voltaire, there was nothing left but a naked, ugly, hideous corpse, amiable only in that it was a corpse, or finally would be.

Mark himself frequently recognizes this charge of being a demolisher of reverence, and tries to rebut it. I never assault real reverence, he says. To pretend to revere things because others revere them, or say they do, to cherish established superstitions of art, or of morals, or of religion, is to betray and to deceive and to corrupt. But I never mock those things that I really revere myself. All other reverence is humbug. And one is driven to ask, what does he really revere, himself? His instinctive reverence for humanity in individual cases is doubtless delicate and exquisite; but in theory he tears the veil from God and man alike.

To illustrate I need only quote two deliberate and well-weighed utterances of his riper years. How could you wither man more terribly than in the following?

'A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead; pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last, — the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them, — and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence, where they have achieved nothing, where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have left no sign that they have existed — a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever.'

For those who thus envisaged man there used to be a refuge with God. Not so for Mark. Man deserves pity. God — at least, any God who might have been a refuge — deserves nothing but horror and contempt. The criticism is, to be sure, put into the mouth of Satan; but Satan would have been shocked at it: he was not so far advanced as Mark: —

'A God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one . . . who mouths justice and invented hell — mouths mercy and invented hell — mouths Golden Rules, and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself; who frowns upon crimes, yet commits them all; who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon himself; and finally, with altogether divine obtuseness, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him.'

Can it be considered that doctrines such as this are likely to be beneficial to the average ignorant reader of democracy, or that the preacher of them made the world wholly better by his presence? It is true that they do not appear so openly in Mark's best-known books, true that the practical manliness and generosity of Tom and Huck largely eclipse them. Yet the fierce pessimism of Pudd'nhead Wilson stares at the reader from the popular story of that name and from the equally popular *Following the Equator*, and even in the history of Tom and Huck the hand that slashes reverence is never far away.

The charge of evil influence fretted Mark as much as that of irreverence. He defends himself by denying that there is such a thing as personal influence from doctrines. Our happiness and unhappiness, he says, come from our temperament, not from our belief, which does not affect them in the slightest. This is, of course, gross exaggeration, as the story of Mark's own life shows again and again. One can perhaps best speak for one's self. It took years to shake off the withering blight which Mark's satire cast for me over the whole art of Europe. For years he spoiled for me some of the greatest sources of relief and joy. How many never shake off that blight at all! Again, in going back to him to write this portrait, I found the same portentous, shadowing darkness stealing over me that he spread before. I lived for ten years with the soul of Robert E. Lee, and it really made a little better man of me. Six months of Mark Twain made me a worse. I even caught his haunting exaggeration of profanity. And I am fifty-six years old and not very susceptible to infection. What can

he not do to boys and girls of sixteen?

It is precisely his irresistible personal charm that makes his influence overwhelming. You hate Voltaire; you love Mark. In later years a lady called upon him to express her enthusiasm. She wanted to kiss his hand. Imagine the humor of the situation — for Mark. But he accepted it with perfect dignity and perfect tender seriousness. 'How God must love you!' said the lady. 'I hope so,' answered Mark gently. After she had gone, he observed as gently and without a smile, 'I guess she has n't heard of our strained relations.'

How could you help being overcome by such a man and disbelieving all he disbelieved? When he clasps your hand and lays his arm over your shoulder and whispers that life is a wretched, pitiable thing, and effort useless, and hope worthless, how are you to resist him?

So my final, total impression of Mark is desolating. If his admirers rebel, declare this utterly false, and insist that the final impression is laughter, they should remember that it is they, and especially Mark himself, who are perpetually urging us to take him seriously. Taken seriously, he is desolating. I cannot escape the image of a person groping in the dark, with his hands blindly stretched before him, ignorant of whence he comes and whither he goes, yet with it all suddenly bursting out into peals of laughter, which, in such a situation, have the oddest and most disconcerting effect.

Yet, whatever view you take of him, if you live with him long, he possesses you and obsesses you; for he was a big man and he had a big heart.

TWO SINS AGAINST TOLERANCE

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

In a catechism which I used to study there was a classification of sins on the basis of virtues in the somewhat discouraging ratio of two to one. The path of godliness, it appeared, was beset with temptations on either side. One could have too much or too little of the quality of every virtue, but whether one sinned by way of excess or by way of deficiency, one was equally far from being in a state of grace. Thus it was said that the sins against Hope were Presumption on the one hand and Despair on the other.

I hold no brief either for or against such a method of classification as a piece of abstract casuistry, but I am interested in its present application to the theory and practice of Tolerance, which is the newest and therefore the least generally understood of the cardinal virtues. Moreover, at the risk of seeming unduly dogmatic, I am willing to assert that the sins against Tolerance are Skepticism and Bigotry, and that, paradoxical as it may seem, we Americans are simultaneously in danger of becoming skeptics as a matter of philosophy and bigots as a matter of fact.

I

The roots of skepticism lie in the very general modern acceptance of what I have come to regard as one of the most pernicious heresies under the sun, namely, the doctrine that right and wrong are entirely relative matters which rest on nothing more enduring than personal opinion. I am not attacking the teachings of any formal school of philosophy. I am only trying to express the attitude of most of the people who think of themselves and speak of themselves as liberals. Go into any church which calls itself liberal, or advanced, and you will be told in substance that it is not necessary to be right but only to think you are right.

This is not only a very soft doctrine, but it is softer than the facts. Upon the very fabric of life is stamped the stern command that you must be right at your peril. Not for nothing was it written that it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. To say that polygamy is a meritorious practice for Mormons because they honestly believe in it is to say that the world was flat before Columbus proved that it was round. To say that Republicans and Democrats are equally patriotic is to state a perfectly evident fact, but to say that they are equally right is to state an absurdity. Moreover, it is an absurdity which no one is so foolish as to commit in practical affairs. No one for a moment supposes that a clear conscience will heat a cold room or turn a bad meal into a good one. We live our lives subject to rigorous physical laws, and when we violate them we take the consequences. What we are to eat and how we are to live are questions which we are bound to answer at our own risk. If we fail to answer them correctly, mere goodness of intention will not help us a whit.

Much good work has been done in recent years in the field of prison reform, but some of it has been marred by a failure to remember that a prisoner is, after all, a man who has committed a crime. It is utterly beside the point to answer that, if we knew all, we would forgive all. There is respectable authority for the proposition that it is our duty to forgive all whether we know all or not. God alone can measure the length and breadth of human sin in the light of his infinite mercy. But neither our knowledge nor our forgiveness is any reason, so far as I can see, for supposing that a murderer is any the less a murderer because he has added unwritten amendments to the text of the Ten Commandments. It is precisely the case of the man who is out of step with the regiment. As a piece of pure logic, it is possible (though unlikely) that the man and the regiment are both out of step with the music. But it is unthinkable that they are both in step with it, and at the same time out of step with each other.

Nor do I think that any more can be said on behalf of this particular kind of liberalism if we pass altogether outside the domain of individual ethics. It is generally conceded, for instance, that the Civil War was the most tremendous domestic crisis through which America has passed up to the present time. The cause of the North triumphed, and, after the lapse of half a century, most Americans are agreed that its triumph was righteous. Every mind indignantly rejects the idea that sin can in any wise be imputed to the men who faced each other on the battlefields of that war. We are humbly conscious rather that their conduct was equally above all praise. And yet it is a mockery, which they would be the first to resent, to suggest that they, or the principles for which they fought, were, in any sense of the word, equally right.

Another national crisis is upon us to-day. As I write these words, a battle is being waged, behind the rights and wrongs of puzzling specific instances, between those who are seeking to destroy and those who are seeking to fulfil the social and political hopes and aspirations to which the American Commonwealth was dedicated. In the issue thus joined it is altogether likely that each side honestly believes in the justice and wisdom of its cause. It is certain, however, that one side or the other is mistaken, and neither idealism, however unselfish, nor loyalty, however devoted, can abate the awful consequences of that certainty. Let our citizens look to it, for on one side or the other fights the invisible ally whose 'truth is marching on.'

It must be admitted, of course, that truth is one thing and our idea of it another; but this is only the tacit admission behind every human affirmation. If we never spoke except upon certain knowledge, we should always be silent. 'A decent respect to the opinions of mankind' bids us beware of a wayward cocksureness; but pure skepticism implies an indecent disrespect to our own opinions, which is one of the clearest of the stigmata of decadence. It was the disciples of Pyrrho and not of Socrates who doubted whether they doubted. Our forefathers professed 'a decent respect to the opinions of mankind,' but they nevertheless had no scruples about pitching several thousand pounds of tea into Boston harbor. They also hanged witches at Salem, and did many other fierce and wrong acts; but they never committed the sin of Pontius Pilate, whose name has been detestable for two thousand years, because, at a stupendous crisis, he could do no better than to ask, 'What is truth?'

I have a friend, a lawyer, who has frequently had occasion to examine two medical experts as witnesses on his side of various important cases. The physicians in question are in all respects equally distinguished practitioners, but my friend considers one of them a much safer witness than the other. He bases this belief on the answer which each is accustomed to make to a usual question in the course of cross-examination. This question is whether the witness may not be mistaken in his opinion. The first doctor always says, 'Certainly,' without more. The second replies, 'I may be mistaken, *but I think not*'; and my friend is satisfied that the emphasis on the added words carries great weight with juries.

Logically, the second answer is a piece of tautology, because in stating any opinion one necessarily expresses a belief in its correctness; but the tautology springs from unfairness inherent in the question itself. An admission of possible error is the unspoken preface of every speech. Fallibility is the inertia against which a man moves when he undertakes to speak at all. How positively he may be justified in speaking depends upon 'an assemblage of probabilities' of which he must be the judge. This 'assemblage of probabilities' may be so strong as to amount to a moral certainty, or so weak as to make the adherence to a judgment based upon it mere stubborness; but in either case tolerance certainly demands nothing so absurd as a concession that one opinion is as good as another because both may be wrong.

Now tolerance is a by-product of democracy, professing the same doctrine and subject to the same limitations. The essence of democracy is not equality, but equality before the law. The essence of tolerance is not doubt, but charity and a sense of fair play. The vice of the bigot and the despot is not certitude, but a refusal to hear both sides of the case. Freedom of thought no more implies an approval of heresy

than freedom of action implies an approval of crime. Everyone has a right to a hearing, just as everyone has a right to a chance in the world; but truth and worth are, none the less, solemn and detached realities which nothing can controvert.

All this is, in a sense, a protest against a modern point of view. In another sense it is a personal profession of faith. The objective distinction between good and evil, and our fitness to make that distinction, seem to me first principles which increase in importance with our own perplexities. If the world is indeed a wilderness, it is both untrue and foolish to keep repeating that all paths lead straight to the broad highway; and it is equally foolish to follow only half-heartedly what seems to us the best path, for the reason that our neighbor may possibly have hit upon a better one. There is no way out of the labyrinth except to find the clue, and nothing will discharge our obligation to find it except performance. On such a theory, life is a perilous quest which may end in achievement. On any other, it is a meaningless nightmare without an end in view. It was Shakespeare who wrote, 'for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.' But it is worth remembering that he put these words in the mouth of Hamlet, who was either a madman or a sane man successfully feigning madness, as the critics may prefer.

II

But if the sin of skepticism lies in a perversion of liberal thinking, the menace of bigotry is chiefly to be found in an equally dangerous perversion of conservative conduct and leadership. Every war brings with it a temporary curtailment of the sphere of individual liberty of which no citizen can justly complain. No sea-captain, even though we may conceive him to have been placed in authority by the free choice of his crew, can afford to debate questions of navigation in the midst of a storm. At such a time the blindest obedience becomes the part, not only of duty but of self-interest, and there is no choice but to put mutineers, irrespective of their motives, in irons. But with the return of fair weather, the stars swing once more in their accustomed places. It is time to bring the mutineers up from the hold for whatever hearing 'the law of the land' accords them.

The American people are just now confronted with the wave of social unrest which is sweeping over the world in the wake of the world-war. It is, I suppose, impossible to approach the questions which are now before us for consideration without some mental predisposition one way or the other. I know that my own predisposition, both innately and as a matter of training, is what is generally called conservative. I really believe, for instance, that a representative republic such as ours is a better and, rightly considered, a more progressive form of government than a social democracy. I am as far as possible from being a Bolshevist or an anarchist. I do not believe in governmental ownership of public utilities in any form or under any disguise. I opposed both the constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of United States senators and the amendment enacting national prohibition, and since their adoption I have had no occasion to change my opinion about either of them.

These are simply my own conclusions, which may be quite incorrect as a matter of fact, though, like my friend's witness, *I think not.* But, so far as my fellow citizens are concerned, my conclusions are, in a certain sense, at least, entirely irrevelant. They are part of

a composite judgment, nothing more, and they are entitled to only so much weight as their own intrinsic worth, backed by the weight of my personal authority, be that much or little, is able to win for them. 'All power,' says the Constitution of my own state, in words which fairly express the political philosophy underlying the Constitution of the United States as well, 'is inherent in the people and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their peace, safety and happiness. For the advancement of these ends they have at all times an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform or abolish their government in such manner as they may think proper.'

But the right thus stated is, in the United States, happily more than the abstract product of any paper constitution. It is a perfectly practical fact, and every American knows it. Whenever a substantial majority of our fellow citizens, having soberly considered both sides of the case, desires to adopt the social and political theories of Lenin and Trotsky, it not only has a theoretical right so to do, but it has, by means of constitutional amendments, the actual power to accomplish such a result. Precisely because this is the case, every right-minded American must have viewed with satisfaction the recent conviction and sentence in New York of two aliens who had advocated the overthrow by force of our present form of government. The crime for which they were indicted is defined by a special statute and is known as 'criminal anarchy,' but logically it is treason — not treason against the United States in the technical sense, but treason against the basic principle of democracy, which is that the will of the whole people (necessarily determined in practice by the will of the majority) is paramount to the will of any part of the people.

Now, if it be true that the people have a right 'to alter, reform or abolish' their government at will, — and we Americans should be the last to dispute it, — and, further, if it be true that it is here and now treason against democracy and tolerance for a radical minority to seek to blow up with bombs the leaders and representatives of a political organization with which they happen to disagree, it is equally — and for the same reasons — treason against democracy and tolerance for a conservative majority forcibly to prevent a full and free discussion of the views of political thinkers with whom they happen to disagree. Indeed, one proposition necessarily depends on the other. Revolution by force is a crime only when revolution by argument and persuasion is an ever-present possibility. Free speech is not merely one of the results of democracy: it is likewise one of the continuing causes of democracy. When free speech ceases, public opinion ceases; and when the rule of public opinion ceases, despotism begins. The American tradition affirms that the forcible overthrow of despotism is not base but noble.

Some months ago a well-known clergyman and educator delivered a public lecture in the city in which I live. In the course of his remarks he said that if he were President of the United States he would order the arrest of every Socialist and anarchist in the country, would have them taken to New York harbor, and thence 'on a ship of stone with sails of lead' would 'start them straight for the closest port of Hell.' The speaker was an educated native-born citizen, and was speaking in a small and thoroughly American inland city, but one seldom hears more seditious language on the lips of an illiterate immigrant haranguing foreigners in the heart of one of our great centres of population. In principle such an utterance is quite as bad as that for

which the New York anarchists were sent (as I think rightly) to jail, and in practice it is a great deal more sinister and alarming. The number of radical agitators in the United States is said to be about twenty thousand. The number of influential conservatives is many times as great. It is, therefore, chiefly upon the temperance and fortitude of conservative leadership that the safety of America depends.

I have said that I have faith in our political institutions. I have faith in our people as well. 'It is not uninteresting to the world,' said Thomas Jefferson, 'that an experiment should be fairly and fully made whether freedom of discussion, unaided by power, is not sufficient for the propagation and protection of truth.' We find ourselves in the midst of this experiment, and I for one am willing to debate the apostles of Bolshevism, not only because tolerance entitles both sides to a hearing, but because I believe I have a better case than they have and because I have confidence in the court and jury.

The Constitution of the United States can claim for itself none of the sacred character which the Hebrews attributed to the laws of Moses. It was devised by wise and patriotic men after a score of compromises. It was adopted after the most unrestricted consideration in the forum of public opinion. It stands vindicated in the record of nearly a century and a half of progress and development without a parallel in the history of civilization. If, then, the form of government which the Constitution set up cannot now win for itself vindication as a working success from the same tribunal which approved it as a mere experiment over a century ago, the obvious conclusion would seem to be that our government is not really so good as I think it is — in other words, that my own conclusion on this point is quite wrong; and in that case we ought by all means to avail ourselves of the first opportunity to replace our present political structure by a better one.

Finally, and as a mere matter of conservative expediency, it will do no good in any event to tie down the safety-valve. Most of the undesirable agitators in the country are, as everybody knows, of foreign birth, and most of them were born in countries where there has already been too much tying down of the safety-valve. The unthinking conservative first of all begets the unthinking radical. However much we may wish that the soap-box orator had chosen to set up his soap-box, as Diogenes set up his tub, in the land of his nativity, he has in fact done no such thing. The soap-box is at our street corners, and we are confronted by the necessity of letting it remain there, so long as its occupant confines his attention to pointing out the supposed advantages of substituting another form of government for the one under which we are now living, or of repudiating the very principles which form the most significant part of America's contribution to the world's heritage of freedom.

There is only one other possible point of view, and that is that the people are incompetent to select their own form of government. If that is true, then democracy has failed; and if democracy has failed, then America has failed. Personally I have no fear on this point, but even if I had, — being an American and remembering the aspirations, the denial, the blood and tears, the anguish and longing that have gone into the making of America, — it seems to me that I would at least give democracy the benefit of the doubt, and continue, though with a waning faith, along the old paths, even as Peter, after he had denied his Lord, nevertheless 'followed afar off . . . to see the end.'

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BREADANDSALTNESS

BY EDWIN BONTA

No matter what other things of a flattering nature a nation may find to say about itself, we may be reasonably sure that it will vaunt its spirit of hospitality. So general is this proper conceit, so time-honored, that we believe Cain must have found the land of Nod noted for its kindness to the 'stranger within its gates.' For this reason we feel our position quite unassailable when we say that the Russians too are particularly keen on this native trait, known to themselves as 'breadandsaltness.'

Catchpole was tired. I was tired. And why should n't we be? Had n't we been traveling since six o'clock in the evening, in a rigid old wagon without springs — and over a corduroy road in which more than half the logs had sunk out of sight in the bog? How can you think a journey of this kind is comfortable? How can you believe our dispositions were not frayed to a thin fringe? The wonder of it, as I look back, is that he and I could go through four days and nights of it together — days and nights of almost incessant travel — and come through friends.

We had now been on the road already eight hours, and it was nearing two o'clock in the morning.

We were reaching the end of our stage, said Mefódi, where we should change horses before going on with the journey. 'End of the stage' at once suggested post-house, and tea, and rest, and perhaps even sleep — four whole hours of it — before we must be up and on our way once more.

And then, to cast down our rising spirits, had come Mefódi's announcement that there would n't be any post-house.

'What? No post-house? No rest? No supper? No sleep?'

'Not necessary!' Mefódi assured us. 'You may be very quiet. There is a friend to me in this town, this Verkhóvaya. You will go to him!'

'But, Mefódusha,' I cut in, 'impossible! It's already two o'clock —'

'It is nothing!' interrupted Mefódi. 'You will go to him!'

'Agreeable!' said I, relapsing into the hay.

My traveling companion rolled a tired eye in my direction. 'What was the meaning of that little lot?' he asked.

With a stifled sigh, I retailed in English, for the hundredth time that day, the scrap of conversation we had held.

Some minutes after, Mefódi pulled up his horse before a house in the village, and pounded on the door with the butt of his whip.

'This,' he announced, 'is the house of Makár.'

The door opened at length, and a very tousled, very sleepy head was thrust out.

'*Zdrávstvui*, Makár!' said Mefódi; and pointing with the butt of his whip, 'My friend Petr Ivanich Weaver. Become acquainted, please!' And he bowed

as graciously as possible, owing to the quiltiness of his costume.

The tousled head bobbed down and back. '*Very* pleasant!' said its owner, drowsily.

'My friend's friend, Captain Catchpole,' continued Mefódi. 'Become acquainted, please!'

'*Very* pleasant!' said Makár, bobbing again with the head.

'The officers will night it with you, Makár Stepánich,' explained Mefódi.

'*Very* pleasant!' responded Makár, bobbing some more.

We hesitated at being wished on a total stranger in this manner.

'You 're sure we won't be in the way — sure we won't uncalm you at all?' I asked.

Makár dug his knuckles into sleepy eyes. 'Uncalm us?' he repeated to himself. 'Uncalm us? — oh, please!' he replied cordially, and bobbed once again.

The captain poked gingerly with his stick at a filthy remnant of a door-mat, or glanced furtively over the shoulder of Makár's nightshirt at the disorder within the house. (Night-shirt, did we say? More correctly, under layer of integuments — the upper layers having been laid off at bedtime.)

'Be so kind!' said Makár, leading the way through a dark hall-way smelling of hay, fish, wet boots, damp clothing, moist plaster, and folks.

'Damn!' muttered my companion under his breath, as he stumbled over a padded driver asleep on the floor; and 'Damn!' again as he tripped over a second.

'*Chort!*' I said, as, carefully avoiding the above two, I stepped squarely on the soft stomach of a third.

Makár noted our annoyance and embarrassment. 'It is nothing!' he said.

He flung open the inner door and ushered us into the single room that made their home. A smoky lamp burned dimly on the table. In the corner a disordered bed from which he, and his, had apparently hastily arisen. In a far corner another bed, in which two sturdy youngsters were tucked away.

'Plant yourselves, please! Thither!' Makár pointed to the usual long bench under the windows, and then disappeared for the moment behind the great masonry stove.

Catchpole planted himself nowhither but continued standing by the doorway. With his bamboo he started poking at the tattered edge of wall-paper around the casing. I had hoped he would n't disturb this! Many strange things lurk behind tattered wall-paper.

When Makár, now clothed, reappeared from behind the stove, my companion was still busy with his stick.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed suddenly, at the bottom of his breath.

'What?' I asked, apprehensively.

Seen in the flickering shadow, his features showed extreme disgust.

'Bugs!' he snapped in a low tone.

'And what does he say?' asked Makár.

'My friend,' I explained, 'positively refuses to believe that anyone could show such hospitality to two strangers, especially at such a time of night! You saw, no doubt, the unbelieving expression, and the strong gesture?'

'So?' said Makár complacently.

Mefódi appeared with our hamper and our sleeping-bags, and promptly retired again, taking his place on the floor of the hallway beside the other sleepers. The Makárov wife now appeared from behind the stove, greeted us graciously, and hastened to boil the samovar for tea.

'You will sup,' explained Makár, 'and, after, you will sleep here!'

He bowed low, and with conscious pride indicated the tumbled bed — his best — for his guests.

'What 's he saying?' asked my companion

'He says we will sleep there,' I interpreted, pointing to the bed.

'Fancy!' my companion exclaimed.

'That is — what did he say?' asked Makár in his turn.

'The captain is overcome by the nature of your hospitality,' I explained.

'I say!' my friend interrupted. 'Are you telling him I 'll sleep in that bed?'

'But Catchpole, we must!' I replied. 'Only think! Here we are, perfect strangers! We 're nothing to this man. And yet out of sheer kindness of heart he and his wife get up at two A.M. and give us shelter, give us tea — and even climb out and offer us their own bed! Why, common decency demands —'

'Decency!' he gasped. 'If I did sleep there, it would be the most indecent thing I ever did!'

'But we have got to live on fairly peaceable terms with these people,' I ventured.

'Well, damme!' he replied. 'Who wants to quarrel with them? Patch it up any way you like — as long as you or I don't sleep in that bed,' he added.

How this was to be accomplished, I was not prepared to say. Certainly not by telling them the true cause of our failing enthusiasm! As I tried to think of a means, my eyes roved aimlessly about the room, lighting upon the group of ikons in the 'beautiful corner.' And then it was that the inspiration seized me.

I addressed myself to Makár and the Makárov spouse, thanking them in no uncertain terms for their unstinted breadandsaltness. I assured them that not the smallest attention had gone unnoted or unappreciated. And then, as to the bed — I leaned over and whispered a deep secret in the ear of each.

Two pairs of eyes opened wide with wonderment and surprise. Two excited peasants disappeared behind the stove, and there followed a spirited discussion in low tones. Little Pável awaked, and sitting up in bed, took in their conversation, too, his eyes opening wide.

All hours are the same hour. Two A.M. or two P.M. — what does it matter when there is excitement toward? Quietly Pável slipped into his boots and was out of the door and off down the village street, apparently on some such errand as another Paul pursued years ago along the dark road to Lexington.

At least, as we sat at supper soon after, friends began dropping in. Slipped in silently and shyly, and took places along the seat under the windows. What Pável had told them we could not say — but there they were.

We opened our hamper, and the captain fished out a couple of tins of beef and a paper of sugar and tucked them quietly into the angle of the mother's arm as she came with the samovar.

Her face lighted with pleasure. Setting down the load to give her hands free play, she started thanking him in voluble Russian.

Now if there is one thing Catchpole dislikes, it is effusiveness. He rummaged about hastily in his meagre Russian vocabulary for a word to stem this flow. Then, pushing out a slender hand deprecatingly, '*Boomsillavatska!*' he replied, unsuccessfully.

As we two sat at supper, Makár (*vice* Mefódi, retired) showed off his guests with a proud air of proprietorship. In the shadowy corner by the stove there was much whispering, and some giggling.

'Not the haughty one, Makár,' I heard them ask shyly. 'The other queer one — what for a man is this?'

'This?' answered Makár knowingly. 'This is an *Amerikánets*. One tells from the thick nape of the neck. They drink much cold water, these strange people, and it shows in the back of the neck.'

Selecting isolated spots in the middle of the floor, we unrolled our sleeping-bags. Russia was deeply interested.

Catchpole then dropped down in the chair by the lamp, sweeping a distressed glance across the faces of the populace lining the walls of the little room. 'You may tell them, Weaver,' he said, 'that the show is over for this evening. Tell them they may go. I'm ready for bed.'

'Why, I can't tell them, old man,' I explained. 'They 're not our guests, they 're Makár's.'

The captain scowled and sat along in silence. Meanwhile the populace patiently waited. Russia has time, as the German proverb says.

My friend twitched convulsively and gave utterance to dire threats. 'Tell them,' he said 'that if they don't go I shall take my tunic off just the same!'

I told them. Russia stirred with expectant excitement, and remained fast.

The captain, true to his given word, removed his blouse ceremoniously and deliberately, and sat in the presence of the populace in his shirt-sleeves — the first time in the history of the great Empire.

Still Russia had time. Still Russia waited. Several uneventful moments passed, after which my friend turned to me again. 'Weaver,' he said despairingly, 'would n't you think they 'd take the hint? Would n't you think they 'd go *now?*'

I was busy unwinding my puttees, and did n't answer. But potent is the power of suggestion. Soon he too was unwinding his puttees, attentively watched by many pairs of round eyes.

'Now perhaps they 'll go,' he ventured, hesitantly, straightening up once more.

But I was busy taking off my shoes and did n't hear him. He looked from me to his pair of boots, from his pair of boots to the many pairs of eyes, and back again at me.

And bending over once more, he too started unlacing his boots. From boots we progressed to shirts. And, undaunted, from shirts to socks. And still Russia sat, undismayed. The captain, nonplussed, slumped back hopelessly in his chair, a long sock dangling limply from his hand. Obviously, the only remaining part of our ceremony was breeches.

He turned a patient eye on me. 'Now, Weaver, damme!' he sighed; 'they 've got to go, you know!'

'Yes,' I echoed doubtfully, 'they 've got to go.'

Then it was that my companion had *his* inspiration. A tell-tale light flashed in his eye for an instant as he sat up and turned his face smilingly toward the row of faces. 'Good-night!' he said, in his best Russian.

The row of faces looked mystified.

He turned in his chair, and with a deft hand, before anyone could guess his intent, flicked the sock across the top of the lamp chimney. *Tfu!* Out went the light, and we found ourselves in the blackest of nights.

There was a long wait in the dark; and a loud steady drone, as of a swarm of angry bees.

At length Makár brought a splint and lit the lamp again. As it burned up once more, the eager eyes peered blinkingly through the new-made light. But too late!

The strangers were tucked away in their bags.

'I say, Peter Weaver,' droned my companion from the depths of his, after the last of the villagers had filed out, 'I don't like to be always begging translations — no, not half! But I should like to know what you said to the old blighter and his wife, that started all the row.'

'Why,' — I yawned sleepily, — 'I had to tell them something about that bed business. I told them it was part of our religion to sleep on the floor.'

A MARGINAL ACQUAINTANCE

BY KATHERINE WILSON

THERE was little of the subtle influence of previous occupancy clinging to my tiny dwelling. A gray little bungalow in a village of bungalows that sheltered a 'literary colony,' it suffered naturally from the heterogeneity of a furnished house for rent. Five years of promiscuous ingress and egress, since the passing of its original owner, had rubbed from its portals all stamp of individuality; and when, therefore, in installing certain of my own *lares* and *penates*, that somewhat of that missing quality might hastily be lent during my occupation with a piece of literary work, I came suddenly upon signs of a grimly persistent presence, it was to be startled almost into a stammered apology for my intrusion.

For confronting me from a dark far corner of a 'skied' top-shelf, stolid and forbidding in the gloom, stood an old-model typewriter, its bars and keys festooned with cobweb chains, while beside it, lined up like sentries before a closeted past, was a row of veteran magazines. A shabby guard they were, dusty and unkempt, their tri-corns tattered, their edges frayed, some with their coats quite gone. But foremost among them, one sturdier and less antedated than the rest had managed to retain his own, and in an upper corner — on the lapel, as it were, like the decoration of some royal order — was a brief inscription written in a fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

Involuntarily I stepped back. It was something like five years, I had been informed, since Miss Peeples, the original owner of the house, had dwelt here — five years since that worthy lady, passing on, had left her abiding-place to the tender mercies of transient renters. Yet here, in the face of that inconsequent horde, stood stolidly this old typewriter, like a time-locked gate, and the tattered magazine guard, faithful warders of a presence reigning still through that last precisely executed order: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

It was arresting, this! There was something of stern tenacity in the terseness of that phrase, something that in its simple literalness was not to be gainsaid. And I was seized with a swift interest in one who, through the power of the written word alone, had thus managed to defy the oblivion of death. For I had not the slightest doubt that inside that frayed and dusty guard of magazines the person of Miss Peeples persisted still.

The power of a phrase! Certainly Miss Peeples had known it well — she who had relied upon that brief one of her own to stay so long the vandal's hand — through all those years to maintain on that 'skied' top-shelf her personal sanctum. And what was there of value and significance there to her? Was there, perhaps, in those frayed back-numbers, a treasury of contributions from her own hand — that hand which had known so well the force of the written word? For undoubtedly Miss Peeples wrote! The typewriter and the literary colony attested that. Then it was not unlikely that Miss Peeples herself was living in those pages in her

own masterly phrase. For all I knew, she might be hidden there behind some *nom de plume*. She might even prove, could I but find her, to be an old and dear, though by her own name an unfamiliar, friend. In any case, 'Tell me what you read,' said some wiseacre, 'and I'll tell you what you are.' And that in those frayed back-numbers there was something significant to her was in itself as significant, as this other fact was graphic, of this Miss Peeples who, in defiance of the effacing hand of Time, had managed to write herself thus imperishably in that fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

I must know Miss Peeples! That was plain. Not to do so would be as absurd as if we were to go about the house together day after day, withholding a friendly greeting for lack of a formal introduction. For my part, now that I knew she was there, it would be almost as ungracious as to accept the lady's hospitality while deliberately ignoring her presence. And surely Miss Peeples would not grudge me her acquaintance — and in her own house! I could not believe that she would withhold from me the comradeship of our mutual interests. It was not in miserly or jealous spirit, I felt sure, that my hostess had written in that fine and neatly rounded hand: '*Emma Peeples. Keep.*'

So it was sustained by this assurance that, after a respectful interval, I ventured one day to take into my own hands those frayed and dusty covers, and in the friendliness of one of Miss Peeples's rustic chairs, before Miss Peeples's hospitable hearth, to open the pages of acquaintance with Miss Emma Peeples.

I was rewarded beyond my fondest hopes. For my first cursory frilling of the leaves disclosed, dispersed along the margins in that same fine and neatly rounded hand, copious commentaries in pencil. I was delighted, charmed! Miss Peeples was already prepared for converse with me. She was ready, even to the extent of proffering the first remark, to permit my friendship.

We had turned, I remember, to a page of literary memoirs by the dean of American letters, and with her pencil Miss Peeples now called my attention to a line referring to a distinguished magazine which, wrote the author, 'still remains the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals.'

'It's as vulgar and provincial as any of them!' declared Miss Peeples, with asperity.

I confess I was surprised. To happen thus upon an exponent of the higher criticism was more than I had dreamed. In all my anticipations of Miss Peeples I had not suspected such virtuosity as this — a perspicacity that hesitated neither at attacking 'the most scrupulously cultivated of our periodicals,' nor at taking issue with the dean of American letters! I rejoiced. Here, I gloried, is a fine scorn of compromise and an independence of thought quite rare in a contributor. To my delight, here was disclosed at the start what I found on closer acquaintance to be a fundamental characteristic of my new friend: in the honesty and zeal of her convictions this lady was no respecter of persons.

But I was relieved to discover at once that by 'vulgarity' and 'provincialism' Miss Peeples referred quite exclusively to form, not content. I found her scrupulously exacting, for instance, in the choice of words. Aside from reiterated objections to the common confusions of 'shall' and 'will,' 'would' and 'should,' 'would better have' and 'had better have,' and in addition to an unbelievable number of serpentine interlineations in protest against split infinitives, Miss Peeples accorded me many concrete examples of her standards of propriety in diction. In an ar-

ticle on Entomology, a noted authority's persistent and familiar reference to his tiny subjects as 'bugs' as persistently elicited from Miss Peeples a correction of the word to 'insects' — a more seemly attitude, one must admit; while a sentence by the same author to the effect that 'the Horticultural Commissioners receive a salary of four dollars per day,' drew from Miss Peeples in marginal disapproval: '"A day" or "per diem," but not a mixture!' I found her particularly inexorable as to prepositions. 'We went Wednesday and returned the evening of Friday' was presented with 'on' to precede properly each adverb; while 'made the latter part of the time' was quietly but firmly supplied with 'during' after the verb, as a fit chaperon to its activities.

All of which, I mused happily, disclosed in Miss Peeples a praiseworthy precision, a reassuring insistence upon the small proprieties, only too often ignored in these alarming days of free literature. I confess that I was impressed, if somewhat perturbed, with the number of grammatical irregularities which Miss Peeples had succeeded in ferreting out in so ostensibly correct a magazine. Yet, while it suggested that the lady had been at infinite pains to discover so many lapses in syntactical conduct, still, I reflected, of such vigilance are the censors of our rhetorical morals, to whose constant fidelity we owe the maintenance of our literary standards.

I have said that Miss Peeples conceded nothing to eminence where indiscretions were involved. A distinguished novelist, famous for the purity of his phrase, having carelessly made use of the expression, 'entreat to be done,' was brought up promptly to his manners by Miss Peeples's stern admonition, 'to have done'; while a certain Supreme Justice, writing somewhat pompously of a specific incident at law, asserted that the details of the case 'failed of recordation,' the last two syllables of which offense Miss Peeples indicted with one clean-cut stroke of her righteous pencil. And when the same offender quoted himself as asking, 'Can you aid the Court *any* in this?' Miss Peeples broke forth in indignant expostulation: 'From a Judge? Disgraceful!'

But it was not only purity but accuracy of grammatical conduct that Miss Peeples demanded from writers, and writers of fiction no less than of fact. A youthful character in a story having been allowed to remark loosely that it was 'a quarter of five,' was confronted on the margin by Miss Peeples with this irrefutable fact: '$\frac{1}{4}$ of 5 = $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4. *To.*'

A moment's mental gymnastics achieved the answer. A quarter *of* five is a quarter *on* five, which is but a quarter past four, whereas in reality it was a quarter *to* five. But for Miss Peeples's timely intervention, that young man would have been half an hour late! And the mathematical rigor of Miss Peeples's conscience in such matters was afforded in another instance. A Harvard professor, writing on a technical subject and venturing to 'disassociate steam into its component parts,' called down upon his unsuspecting head Miss Peeples's tart rebuke in a grim disassociation of the word into its component parts. 'To *dis-as*,' said Miss Peeples crisply, 'is to subtract-add. It must be either *dis* or *as*. Both would be neither.'

I was impressed with this cryptic truth. I was tremendously impressed. Here, I marveled, was a mind capable of the subtlest perceptions, the finest discriminations. Beyond a doubt I was getting on in my acquaintance with Miss Peeples! A lady undeniably fastidious, with a keen and penetrating intelligence, my friend was taking form

before me with positive profile. Somewhat thin of feature, I discerned, Miss Peeples was wont to scan her pages with perspicacious eyes through a small *pince-nez*, her perceptions in no wise impaired by a slight nearsightedness. Undaunted in its charge, her small but assertive chin held pointedly to the letter of her decision, while blue-veined nostrils quivered with the earnestness of her zeal. A pale, high brow surmounted a face a little wan, perhaps, but animated by resolute purpose, a purpose which in its fine, if intolerant, virtue, scorned to utter in any but pure prose the imaginations of her heart.

Eagerly I began to look for hints of these. What of Miss Peeples's literary tastes, I wondered? What of the sentimental proclivities of this lady so keen to niceties of phrase? What subtleties of phraseology, what points of style, what forms of art; what intricacies of allusion and delicate imagery did she enjoy? Would she vouchsafe me comradeship in these? What authors were her choice, what school of fiction? And if she herself was playing hide and seek with me behind that *nom de plume*, in what form did she embody the preciseness of her faiths? Was that faculty for exact analysis employed as scrupulously with her characters as with her words? Was Miss Peeples, perhaps, one of those literary surgeons, the psycho-analysts, who, employing the pen for a scalpel, falter not at any operation on the human heart?

It was with renewed zest that I paged the magazine further for glimpses into the personality of my friend. There continued to be many painstaking corrections margin-wise, and an almost pitiless readjustment of split infinitives, — barely a contributor escaped! — but with these elementary details I was no longer concerned. I sought more significant things. And I found my first revelation in an essay on the popular appeal of books. Now, I promised myself, we approached a real communion.

In his contention that it was something other than art — something more akin to sentimentality — that moved the popular taste, the essayist ventured to assert: 'One book of Jane Austen is worth, for delicate veracity and self-sacrificing fidelity to art, all the books that Walter Scott wrote; yet she is the goddess of an idolatry beside which the worship of Scott is a race-religion.' From her place on the margin Miss Peeples had pulled her face into a long-drawn question mark!

Can it be, I marveled, that my friend Miss Peeples takes issue with that 'delicate veracity,' that 'self-sacrificing fidelity to art,' so undeniably accredited to Miss Austen? Incredible! Then it must be the racial worship of Scott to which she objects. But it must be that she is unwilling to concede the *virtue* of his appeal, since she cannot deny the *fact* of it. That picturesque romanticism, that sentimental portraiture, that exhaustive chronicle of imaginary loves and hates, heroisms and intrigues, all that fanciful invention which the Scottish imagination gave out to a greedy world, find no favor in her sight. Not for Miss Peeples, with her Calvinistic pen, a 'race-religion' that chants to illusion, makes genuflections to the man in the moon, pursues its devotions in a castle in the air! Miss Peeples, I perceive, demands more of verity than this, must have more of fact in her fiction. My new friend, it seems, professes Realism.

Then a piece of realistic writing, I cry! Give us something that rings true — a tale that lingers on a moment's stress, an hour's pain. Hand us, on the point of a literal pen, a frozen tear, a drop of blood — Ah, here's the thing! The night is dark with storm. A lonely spot. A furtive figure crouching in the

gloom. Out of the black the shriek of an approaching train. A pause. The figure clutches at something sagging in his hand. The train shrills by. There is a leap, a swing; a form hurtles through the air, seizes the rail of the rear platform, hurls up the snow-banked steps, and lurches into the light of the car's glass door, with grim tenacity *lugging a grip.*

Ah, here, I gloated, is Miss Peeples's passion for verity realized, here a reality she approves. *Lugging a grip.* Here, dear lady, I rejoiced, is all the telling power of the fitting phrase. The night. The storm. The wait. The grim attack. And on the car's rear platform a furtive figure *lugging a grip.* Here is a thing to strike your sense of the graphic, the true. You yourself have marked it! I felicitate you! It proves you. None but the innate literary sense would have discerned the perfect fitness of such a stroke as that.

Miss Peeples smiling, imperturbable, a little patiently pitying, met me in her fine and neatly rounded manner with the calm correction, 'Carrying a bag!'

I sank back in my chair. 'But, dear lady,' I protested —

My friend was obdurate. 'Carrying a bag!'

And all at once there was a vanishing — the night, the storm, the lonely spot, the figure lurking, the shrilling train. Vanished! And in their stead appeared an erect and leisurely gentleman, in all the poise of respectability, approaching the clean-swept steps of a waiting Pullman, 'carrying a bag.' Gone, all gone! Gone the potency of the fitting phrase, the fancy. Gone the comradeship of words. Gone Miss Peeples! For with almost startling literalness it was that. As mysteriously as if her literary standing were not in the very act involved, the Miss Peeples of my vision had vanished utterly with the approach of that gentlemanly figure 'carrying a bag.'

And was this all, I lamented, my eyes seeking the empty pages? Was this as much as I was to know of Miss Emma Peeples — this as near as I was to come to fellowship with her? Were we to exchange no appreciative nods, no sympathetic smiles, indulge no understanding silences over the poetry of a phrase, the laughter in a tear, the heroism in a smile? Was she not to rejoice me now and then with a flash of luminous insight, of kindly patience, and an enduring faith which the born author harbors in his heart for the follies of men? Was I, after all, to be denied Miss Peeples even as a new, if not under some other than her own name a long-familiar, friend?

Alas, I waited in vain for Miss Peeples to respond. The margins vouchsafed no revelation, and at last I was forced to admit that, so far as Miss Peeples's literary communings were concerned, nothing was to be expected from her more intimate than 'carrying a bag.'

So I had to readjust my entire estimate of Miss Peeples. I had made the mistake of regarding my new acquaintance as an author. Never, I knew now, would she be that! Never would Miss Peeples be other than what I had least suspected — a *lady.* The knowledge robbed me of her! It robbed me of even the hope of her. And there was a chill disappointment in the sad admission to which I had to come at length — that not only was Miss Peeples not coquetting with me behind an elusive *nom de plume;* not only was she not numbered among that company of old and lasting friends; but she would be missing, also, from the ranks of even those merely ephemeral acquaintances whose hail and farewell greetings are wafted as they pass. For no writer succeeds even momentarily in mounting the juggernaut of fame, who approaches it thus sedately 'carrying a bag.'

Charming as Miss Peeples might have proved as a lady, I found myself with little disposition to pursue the acquaintance further, even though by various tentative overtures I was invited to do so. I was no longer interested now in Miss Peeples's naïve confession of her preference for a 'pitcher' of milk to a 'jug' of the same. A lady would, of course, forswear the vulgarity of such an article; only a man and a writer would succumb. I even had little concern with the temerity — which could have arisen only in the passion of a maiden-lady for *form* — which actually tampered with the 'black side-whiskers' of a pirate king to the extent of deftly snipping off the 'side' and leaving only 'whiskers'! And when, at last, on a reference by an unconventional author to a 'stick of wood,' Miss Peeples tartly inquired, 'What can a stick be, if it is n't of wood?' it was quite useless, I realized, if not actually impertinent, to venture the suggestion that it might be of dynamite, or e'en of chewing-gum. Alas, a lady could know naught of either!

When, therefore, something of lost illusions and blighted hopes revealed itself unwittingly in one of Miss Peeples's last remarks, it found me no longer unprepared, though none the less sorrowful. We were glancing, just at parting, over an exposition by an editor of the perplexities of choosing material for publication. 'Always, by preference,' he wrote, 'one accepts a really good story from an unknown writer rather than a poor or even an indifferent one from the most celebrated author.' And marginally, in her fine and neatly rounded manner, Miss Peeples commented briefly, —

'O si sic omnia!'

The power of the fitting phrase! In one more terse line had Miss Peeples disclosed how well she knew it — a phrase that at a stroke summed up the weary hours, wasted effort, and chill despair that had attended another poor aspirer's dreams of authorship. In one line was thus written 'Finis!' to the story of a life that had missed the zest of its own wine through too close scrutiny of the glass — a career in metonymy, as it were, mistaking the part for the whole, the container for the thing contained. When, therefore, one day, in casual converse with an old resident of the bungalow village, I inquired sympathetically of Miss Peeples's passing, the brief reply seemed the one inevitable answer: —

'Miss Peeples? Ah, yes! For years the poor lady tried to write. She was reduced at length to earning her livelihood by some less precarious means than literature. While training to become a nurse, she contracted an infection from which she died.'

It was while I was restoring with a sigh the pile of frayed and dusty magazines to their 'skied' top-shelf, not without some compunctions for having invaded that guarded sepulchre, that by a curious fatality a page fell open to reveal a last persistent query of Miss Peeples. There was a bit of verse entitled, 'Prisoners and Captives': —

Amid the medley of ironic things
We break our hearts upon from age to age,
Glimmers a question: had the bird no wings,
Who would have taken thought to build a cage?

And beneath it, in her fine and neatly rounded hand, Miss Peeples had written, —

'Stuff and nonsense! Don't we *walk*?'

Alas, dear lady, was my compassionate answer, I fear we do! At any rate, 't is not such literalness that mounts on Pegasus!

HAPPINESS

BY LYTTON STRACHEY

Sometimes it so befalls that ruthless chance
Relents, and in the swiftly gliding dance
Of life's strange atoms wields a wand benign
And waves them marvelously to combine.
Most happy, happy fortune! Oftenest known
To those in whom the waiting soul has grown
A little weary, and whose deep desires
(As in black coal sleep unextinguished fires)
All joy's rich possibilities ignore,
And, not despairing, yet expect no more.
Ah, then, when haply on the listless ear
Insidious music murmurs and draws near,
And knocks, and pleads, and will not be denied,
Until the spirit's portals, opening wide,
Admit voluminous harmonies enwound
With long triumphant mysteries of sound,—
Or when, upon a sudden, in a breath,
Like a soul caught from out the lap of Death,
A secret silence, for a second's space,
Lives, and reveals a heaven in a face, —
Then, then, like the remote dissolving snow
In spring-warmed Alpine vales, begin to flow
The softly trickling rivulets of delight,
Scarce felt at first, but with a gathering might
Hurrying, and the urgent torrents press and pour
In multitudinous gladness, more and more,
And join, and spread, till lo! — deep, calm, and strong,
Beatitude's full flood is rolled along.
Then Time, with indrawn breath, stands still, and smiles;
And, like a vast soap-bubble that beguiles

With gilded nothingness destruction's power,
Quivering and safe hangs the miraculous hour.
And oh! then gently, with familiar art,
Through the swooned brain and the enchanted heart,
Pale Passion weaves her way, while over all
Tears shed from inaccessible glories fall.

GIRLS

BY R. S. V. P.

Girls are called incomprehensible. They have always been so since first men looked at them — looked at them out of men's minds as part of man's world. They will keep on being so, always, or until we stop looking at them with men's eyes, speaking of them in men's terms, and testing them by men's needs. I collected for a year every general statement about girls that I heard spoken or saw in a book. I have the collection before me. They were jotted down in order, each one in cheerful disregard of its usual disagreement with the one that came before. But they can be sorted out into three separate paragraphs, each of which agrees within itself fairly well, though it cannot be said to have sequence, and the three do not make a harmonious whole.

One series says, 'Girls are always giggling. They are vain, coquettish, and anxious to please; full of caprice, romantic, sentimental, clinging, yielding, easily influenced, and dependent; given to "crushes," jealous, malicious, and "catty"; scheming, deceitful, and untruthful, dishonorable, and unreliable in promises, fickle, and inconstant. Their central passion is for admiration and devotion from others. They are easily intoxicated by social intercourse, and they are intrinsically selfish.'

But others, quite as convinced, declare that 'Girls are motherly and unselfish. Their longing is to devote themselves to some one or other, asking only to love and be loved. They have a sensitive delicacy and purity which is ineffable, an almost angelic quality, an extraordinary bloom and glow of maidenhood. They are easy to manage because they are naturally good and well-behaved. They give no trouble in school, they learn their lessons, stand high in their classes, and are excellent judges of character; they are full of social perception and of interest in forwarding the purpose of others.'

And then from a third angle come the serious assertions: 'They are not gregarious, or social. Everything which happens wears to them a personal aspect. They cannot keep a secret; are illogical and inconsequent, incomprehensible and unaccountable; indirect in thought and action, jumping to conclusions in a thoroughly unintellectual

way and giving no good reason, unbusinesslike and impractical, and without any interest in doing things really well.'

The first is social comment, the second is domestic comment, and the third is intellectual comment. Yet these three views, though not quite mutually contradictory, are diametrically opposed. We all know that each of these statements is frequently true; not only each may be true of some girl, but all may be true of the same girl. Girls, they say, are selfish and they are unselfish; intellectual and also unreasonable; social and yet purely personal.

By pursuing such a course of external observation, we shall wander on in a maze of conflicting impressions and shall never get a clue to real girl nature. The first fact is that we must go within to find the truth. A girl is an unfinished woman. From her cradle she is always a woman. Take the least girl-like, the most hoydenish and positive of your intimate acquaintance, and she is still a woman, as truly as the most gentle and vague of girls; she is like a woman as a boy never is. For a girl is what the world has needed and what life has created, working slowly from far-off times till now. Cherisher of wounded, wearied men, nourisher and guardian of helpless children from of old, she has become the little sister of all mankind, supremely interested in people. Persons, whether herself or someone else, are her great concern. This human need preoccupies her. Because of this preoccupation, she has no other overmastering tastes. Her desire is, not to excel, but to satisfy. No matter how selfish or how artistic or how athletic she may be, she measures her happiness, not by things achieved or by obstacles and enemies overcome, but by persons pleased.

She may think she wants to learn to sketch, but the voice of a dear friend will summon her from it. She learns her lessons well (if she does), not particularly because she has a consuming zeal to learn Latin, but because she likes to do what is expected and to come up to expectation. Her liking for Latin is mental; it is the agreeable pleasure of exercising a faculty; her concern for persons is of the heart. This is one part of the clue to her nature — the social part.

Commonly, when anyone says that a girl always takes everything personally and is interested always in persons, someone else says apologetically that this is caused by the restriction which has always been put upon her, and prophesies that girls will outgrow it in future generations. There is no reason for being apologetic. Her preoccupation with persons is her chief charm and her great usefulness. Fortunately, no amount of prophecy can change it. For, to the end of time, girls can inherit only as they have always inherited, through women who have been mothers and therefore have been preoccupied with persons. In every generation, a girl's physical structure will foster this preoccupation and urge her to be what girls have always been — beloved sisters, incomparable friends, hostesses and entertainers, knitters of the human family into firm unity.

To serve this central purpose of her nature, she not only claims no all-dominant interests of her own, but she also has an intercommunicability, sympathetic, perceptive, and responsive. Her whole constitution fits itself to this. There is a quiet, continuous thrill, as it were, by which all her parts communicate continually and have an equal share in all her doings. This cogent germinative warmth is her characteristic power; it pervades her body and soul, and informs her every thought and action, from the most deliberate to the least considered — permeating her mind and penetrating through every infini-

tesimal nerve into the least-noticed as completely as into the most apparently dominant parts of her being. This germinative element is the second part of our clue — the emotional. A girl, through this, easily relates new knowledge to old; she is, as it were, interpermeated by all she learns and all she experiences; so that she is evidently and consciously affected by all that happens to her. This makes her seem all of a piece — either wholly tending to be delightful, or wholly selfish and unpleasant.

From this comes what appears to be early development. She seems 'quite grown-up,' sometimes, at thirteen or fourteen, because she so easily behaves as she is expected to behave and does not wait to accept the reason or adjust it to her nature. Her nature does the adjusting. Moreover, she easily understands social reasons (which are the cause of all her aspirations to good behavior), for she understands how other people feel. Any special other person she may not care to please, but it is always human nature toward which she reacts.

This interpermeability and this sympathetic acceptance of what arrives from without make her frequently appear to be a good scholar when she is merely a docile learner. She takes what comes, without selection or rejection on personal grounds — for she has practically no overmastering likes and dislikes in the mental or physical world. In the human world — yes; elsewhere — no. To explain to a normal conscientious girl the reasonableness of a certain course is almost always sufficient to make her follow it; at any rate, she feels no strong resistance, because she has no counter-impulses, no personal, strong, fixed loves and hates in the world of inert matter.

The imputation of untruthfulness against her is often just. Her ruling desire to keep things smooth for herself, or for another, to make things pleasant, to avoid hurt feelings, to please or be pleased, causes her to begin very early to use subterfuge. Yet, in that persistent question of hers, 'What will other people think?' (or 'What do I think of other people?') lies the origin of all morality. A false statement, cleverly made to avoid unpleasantness, became a lie as soon as other people expressed dislike at being deceived, and not till then. An untruth is a natural weapon of defense. Everyone tells one when he is cornered. The only difference between the timid and the brave lie, the savage and the civilized evasion, resides in the moment when the speaker will consider himself cornered. All subordinates lie, except those who have just superiors. The superiors call it a lie — the subordinate calls it a shield. With good women it is a veil, to conceal what will hurt or embarrass a friend.

Again, girls appear unaccountably and incomprehensibly capricious only to those who do not understand their physical and nervous structure. The sympathetic action of their nerves is so swift and complete that changes in physical condition affect their whole thought and emotion. As for their coquettishness — watch a party of girls among themselves, or watch a girl talking in a railroad train when you cannot see her companion. All the smiles, nods, swift appeals for sympathy, charming, ineffable lines of beauty are the same for one interesting companion as for another. You can seldom tell, simply by watching her, whether she is talking to a boy or a girl. She will brighten at someone's approach — someone who interests her. It may be her father, or her baby sister; often it is an old lady, when she believes the old lady is interested in her personally, or if she is herself interested in the old lady

and cares about the old lady's opinion of her.

Of course, her natural appetite to suit people is easily turned into love of admiration, if admiration is held up to her as the one desirable food. And her love of persons can easily be turned into an exclusive interest in boys, if the admiration of boys is talked of as especially desirable, or if no other adequate outlet for the exercise of her powers is afforded her. Then follow, inevitably, jealousy, sentimentality, malice, and scheming.

As for the many other adjectives that have been used to describe girls, they apply to individuals or to classes of girls, not to all girls, and they interpret more the mental state of the onlooker than the spirit of the girl. A girl's girlishness, of course, manifests itself through her own personal traits. The same varieties of moral and intellectual traits possible in individuals produce endless varieties of girl. And they engender endless sorts of curious misconceptions about her and false ambitions for her. In general, one may truly say that the fewer a girl's intellectual interests, the more conspicuous is her girlishness; for intellect is impersonal and tends to create more and more of impersonal thoughts and of delicate individual modes of expression. But this is not to say that a girl who has learned to think impersonally has likewise learned to feel impersonally. No training of any sort can estrange her spirit from the love of persons, or force her emotion into narrow channels.

One other characteristic she has, one other emphasis, which, rightly understood, gives the clue to most of whatever else is puzzling about her. It is mental. She has an amazing and unbelievable power to stop her comprehension at any given point. This is the psychological concomitant of her physical interpenetrability. Her nature tends to be diffuse, not intensive. She sheds illumination in all directions — not one fierce searchlight shaft of penetrative attention. She can suddenly draw a cloud across her understanding, and shut off from her mental sight conclusions too obvious to deny. Right in the known area of her own interest and knowledge there rises a vagueness. She can be cognizant of facts germane to her most intimate concerns and experiences, down to a certain depth or up to a certain bound or on to a certain barrier — beyond that she can be as honestly ignorant of it and oblivious to it as if it did not exist or as if she knew none of the surrounding or following facts which lead inevitably to it. This is not pretense, or insincerity, or wilful blindness. It is a physical and emotional necessity. It is a natural means of instinctive self-defense, and a blessed softener and beautifier and clarifier of her inner visions. She is, by her whole nature, close to life. So soon as she feels that a matter is too complex for words and logic, she swiftly turns from thought, and diffuses her intelligence to take refuge in her intuition; that is, she acts on instinct. Why not? 'Intelligence and instinct are turned in opposite directions: the former toward inert matter, the latter toward life. Instinct is sympathy. It is to the very inwardness of life that intuition leads us.' And so when, in matters which closely concern her own self, a girl seems to move in a silvery haze, let us not protest — or invade the holy of holies. She has her own courage — her own insights, her own wisdom. And our meddling efforts to rationalize and define will shatter a lovely thing without producing any good in its place.

This is not to say that girls must not be taught to think clearly and see straight. They must. Even to make their intuition more perfect, they need to think more perfectly. 'Intuition is

instinct that has become self-conscious — capable of reflecting upon its object.' So, girls need intellect, but beware how you prescribe what they shall think about; beware how you enter the temple.

With this threefold clue to her real nature, one can see the real meaning of each of the three sets of comments, and pass a quizzical judgment on the clumsy objectiveness of them. The social commenter says, 'Girls are always giggling. They are vain, coquettish, and anxious to please; full of caprice, romantic, sentimental, clinging, yielding, easily influenced, and dependent; given to "crushes," jealous, malicious, and "catty"; scheming, deceitful, and untruthful, dishonorable, and unreliable in promises, fickle and inconstant. Their central passion is for admiration and devotion from others. They are easily intoxicated by social intercourse and they are intrinsically selfish.' And the man with the clue answers sagely and astutely, 'Yes, because they are preëminently interested in persons.'

The domestic appreciator exclaims, 'Girls are motherly, and unselfish. Their chief longing is to devote themselves to some one or other, asking only to love and to be loved. They have a sensitive delicacy and purity which is ineffable, an almost angelic quality; an extraordinary bloom and glow of maidenhood. They are easy to manage because they are naturally good and well-behaved. They give no trouble in school, they learn their lessons, stand high in their classes, and are excellent judges of character; they are full of social perception and of interest in forwarding the purposes of others.' And we respond with ardor, 'Yes, because they are preëminently interested in persons and their emotion spreads with a germinative warmth.

The intellectual critic protests, 'They are not gregarious, or social. Everything which happens wears to them a personal aspect. They cannot keep a secret; are illogical and inconsequent, incomprehensible and unaccountable; indirect in thought and action, jumping to conclusions in a thoroughly unintellectual way and giving no reason, unbusinesslike and impractical, and without any interest in doing things really well.' We seek to explain by saying, 'Yes, often; because they are preeminently interested in persons and their mental attention easily fuses into a general responsiveness to their surroundings.' And their surroundings have often been absurdly restricted.

Time out of mind, girls have been just as simple as boys; but because they have been unable to explain themselves, and because they were so unlike those who passed judgment upon them, they have remained incomprehensible, but always charming. And lest the charm be lost (which never could be lost, enwoven as it was in the very stuff of which they were made), barriers and protections have been set about them to keep them separate.

But in our day, all special restrictions and restraints have been removed from girls. They now do all which their physical construction will justify. Little girls no longer wear thin slippers and long skirts, so that they must go to see a freshet in a child's wagon as Lucy must in *Rollo's Vacation*. But basketball and hockey, cross-country 'hikes' and bicycles have not altered their girlishness a whit. Relieve them as we may of artificial encumbrances and mistaken demands, they remain still the same little maidens. Occupation and preoccupation have changed for them. But their nature remains the same; and if we stop puzzling about them and see them from within instead of from without, we come to understand them and take all the old comfort in them. They are still the light of our eyes and the joy

of our life, so winning, so ineffable, so dear, that we scarce dare trust ourselves to speak of it. We lightly smile about them, because we cannot explain them; and we cannot explain because their quality and value are too evasive and intimate for explanation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the old-time fealty toward her and the new-time freedom for her, a girl was and is often restless and dissatisfied because the world's expectation from her seems so nondescript and unsatisfactory. Just so, the air might complain that it had no settled place or purpose, and the sunshine might think itself formless and somewhat lacking in definite aim.

Though a girl's life may thus seem uncertain and dispartite without, within it has a fine unity and vivid sensitive existence, incomparably interesting and magical. Never pity a girl for being a girl. She has joys of the spirit and vivid delicate adventures of the heart, which you can guess only if you can read the flutter of an eyelid, the delicate flush at the temples, and the tremor of a pulse.

I have yet to meet any girl whose dissatisfaction is anything but intellectual, and whose restlessness does not really arise from lack of productive occupation, not from dislike of being a girl. And I have yet to meet any one who has ever been a girl and has passed the age of forty, who does not feel that her crowning satisfactions lie wherever her womanhood is most perfected. Productive occupation for a girl is whatever her mental and physical faculties fit her to do with satisfaction. Every girl should, of course, cultivate her talents and develop her special interests, intending always to put them to ultimate use in some specific paid occupation which will assure her of value in the world. She may not choose just yet what it shall be, but she must know it will be something.

Never fear for a girl, whatever work she undertakes, if you know her to have been bred in all high-mindedness, for she carries with her in every fibre a charm against disaster. On the other hand, if she has been bred to follow after pleasure and to desire admiration, she must be watched at every turn to prevent her making a fool of herself. But if she is right-minded and not vain, guard her and protect her afar off, not to save her from being led astray,— she is her own best protection against that, if she is indeed unselfish and high-hearted,— but to save her from the suffering and confusion of body and spirit which will permeate her whole being, if her virgin reserve is by one jot or tittle invaded. She walks in beauty, free and unafraid, inviolable, remote, so long as she is guarded by an invisible ring of solicitude and protection all about her steps. And from that protection she will go forth safe, when she steps from girlhood to womanhood and carries her ripened and strengthened powers into the independent yet so human work of woman's service to her kind.

THE THIRD WINDOW. III

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

He heard, as he waked next morning, that it was heavily raining. When he looked out, the trees stood still in gray sheets of straightly falling rain. There was no wind.

The mournful, obliterated scene did not oppress him. The weather was all to the good, he thought. He had always liked a rainy day in the country; and ghosts don't walk in the rain. If Malcolm had n't come in the moonlight, he would n't come now. He felt sunken, exhausted, and rather sick; yet his spirits were not bad. He was fit for the encounter with Antonia.

When he went down to the dark dining-room, darker than ever to-day, he found only one place laid. The maid told him that both the ladies were breakfasting in their rooms. This was unexpected and disconcerting. But he made the best of it, and drank his coffee and ate kedgeree and toast with not too bad an appetite. A little coal-fire had been lighted in the library, and he went in there after breakfast and read the papers and wrote some letters, and the morning passed not too heavily.

But at luncheon-time his heart sank, almost to the qualm of the night before, when he found still only one place laid. After half an hour of indecision over his cigarette, he wrote a note and sent it up to Antonia.

Dearest Tony, —

You don't want to drive me away, I suppose? Because I don't intend to go. When am I to see you? I hope you are n't unwell?

Yours ever, Bevis.

The answer was brought with the smallest delay.

Dearest Bevis, —

I'm not ill, only so dreadfully tired. Cicely will give you your tea and dine with you. I will see you to-morrow.

Yours ever, Tony.

This consoled him, much, though not altogether. And the handwriting puzzled him. He had never seen Tony write like that before. He could infer from the strong slant of the letters that she had written in bed; but it was in a hand cramped and controlled, as if with surely unnecessary thought and effort.

He was horribly lonely all the afternoon.

Tea was brought into the library, and with it came Miss Latimer. She wore rain-dashed tweeds, and under her battered black felt hat her hair was beaded with rain. At once he saw that she was altered. It was not that she was more pale than usual, — she was less pale, indeed, for she had a spot of color on each cheek, — but, as if her being had gathered itself together, for some emergency, about its irreducible core of flame, she showed, to his new perception of her, an aspect at once ashen and feverish; and even though in her entrance she was composed, if that were possible, beyond her wont, his subtle

sense of change detected in her self-mastery something desperate and distraught.

She did not look at him as she went to the tea-table, drawing off her wet gloves. The table had been placed before the fire, and Bevis, who had risen on her entrance, dropped again into his seat, the capacious leather divan set at right angles to the hearth, its back to the window. Miss Latimer, thus, facing him across the table as she measured out the tea, was illuminated by such dying light as the sombre evening still afforded.

They had murmured a conventional greeting, and he now asked her if she'd been out walking in this bad weather. It was some relief to see that she had not been with Tony the whole day through.

'Only down to the village,' she said. 'There is a woman ill there.'

He went on politely to inquire if she were n't very wet and would not rather change before tea — he would n't mind waiting a bit. But she said, seating herself and pouring on the boiling water, that she was used to being wet and did not notice it.

He was determined not to speak of Antonia and to ask no questions. To ask questions would be to recognize the new bond between her and Antonia. But, unasked, emphasizing to his raw consciousness his own exclusion, she said, 'Antonia is so sorry to leave you alone like this. She had one of her bad nights and thought a complete rest would do her good.'

He reflected that it was more dignified to show strength by generosity and to play into her hands.

'Does she have bad nights?' he asked.

'Oh, very. Did n't you know?' said Miss Latimer. 'She's obliged to take things.'

'Drugs, do you mean?' He had not known at all. 'That's very bad for her.'

'Very bad. But her doctor allows it, apparently.'

'She took one last night and it did no good?'

'None at all. I hope she is getting a little sleep now. Sugar?' Miss Latimer poised a lump before him in the tongs, and, on his assent, dropped it into his cup.

Could two creatures have looked more cosy, shut, for the blind-man's-holiday hour, into the tranquil intimacy of the studious room, with the even glow of its tended fire, the cheer of its humming kettle, the scented promise of its tea-table? She passed him toasted scones from the hot-water basin and offered home-made jam. He wanted no jam, but he found himself quite hungry, absurdly so, he thought, until he remembered that he had really eaten no lunch. He was coming, now that the opening had been made, and while he ate his scone, to a new decision. It was the moment, and perhaps the only one he would have, for finding out just how much she counted against him. He determined, if it were necessary, on open warfare.

'I don't think Wyndwards suits Tony,' he said.

'Don't you?' Miss Latimer returned, but quite without impertinence. 'She's always been very well here before.'

'Before what?'

'Her husband's death,' Miss Latimer replied.

'Yes,' said Bevis, disconcerted. 'Well, it's that, perhaps.'

'It is that, undoubtedly,' said Miss Latimer.

Her voice, high and piping, was as dry and emotionless as her horrid little hands. What control it showed that it should be so. He felt that he hated her; hated her the more that she was not wishing to score off him as he wished to

score off her. Yet he did not dislike her, if one could draw that distinction. And now he noticed, as she lifted her cup, that her hand trembled as if with the slight, incessant shaking of palsy. The fear of an emergency burned in her. He felt sure that she, too, had not slept.

'Well, it all comes to the same thing, does n't it?' he said. 'Since Malcolm's death the place oppresses her, quite naturally; and it would be much better that she should leave it — as soon as possible.'

'I don't think it would do Antonia any good to leave Wyndwards,' said Miss Latimer, not looking at him.

'You think it would do her good if I did, I imagine,' Bevis commented, with his dry laugh. 'Thanks awfully.'

She sat silent.

'You saw, of course, last night, how it was with us,' he said. 'Perhaps you saw it before.'

Still she was silent, and for so long that he thought she might not be going to answer him. But she replied at last. 'No; not before. I did not suspect it before.'

Ah! He had an inner triumph. She had n't had her head down all the time; he was sure of it now. She had, when they went to the window, watched them. He did not quite know why this certainty should give him the sense of triumph; unless — was that it? — it pointed to some plotting secret instinct in her.

'Yet you must have wondered how I came to be here — so intimately,' he said.

'No; I did not wonder; I know that young women nowadays have friendships like that. I knew that you had been Malcolm's friend.'

'You did not see that it was more than friendship till last night?'

She paused, but only for a moment. 'I saw that you were in love with her from the first.'

'But only last night saw that we were in love with each other?'

Again she did not reply. Turning her head slightly aside, as if in distaste for the intimacies he forced upon her, she took up the teapot and, still with that slightly, incessantly shaking hand, poured herself out a second cup of tea.

He would not pause for her distaste. 'I am afraid you dislike it very much.'

To this she replied, 'I dislike anything that makes Antonia unhappy.'

He owned that it was a good answer. Leaning back on the divan, his foot crossed over his knee, his hand holding his ankle, he contemplated his antagonist.

'My point is that it would n't make her unhappy if she came away,' he took up. 'If she came away and married me at once. It's the place and its associations that have got upon her nerves — how much, you saw last night.'

She had poured out the cup and she raised it automatically to her lips while he spoke. Then, untasted, she set it down, and then, with the effect of a pale, sudden glare, her eyes were at last upon him.

'I do not know what you mean by nerves. Antonia is not as light as you imagine,' she said. 'She loved her husband. She does not find it easy to forget him here, it is true; but I do not think she would find it easy if she left his home with another man.'

'No one asks her to forget him,' said Bevis. She could not drink her tea, but he passed his cup, blessing the bland ritual that made soft, sliding links in an encounter all harsh, had it been unaccompanied, with the embarrassment of their antagonism. 'May I have another cup, please?' — There was a malicious satisfaction, too, in falling back upon the ritual at such a moment, — 'with a little water? — I cared for Malcolm. I have no intention of forgetting him.'

Her eyes were still on him, and dis-

traction, almost desperation, was working in her, for, though she took his cup as automatically as she had lifted her own, though she proceeded to fill it, it was, he noted with an amusement that almost expressed itself in a laugh, — he knew that he was capable of feeling amusement at the most unlikely times and places! — with the boiling water only. She put in milk and sugar and handed it to him, unconscious of the absurdity.

'I did not mean in that sense,' she said.'

'I should like to know what you do mean.' He drank his milk and water. 'I should like to know where I am with you. Do you dislike me? Are you my enemy? Or is it merely that you are passionately opposed to remarriages?'

She rose as he asked his questions, as if the closeness of his pursuit had become too intolerable. 'I do not know you. How could I be your enemy? I only dislike you because you make Antonia unhappy.'

'Would you like me if I made her happy?'

The pale glare was in her eyes as she faced him, her hands on the back of her chair. 'You can never make her happy. Never, never,' she repeated. 'You can only mean unhappiness to her. If you care for her, if you have any real love for her, you will go away, now, at once, and leave her in peace.'

'So you say. So you think. It's a matter of opinion. I don't agree with you. I don't believe it would be to leave her in peace. You forget that we're in love with each other.' He, too, had risen, but in his voice, as he opposed her, there was appeal rather than antagonism. 'Let us understand each other. Is it that you hate so much the idea of remarriages? Do you feel them to be infidelities?'

She had turned from him, but she paused now by the door, and it was as if, arrested by the appeal, she was willing to do justice to his mere need for enlightenment. 'Not if people care more for someone else.'

Care more? He did not echo her phrase, but he meditated, and then, courageously, accepted it. 'And if they can, you don't hate it?'

At that she just glanced at him. He seemed to see the caged prisoner pass behind his bars and look out in passing; and he saw not only what her hate could be, but the dark and lonely anguish that encompassed her.

'People should be true to themselves,' was all she said.

When she was gone, Bevis, characteristically, went back to the table and made himself a proper cup of tea. He had managed to make tea for himself and a wounded Tommy when he had lain, with his shattered leg, in No Man's Land.

II

Miss Latimer did not come to dinner, and he was thankful for it; though there was little to be thankful for, he felt, as he sat in the library afterwards and wondered what Tony was thinking of there in the darkness above him, if she were alone and in the dark. The thought that she was not, the thought that Miss Latimer, with her stone-curlew eyes and pallid, brooding face, was with her made him restless. He could not read. He threw his book aside and stared into the fire.

Next morning the rain had ceased, and it was cold and sunny. He found Miss Latimer in the dining-room. She was already dressed for going out and had started her breakfast.

'My poor friend in the village is dying,' she said, 'and has asked for me. I have a message to you from Antonia. She is still resting this morning but will come down at three, if you will be in the library then.'

Her courteous terseness put barriers between them; but none were needed. He could not have asked questions or appealed this morning. He imagined, though he had looked at his face in the mirror with unregarding eyes, that he, too, was perceptibly aged, and his main feeling about Miss Latimer was that she was old and ugly and that he was sick of her.

After breakfast he went out into the hard, bright air. He walked about the grounds and found himself looking at the house with consciously appraising eyes, from the lawn, from the ring-court, from the kitchen-garden. It was a solid, tasteful, graceful structure; mild, with its sunny façade looking to the moors; cheerful with its gable-ends; but as he had felt it at the first he felt it now more decisively, as empty of tradition and tenderness. It had remained, too, so singularly new; perhaps because, in its exposed situation, none of the trees carefully disposed about it had yet grown to a proportionate height. Yes, in spite of the passion and grief now burning within its walls, it was impersonal, unlovable, and it would need centuries, in spite of the care and love lavished upon it, to gain a soul.

He knew, as he walked, that he was taking comfort from these reflections, and was vexed that he should need them. He had completely placed, psychologically, if not scientifically, the events of the other evening, and it was not necessary that he should be satisfied that Wyndwards was a place to which the supernatural could not attach itself. Yet that desire, indubitably, directed his wanderings, and he could compute its power by the strength of the reluctance he felt for visiting the flagged garden where, if anywhere, the element he thankfully missed might lurk.

But when, putting an ironic compulsion upon himself, he had entered the little enclosure, his main impression, as before, was one of mere beauty. It was the only corner of Wyndwards that had achieved individuality; the placing of the fountain, the stone bench, the beds among the flags, was a pleasure to the eye. And like a harbinger of good cheer, he heard, from the branches of the budding wood beyond the garden wall, the wiry, swinging notes of a chiff-chaff, and his own soul as well as the flagged garden seemed exorcised by that assured and reiterated gladness. Ghosts, in a world where chiff-chaffs sang, were irrelevancies, even if they walked. And they did not walk. In sunlight as in moonlight he found the flagged garden empty.

He sat down on the stone bench for a little while and watched the fountain and listened to the chiff-chaff, while he lighted a cigarette and told himself that the day was pleasant. With reiteration the bird's monotonous little utterance lost its special message for him and dropped to an accompaniment to thoughts which, if unhaunted, were not happy, in spite of the pleasant day. He felt that he hated silent, sunny Wyndwards. He cursed the impulse that had brought Antonia there, and him after her. It had seemed at the time the most natural of things that his young widowed friend should ask him to pay her a spring visit in her new home. His courtship of her, laconic, implicit, patient, had prolonged itself through the dreary London winter following the Armistice, and springtime on the moors had seemed full of promise to his hopes.

Alas! Why had they not stayed in safe, dear, dingy London — London of tubes and shops and theatres, of people and clever tea- and dinner-tables? There one lived sanely in the world of the normal consciousness, one's personality hedged round by activity and convention from the vagrant and disintegrating influences of the subliminal, or

the subconscious, whichever it might have been that had infernally played the trick of the other evening. He sat there, poking with his stick at the crevices between the flags, and the song of the chiff-chaff was his only comfort.

Miss Latimer did not return to lunch, and he was in the library waiting for Tony long before the appointed hour. She came before it struck, softly and suddenly entering, turning without a pause to close the door behind her, not looking at him as she went to the fire and leaned there, her hand upon the mantelpiece. She was dressed in black, a flowing gown with wide sleeves that invested her with an unfamiliar, invalided air; but her hair was beautifully wreathed and she wore her little high-heeled satin shoes, tying about the instep. For a moment she stood looking down into the fire; then, as she raised her face, he saw the change in her.

'Why, Tony,' he said gently, 'you look very ill.'

Her eyes met his for a moment, and, instinctively, he kept the distance they measured.

'I'm not very well,' she said. 'I have n't been able to sleep. Not for these two nights.'

'Not at all?'

'Not at all.'

'Don't take drugs,' he said after a moment. 'Miss Latimer tells me that you take drugs. I did n't know it.'

'It's very seldom,' she said, with a faint, deprecatory smile. 'I'm very careful.'

Still he felt that he could not approach her, and it was with a sense of the unmeet, or at all events, the irrelevant, that he helplessly fell back on verbal intimacy. 'You could, I am sure, sleep in the train to-night — with me to look after you.'

She said nothing to this for a moment, but then replied, as if she had really thought it over, 'Not to-night; Cicely won't get back in time. Her poor woman is dying; she could n't leave her. But to-morrow — I intend to go to-morrow — with Cicely.'

'Leaving me here?' he inquired, with something of his own dryness; so that, again with the faint, defensive smile, she said, 'Oh — you must come with us; we will all go together — as far as London. We are going down to Cornwall, Bevis, to some cousins of Cicely's near Fowey.'

He came then, after a little silence, and leaned at the other end of the mantelpiece. 'What's the matter, Tony?' he asked. He had not, in his worst imaginings, imagined this. She had never before spoken as if they were, definitely, to go different ways. And she stood looking down into the fire as if she could not meet his eyes. 'You see,' he said, but he felt it to be uselessly, 'I was right about that wretched table business. It's that that has made you ill.'

'Yes; it's because of that,' she said.

'You must let me talk to you about it,' he went on. 'I can explain it all, I think.'

'It is explained,' she said.

Her voice was cold and gentle, cold, it seemed to him, with the immensity of some blank vastness of distance that divided them. And a cold presage fell upon him, of what he could not say, or would not.

'You would not explain it as I should,' he said. 'You must listen to me and not to Miss Latimer.'

'It is all explained, Bevis,' she repeated. 'It was true. What it said was true.'

'How do you mean — true?' he asked; and he heard the presage in his voice.

'He is there,' she said. And now he knew why she was far from him and what the stillness was that wrapped her round. 'He comes. Cicely has seen

him. She saw him there that night — beside the fountain.'

It was, he saw it now, what he had expected, and his heart stood still to hear it. Then he said, 'You mean that she tells you she sees him; that she thinks she sees him; since he's come just as you led her to expect he would, and just where.'

She shook her head gently and her downcast face kept its curious, considering look.

'It was n't I, nor you, nor Cicely. He was with us. We could see nothing, you and I. He could not show himself to us; we had put ourselves too far from him. But when we left her, Cicely went to the window and saw him standing in the moonlight. He was not looking up at her, but down at the fritillaries. She and he planted them there together, before we were married. And all the while she looked, he stayed there, not moving and plainly visible. I knew it. I knew he was there when I looked, although I could see nothing.' She spoke with an astonishing and terrifying calm.

'And she came at once and told you this? That night?'

'Not that night. She went down into the garden. She thought he might speak to her. But he was gone. And when she came back and looked from the window, he was gone. No; it was next morning she told me. She tried not to tell; but I made her.'

'Curious,' said Bevis after a silence, 'that she could have talked to me yesterday afternoon, and given me my tea, as if all this had never happened.'

But he knew as he spoke that it had not been so with Miss Latimer. Something had happened; he had seen it when she was with him; and he now knew what it had been.

Jibes and skepticism fell as idly upon Antonia as faint rain. She was unaware of them. 'No; she would never speak to you about it. There was no surprise in it for her, Bevis. She has always felt him there. When we went to the window, she thought that we should surely see him; and when we did not, she pretended to sleep, purposely, so that we should go and leave her to look out. It comforted her to see him. It was only for me she was frightened.'

'Yes; I rather suspected that,' he muttered; 'that she was shamming. I did n't want to leave her there alone.'

'You could n't have kept her from him always, Bevis,' Antonia said gently. 'If it had not been then, she would have seen him last night, I am sure; because I am sure he intended her to see him, meant and longed for it. But it was only the one time. Last night he was not there.'

He left the fire and took a turn or two up and down the room. His thoughts were divided against themselves. Did he feel, now, when, after all, the worst had happened, less fear, or more, than he had felt? Did he believe that Miss Latimer had lied? Did he believe Malcolm had appeared to her? And if Malcolm had, in very truth, appeared, did it make any difference? After all, what difference did it make?

'Tony,' he said presently, and really in a tone of ordinary argument, 'you say it was only for you she was frightened. What frightened her, for you?'

She thought this over for a little while. 'Was n't it natural?' she said at last. 'She knew how I should feel it.'

'In what way feel it?'

'She knew that until then I had not really believed him still existing,' said Antonia, with her cold, downcast face. 'Not as she believed it; not even as you did. She knew what it must mean.'

'That when you really believed, it must part us?'

'Not only that. Perhaps that, alone, would not have parted us. But that he should come back.'

Still she did not look at him and he continued to limp up and down the room, his hands behind him, his eyes, also, downcast. He, too, was seeing Malcolm standing there, beside the fountain, as he had seen him when Antonia had first told him of her fear. He had visualized her thoughts on that first day; and though, while they sat at the table, he had not remembered Tony's fear, it had doubtless been its doubled image that had printed itself from their minds on Miss Latimer's clairvoyant brain. But now, seeing his dead friend as he always thought of him, the whole and happy creature, a painful memory suddenly assailed him, challenging that peaceful picture of his ghost; and he was aware as it came, as he dwelt on it, of a stir of hope, a tightening of craft, in his veins, along his nerves. Subtlety, after all, might serve better than flesh and blood. This, he was sure, was a memory not till then recalled, at Wyndwards; and it might strangely help him.

'Tony, how was Malcolm dressed when she saw him?' he asked.

'In his uniform.' He had avoided looking at her in asking his question, but he heard from her voice that she suspected nothing. 'As he must have been when he was killed.'

'Bareheaded, or with his cap?'

She did not answer at once, and, raising his eyes, he saw that she was looking at him. 'Bareheaded. Yes.' she assented. And she repeated, 'As he was when he was killed, Bevis.'

'Did he look pale — unhappy?'

He knew that he must go carefully, for, if what he hoped were true, if Miss Latimer had not seen Malcolm as he had been when he was killed, she, not he, must reveal the error.

'Very calm,' she said.

'Nothing more?'

He had his reasons; but, alas, she had hers. Her eyes still dwelt on him as she answered, 'Yes. Something more. Something I did not know. Something Cicely did not know.' She measured what he kept from her, with what a depth of melancholy, seeing his hope; as he, abandoning hope, measured what she had, till then, kept from him. 'They told me that Malcolm was shot through the heart, Bevis. It was not only that. I do not know why they felt it kinder to say that. They told you the truth. There was something more. You do know,' she said.

Her eyes were on his and he could not look away, though he felt, sickening him, that a dull flush crept revealingly to his face. 'I know what?' he repeated, stupidly.

'How he was killed. That's what Cicely saw.'

'She got it from my mind,' he muttered, while the flush, that felt like an exposure of guilt, dyed his face and, despite his words, horror settled round his heart. 'She's a clairvoyant. She got the khaki from you and the wound in the head from me.'

Now her eyes dropped from him. He had revealed nothing to her, except his own hope of escape. He had brought further evidence; but it was not needed. She was a creature fixed and frozen in an icy block of certainty.

'A wound in the head,' she repeated. 'A terrible wound. That was what Cicely saw. He must have died at once. How did you know, Bevis? You were not with him.'

'Alan Chichester told me,' said the young man hoarsely. 'The other was true, too. The shot in the breast would have been enough to kill him. It was instantaneous; the most merciful death. And he was not disfigured, Tony.'

She rested pitying eyes upon him. She pitied him.

'His features were not touched; not on the side he turned to her. But Cicely saw that half his head was shot away,' she answered.

His busy mind, while they spoke, was nimbly darting here and there with an odd, agile avoidance of certain recognitions. This was the moment of moments in which to show no fear. And his mind was not afraid. Clairvoyance — clairvoyance, it repeated; while the horror clotted round his heart. As if pushing against a weight, he forced his will through the horror and went back to his place at the other end of the mantelpiece; and, with a conscious volition, he put his hand on hers and drew it from the shelf.

'Tony dear,' he said, 'come sit down. Let us talk quietly.' — Heaven knew they had been quiet enough! — 'Here; let me keep beside you. Don't take your hand away. I shan't trouble you. Listen, dear. Even if it were true, even if Malcolm came, — and I do not believe he comes, — it need not mean that we must part.'

She had suffered him to draw her down beside him on the leathern divan, and, as she felt his kindly hand upon her and heard his voice, empty of all but an immense gentleness, tears, for the first time, rose to her eyes. Slowly they fell down her cheeks and she sat there, mute, and let them fall.

'Why should you think it means he wants to part us?' he asked in a gentle and exhausted voice.

He asked, for he must still try to save himself and Tony; yet he knew that Miss Latimer had indeed done something to him; or that Malcolm had. The wraith of that inscrutability hovered between him and Tony, and in clasping her would he not always clasp its chill? The springs of ardor in his heart were killed. Never had he more loved and never less desired her. Poor, poor Tony! How could she live without him? And wretched he, how was he to win her back from this antagonist?

He had asked his question, but she knew his thoughts.

'He has parted us, Bevis. We are parted. You know it, too.'

'I don't. I don't.' Holding her hand he looked down at it while his heart mocked the protestation. 'I don't know it. Life can cover this misery. We must be brave, and face it together.'

'It can't be faced together. He would be there, always — seeing us.'

'We want him to be there; happy; loving you; loving your happiness.'

'It is not like that, Bevis.' She only needed to remind him. The reality before them mocked his words. 'He would not have called to us if he were happy. He would not have appeared to Cicely. He is not angry. I understand it all. He is trying to get through; but it is not because he is angry. It is because he feels I have gone from him. He is lonely, Bevis, and lost. Like the curlew, like the poor, forgotten curlew.'

When she said that, something seemed to break in his heart, if there were anything left to break. He sat for a little while, still looking down at the hand he held, the piteous, engulfed hand. But it was pity, not only for her, but for himself, and, unendurably, for Malcolm, in that vision she evoked, that brought the slow tears to his eyes. And then thought and feeling seemed washed away from him, and he knew only that he had laid his head upon her shoulder, as if in great weariness, and sobbed.

'O my darling!' whispered Tony. She put her arms around him. 'O my darling Bevis! I've broken your heart, too. Oh, what grief! What misery!'

She had never spoken to him like that before; never clasped him to her. He had a beautiful feeling of comfort and contentment, even while, with her, he felt the waters closing over their heads.

'Darling Tony,' he said. He added after a moment, 'My heart's not broken when you are so lovely to me.'

Pressing her cheek against his fore-

head, kissing him tenderly, she held him as a mother holds her child. 'I'd give my life for you,' she said. 'I'd die to make you happy.'

'Ah, but you see,' he put his hand up to her shoulder so that he should feel her more near, 'that would n't do any good. You must stay like this to make me happy.'

'If I could!' she breathed.

They sat thus for a long time and, in the stillness, sweetness, sorrow, he felt that it was he and Tony who lay drowned in each other's arms at the bottom of the sea, dead and peaceful, and Malcolm who lived and roved so restlessly in the world from which they were mercifully sunken. They were the innocent ghosts and he the baleful living creature haunting their peace.

'Don't go. Why do you go?' he said, almost with terror, as Antonia's arms released him.

She had opened her eyes; but not to him. Their cold, fixed grief gazed above his head. And the faint, deprecatory smile flickered about her mouth as, rising, she said, 'I must. Cicely will soon be back. And I must rest again. I must rest for to-morrow, Bevis dear.'

'We are all going away to-morrow? You will really rest?'

'All going away. Yes; I will rest.' Still she did not look at him, but around at the room. 'I shall never see Wyndwards again.'

'Forget it, Tony, and all it's meant. That's what I am going to do. I am to travel with you?'

She hesitated; then, 'Of course. You and I and Cicely.'

'And I may see you in London? You'll take a day or two there before going on?'

'A day or two, perhaps. But you must not try to see me, Bevis dear.'

He had risen, still keeping her hand as he went with her to the door, still feeling himself the bereft and terrified child who seeks pretexts so that its mother shall not leave it. And he thought, as he went, that their lives were strangely overturned since this could be; for until now Tony had been his child. It had been he who had sustained and comforted Tony.

'Why do you go?' he repeated. 'You can rest with me, here; not saying anything; only being quiet, together.'

'No, Bevis dear; no.' She shook her head slowly, and her face was turned away from him. 'We must not be together, now.'

He knew that it was what she must say. He knew the terror in her heart. He saw Malcolm, mourning, unappeased, between them. Yet, summoning his will, summoning the claim of life against that detested apparition, expressing, also, the sickness of his heart as he saw his devastated future, 'You must n't make me a lonely curlew, too,' he said.

He was sorry for the words as soon as he had uttered them. It was a different terror they struck from her sunken face. She stood for a moment and looked at him, and he remembered how she had looked the other day, — oh! how long ago it seemed! — when he had frightened her by saying he might get over her. But it was not his child who looked at him now. 'I have broken your heart. I have broken your heart, too,' she said.

'Far from it!' he declared. And he tried to smile at her. 'Wait till I get you safely to London! You'll see how it will revive!'

The door stood open between them, and it was not his child who looked at him, answering his sally with a smile as difficult as his own. 'Dear, brave Bevis!' she murmured.

And, as she turned and left him, he saw again the love that had cherished him so tenderly, faltering, helpless, at the threshold of her lips and eyes.

III

Miss Latimer dined with him. She told him that the poor woman had died, and they talked of the Peace Conference. Miss Latimer read her papers carefully and the subject floated them until dessert. She spoke with dry skepticism of the League of Nations. Her outlook was narrow, acute, and practical. As they rose from the table, she bade him good-night.'

'Do you mind giving me a few moments in the library, first?' he said. 'I don't suppose we'll have another chance for a talk. You and Antonia are going to Cornwall, I hear.'

She hesitated, looking across at him, still at the table, from the place where she had risen.

'Yes. We are. I have a great deal to do.'

'I know. But our train is not early. I should be very much obliged.'

Under the compulsion of his courtesy she moved before him, reluctantly, to the library.

'You see,' — Bevis following, closed the door behind them, — 'a great deal has happened to me since we talked yesterday. I've heard of things I did not know before. They have changed my life and Antonia's. And since it's owing to you that they've come, I think you'll own it fair that I should ask for a little more enlightenment.'

His heart had stayed sunken in what was almost despair since Tony had left him. He had no plan, no hope. It was in a dismal sincerity that he made his request. There might be enlightenment. If there were, only she could give it. She was his antagonist; yet, unwillingly, she might show him some loophole of escape.

Reluctance evidently battled in her with what might be pride. She did not wish to show reluctance. She took a straight chair near the table, at a little distance from the fire, and sat there with rather the air of an applicant for a post, willing, coldly and succinctly, to give information.

Bevis limped up and down the room.

'Why have you been working against me?' he said at last. He stopped before her. 'Or, no, I don't mean that. Of course you would work against me. You would have to. But why have n't you been straight with me? Did n't you owe it to me as much as to Tony to tell me what had happened?'

She looked back coldly at him. 'I have not worked against you. I owe you nothing.'

'Not even when what happened concerned me so closely?'

'It was for Antonia to tell you anything that concerned you.' She paused and added, in a lower voice, 'I should not choose to speak of some things to you.'

'I see.' He took a turn or two away. 'Yes. After all, that's natural. But now you see me defeated and cast out. So perhaps you'll be merely merciful.'

He stopped again and scrutinized her. Yes, he had seen in her face yesterday what her hatred could be. It was — all defeated and cast out as he was — hatred for him he saw now, evident, palpable, like a sword. And why should she hate him so much? Had she anything to fear? Like Œdipus before the Sphinx, he studied her.

'You believe that you saw Malcolm the other night?'

She had not told him that she would be merciful, yet, evidently, she was willing to give information, since she sat there.

Something more evidently baleful came into her eyes as she answered, 'It is not a question of beliefs.'

'Of course; naturally. What I mean is — you did see him. Well, this is what I would like to know. Did you see him when you sat at the table with your

head down, before we left the room?'

The question — he had not meditated it: it had come to him instinctively, like a whisper from some unseen friend — was as unexpected to her as it had been to him. She had expected, no doubt, to be questioned as to Malcolm's dress, attitude, and demeanor. She kept her eyes fixed; but a tremor knotted her brows, as if with bewilderment.

'As I sat at the table?' she repeated. 'How do you mean?'

He did not take his eyes off her. He seemed to slide his hand along a sudden clue and to find it holding.

'I mean the vision of him standing beside the fountain. Did it come to you first while we were at the window seeing nothing?'

She stared at him, and the bewilderment gained her eyes. 'A vision? What do you mean by a vision? No. It was when you had gone. It was when I went to the window that I saw him standing there.'

Yet, even as she spoke, he saw that she was thinking with a new intensity. Something had been gained. Safety required him, at the moment, not to examine it overmuch, not to arouse her craft.

'I see,' he said, as if assenting; and again he turned from her and again he came back, with a new question. 'You think that he came because he is suffering?'

She had looked away from him while she thought, and as her eyes turned to him he saw the new edge to their hatred.

'Yes. Suffering,' she said. And her eyes added: 'Because of you.'

'You told Tony he was suffering?'

'I answered her questions.'

'He will be appeased by her sacrifice of me?'

She paused a moment, as if with a cold irony for his grossness. 'It is her heart he misses,' she then said.

He stood across the table from her, considering her. For the first time he seemed to see in full clearness the force of the passion that moved her. Her very being was centred in one loyalty, one devotion. She would, he felt sure, sacrifice anything, anyone to it. He considered her, and she kept her cold, ironic face uplifted to his scrutiny. There was desecration, he felt, in the blow his mind now prepared. Yet, as she was merciless, so he, too, must be.

'How is it he comes to you and not to Tony?' he asked her. 'How is it you know what he suffers?'

Unsuspecting, she was still ready to deal with him, since that was to be done with him. 'I have always been like that. I have always known things and felt them, and sometimes seen them. I have known Malcolm since he was a child. There is nothing he has felt that I have not known. It frightened him, sometimes, to find that I had known everything. The bond is not broken.'

'No. It is not. But do you see what I am going to tell Antonia to-morrow?' he said, not stirring as, with his folded arms, he looked across at her. 'That such a bond as that sets her free. It's you he comes for; you he misses. Realities take their place after death. Things come out. He did n't know it while he was alive. You were too near for him to know it. But it's you who are his mate. You are the creature nearest to him in the universe.'

She sat still for a moment after he had finished. Then she rose. Her little face, with its lighted glare, was almost terrifying. He saw, as he looked at her, that he had committed a sacrilege, yet he could not regret it.

'You know you lie,' she said. It had been a sacrilege, yet it might help him and Tony, for now all her barriers were down. 'If that were true, how could I wish to keep her for him? He is the creature nearest to me in the universe, but I am not near him. Never, never,

never!' said Miss Latimer, and her voice, as she spoke, piped to a rising wail. 'He was fond of me, never more than fond, and Antonia was the only woman he ever loved. I was with him in it all. I helped him sometimes to answer her letters, for she frightened him with her cleverness, and he was not like that. He was not clever in your way. And he would grow confused. Nothing ever brought us so near. It was of her we talked that last night, beside the fountain, in the flagged garden. It was then he told me that he knew, whatever happened to him, that he and Antonia belonged to each other forever.'

It was the truth, absolute and irrefutable. Yet, though before it, and her, in her bared agony, he knew himself ashamed, the light had come to him as it blazed from her. It gave him all he needed. He was sure now, as he had not been sure before, of what was not the truth. Malcolm, as a wraith, a menace, was exorcised. There was only Miss Latimer to deal with.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'I was wrong. You convince me. But there's something else.' She had dropped down again on her chair and she had put up her hand to her face, and so she sat while he spoke to her. 'You see, your love explains everything,' he said. 'I mean, everything that needs explaining. Don't think I speak as an enemy. It's only that I understand you and what has happened to you, and to us, better than you do yourself. You are so sure of your fact that you feel yourself justified in giving it to Antonia in a symbol; so, as you say, to keep her for him. You are sure he is here; you are sure he suffers; and you feel it right to tell her you have seen him, to save her from herself, as you would see it; and from me.'

Her hand had dropped, and the face she showed him was, in its bewilderment, in its desperation, its distraction, strangely young; like the face of a child judged by some standard it does not understand.

'A symbol? What do you mean by a symbol?' she asked; and her voice was the reedy, piping voice of a child.

He pressed home his advantage. 'You have not seen Malcolm. You believe that he is here and you believe he suffers. But you have not seen him. On your honor — can you look at me and say, on your honor, that you have seen him?'

She looked at him. She stared. And it was with the eyes of the desperate child. 'How could I not have seen him? How could I have known?'

'The table rapped it out for you, because you are a medium. It's a mystery that such things should be; but you say yourself that, in life, your mind read Malcolm's. In the same way, the other night, it read Tony's. You saw what she saw. Everything is open to you.'

She had risen and, with a strange gesture, she put her hand up to her head. 'No — no. It was more than that. It was more than that. Antonia did not know. I did not know. No one knew, till I saw it; how he died. I saw him. Half his head was shot away.'

He leaped to his triumph. 'It was my mind that showed you that. I did know. I did know how he died. You read my mind as well as Tony's. Our minds built up the picture for you.'

Her hand held to her head, she stared at him. 'It is not true! Not true. You say so now when I have told you.'

'Ask Tony if it's not true. I told her what you'd seen before she told me. Miss Latimer — I appeal to you. Our lives hang on you. Tell me the truth — tell it to me now, and to Tony to-night. You did not see him. Not what we mean by seeing. Not as Tony believes you saw. You had your inner vision while you leaned there on the table,

and it convinced you of the outer. I've shown you how you built it up. Every detail of our knowledge was revealed to you. It's we who created Malcolm's ghost.'

But she had turned away from him, and it was as if in desperate plight, blindly pushing aside the chair against which she stumbled, still with her hand held as if to Malcolm's wound.

'Not true! Not true!' she cried; and she flung aside the hand he held out to arrest her. 'He is here! He has saved her! I saw him! Beside the fountain!'

IV

She was gone and he need not pursue her. Her desperation had given him all that he had hoped for, and there was no recantation or avowal to be wrested from that panic. He had followed her to the door, and he watched her mount the stairs, running as she went, and without one backward glance. And when, at the end of the corridor above, he heard her door shut, he still stood in the open doorway, his head bent, his hands in his pockets, and took, it seemed in long draughts of recovery, full possession of his almost miraculous escape. How difficult to put it into words. How difficult to bring it to Tony. For it had been by his intuition only that he had triumphed over his foe, and intuition, only, told him that it was a triumph and that he was free. How heavy the shackles that had fallen from him, he knew from the delicious sense of peace that filled him, bringing sweet tears to his eyes. Free. He had only a human antagonist to deal with, and all the fire that had failed him that afternoon was kindling again in his heart. Malcolm was exorcised and he could save Tony.

When he went upstairs at last, he paused at her door to listen. All was still within her room. He stood there for a long time and wondered if she slept. Did she lie, perhaps, with eyes open to the haunted darkness, tearing at her divided heart? If he could have been sure of that, he thought he would have gone in to tell her of his enfranchisement. Hers, he foresaw, could not come from anything he might say to her. Only by the slow infection of his security and ardor could he convince her that her fear was groundless, since it could no longer infect him.

He listened for a little longer. She must be asleep.

His own room was at the other end of the corridor, opposite Miss Latimer's. He heard, as he reached it, that she was weeping, desperately weeping. Was it remorse, he wondered, or despair for her exposure? Was it a baffled fury at finding her prey escape her, and Tony to be restored to life again? Yet, with a curious, unwilling pity, he knew as he stood and listened, that he did not believe of her that she knew herself to be a liar. And, pitying her, seeing in her the sibyl who finds her magic fail her and feels herself helpless in a universe closed to her incantations, his instinct warned him, that, while she waked, he must not leave Tony unguarded.

He undressed and lay down with a book, his door ajar. He read, and found himself able to read, hearing at intervals, for hours, that Miss Latimer still wept. When, at last, for a long time, silence had fallen and he had put out his light, he could not have slept, had he wished it. It was his last night in the hateful house, and the hours seemed heavy with significance. The wailing sobs, though silenced, still beat an undertone to his thoughts — thoughts of Malcolm, his dead friend, now, harmlessly, the immortal spirit; and thoughts of his dear Tony. Not until yesterday, when the waters had closed over them, had he known the depths of his love for Tony; and only through their anguish

had the depths of her innocent, tragically gentle heart been revealed to him. Yet, while he thought of her, yearning over her, in her childlike sleep, with love unspeakable, the anguish seemed to hover, like a cloud, above him, and Miss Latimer's sobs still to beat: Dead. — Dead. — Dead.

V

The first housemaids were already stirring when at last he fell into a heavy sleep. So heavy it was that it seemed long; yet only a few hours could have gone by before he was awakened by a rapping at his half-open door. Even as he drowsily struggled forth from slumber, he was aware that it was not the competent knock that announced hot water and the hour of rising. He opened his eyes and saw Tony's maid standing in the doorway.

He had noticed Thompson more than once, here and in London, for he had felt that the glances cast upon him as they crossed on the stairs or as she came in and out while he and Tony talked, had been friendly to his hopes. She was a middle-aged woman, elegant of figure, with a gentle, careworn face; and he had liked her, as she had liked him, for he had felt that hers was an almost romantic devotion to Tony. She stood there now, and, for a moment, her professional decorum veiled from him the expression of her face.

'O sir — could you come?' she said. And then he saw that her face was strange.

He sprang up while she stood outside. There was, he knew that, no time for his leg, though he seemed to know nothing else; and he threw on his dressing-gown and took up his crutches while Thompson waited for him. But when he went out to her, she still stood there, looking at him.

'Is Mrs. Wellwood ill?' he asked.

'O sir, she's dead!' said Thompson.

Then, standing in the corridor, he felt himself trying to think. It was like the moment in France when his leg had been shattered and he had not known whether he were alive or dead. But this was worse. This was not like the moment in France. There was only, then, himself. He could not think. Thompson had put her arm under his. He was hanging forward heavily on his crutches.

'O sir, perhaps you'd better go back to bed, till a little later — till the doctor comes,' she said. 'It was an over-dose of the powder. She's sometimes taken them, since Mr. Wellwood was killed. And she must have made a mistake. She had everything to live for.' Thompson broke into sobs. 'I've just found her. Miss Cicely is there. She sent a boy for the doctor. But it's too late. You'd only think her sleeping, so beautiful she is, sir.'

'Help me,' said Bevis. 'I must come.'

The curtains had been drawn in Tony's room, and the morning sunlight fell across the bed where she lay. It was not as if sleeping — he saw that at the first sight. She lay on her back and her head was sunken on her breast as if with a doggedness of oblivion. Still, she was beautiful; and he noted, his heart shattered by impotent tenderness, the dusky mark upon her eyelid, like the freaking on a lovely fruit.

Miss Latimer sat on the other side of the bed, with her back to the light. Beside her stood the little tray of early-morning tea that Thompson had brought in and set down on the table near her mistress before drawing the curtains.

Thompson helping him, he reached the bed and laid hold of the bed-post.

'Yes. I can manage. Thank you so much,' he said to her.

So he was left, confronting Miss Latimer; and Tony was between them.

He did not look at Miss Latimer. His being was absorbed in contemplation of the dead woman. With sickening sorrow he reconstructed the moments that had led her to this act. It had not been unintentional. He remembered her still look, her ineffable gentleness of the day before. She had intended then; or, if not then, the grief that had come upon them both had fixed her in her design.

She had escaped. She had taken refuge from herself, knowing that her longing heart must betray her did she linger. She had, perhaps, in some overwhelming skepticism, taken refuge, in what she craved to be unending sleep, from the haunting figure of her husband. Or perhaps it had been in atonement to Malcolm, and she had believed herself going to him. But no; but no; the dull hammer-stroke of conviction fell again and again upon his heart; it had been in despair that she had gone. In going she had turned her back upon her joy.

He had looked a long time, when a consciousness as of something unfitting pressed in upon his drugged absorption. Looking up from Tony's dear, strange face, he saw that Miss Latimer was not weeping and that her eyes were on him. Shriveled, shrunken as she appeared, sitting there, her hair disheveled, a bright Chinese robe wrapped round her, there was in her gaze none of the fear or the bewilderment of the night before. It saw him, and its cruel radiance was for him; yet it passed beyond him. Free, exultant, it soared above him, above Tony, like a bird rising in crystal heights of air at daybreak. His mind fell back, blunted, from its attempt to penetrate her new significance. He only knew that she did not weep for Tony, that she rejoiced that Tony was gone; and an emotionless but calculating hatred rose in him.

'You see you've killed her,' he said. 'It was n't too late last night. If you'd gone in to her last night, after you left me, you could have saved her.'

And if he, last night, had gone in to Tony, he could have saved her. He thought of his long vigil. During all those hours that he had guarded her, she had been sinking away from him. He remembered his vision of her piteous, helpless hands lying on the table. She had stretched herself upon the darkness and it had sucked her down.

Miss Latimer's radiant gaze was on him; but she made him no reply.

'Curse you!' said the young man. 'Curse you!'

She saw him, but it was like the bird, gazing down from its height at some outsoared menace of a half-vanished earth. And her voice came to him now as from those crystal distances.

'No,' she said. 'Antonia has saved herself. You drove her to it; you made it her only way.'

'You drove her to it, you cursed liar. I could have made her happy. It was me she loved. Yes, take that in—more than she loved Malcolm. Nothing stood between us but your lies. You determined and plotted it, when the weapon was put into your hands by our folly. You've killed her, and you are glad that she is dead.'

She did not pause for his revilement. Her mind was fixed in its exaltation.

'No: it was Malcolm she loved more dearly. She chose between you. She knew herself too weak to stay. He came for her and she has gone to him. He has forgiven her. The husband and the wife are together.'

Bevis leaned his head against the bed-post and closed his eyes. The idle folly of his fury dropped from him. He felt only a sick loathing and exhaustion.

'Leave me,' he muttered. 'You'll not grudge me what I have left. Leave me with her. Never let me see your face again.'

Almost as if with a glad docility, drawing, in the spring sunlight, her brilliant robe about her, Miss Latimer rose, and her face kept the glitter of its supernatural triumph. She obeyed as if recognizing to the full his claim upon the distenanted form lying there. For a moment only she paused and looked down at the dead woman, and he seemed then, dimly, and now indifferently, to see on her lips the pitiless smile of a priest above a sacrificial victim.

Then the rustle of her robe passed round the room. The door closed softly behind her, and he was alone with all that was left him of Tony.

(*The End*)

A PRETTY QUARREL

BY LORD DUNSANY

On one of those unattained, and unattainable, pinnacles that are known as the Bleaks of Eerie, an eagle was looking East with a hopeful presage of blood.

For he knew, and rejoiced in the knowledge, that eastward over the dells the dwarfs were risen in Ulk, and gone to war with the demigods.

The demigods are they that were born of earthly women; but their sires are the elder gods who walked of old among men. Disguised they would go through the villages sometimes in summer evenings, cloaked and unknown of men; but the younger maidens knew them and always ran to them singing, for all that their elders said: in evenings long ago they had danced to the woods of the oak trees. Their children dwelt out-of-doors beyond the dells of the bracken, in the cool and heathery lands, and were now at war with the dwarfs.

Dour and grim were the demigods, and had the faults of both parents, and would not mix with men but claimed the right of their fathers, and would not play human games but forever were prophesying, and yet were more frivolous than their mothers were, whom the fairies had long since buried in wild wood-gardens with more than human rites.

And being irked at their lack of rights and ill-content with the land, and having no power at all over wind and snow, and caring little for the powers they had, the demigods became idle, greasy, and slow; and the contemptuous dwarfs despised them ever.

The dwarfs were contemptuous of all things savoring of heaven, and of everything that was even partly divine. They were, so it has been said, of the seed of man; but, being squat and hairy, like to the beasts, they praised all beastly things, and bestiality was shown reverence among them, so far as reverence was theirs to show. So most of all they despised the discontent of the demigods who dreamed of the courts of heaven and power over wind and snow; for what better, said the dwarfs, could demigods do than nose in the earth for

roots and cover their faces with mire, and run with the cheerful goats and be even as they?

Now, in their idleness caused by their discontent, the seed of the gods and the maidens grew more discontented still, and spake of or cared for only heavenly things; until the contempt of the dwarfs, who heard of all these doings, was bridled no longer and it must needs be war. They burned spice, dipped in blood and dried, before the chief of their witches, sharpened their axes, and made war on the demigods.

They passed by night over the Oolnar Mountains, — each dwarf with his good axe, the old flint war-axe of his fathers, — a night when no moon shone; and they went unshod and swiftly, to come on the demigods in the darkness beyond the dells of Ulk, lying fat and idle and contemptible.

And before it was light they found the heathery lands, and the demigods lying lazy all over the side of a hill. The dwarfs stole toward them warily in the darkness.

Now the art that the gods love most is the art of war; and when the seed of the gods and those nimble maidens awoke and found it was war, it was almost as much to them as the god-like pursuits of heaven, enjoyed in the marble courts, or power over wind and snow. They all drew out at once their swords of tempered bronze, cast down to them centuries since on stormy nights by their fathers; drew them and faced the dwarfs; and casting their idleness from them, fell on them sword to axe. And the dwarfs fought hard that night, and bruised the demigods sorely, hacking with those huge axes that had not spared the oaks. Yet for all the weight of their blows and the cunning of their adventure, one point they had overlooked: *the demigods were immortal.*

As the fight rolled on toward morning the fighters were fewer and fewer; yet for all the blows of the dwarfs, men fell upon one side only.

Dawn came, and the demigods were fighting against no more than six; and the hour that follows dawn, and the last of the dwarfs was gone.

And when the light was clear on that peak of the Bleaks of Eerie, the eagle left his crag and flew grimly east, and found it was as he had hoped in the matter of blood.

But the demigods lay down in their heathery lands, for once content though so far from the courts of heaven, and even half forgot their heavenly rights, and sighed no more for power over wind and snow.

FIDDLERS' LUCK

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

DURING my whole service in France up to the day when I rose from the cot in Base Hospital 14 and began to hobble, I had only one fiddling adventure.

My regiment spent some time in the town of Champlitte, training for the front lines. So far as we were aware, Champlitte possessed but one bathtub. You dropped into the bathing establishment every time you passed that way, and once during the course of several weeks you probably were fortunate enough to find the tub hospitably vacant.

Now, I had known about cleanliness being next to godliness. France showed me that it was but one remove from the divine art of fiddling. One day I stopped in to make the usual tender inquiries after the bathtub's condition. I was informed that it was doing better than was to be expected under the circumstances, and that, if I would honor a chair in the next room for a little bit with my distinguished presence, facilities for cleanliness would soon be at my disposal.

I was ushered into the family parlor. The first thing that I saw on entering was a 'cello. It was suffering from anæmia, recessive gums, and that form of acute St. Vitus's dance in the lumbar regions known as Pernicious Wolf Tone; but it was still a 'cello. Of course I picked it up and began to play.

In rushed madame, clasping her hands as if in ecstasy. In waddled grand'mère, not in any ecstasy, but flying signals of extreme content. In tornadoed a small boy and began to cavort about my chair, like a young puppy, wild with jubilation on being released from long captivity and offered a juicy bone.

I inquired if the bath were ready.

'Ah, monsieur le lieutenant, but first we entreat you to play some more! You cannot know how we have starved for our dear music during these sad years when no one has had the heart to play. But now it is different. Thanks to messieurs les Américains we are about to achieve the victory.'

I asked what they wanted to hear, and they wanted the Meditation from *Thaïs*, copious extracts from *Faust*, Massenet's Élégie, the Berceuse from *Jocelyn*, and the Sextette from *Lucia*. These I dutifully rendered, while my audience caressed the music with their eyes. Madame slipped out for a moment and returned with a bottle of her choicest wine. Grand'mère cut me a bunch of delicious grapes from the arbor outside the door.

I was not allowed to bathe until I had given young Antoine, the 'cello's owner, some pointers on how to manipulate his property. While I splashed, the earnest garçon kept running in with eager inquiries about how to bow an arpeggio, how to make the C-string stay at C without sliding down to zero every few moments, and how to gain the rare altitude of the fourth position without slipping into a crevasse.

When all was said and done and bathed, I had much ado to make madame accept compensation for the bath. Regarding the wine and the grapes, she was adamant. Had I not brightened their lives and given them all a foretaste of the peace-time coming? Any moment I wanted to play that 'cello to my friends, Antoine should carry it for me to whatever point I might designate. For it was not meet and right that an officer should bemean his honored uniform by carrying so bulky and plebeian a parcel.

Now it happened that I did want to fiddle elsewhere: for I had found a pianist in almost as singular a fashion as that in which I had found a 'cello. I had found the 'cello on the way to a bath. And I had found the pianist on the way to a dentist.

It all began with the texture and consistency of the A.E.F. bread. This form of the staff of life was durably constructed of ironwood. It was of so firm a substance that only teeth of Bessemer steel fitted with diamond points could have bitten it month in, month out, and remained intact. Mine, being made of merely mortal enamel and a very painful substance they call pulp, rained down fillings like the hail that plagued Egypt, and cried, '*Kamerad!*' and had to be taken to the hospital.

But when they arrived there, the dentist looked sheepish and confessed that all his tools had been sent to France in the heavy freight, and had probably succumbed to the submarines. Unless he hitched my tooth to a wire and the other end of the wire to a bullet, and pulled the trigger and shot the bullet forth into space, he could n't help my tooth out. I explained that filling, not extraction, — more pulp rather than less, — was my ideal. But he had n't a single tool, and could not say when he could get his hands on any.

My little affair was urgent, and I could not let the matter rest there. I started forth to find him some of the murderous instruments of his profession. It soon developed that all the local French tooth-doctors were at the front, and, unlike our own, had all their tools with them.

Hold! One of them had been killed in action. Perhaps the widow possessed his outfit. I hastened to the address and found a delightful lady who owned a large and representative memorial collection of dental forceps (from which I involuntarily recoiled), and a charming niece who produced no such effect upon me.

This young woman, indeed, played the piano remarkably handily. I revealed my own weakness for operating upon the 'cello. We accordingly laid our plans with affectionate minuteness as to what we would make happen if a 'cello could be discovered. But it never was, until the day I finally found the bathtub empty.

The very next evening I summoned Antoine with his poor, suffering old bull-fiddle, and mademoiselle and I gave ourselves and the family a concert. We did n't have any music anywhere but in our heads. But we had so much there that we played all the evening without once repeating ourselves. At first she played, like ninety-nine pianists out of a hundred, a bit heavily. But she made me feel like the lord of creation when I murmured in her ear, 'Let it be light,' and it *was* light. So a pleasant time was had by all.

Like most of her countrywomen, and like most of the English and other peoples who had been at war long enough to find a full outlet for all their pent-up energies and passions, this lady had no prejudice against German music; so we alternated Debussy with Beethoven and Franck with Bach, to everybody's satisfaction. And afterwards, when I took Antoine's 'cello over to the Amer-

ican Officers' Club and played till midnight, there was the same feeling that art is international, and that to cut off German music is no wiser than cutting off your own nose to spite your face.

It was interesting to notice that this feeling grew much more pronounced in my regiment after we had been under fire. As a rule I found that the front-line fighting man had little or no prejudice against German music. He had translated into action, and worked out of his system, that pent-up spleen which so ate into the vitals of the S.O.S. and of the good folks at home.

His idea was somewhat as follows: 'Let 's lap up everything good that we can get out of the Boches, and enjoy it to the limit! That 's the least we can do to get even for the rats and the mud, the forced marches, the hospitals, the cold and the cooties.' So he consumed a German tune with the same gusto that he showed in sampling the cigars and schnapps he found in the captured dug-out. I consider this a healthier state than being poisoned by the ingrowing morbidness of the lines of communication. Virulence against German music appeared to increase in direct proportion to the agitator's distance from Germany. I remember that it was a telephone girl in the rearest of the rear who based her abhorrence of German music on the original ground that it was bad music. Triumphantly she backed up this contention with the syllogism: —

'Music is goodness.

'The German is not good.

'Therefore the German is not musical.'

Naturally I forebore to invert this extraordinary proposition and come back with: —

'Music is goodness.

'The German is musical.

'Therefore the German is good,' — for I did not in the least think so myself. I merely inquired of her in the mildest of tones whether Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms were, then, unmusical. In the engaging manner of so many cornered ladies, she resorted at once to invective. With wrath flashing from her eyes she denounced me as a disgrace to the uniform I wore.

It was clear that my views on the art of music had not made a hit with the telephone girl. I told myself that you can't please anyone with everything any more than you can please everyone with anything. But this philosophical reflection did little toward cheering me. For then and there I saw that, when I stopped shooting the Boches and being shot at by them, and went home, I would have to choose between disliking Beethoven, and being shot at by a considerable body of noncombatants.

This was a painful dilemma. For, in going over the top, it was Beethoven and other Boches of his sort who kept such nice, encouraging tunes going all the time in my head, that they made the whizz-bangs and the blind pigs and the bombs and bullets sound much less dismaying than they might otherwise have sounded. These good Teutonic musicians released more of my energies toward the great end of making more present-day Germans good, that is, dead. It was a droll thing to catch Brahms in the act of helping me kill Germans; for in my interesting solo position as Assistant Regimental Intelligence Officer during an attack, I found no more helpful aide than the composer of the *Triumphlied.*

My chief recollection of music in the trenches is of the wedding hymns which the highly uxorious rats of Verrières sang, as they performed Russian ballets on the corrugated iron of my superterranean dug-out, and while using my face as a spring-board for the high dive. So I am not going to say much of anything about fiddlers' luck at the front,

because it was conspicuous by its absence.

Stay! There was one rare specimen of a fiddler, — well, perhaps not exactly a fiddler, — who went into the Meuse-Argonne offensive with us before Montfaucon, sitting on top of his tank with the shells bursting about him at reasonable distances and intervals. All this time he kept twanging a disreputable banjo and singing at the top of a gay and lusty voice — till one of the shells put a sudden and final double-bar to the music.

My beloved Brahms was the best of bunkies and buddies right up to the moment when the Boche sniper in the tree got me through the hip-bone. And he stayed with me during the hours of jolting back on the stretcher, borne by willing but awkward amateurs. And he stayed with me all the time that very elastic Ford ambulance was cavorting back *andante con motor*, through the shell-holes to the field hospital.

It was one of those high-brow ambulances that have no use for low gear. Low, in fact, was burned out. So every time we struck a shell-hole, Henry Ford gave a last gasp and had eventually (we asked ourselves: 'Why not now?') to be propelled by hand to the crest of the next hill. Those hours might have been an unpleasant experience if it had not been for the Brahms sextettes. Henry might shake me until I was all hip, but, in the words of the ancient song, those darling old comrades (the sextettes) were there by my side.

II

The two days in the field hospital were over; likewise the two days in the evacuation hospital at Souilly. Dead and done were the two days in the filthy French cattle-car, where you lay with another wounded officer six inches above your nose, tended by a picturesque old ruffian named Philippe, who knew but one word of English. At last the stretchers jolted us into a long chilly paradise of clean sheets and real American girls, who gave us baths and cups of cocoa.

We were in luck. All the hospitals were full up. Those who were wounded after that must take their chances of lying on the dry side of a hedge in the cold rain.

The surgeon major came through with his bunch of catalogue cards, the Who's Who of Ward 4. He paused beside my bed, ran his finger over them, picked one out, read it, then glanced at me with a sharp look.

'Schauffler,' I could hear him murmur; 'born in Austria.'

I could see suspicion dawning in the major's eyes. Already I foresaw myself marked down as a possible spy and carried out and laid under a hedge to make room for some Captain John Smith, born in Topeka. There was a look of bigoted conviction about that major, which told me how useless it would be to explain that three of my four grandparents had been Plymouth Rock Yankees, and that the fourth, he who had thoughtlessly endowed me with my too Teutonic name, had been an American citizen. When they are not on the trail of spies, the higher army officers do not bother much with listening to such fine-drawn and subtle distinctions as these. I could almost hear this train of logic forming itself in the major's mind: —

'His name is German;

'He was born in Austria;

'Therefore he must be a spy.'

I braced myself for the conflict, looked at the major, and prepared to speak. But, as I did so, his expression changed. All at once a flash of eager curiosity replaced the look of hostile suspicion.

'Look here,' he said, 'you don't happen to come, do you, from that family

of American missionaries that was born all over creation?'

'Yes, sir.'

The major grew excited.

'Is Captain Charles Schauffler any relative of yours?'

'My brother.'

The major's hand shot out.

'Put it there, old man! Charlie 's about the best friend I have in the world. Why, I just operated on two of his boys before coming abroad.'

'Yes, and now they 're both serving in France along with three other nephews of mine.'

'Look here, what relation are you to the R. H. S. who writes about fiddlers in the *Atlantic?*'

In a subdued voice, for fear of losing caste with my brother officers in the neighboring beds, I explained the nature of my relationship to that slave of the quill.

The major seemed taken aback.

'Good heavens!' he cried. 'And to think that I was just on the point of denouncing you as a spy!'

Again he shook me warmly by the hand and told me that he had all my books in his library.

'My colleague the medical major must know of this at once,' exclaimed my new friend. 'He has often mentioned your stuff to me. He is a faithful *Atlantic* reader, and you will find him a bang-up musical amateur.'

He hurried away and, in a few moments, brought back a person whom I shall always regard as one of the largest-souled and warmest-hearted of all my friends. The medical major's first words to me were wholly characteristic of the man: —

'What can I get you?'

Any soldier who has ever traveled a couple of hundred miles by slow freight between wound and base hospital will know how welcome these words sounded. All honor to the dauntless ambulance drivers and the compassionate hospital orderlies! But how they could steal! By the time I reached the base I had lost everything I possessed except the clothes on my back and my automatic pistol. And every single driver who flivved me, and every single orderly who tended me, had tried his best to steal that Savage. I preserved it for posterity only by lying continuously upon it. Uncomfortable, of course, but the only sure way. If that Savage had possessed any of the properties of an egg, or I of a hen, I should, before reaching Base 14, have hatched out a considerable flock of little savages. My success in keeping the weapon was extraordinary. Nineteen officers in my ward out of twenty had been relieved of their pistols early in the game, and had had their money-belts rifled as soon as they went under ether in the field hospital.

'What can I get you?' asked that blessed major.

'Toothpaste, a toothbrush, and a sweater,' I replied without an instant's hesitation.

He nodded, and returned in half an hour, carrying a khaki kit-bag crammed with all these, and such additional luxuries as socks, dental floss, handkerchiefs, cigarettes, a comb, and writing materials. Praised be his name! I consider seriously dedicating my next book to him and the surgeon who did not throw me out in the rain. For good measure I shall put in the 79th Division and the Mars Hospital Centre.

The medical major used to drop in and sit down on my bed for a chat at least twice a day. I found him a very intelligent amateur musician, and our mouths would water as we talked of historic performances we had heard by the Chicago Orchestra, the Flonzaleys, the Olive Meads, Bauer, and Gabrilowitch, and how jolly it would be if we two might play the Franck sonata

together — for the major eventually proved to be a very able pianist.

'Just wait till you can hobble,' he would say. 'Then I 'll dig you up some sort of a 'cello, and we 'll have fun.'

The first thing this good Samaritan did, as soon as I could navigate, was to place his own private room at my disposal during the daytime. This was a godsend. The long hours of solitude with his library of French novels proved to be an even more delicious luxury than the sheets had been on emerging from the cattle-car.

Now, I like my kind passing well. But for a year and a half I had lived continuously day and night in their immediate presence. And such is the tyranny of the musical ear that there had been no possibility of ever indulging in my own thoughts if any of the comrades were singing, whistling, playing the phonograph, or snoring — and they were nearly always doing one or the other. All the chinks, of course, were filled in with profanity of the first order. There is something musical about a good curse if well performed. And the sound of profanity was never still in the A.E.F.

Sometimes, when the audible world has been too much with me, I have thought that the utopian type of universal democracy enjoined by such enthusiasts as Walt Whitman must be rather easier for unmusical folk to attain and maintain. People whose ears are not particularly sensitive have a gross advantage. Sight, smell, taste, and touch can get along in almost any crowd with kindliness and geniality. You can overlook or underlook ugliness of feature, or deliberately close your eyes to it. You can light a cigar or invoke perfume against an evil odor. Unless you fall among cannibals or into the A.E.F., you are rarely obliged to outrage your palate. As for rubbing elbows with the crowd, I for one have seldom rubbed an elbow that did not give me an interesting wireless message, revealing things about the owner's personality that he perhaps did not himself know.

But as for the chap who whistles between his teeth, or sings out of tune, or twangs a degenerate guitar with wire-loose strings in the next bed for twelve hours a day, while expressing in a cracked voice a Freudian wish for 'a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad,' it is passing hard for the musician to keep on loving him in the fraternal manner recommended by *Leaves of Grass*.

This fact used to sadden me until I happened to stumble one day upon the poem where Whitman tried to write in a sophisticated manner about the art of music. There I found him lavishing his praises on 'Italia's peerless compositions,' especially the 'trombone duo' in *Ernani*, and discovered that those third-raters Rossini and Meyerbeer were just about Walt's top speed in a musical manner of speaking. The discovery made me easier in my mind. Anybody who felt that way would naturally experience no difficulty in pouring out unstinted floods of love upon the man who, for twelve hours a day, audibly yearned for a girl according to Freud. But there was evidently something wrong with the good gray poet's ears.

Personally, I do not believe that he was very much more musical than a certain one of the nine directors of the late Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra was giving a summer concert at the country club while this gentleman was entertaining a party of friends, and they found some difficulty in making themselves heard above the sounds of the symphony. He called the waiter at length, and said, 'Waiter, go to Mr. Bernthaler, the man who is waving the stick up there, and tell him

to play in a minor key so we can hear each other talk.'

I think this gentleman would have fitted admirably into old Walt's democratic utopia. To be a real hearty Whitmanian you have to have either rather blunt senses, or the power to disregard the superficial and, by an act of divination, pierce below the surface and appreciate the essential truth, goodness, and beauty hidden there. Only, if you are anything of a musician, it is so much easier to see beauty beneath ugliness than to hear it!

Therefore, when the medical major crowned his royal gift of toothpaste *et cetera*, by lending me his room and his oil-stove, it was passing pleasant to escape suddenly into the possibility of resuming my year-long habit of quiet reflection — to evoke my auto-comrade again, and after shaking him cordially by the hand and slapping him on the back, find out what he had been up to all the time since I entered Plattsburg and gave him the go-by.

Sometimes the major would drop in for a few moments of chat between his tireless rounds, and we would talk real talk. Whenever I began to thank him for his kindness, he would always shut me up in a determined and flattering manner, saying that he was an *Atlantic* reader and had to get even with me for various pleasant quarters of an hour.

Before long, when I could hobble two hundred yards, the major told me to go and consult the ear doctor in the neighboring hospital.

'But,' I objected, 'there 's nothing wrong with my ears.'

The major over-rode me.

'Yes, there is! As your superior officer, I command you to see Lieutenant F——, and tell him you play the 'cello. He 'll give you something that will help you.'

So I made my way, in a puzzled state, over to Base 35 and sat around in Lieutenant F——'s clinic and watched him do complicated and skillful things to the ears of many a doughboy. Finally he said; —

'Now, Loot, I'll treat you.'

I eyed his murderous array of cutlery with considerable conservatism. But, instead of cutting me up, he took off his apron, washed his hands, and led the way to his sleeping-quarters. The first thing I saw there showed me how the Ear Man was going to treat me. It was a 'cello that dangled by the neck from a nail in the door, like the spy that the surgeon major had n't taken me for.

I fell upon it with loud, carnivorous cries. The Ear Man immediately produced a flute from the bureau drawer; and we began, without a second's hesitation, on that time-honored duet known as Titl's 'Serenade.'

When the Ear Man's breath failed, I recalled the fact that I had breathed practically my first infant breath into the flute. So we swapped instruments and did *La Paloma*. By this time we had amassed a large and encouraging audience of medical men in the little room, and they demanded a programme ranging all the way from 'Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight,' to 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' which last selection, I impolitely pointed out to them, might more appropriately be played to their patients.

All this time my subconsciousness was busy with the fact that I had not touched a 'cello since before the Flood. I enjoyed the pleasantly piquant contrast between the feel of barbed wire and automatic triggers and the more novel but agreeable texture of wire strings and a 'cello bow.

Mess-call sounding, the audience insisted that we adjourn with our instruments, and serenade the assembled officers. The incident turned out to be all the more enjoyable when the com-

mandant of 35 discovered that he was a friend of my brother, the medical corps colonel, and informed me that said brother had recently arrived in France and was stationed only sixty kilometres away.

Then I hobbled across the railroad tracks with the Ear Man's 'cello. The medical major beamed when he saw it.

'Ah, that 's what my nurses are keen to hear. I've told them about you and the treatment I prescribed. Won't you play to them to-night at their club?'

'Yes, sir, if you 'll accompany me.'

The kind major's face fell an octave.

'Three of my poor boys are probably going West before morning. I can't possibly leave them. But did n't I hear you say that you had found a pianist in your ward?'

I had indeed! It had come about this way. In a bed halfway down the hall lay a captain from my own regiment. One afternoon I had heard somebody whistling Chopin softly to himself, and whistling it excellently well. I sat up and traced the sound to Captain V——. Then I whistled an answering strain. He was as surprised as I had been.

To offset the tedium of hospital life we developed a musical contest of sorts. One of us would start a melody, and if the other one could not take it up wherever it stopped, the starter would score one. If he could, however, he got the jump on the other fellow. The officers in the intervening bunks disregarded our soft pipings as things foreign to their natures.

But one day, when one of us was scoring heavily on a Brahms symphony, a pair of lips at the far end of the ward took up the tale with elegance and precision.

The captain and I jerked our heads about in surprise, and discovered this unexpected source of Brahms to be Major W——, ranking patient of the ward, the man with the shrapnel hole in his hip.

In high excitement I pulled on bathrobe and slippers and made my way down the aisle. After half an hour's conversation with him, I knew that I had discovered a musical amateur twenty-one karats fine. His memory for melodies was all-compendious, his taste was like refined gold, and he played the piano.

When I came to him that evening and showed him the Ear Man's 'cello, and said that the nurses were keen for some music, and did he feel able to get as far as the club and accompany me a bit, he painfully dragged on his clothes, crowned all with a leather jerkin (for his very blouse had been stolen by some ambulance driver who was no respecter of rank), and we hobbled forth through the deep mud for which the Mars Hospital Centre was notorious.

But before I had time to strip off the Ear Man's 'cello's chemise, Major W—— lurched at the keys like a starving man — and the heavens were opened. What was that wonderful piece he was playing? It began like a sort of cross between Ropartz and Reger. But after a few bars I could have sworn it was some master-work of Franck that had somehow escaped my ears till that moment. Pretty soon it sounded like a great but unknown piece by Bach, and then it turned into a mighty four-part fugue such as Beethoven ought to have written, but never got around to.

'What on earth is that?' I half shouted when the major crashed the final chord.

'Oh, just a little thing that occurred to me.'

I gasped. 'You don't mean that you improvised it?'

I had heard it said that there was only one musician alive who could improvise really well, and that he always

improvised on the same theme. But this revelation was beginning to make me doubt it.

'Yes,' said he in a matter-of-fact tone. 'Now let 's have a look at your music.'

It had not occurred to me until then, but there was no music.

'Never mind,' said the major. 'What are a few printed sheets between friends? Let 's find out what the audience would like to hear.'

The head nurse said, 'The Bach Air in D major'; and the major played that exacting accompaniment out of his head, with a caressing, delicate touch and a meticulous exactitude which showed me that he was the fabulous golden accompanist at the foot of the rainbow, and that I had at length caught up to him.

A tall blonde insisted on being carried back to old Virginny, and the major variegated the journey with new and richer harmonies, and a playfully contrapuntal bass.

Then the good angel we affectionately termed 'The Corporal,' she who had given us that memorable bath when we emerged from the cattle-car incrusted with all the strata of geologic France, demanded Wagner. And we rendered right lustily Siegfried's Rhine Journey, the Grail Procession, the Good Friday Spell, Siegmund's Love Song, and a large part of the *Tannhäuser* and *Meistersinger* overtures.

To please little Miss Fluffy Ruffles, we coquetted with Dvořak's *Humoresque*, while the major found extra fingers enough to render 'The Old Folks at Home' at the same time — an excellently successful musical marriage.

Then, after doing a lot of the third Beethoven Sonata at the request of that very creative listener, the surgeon major, who had dropped in during the marriage ceremony, we played nearly all the works of Stephen Foster and the Allied national airs, not even forgetting poor Russia, my colleague improvising the while the most stunningly florid figurated basses and the most gorgeous new harmonies that a national air ever tried on like an Easter bonnet.

And then the surgeon major sternly drove us to bed, on the principle that casualties must not get over-ambitious. And he even insisted on carrying that 'cello with his own hands back through the mud to the Ear Man. He declared that he felt so jubilant over meeting up with real music again after all those months that, were it not for the geography of the pianist's wound and my own, he would feel like shouting, 'Hip, hip, hooray!'

And thus it was that my old friend the *Atlantic*, when things came to the pinch, procured me toothpaste, solitude, a sweater, companionship, socks, and fiddlers' luck.

THE UNBELIEVER

BY ALICE BROWN

If I am blind and cannot see
The gaunt, stark-limbed, accursèd tree
Whereon, men say, You died for me —
Miserere, Domine.

If I am deaf and cannot hear
Your skyey promise falling clear,
Nor, in my need, Your whisper near —
Miserere, Domine.

If I am lame and cannot tread
The starlit path the Magi led,
To bow before Your manger-bed —
Miserere, Domine.

If in my unconsenting mind
Nor gem nor pebble I can find
To fit Your temple, man-designed —
Miserere, Domine.

If in my pierced and drowning heart,
Transfixed by the Arch-Doubter's dart,
I cannot feel You salve the smart —
Miserere, Domine.

And if at last unshriven I wait
At the bright barrier of Your gate,
And see You shrined in mystic state —
Miserere, Domine.

PROFITEERING AND PRICES

BY MELVIN T. COPELAND

WHERE are the profiteers? The country has been combed by federal agents, state commissions, and local grand juries, in a search for the profiteers on whom is laid the blame for high prices. What is the result? The proprietor of a little grocery store in Wiscasset, Maine, was haled to court in Portland, according to metropolitan newspaper reports, because he charged a couple of cents too much for sugar. A small shoe retailer is said to have been indicted, perhaps unjustly, by a grand jury in South Carolina for taking a profit somewhat above normal. A firm of shoe retailers, in Providence, Rhode Island, was fined $3500, according to published statements, for instructing its salesmen to obtain as high prices as possible. Here and there a few similar instances have been reported. Yet at the opening of the year 1920 prices were still tending upwards. This is practically the net result of the expenditure of several millions of public money.

The blame for high prices has been placed most frequently upon the retailer. And for two reasons. In the first place, the retailer is the last party through whose hands the merchandise passes on its route to the consumer, and his prices are the only ones with which the consumer is familiar. Secondly, the retailer, with a few exceptions, is a small business man; he is less able to defend himself than the wholesaler or the manufacturer. Yet the figures that have been collected for several years by the Bureau of Business Research of Harvard University indicate that, generally speaking, operating expenses in several of the leading retail and wholesale trades have advanced about as rapidly as prices. The ratio of net profit to sales has shown no marked change.

Although occasional instances of abnormally large profits may exist, nevertheless, if the average merchant were to sell his merchandise at a price that just covered what he paid for the goods, *plus* his operating expenses, his selling prices ordinarily would be lowered only from two to six per cent. The saving to consumers by wiping out all net profits in retail and wholesale business would be small.

A similar analysis would doubtless show much the same results in manufacturing industries. Business has been active, and there have been fewer commercial failures during the last three or four years than in normal times. Yet the responsibility for high prices cannot be pinned to any one group or class of business men, farmers, or laborers. Honesty and fairmindedness in business practice are certainly as common as at any time in the past.

In nearly all branches of industry and trade, prices of raw materials and finished products have shown heavy advances since 1914. Wages in numerous occupations also have increased in nearly the same proportion as prices. Teachers, clergymen, and a few other groups dependent on fixed salaries or incomes are about the only persons who are not receiving substantially greater money compensation for their services than was the case six years ago.

Such a general rise in prices is not a new phenomenon in the world's history. It has occurred under similar circumstances in the past.

In this particular instance the general rise in prices in the United States was stimulated by the influx of gold during the early years of the war. It has been due also in part to the heavy demands, domestic and foreign, arising from the destructive processes of the war — demands that were only partially counterbalanced by the forced and voluntary economies of manufacturers and consumers. In some industries there have been other contributing factors, such as the short cotton crop.

The chief reason, however, for the abnormal increase in prices which has continued for over a year since the signing of the Armistice, has been the inflation of our credit and currency through the workings of the Federal Reserve banking system. This system has many admirable features, but it also was a potential source of inflation. As it was managed under war conditions and up to November, 1919, a high degree of inflation was brought about.

The Federal Reserve system began operations in 1914. From July 1, 1914, to July 1, 1919, the amount of currency in circulation in the United States increased $2,440,000,000, or 71 per cent. The annual rate of increase in currency in circulation during these years was five times as rapid as during the fifteen years prior to 1914, which also was a period of generally rising prices. The main additions to our currency have been in the form of Federal Reserve notes. These notes, or paper money, are issued on the basis of credit granted by the Federal Reserve banks, which rediscount borrowers' notes for other banks. There has been also an increase in deposits resulting from loans — another form of credit inflation.

In order to finance the war, the United States government did not issue paper money directly, as was done to excess in most of the European countries. Yet the issue of paper money was stimulated indirectly by inducing the Federal Reserve banks to give especially favorable terms for credit based on government bonds. Large quantities of war bonds became the security for the issue of Federal Reserve notes. The amount of currency in circulation was increased without a corresponding increase in the quantity of merchandise produced. More currency and no more goods has meant higher prices. The Federal Reserve Board also permitted a large expansion of credit and currency by its liberal terms for rediscounts on ordinary commercial loans. The policy of the government in financing the war may have been the wisest one to follow. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, in the United States as well as in Europe, inflation is at the bottom of a large portion of our price troubles and is one of the chief causes of widespread social unrest.

To show how inflation works, take the following example, stated in its simplest terms.

A shoe manufacturer in the ordinary course of business goes to a bank for a loan. The amount that the bank will lend him is strongly influenced by his net assets, especially by the value of the materials and merchandise on hand, cash, and the amount of sound debts owed him by his customers, as compared with his current liabilities. With the proceeds of the loan received from the bank, the manufacturer buys raw material and hires labor. If it is easy for him to secure the loan, because of the ability of the bank to rediscount his notes at the Federal Reserve bank at a low rate of interest, the manufacturer does not hesitate to bid up the market for materials and to offer higher wages to secure workmen.

The higher the prices paid for materials and labor, the greater is the value that is placed on his stock on hand when he seeks the next loan. Such credit, granted leniently because of the opportunity of the bank to turn round and borrow from the Federal Reserve bank at a low rate of interest, has rolled up prices like a snowball.

The amount of credit granted on any particular occasion depends in large measure upon existing prices. Yet, as soon as the credit is granted, it immediately tends to increase prices by placing new buying power in the hands of the party who has received the loan. In other words, the statement that the increase in currency and credit has been the *result* of high prices is based on a fallacious and oft-exploded theory. Inflation is the cause, not the result. By granting loans without proper restraint, moreover, inflation increases until banking resources can stand the strain no longer, and the bubble bursts. Several of the worst commercial crises in the past have resulted from inflation.

In November, 1919, the Federal Reserve banks at New York — the pivotal point — and at Boston began to increase their rediscount rates. This indicated that the Federal Reserve Board was attempting to check inflation, and resulted immediately in bringing down the prices of securities in the stock market. But up to the beginning of February, 1920, no effect on commodity prices had been shown. Another substantial increase in rediscount rates was made on January 23, 1920. It remains to be seen whether still more drastic action is necessary to curtail the demand for commercial loans, unless in the meantime a crisis is precipitated by other forces. At all events, the action of the Federal Reserve banks, even if somewhat belated, is a sound public policy.

Large quantities of merchandise, such as shoes, hosiery, and dry goods, have been ordered by wholesalers and retailers for delivery during the spring months of 1920 at prices twenty to forty per cent above those that ruled last autumn. There are some indications that additional increases are anticipated for the coming fall season. To carry on their business at these prices, wholesalers and retailers, as well as the manufacturers, will require much larger credits than heretofore. The burden will fall on the banks. It is doubtful if the resources even of the Federal Reserve system are great enough to carry this additional burden. If not, prices must come down. It is also doubtful if the public will pay these higher prices. If not, the goods must be sold for what they will bring, in order that the merchants may pay their bills.

Once the upward movement of prices is stopped, loss of confidence probably will result, and a period of general readjustment will begin. Sooner or later a readjustment will be forced by some means. The longer deflation is postponed by laxity in granting credit, the greater will be the eventual hardship imposed upon business and the public.

For many commodities, especially luxuries, the demand from consumers has been unusually heavy during this period of rising prices. This demand has been stimulated by the process of inflation in suddenly and rapidly augmenting money wages and other monetary income of a portion of the community. Some workmen, who are producing no more than in the past, have been purchasing expensive hats and shirts; their wives and daughters have been buying silk stockings and other luxuries to which they were not previously accustomed. Some other consumers have had their money incomes abnormally increased, and they too have been spending more or less recklessly. This is the demand that has

characterized, to some extent at least, the active retail trade of recent months.

Many unfilled requirements of the war period, however, are not yet being satisfied. Our facilities for producing essential articles are not being sufficiently expanded. Most manufacturers are cautious about expanding their plants under present conditions. The railroads of the country cannot now afford to provide adequate equipment. There is a large accumulated demand for new homes, which is not being filled while the prices for labor and materials are at the present high levels.

A substantial portion of the unusual business activity of recent months, therefore, is to be attributed, not to requirements arising from curtailed consumption during the war, but to inflation. Such business is not built on a firm foundation.

The inflation of currency and credit, and therefore of prices, is one of the chief causes of social unrest. That this has always been the result under similar conditions, in this country and in other countries, is a lesson clearly taught by history. Throughout Europe the problems of social unrest have been greatly intensified by the vast quantities of paper money issued during the last five years. The Bolsheviki have turned out paper roubles as voluminously and as recklessly as *assignats* were issued during the French Revolution — and with the same results. Austria and Germany are almost swamped with paper money that soon may be worthless. France and Italy have departed far from sound monetary principles. Great Britain issued a large amount of paper money during the war. To only a slight extent have any of these countries taken steps to rehabilitate their currencies. In the United States, inflation fortunately was less than in the belligerent countries of Europe; our gold standard was maintained; and the recent action of the Federal Reserve Board indicates that in this country the period of increasing inflation definitely has come to an end. It appears that our government at last has taken action — the only practical action — which eventually will result in bringing prices down.

The process of deflation may bring with it temporary hardships to business. These hardships, nevertheless, will be the lesser of two evils. We shall suffer less from this process of readjustment, if it comes soon, than we should suffer were the upward swing of prices to go further, and eventually come down with a severe crash. If prices were to continue to rise, our labor problems would become far more difficult than any that we have yet experienced. Another rapid increase in prices would furnish the radical agitator with the best ammunition that he could wish. Under present conditions, an additional rise in prices would enable the radicals to secure sympathy in many quarters where their preachings ordinarily are not heeded. For these reasons, temporary hardships during the period of deflation are a small price to pay for safeguarding our institutions. Once this fundamental readjustment is made, a period of real and widespread prosperity may be expected.

As for profiteering, most manufacturers and merchants can be freed from that charge. They are not to be relieved to the slightest degree, however, from their public responsibility to introduce more economical methods into their factories and stores, and to pass on the savings in the form of lower prices to the public. Operating expenses in many retail stores, for example, are unnecessarily high. It is the duty of merchants to work out practical means whereby these expenses eventually can be reduced by better and more economical management.

EDUCATING THE NATION

BY FRANK E. SPAULDING

Of the many impressive revelations of the great world-war, none was more impressive than that of the supreme importance of education. In Russia and Prussia, the whole world witnessed the dire disaster resulting, in the one case, from the lack of universal education, in the other, from misdirected, or false education. And both the strength and the weakness of our own country have been easily traceable to the excellencies and the deficiencies respectively of our educational provisions and efforts.

Now is the time to take stock of these impressive revelations; to look into the demands and the opportunities of the future. Now is the time for America to set earnestly about the reorganization and development of her whole school undertaking, that the shortcomings of the past may be promptly corrected, that preparation may be rapidly made to meet the larger opportunities and to bear the heavier responsibilities that are confronting us.

Let us try to sketch in broad outlines merely the outstanding characteristics of an educational programme, indeed a minimum programme, such as is immediately needed in these United States. The programme I am about to present is based on fundamental ideals and principles not inconsistent with those that must control the programme of education of any nation which may hope to become a worthy member of a world league of nations; and, in the absence of any such effective league, it is equally a programme of national independence and security.

I

This programme consists of two parts: first, a brief statement of the objectives of American education for the immediate future; and, second, an outline of the general plans and means calculated to realize these objectives. It need scarcely be remarked that this programme, in neither of its parts, is a creation out of hand; it is rather, for the most part, a formulation of the objectives that the most advanced practice in American education has already, more or less clearly and confidently, set for itself, and a systematic presentation of plans and means that experience has shown to be necessary for the realization of these objectives.

The simple, practical, but exalted demand of the British Labor Party for a programme of education which shall 'bring effectively within the reach, not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific, of which he is capable,' sets an educational objective none too advanced for America. Indeed, there will be those to claim, not only that we have long had such an objective, but that we are realizing it.

The mere mention, however, of the scores of thousands of totally illiterate, and the hundreds of thousands of practically illiterate young men sent overseas to fight for justice and intelligent democracy, is sufficient evidence that the very first steps, even, in such a lofty objective, have not been ap-

proximately realized in America as a whole. The contemplation of this evidence, in the light of the most superficial knowledge of the conditions out of which it has grown, must convince anyone that America generally has never seriously intended that all Americans should know how to read and write even, which is assuredly the first step in bringing 'effectively within . . . reach . . . all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific,' of which they are capable.

We have long deceived ourselves with words and phrases about 'free, public, universal education.' Up to the present time, we have barely the beginnings, here and there, of such an effective educational programme as these terms ought to imply. The educational task immediately before us is to make universally real the ideals that we have long boasted. How shall we do this?

There are three minimum, definite, comprehensive objectives that American public education should at once set for itself. They are: first, *essential elementary knowledge, training, and discipline;* second, *occupational efficiency;* third, *civic responsibility.*

Essential elementary knowledge, discipline and training, should be understood to include so much as results from the successful completion of the full elementary-school course in the best school systems — a course requiring, as a rule, eight years of regular attendance, thirty-six to forty weeks a year. The details involved in such a course are too well and generally known to require enumeration here.

The present eight-year elementary-school course, as it is carried out even in the best school systems, is not here proposed as a fixed or final ideal, especially in details, of the first objective of public education. It should be understood to be inclusive, not exclusive, of any improvements that may be made in content, in method, or in organization, affecting the latter years of the typical elementary-school course.

This first objective is the indispensable basis of the other two, occupational efficiency and civic responsibility; it makes the full achievement of these two practicable. Indeed, it does more than that: it affords direct and invaluable preliminary training for both occupation and citizenship. Such training, however, can never go beyond the preliminary stage, not merely on account of the limitations of time, but even more certainly on account of the limitations of the pupils. Occupational efficiency and civic responsibility cannot be achieved by boys and girls before reaching fourteen years of age.

II

A programme adequate to the achievement of the first of our three objectives must involve the following four features: first, a minimum school year of thirty-six weeks; second, adequate laws, effectively enforced, compelling regular attendance, throughout the school year, of all children over a certain age, preferably seven, until the elementary course is completed, or until a certain age, preferably sixteen, is reached; third, effective public control of all elementary private schools, to insure the maintenance therein of standards equal to those maintained in public schools, and to ensure the regular and full attendance of pupils registered therein; fourth, a teaching force, every member of which has a general education at least equal to that afforded by a good four-year high-school course, and professional training at least equivalent to that provided by a good two-year normal-school course.

The mere statement of these simple measures for the achievement of our first educational objective should be

sufficient to convince any intelligent person of the necessity of their adoption. Yet, simple and obviously necessary as they are, their practical and earnest application would effect the most immediate and startling improvement at the very foundations of our public-school system. At a conservative estimate, this improvement would average, or total, not less than one hundred per cent. In justification of this estimate, and to get some definite conception of the changes that must at once result from the application of these four measures, let us examine briefly some of the present facts and conditions with which each one of these measures would have to deal.

In five states only is the proposed minimum standard year of thirty-six weeks now exceeded. In fifteen states the average length of the school year is less than twenty-eight weeks; in four states, less than twenty-five weeks, with the lowest maintaining its schools just less than twenty-two weeks.

These figures represent state averages. The reality is both better and worse than the average appears. Cities, in general maintain longer school years than do country districts.

The school year in the country schools of many states, and in some country schools of most states, is notoriously brief; only by extreme courtesy can the annual school session be called a year. Even the thirty-six-week school year here proposed as a minimum standard calls for school on less than half the days of the year.

The proposed thirty-six-week school year should be applied, as a minimum standard, to every individual school, so as to make available for every child at least thirty-six weeks' instruction annually.

But even our short school years are not used to their full extent. Sixty states have laws requiring attendance, by children within the established 'school age,' for sixteen weeks only; three others require only twelve weeks' attendance; one state requires attendance three fourths of the school year, another two thirds, and still another one half. Only twenty-eight states have laws requiring attendance for the full time that the schools are in session.

All states have at last enacted some form of compulsory attendance laws, though six states have taken such action only within the last four years. In several states, however, the compulsory feature of the laws is scarcely more than nominal.

Universally, school-attendance laws make, directly or by implication, some provision for private instruction, either in the home or in private schools, as a substitute for the public-school attendance nominally required. In general, such private instruction is supposed to be equivalent in extent and quality to that provided by the public schools; but in most states the laws are exceedingly vague on this point. Even more vague are they in providing adequate agencies and means of determining the extent to which children instructed outside are receiving instruction equivalent to that given in the public schools. Even in states where the laws are definite and explicit concerning both these matters, their actual observance is scarcely even nominal.

In no state, regardless of provisions or lack of provisions in the law, is there any adequate knowledge in the possession of public-school officials, or of any other public officials, concerning the content or the quality of instruction given, or concerning the essential conditions surrounding children who allege private-school instruction as a substitute for public-school attendance required by law.

That many private schools, regardless of legal requirements, habitually

make little or no use of the national language as a means of communication and instruction is well known. That in many private schools the congestion is far greater than in the public schools; that the equipment, the hygienic conditions, the education and professional qualifications of teachers employed therein are far inferior to those of the public schools of the same community, are facts well known or easily discoverable. On the other hand, that there are private schools offering advantages superior to those provided by the public schools of the same community is likewise a well-known or easily discoverable fact.

By no means do I contend that private schools on the average are either inferior or superior to the public schools for which they are used as a substitute; no one knows enough about private schools on the average to make any such contention. I do contend most emphatically that, after considerable study and investigation of this matter, extending continuously over nearly twenty-five years, I have yet to learn, not of a single state, but of a single city or school district anywhere in the United States, in which a private school might not teach, or neglect to teach, practically what it pleased, might not be as inferior in every respect as its patrons would tolerate, and still be permitted to serve as a substitute for the legalized public-school instruction locally maintained.

I contend further, and it seems wholly obvious, that the content, the quality, and the language of instruction, in every private school that serves as a substitute for a legalized public school, are matters of concern to others than the children and the parents of children attendant thereat; these matters are of deepest concern to the community, the state, and the nation. And any worthy educational programme for America must make adequate and effective provision for such knowledge and control, by duly authorized officials, of all instruction that serves as a substitute for the legalized instruction of the public schools, as will ensure in that substitute instruction the essential equivalent, in content, quality, and language, of public-school instruction.

Partly because of the short school year, partly because only partial advantage is taken even of this short year, the amount of schooling that we Americans are getting is startlingly little. As a nation, we are barely sixth graders!

A nation of sixth graders, we are taught by tenth-grade or eleventh-grade teachers. No adequate data are available from which to calculate accurately the average schooling of all the public-school teachers of America. Such figures and facts, however, as are at hand warrant the conclusion that it can be but little if any beyond the eleventh grade, or third year of the high school, including in this average all the time devoted to so-called professional training.

According to the well-considered estimate of Dr. Evenden, in his recent study of teachers' salaries and salary schedules, 'About 4,000,000 children are taught by teachers less than twenty-one years of age, with little or no high-school training, with no professional preparation for their work, and who are, in a great majority of cases, products of the same schools in which they teach.'

The education of country school-teachers generally is several years less than that of city teachers; even so, allowing for one or two possible exceptions, it is extremely doubtful whether the average education of the whole group of elementary teachers in any of our large cities exceeds that of a four-year high-school course, including in the average all professional education

as equivalent, year for year, to high-school education.

It is but the conservative expression of an undeniable fact, when we say that, on the average, in American elementary schools, the comparatively uneducated are set to teach the slightly less educated and the ignorant. Furthermore, this statement is no just cause of offense to elementary teachers, either as a class or as individuals.

How much education has America the right to expect anyone to bring to his task at $630 per year, the average salary of all public-school teachers in the United States, both elementary and high, according to the last figures available?

How low individual salaries go is not revealed by any records at hand; we should blush to publish them were they available. It is quite enough to know that the average salaries, both elementary and high, for certain whole states are below $300. And in no state has the average ever reached $1000, unless some unusually large increases of the present year may have brought them to that figure in two or three states. These are the facts that should offend. They are an offense, first of all, to American childhood and youth!

We may as well recognize at once and frankly admit the utter and increasing hopelessness of securing, at present wages, any considerable fraction of the required number of teachers who possess the higher qualifications herewith proposed. Let us acknowledge the inevitable; that average salaries must be increased by at least eight hundred dollars, that is, raised to two and one-half times their present level, if it is to be made worth while for capable women, and perhaps occasionally a man of fair capacity, to make the very modest educational preparation proposed, and then to devote themselves contentedly and loyally to the profession!

III

The definite pursuit of our second and third objectives, occupational efficiency and civic responsibility, should be simultaneous and should immediately follow the attainment of the first objective. This does not mean, let us remark parenthetically, that every boy should begin the learning of a trade immediately upon the completion of the elementary-school course; the boy who goes on to high school, to college, and eventually to a professional school, should be considered to enter just as definitely on the preparation for an occupation when he begins his high-school course, as does the boy who enters a trade-school or a shop as an apprentice. The main difference is that of the time required to reach the goal of occupational fitness.

Instruction designed to prepare for occupational efficiency and civic responsibility should cover a minimum period of four years, or until the eighteenth birthday is reached, for both boys and girls, with an additional year for boys. This instruction should be maintained by law, and attendance thereon should be required of all youth concerned.

For the giving of this instruction, two general types of schools should be maintained, each suited to the needs and choices of the youth who are to attend. First, there should be full-time schools for those who can devote their time chiefly to systematic study; and second, there should be part-time, or continuation schools, for those who are compelled, or who choose, to devote the major portion of their time to work.

The first type of schools would include high schools of all kinds, — academic, commercial, technical, trade, and agricultural schools, — indeed, any full-time school of secondary grade. Such schools should be sufficient in number, variety, and accessibility to provide

four years of high-grade instruction for all youth desiring to attend.

The second type of schools, for those who are to devote only a minor part of their time to schooling, should be flexible in their organization, adapted to the essential conditions of employment. Two conditions, however, should be strictly maintained by these schools: their hours of instruction, for a given pupil, should not be less than eight per week, forty-eight weeks in the year; and these hours should be favorable, not following a day's work, nor in addition to the normal working hours of a week. In a word, the school hours, favorably arranged for study, should be included within the normal weekly working hours.

Within the above essential limitations, there should be flexibility in the arrangement of hours for the given pupil; as a rule, however, it would probably be found advisable to schedule not less than two nor more than four hours in succession. In the country, it might generally be found best to concentrate the year's instruction into three winter months, when schooling, not work, was made the chief concern of the pupils.

Whatever the detailed arrangement of hours, continuation-school courses should cover four years of progressively graded work. The work should be chiefly adapted to the two ends to be attained: it should be civic and vocational, not narrowly, but characteristically. These courses would necessarily include such 'liberal' studies as history, literature, geography, and something of mathematics; and the sciences would be given much attention.

In their vocational bearing, the courses should be adapted to the interest of the pupils immediately to be served, having regard not merely to the occupations in which the pupils might actually be engaged, but also to their possible future occupations. For girls, instruction in household arts and economy, and in the feeding and care of infants and children, should always receive special attention.

The training of young men for civic responsibility and vocational efficiency should culminate in a full twelve-month year of instruction, discipline, and training, to be carried on directly under the auspices of the national government.

For this year of training, all male youth of the land should be mobilized by a complete draft carried out by the War Department, only those seriously crippled physically and the mentally incompetent being rejected as unfit; for one of the fundamental aims of this course of training should be to make fit.

Some option should be allowed the individual concerned as to the age at which he should enter upon this year of strictly compulsory training. He should not be allowed, for example, to begin it before reaching the age of seventeen years and six months; and he should be required to begin it before passing his twentieth birthday. This option would permit most boys in high schools to complete their courses before entering on this year's training; it would also permit those going to college to precede their college work with this year of training.

Of course, there should be a fixed date, or dates, on which the year's training must begin. Probably it would be advantageous to fix at least two dates — say July 1 and January 1, or August 1 and February 1 — for the beginning of the courses. This would give a certain degree of stability and continuity to the organization of the institutes, which might prove advantageous; it would enlarge, for the individual student, the possibilities of adjusting to his particular advantage the time of his attendance; but, perhaps most important of all, two dates of opening and closing courses, rather than one, would

minimize certain difficulties of adjustment that would necessarily attend the withdrawal at one time of a million men from the normal occupations and life of the country, and the return thereto of a like number.

Whether a modest or nominal wage should be paid the young men in training is a debatable question. Certain it is that the entire expense of the undertaking, including the maintenance, necessary personal equipment, and transportation of those in attendance, should be borne by the government. And adequate maintenance allowances should be granted dependents of students in training.

For this year of instruction, permanent centres should be established throughout the country. The cantonments that proved best adapted for military training suggest themselves as most suitable. Of course, these should be gradually rebuilt with permanent but plain structures, adapted both to the maintenance of the student body and to the wide range of instruction that should be given.

While the whole purpose of this year of government control and direction should be educational, in the broadest sense, every student should be required to devote one third to one half of his time to exercise for physical development and to military training. The remaining half of two thirds of his time should be devoted to such courses of study as he might select, the widest range of choice being provided.

The curricula of these centres of training for civic responsibility, which might well be called National Civic Institutes, should be prepared jointly by the Educational and War Departments of the government, the latter assuming responsibility for the military and physical training part of the curriculum, the former for the non-military subjects and courses of instruction. The curricula should embrace, besides a thorough course in physical development and military training, every subject of instruction, literary, technical, artistic, every 'cultural' and 'practical' subject, that any youth of eighteen or twenty might need or wish to pursue.

At the present time, and probably for some years to come, the annual enrolments in these institutes would include scores of thousands of illiterates and near-illiterates, a part of whose non-military instruction would have for its aim the achievement of our first and most fundamental educational objective. Indeed, so long as non-English-speaking illiterate immigrants are permitted to enter this country, every such male immigrant who is beyond compulsory public-school age, and under twenty-five years, should be required to spend his first year in America in one of these Civic Institutes. He would there learn our language and something of our ways and national ideals.

The corps of instructors and the equipment of these institutes should be ample and of the highest grade. In all respects, instruction, training, and discipline should be thorough and intensive, the non-military not less so than the military.

The immediate control of the student body should be exercised by a military staff under the War Department. So, also, should the military instruction and physical development exercises be carried out by especially qualified members of the military staff; the instruction in non-military subjects, however, should be under the direction and supervision of the Department of Education.

These institutes filled with a million young men, taken at the most permanently impressionable period in their lives, should easily prove to be the most prolific institutions in the world for the development of human resources. They

should serve, not only to develop and to specialize normal talents, but to discover and to cultivate rare talents that might otherwise lie dormant.

The advantage to the individuals concerned would be no less than to the nation. In no sense would this year be a year out of the life of each one, a year simply donated to the service of the nation, or to preparation for such service. Quite the contrary: this year, considered solely from the standpoint of the individual's advantage, would prove to be the most profitable year in the life of every young man. Think what such a year would mean to three fourths of a million of youths who have never gone beyond the elementary-school course; a large portion of whom have never even completed that; tens of thousands of whom have never had any schooling whatever; very few of whom have acquired or are in the way to acquire any adequate training for an occupation worthy of their natural capacities!

The more favored hundred thousand or less, who have completed a high-school course, and the much smaller number of these who are going on to college or other higher school, would find this a most profitable year. It would be a fitting culmination of the education of those whose schooling would otherwise terminate with the high school; while those planning to go on to college would find this year more than an equivalent, scholastically, for the usual first year of the college course, and of inestimable disciplinary value in preparation for the following years.

And by no means the least of the advantages of this year of training for civic responsibility would be found in the health and vigor resulting from living largely in the open air, from abundant physical exercise, from ample and wholesome food, from skillful medical, surgical, dental, and optical attention for the removal or alleviation of physical and sense defects, and from observing generally sound rules of hygiene.

But even greater than all the specific advantages, both for the nation and for the individual, which have thus far been suggested, would be the influences and effects growing out of the intimate associations of youth at the most impressionable age; of youths coming from every conceivable rank and condition of society, bringing together the greatest variety of experience of life, of labor, of responsibility, and of freedom from responsibility; bringing together every conceivable point of view and outlook, all the prejudices, the visions, and noble aspirations characteristic of their years; and all under the leadership and inspiration of the best teachers that America can produce. Here, indeed, are all the essential conditions for building a practical school of democracy worthy the name.

IV

This year of universal training for civic responsibility and occupational efficiency completes the proposed programme for the advancement of American public education, so far as this programme is to be required and universal. Beyond, however, and in addition to this required programme, there should be provided at public expense, and under public control, supplementing the provisions of private and semi-public agencies, all the varied and ample educational opportunities required to 'bring effectively within the reach, not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physical, mental and moral, literary, technical and scientific, of which he is capable.'

To this end state universities, affording not only instruction of collegiate grade, but the widest range of advanced professional instruction, should be fostered by the nation as well as by

the state. Relatively, our whole system of state universities needs strengthening and development almost as much as does our system of lower schools. Only greatly improved state universities will be worthy to continue the work of the lower schools, strengthened and developed as proposed by this programme.

Crowning our whole system of public education, there should be established immediately at Washington the long-projected but never-realized National University, an institution which should deliberately aim, at the outset and continuously, to express the most advanced thought, to afford the richest, most advanced and varied opportunities for study — wholly beyond college grade — to be found anywhere in the world. Much of the immeasurable wealth of the resources of the departments of government, under proper restrictions, of course, should be available as laboratory material. All the results of the work of this institution should be made freely available to governments and to individual citizens.

It almost goes without saying, that such a National University should be entirely supported, and amply supported, at the expense of the national government. That expense would undoubtedly be large and constantly increasing; and so would the service that the institution would render. In a complete scheme of public education, such a high-grade institution is scarcely less essential than is the primary school; both are simply adapted to the capacities and needs of the pupils or scholars that they serve; both serve and strengthen the nation.

V

Is this vast educational programme practicable? Indeed it is. It is necessary only for the American people to decide that it is worth while and that it shall be carried out. It is the next step in the campaign for enlightened democracy. Even now thousands of American children and youth are enjoying at public expense nearly all the advantages that this programme would afford them; but millions of others, just as worthy, and as educationally needy, are enjoying no such advantage. This is a democratic programme, a programme of equalization, a programme for bringing to the many those advantages that only the select few now enjoy. It is a programme for the development of all, not merely a small part, of the nation's human resources.

But the cost of it? Would it not be tremendous? No, it would be almost insignificant compared with the cost of war. And there is this difference, which should never be forgotten. The cost of war is the cost of destruction; there is no guaranteed return; indeed, the total cost may exceed many-fold the original investment; while the cost of education is returned many-fold, even in kind, in wealth-producing capacity to make the investing nation materially prosperous; but even greater is the return in intelligence, in public spirit, and in civic responsibility. Investment in the education of her children and youth, of her whole people, is the most gilt-edged investment that any state can make; unlike all other investments, it combines the greatest safety with the largest rate of return.

But while the cost of maintaining this educational programme would be small compared with the cost of war, or with the advantages that would accrue from it, the cost would be large compared with present expenditures for education. The total annual cost for maintenance of public education in the United States, in schools of elementary and high-school grade, — this is exclusive of the cost of buildings, — is now approximately $650,000,000. To carry out the programme here outlined would

probably cost from two and one half to three times as much, exclusive of the cost of maintaining the national civic institutes, which would be an entirely new feature, and alone would probably cost approximately $500,000,000 annually.

Two and one half billions of dollars, the cost of this programme, is a large sum, it is true; but it is equally true that thirty millions of pupils is a large number; and it is still further true that, at this rate, the cost per pupil is extremely small — a little over eighty dollars.

But anyone who has even a superficial acquaintance with the present plan of educational organization and administration in America, and with present methods of taxation for educational support, will recognize at once therein insuperable obstacles to the realization of a programme like the one here proposed. The greatest and most fundamental obstacle is undoubtedly financial; next, perhaps scarcely second, is the tradition and pride of local autonomy.

While the total wealth and annual income of the nation is ample to finance this proposed educational programme, the wealth and income of many cities and country districts, taxable units in which perhaps more than half the people to be educated are found, would be taxed beyond any reasonable, frequently any practically possible, limit, were this programme attempted under present methods of educational support. For it is too frequently true that the taxable wealth of a given taxable unit, whether school district, city, county, or state, is in inverse ratio to the educational needs therein.

It is one of the almost sacred traditions of America that complete control as well as the chief financial support of education is a local matter. This feeling of extreme local responsibility has much to commend it; to it must be credited a great deal that is best in American education to-day. But this same feeling, perverted, is equally responsible for much that is worst in our education; for in practice it often works out to mean that a given community claims and exercises the right to maintain as poor and inefficient, not to say corrupt, an educational system as it pleases.

The time has now fully arrived when education generally should be considered and treated as of great, indeed the greatest, national concern. The crisis of the war helped to make this fact stand out in clear relief. It became apparent that the failure of local communities to remove illiteracy and to provide technical training in sufficient variety and extent was a matter of national concern.

And the concern of the nation in the results of our weak and inadequate, locally independent educational systems, was by no means confined to the effect on military efficiency; the effect on our whole national life, on our unity of purpose and effort, were cause for far graver concern.

Let us not deceive ourselves: the gravity of the situation in which we found ourselves less than three years ago has not passed, has not even materially changed for the better.

The great task of achieving real national unity is still before us; the war's crisis disclosed how far we are from this goal, and brought home the supreme importance of attaining it. Since the war ended, the everyday tragic occurrences in our social, industrial, and commercial life only emphasize and keep before us the war's disclosure and lesson. In going about this task of achieving essential national unity, education must be our great reliance.

National financial support in considerable measure, coupled with a certain degree of national direction and control, appears to be the only practicable method of dealing with the large educational problems that confront our

country. The necessary financial support should be given, and the direction and control exercised, in a way to encourage and increase the support and responsibility of states and local communities. This is entirely feasible by making the extent of national support dependent upon certain practicable degrees of state and local support and the observance of certain very general policies, fundamental to the attainment of the great objectives to be attained, and at the same time by leaving to the states and the local communities the greatest measure of freedom and initiative in devising plans of organization and methods of procedure and in adapting these to local conditions, traditions, ideals, and even prejudices.

The development of this proposed programme in full, even with wholly adequate financial support from the outset, will require several years. The one most important factor in the success of this, or of any educational plan, — qualified teachers, — will require time to develop. First, there must be the sure prospect of a wage sufficiently attractive to induce a sufficient number of people to prepare themselves adequately for the work to be done; next, there must be provided schools of professional training to prepare would-be teachers for service. The number, and in many instances the standards, of existing normal and special training-schools and colleges of education would prove quite inadequate to meet the requirements.

It is evident that the development of this, or of any other plan of education, national in scope and adequate to national needs, demands the establishment of a Department of Education in the national government, a department that shall be on a par with other state departments, having a Secretary at its head, who is a member of the President's Cabinet.

Let no one suppose that the establishment of such a Department of Education would mark an innovation. On the contrary, the present lack of such a department in the American government places it almost in a class by itself in this respect. In two-score governments, all over the world, there is found a Department, or Ministry, of Education, or Public Instruction.

America is distinguished as the one important nation of the world that fails to recognize education as one of the half-dozen or half-score great national fundamental interests and responsibilities. This is a startling fact; but the all-sufficient reason for adequate governmental recognition of public education in America is the simple reason that only through such recognition can there be assured to all the American people adequate preparation for the great tasks that are before them; that only through such recognition of education can the American nation qualify itself to discharge the unprecedented responsibilities that should be welcome, that will be inevitable.

The whole world recognizes to-day, not only the unprecedented responsibilities, but equally the unparalleled opportunities that are America's. May we not all recognize — all Americans, before it is too late — that the only sane hope of rising to these responsibilities, of grasping these opportunities, must be founded upon the determination to prepare ourselves for them, as a people, as a nation?

We are not now prepared. We are no more prepared to-day for the great emergencies of peace that confront us than we were prepared three years ago for the emergencies of war. Education, hasty and hectic, was our chief resource in preparing for war. Now education, deliberate, intensive, and sustained, must be our basic resource in preparing for peace.

THE GENERAL STAFF

BY FREDERICK P. KEPPEL

I

THERE is much lay discussion nowadays, in the newspapers and by word of mouth, as to our army of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow: much about its size, about universal service or universal training, about the militia, about aircraft and ordnance, promotion and demotion, but comparatively little about what should be the real centre and source of our military policy — the General Staff; and what we do hear is usually based upon very imperfect knowledge. There may be something, therefore, of interest to other laymen, to be said regarding it, by a civilian who was daily exposed to military Washington for upwards of two years.

The part played during the war by the General Staff in Washington is not clearly understood, the limitations placed upon it are overlooked, and its accomplishments underestimated. The progressive changes in staff organization, and, perhaps more important, in staff emphasis, growing out of the war emergency, must be reviewed as a condition of understanding its present status and the merits of the current proposals as to its place in the permanent organization of the army.

To begin with the limitations: the crown and pinnacle of staff work to the soldiers' mind, the direction of actual fighting, was denied to our General Staff in Washington. Before any fundamental change had been made in our staff organization, General Pershing had been selected as Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F., and the Secretary of War, on behalf of the President, mindful perhaps of the sorry place played by official Washington during the Civil War, had promised him a free hand in the field, and, what is more to the purpose, had kept the promise scrupulously. Pershing organized his own Staff on lines he found established in the French and British armies; and, it should be noted incidentally, in picking his men he cut down the already pitifully small supply of trained men at home. These ranks were still further depleted as the staff officers in the various divisions in training here went with their comrades to France. Indeed, at the time of the Armistice, but four of the hundreds of staff officers on duty at Washington had had general staff experience prior to the war. Pershing, guided by his Staff, determined what the organization should be, and the strategic mission, and what these involved in men and supplies.

This development of staff work in the American Expeditionary Forces limited the job in Washington to the preparation of the material, human and inanimate, for which Pershing called, and to its prompt delivery at some European harbor — a job of tremendous importance, but also a very fundamental limitation to bear in mind. Further, the staff machine in France was, in its Service of Supply and elsewhere, a machine which closely paralleled in function, though not in details

of organization, nearly every element in our staff development in America.

There was further limitation of the staff functions on this side of the Atlantic. While the Secretary of War has never, so far as I know, exercised his constitutional authority in the face of the adverse judgment of his military associates upon any matter of technical military policy, he never hesitated to exercise a controlling influence in any matter which touched the civilian life of the country. He knows more fully and more sympathetically, perhaps, than any man in the administration what the ordinary American man and woman in each of our social groups — merchants, manufacturers, teachers, laborers, mechanics, and all the rest — thinks and feels. He knows the things which they regard as relatively unimportant, and the things about which they feel so strongly that any policy which ran counter to their feeling would be doomed to failure. This sympathetic understanding played a very important, and, I believe, a generally unrecognized part in the selection and training of our army, in caring for the enlisted men as individual American citizens, and surrounding them with wholesome opportunities for recreation, and, incidentally, in helping to solve many of the problems of procurement and transport which faced the General Staff.

In the whole question of the administration of the Selective Service Law, in the field of Military Justice, in the work of the Commission on Training-Camp Activities and of the Labor-Adjustment Board, the Staff was practically freed from responsibility by the direct leadership of the Secretary of War. The work of the Assistant Secretaries of War in many cases paralleled, and sometimes duplicated, that of the Staff, the Assistant Secretary serving as Director of Munitions, and being also responsible to the Secretary of War for the construction programme; the Second Assistant functioning for a time as Surveyor of Purchases, and later as Director of Aircraft Production; and the Third Assistant as Director of Civilian Relations.

Outside of the War Department, the Council of National Defense and, later, the great organizations which had budded off from the Council, notably the War Industries Board, performed many functions which, in any system laid out on a theoretical basis and not resulting from a hurried and confused empiricism, might have been expected to fall to the share of the Army Staff. The Shipping Board, the Railroad Administration, and the Food and Fuel Administration, also encroached upon what in Germany would have been unhesitatingly recognized as the field of the great General Staff.

II

Having reviewed what, for one reason or another, the General Staff in Washington was not called upon to do during the Great War, and before taking up the consideration of what it did do, let us note that the place of the Staff in our army presents a problem within a problem — the general or external question being the relation of the Staff to the Line and the Bureaus, and the internal question being the relation of the Chief of Staff to the Staff itself, and, in his capacity as chief, to the Secretary of War and to the President on the one hand, and to the fabric of the army on the other.

Though the dominant part played by the General Staff in the conduct of military affairs in the United States dates from the arrival on March 4, 1918, of General Peyton C. March from France (where he had been acting as Chief of Artillery), to serve as Acting Chief of Staff, steps to bring about a

reorganization of staff functions had already been taken. General Scott had strongly urged them in his report as retiring Chief of Staff, in September, 1917. The Secretary of War and his associates were by no means satisfied with the progress of affairs on this side of the Atlantic during the winter of 1917 and 1918, and efforts to improve the scheme of organization would have been made in any event. The actual steps taken, however, were undoubtedly accelerated by the investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, beginning December 12, 1917.

To attempt to follow the whole complicated process through its various steps, in a brief report, would work for confusion rather than clarity, and in any event, the record is available for the serious student in the current report of the Chief of Staff. In general, these steps were taken, or at least it so appears to the layman, with a view to giving a free hand to the strong men whom the critical conditions had brought to the fore, and to bringing under their control matters which were not going forward satisfactorily, rather than to perfecting the scheme of organization from a theoretical point of view.

Though it would be interesting to trace the growth of each of the Staff departments, — as, for example, the Military Intelligence, which grew from two officers, in Washington in April, 1917, to 292 in November, 1918; the Statistical and Morale services; or the development, under staff direction from the first, of certain of the special fighting branches — I must limit myself to two. The organic act creating the Staff in 1903 made provision for a few staff officers under the direction of the Chief of Staff, to carry out the executive functions entrusted to him by that law. Out of this nucleus of nine men — in April, 1917 — grew the Operations Division, headed by an Assistant Chief of Staff, which rapidly took over the dynamic qualities of the Adjutant General's Office, including the new and very important service of classification and assignment of personnel, to such a degree that the once all-powerful A.G.O. became little more than a recording machine.

The most fundamental change — and the most interesting from an administrative point — was the creation and rapid growth of the Staff Division of Purchase, Storage, and Traffic. In 1903, no one could have foreseen the relative importance of the problem of supply in twentieth-century warfare, and it is not astonishing that there is no specific mention of supply questions in the act which created the General Staff. It is perhaps a source of surprise that, even during the years from 1914 to 1917, the Staff was never properly organized to deal with these questions, which were left almost wholly in the hands of the separate bureaus. The inherent defects of bureau control were promptly revealed when we attempted to raise, equip, and move a great army. To quote from the current report of the Chief of Staff: —

> There developed a competition for manufactured articles and for raw materials and for labor, which resulted in high prices and in an inefficient distribution of labor, involving a scarcity in certain localities and actual unemployment in others; similarly there resulted a congestion in the placing of contracts and in the location of new manufacturing plants in many localities, irrespective of the labor, fuel, power, and transportation available. Plants and real estate were commandeered or purchased by individual bureaus without consideration of the effect upon the requirements of other bureaus, and no standardized contract procedure obtained to protect either the manufacturers and owners or the United States. The total lack of standardized specifications resulted in a delay in

manufacture, a lack of interchangeability, and an increased cost. Nine independent and different systems for estimating requirements were in operation, with a consequent lack of balance in the military programme and inefficient utilization of the available manufacturing plants. There were five different sources of supplies for organizations to be equipped, and five different and complicated systems of property accountability for the officers charged with equipping these organizations.

There existed no agency for determining questions of priority among different bureaus for manufactured articles or raw materials, no effective means of traffic control on land or sea, and no central study of storage problems, or central system of accounts. Step by step, the General Staff took over the responsibility for each of these matters, and built up a special organization to meet each need. The work was not done all at once. Some reforms, because of the detailed form in which our military appropriations are granted, had to await the signing of the Overman Act (May 20, 1918), and others, the development of some separate part of the national war-organization, as, for example, the Railroad Administration.

Perhaps I can give some idea of the magnitude of the whole enterprise by a few figures. In a single month — July, 1918 — 1,147,013 soldiers were transported by rail; and on a single day during the return of our troops there were 180,681 men actually on the ocean. Storage facilities for 63,171,131 square feet were provided in this country — much less than half, by the way, of the total space estimated as necessary by the separate bureaus. The yearly purchases of wool for the army were far greater than the normal wool-consumption of the whole nation. The purchase of blankets was more than twice the normal gross production.

Although a separate Embarkation Service had been established in the previous August, the first step in the general reorganization was taken in December, 1917, and curiously enough, was one with which the Staff had nothing to do, namely, the recalling to active service of Major General George W. Goethals to act as Quartermaster General. In the following month the Staff Division of Purchase and Storage was created. This was soon extended to include Traffic, and General Goethals, who had, promptly upon his appointment, initiated a reorganization of the Quartermaster Corps, was made Director and Assistant Chief of Staff, still retaining his position as Quartermaster General. In May, a new Acting Quartermaster General was appointed, to relieve him of detail, and a central Department of Finance was created in August.

Roughly speaking, the *modus operandi* was to take over as a nucleus, under staff control and direction, the purchase and storage and finance machinery of the Quartermaster Corps, to which, under the old régime, had fallen eighty per cent of the procurement of non-technical articles and the responsibility for storage needs in about the same proportion. It was also by far the largest of the ten separately existing financial agencies within the War Department. In view of the outcry about the Quartermaster Corps during the winter of 1917, it is interesting to note how much of its machinery it was found possible to use to good effect in the new organization. To fill out the scheme, General Goethals took over similarly the machinery and personnel of the bureau, which had developed independently the most effective organization to meet any particular requirement. The machinery for inland transport of material, for example, was taken over from the Ordnance Department, and the Engineer Department was paid the embarrassing compliment of having

several of the services which it had built up removed bodily to serve, not only the Engineers, but the whole army. General Goethals used civilians freely in developing his organization, apparently finding no difficulty in fitting them into the military machine without transforming the men he wanted into 'overnight majors.'

Of all the countless processes of centralization the ones which worked, not only most smoothly, but also most rapidly, were the ones in which the man in charge preceded the issuing of orders by full and informal conferences with the men to be most vitally affected by the new scheme of things. In view of the firmness of opinion, not to say obstinacy, of all masters of accounts, the problem of unifying under a single Director of Finance all the different and independent financial units of the War Department was one which the stoutest hearted might view with alarm. Yet this centralization was actually carried out without a hitch or a ruffle by this process of preliminary conference.

The whole war-time process of staff-building was necessarily that of swapping horses while crossing a stream, with all the difficulties and dangers which accompany that process. At every moment, the situation required complicated adjustments and abrupt decisions which, under normal conditions, would be unnecessarily wasteful of time and temper. To a New Yorker the difference between it and peace-time staff-building seems like the difference between constructing the Grand Central Station without disrupting a heavy train schedule in operation on the site, and the construction of the Pennsylvania Terminal on a vacant lot.

It goes without saying, therefore, that the scheme developed plenty of friction in its operation, and it must be remembered that the Armistice halted the process in mid-career, before it had been possible to perfect it. There is no doubt, however, that the Armistice would not have been signed on November 11, 1918, if Purchase, Storage, and Traffic had failed to fulfill the primary purpose for which it was created, namely, the speeding up of the supply and transportation programme of the American Army.

It would require a separate paper to deal with the interesting and instructive staff operations growing out of the cessation of hostilities — as, for example, the return of troops from overseas, the details of demobilization, of contract adjustments, sale of supplies, disposal of real estate, the recalculation of requirements and procurements and restandardization, the taking over of the welfare and educational programmes, handled during the war by other agencies. For our present purpose, it is sufficient to point out that in all these operations the Staff continued to exercise the controlling power which it had assumed during the period of conflict.

III

The demobilization practically completed, and with a very different way of doing things established from that in operation in 1917, the War Department found itself last summer at a parting of the ways. Should it recommend legislation to Congress which would result in the resumption of bureau dominance; or should the system of staff control and operation which had developed during the war be perpetuated; or should a middle course be planned, designed to carry into effect, in the light of war experience, the policy which the Act of 1903 had contemplated?

The so-called March-Baker Bill (Senate Bill 2715), presented by the Secretary of War in August, 1919, follows in general the second of these paths. To understand just what its adoption

would involve, it is necessary to turn back for a moment. The organization of a General Staff for the United States Army, in 1903, which, by the way, antedated the birth of the British General Staff by one year, was undertaken by one of the ablest men of our generation, Elihu Root, who was then the Secretary of War, and who, with the lessons of the Spanish War clearly in mind, had been hammering away at this question since 1899. Mr. Root was fully cognizant of the traditional independence of the departmental bureaus. He regarded it as a fundamental cause of weakness, and felt that the new organization must have power to meet the situation. To bring this about, we may be sure that, in drawing his bill, he chose his words with care. In interpreting the intent of the Act of 1903, Colonel J. McA. Palmer, himself a Staff Officer, in his recent testimony before the House Committee on Military Affairs, states that in his judgment the Act 'provided specifically that the Chief of Staff, who is the senior member of the General Staff Corps, should have supervisory power. It did not give that power to the General Staff, but it authorized the Chief of Staff, in exercising that supervisory power, to utilize General Staff officers as his assistants. That office was created as an executive agency, and not as an operating agency. . . . The Act of 1903 created two entirely distinct agencies, so far as the War Department was concerned — a planning agency, the General Staff itself, and an executive agency in the person of the Chief of Staff, acting under the authority of the Secretary of War.'

To the nation at large, however, this distinction was of no immediate interest or importance; for though the Staff was responsible for some excellent work in the professional training of officers, which bore fruit on the battlefields of France, for many years it had little opportunity to show what it could accomplish in any other capacity. Congress, alarmed perhaps by the example of the unceasing encroachments of the *Generalstab* in every field of the German national life, favored the Bureaus in army legislation as against the Staff, and in general, to quote Secretary Baker, 'acted with distrust toward the General Staff which it had created, limiting its numbers and circumscribing its functions from time to time.'

With the acute pressure of war conditions, however, emphasis was placed day by day more firmly upon the executive agency for which provision was made in the law of 1903 in the person of the Chief of Staff, until we come to General Orders No. 80 (August 6, 1918), which provides: —

> The Chief of the General Staff is the immediate adviser of the Secretary of War on all matters relating to the Military Establishment, and is charged by the Secretary of War with the planning, development, and execution of the Army programme. The Chief of Staff by law [Act of May 12, 1917] takes rank and precedence over all officers of the Army, and by virtue of that position and by authority of and in the name of the Secretary of War, he issues such orders as will insure that the policies of the War Department are harmoniously executed by the several corps, bureaus, and other agencies of the Military Establishment, and that the Army programme is carried out speedily and efficiently.

Under his direction, a rapidly increasing number of staff officers was engaged in administrative, as contrasted with deliberative work. In his current report, General March comments upon this process as follows: —

> The consolidation of related activities which was necessary to attain our end required a degree of actual administrative control, if results were to be secured with the expedition and effectiveness that was necessary, which, in some cases, was not essentially or fundamentally a General

Staff function. Had a proper and adequate General Staff organization and supervision been in existence before the war, this degree of administrative control by the General Staff would not have been necessary. Under the existing conditions, however, no other alternative existed if the military programme as a whole were to be carried out, and I subordinated all other considerations to the attainment of the end.

In non-military language, what had happened was this: In a critical period during the war, Secretary Baker found in General March a man whose high intelligence, extraordinary capacity for work, and driving power, whose immediate grasp of a specific situation and instant decision as to a means of meeting it, could achieve results that were sorely needed; and the Secretary gave him a free hand in the working of the military machine on this side of the Atlantic (just as he gave Pershing a free hand on the other side). In so doing, he had, I think, the approval of public opinion and, generally, of army opinion.

Congress watched the proceedings with interest but, comparatively speaking, in silence. When, however, it appeared that the bill submitted by the Department proposed to recognize as the permanent policy of the army the *de facto* status of the Chief of Staff, there was much to be heard from Congress and in the newspapers, and, when they were called upon for testimony, from officers of distinction in the army itself.

The issue broadened to include also a consideration of the deliberative functions of the Staff, when it developed that the proposed act represented in its essential features the personal judgment of the Chief of Staff, and was presented to Congress through the Secretary of War, unaccompanied by the recommendations of the Staff Corps itself as to certain important questions involved.

This focused attention upon the changes in its wording from the Act of 1903. The planning function of the latter would appear to be transferred from the General Staff to the Chief of Staff by the insertion of the words quoted above from General Orders No. 80, and by the insertion in the section having to do with the duties of the General Staff Corps (in which the language of the Act of 1903 is generally followed) of the phrase '*under the direction of the Chief of Staff* shall be prepared plans for the national defense,' etc.

Colonel Palmer stated in his testimony that 'it is impossible to escape the conclusion, whatever may be the merits of it, that this law would transfer the function of planning for the national defense from the General Staff to the Chief of Staff, and that it would give to the General Staff the purely ministerial function of working out details.'

IV

So much for the relations between Chief and Staff. As to how far the members of the General Staff Corps, in the light of the record of the past two years, should continue their war-time functions in relation to matters formerly in the control of the bureaus, the issue is not so clear cut, and departmental policy is less directly controlled by legislation. The Staff has proved, for example, the need and practicability of a continued central control of all matters of storage, transportation, and department finance. Whether, however, such matters should be operated by it or by a reincarnated quartermaster corps is open to discussion. As to matters of procurement, and anything else that affects the national supply of raw material, the manufacturing capacity of the country, and the labor market, it has similarly been demonstrated that the machinery for department centralization should at all times be ready to

function instantly in time of crisis. Whether such a readiness demands, in peace-time, administrative control, or merely oversight, on the part of the Staff is again open to discussion.

In Colonel Palmer's judgment the usefulness of the General Staff in this, as in all other matters, depends primarily upon the proper method of selecting and training officers for Staff duties. Let me quote a sentence or two from his testimony.

> The real problem is that of providing the General Staff with a properly trained personnel. . . . Nobody ought to be on the General Staff because he is a representative of the Infantry or any other branch; he ought to be there because he is trained in the tactics of all the arms combined. . . . If he is a trained General Staff officer, under the French and German systems, the tactical faculty has been determined and developed in him and that is the primary reason he is there. . . . A trained General Staff officer will inform the supply service as to what they ought to supply in order to conform to the tactical plan; but if you put a former quartermaster in there, who is not a trained General Staff officer, he will think, no doubt, that the only way he can solve the problem is to do the quartermaster's business for him.

I think it is not fully recognized in the army that there is nothing peculiar to military conditions in the clash between Staff and Bureau and Staff and Line. The conflict between the agency which formulates policies and the agency which carries them into execution is age-long and universal. It is not only in the army that the man who draws the plans wants to work them himself, and the man whose stated task is to carry out the details is constantly reaching back for a chance to initiate them. Perhaps this is an insoluble conflict, and perhaps it is fortunate that this is so, because it keeps both elements in the solution of a given problem on their mettle.

There are certain questions having to do with the place of the Staff in the army and of the army in the nation, regarding which neither the public nor their representatives have as yet shown any particular interest, but which I believe to be of the first importance. In these days an army must, I think, prepare its mind to work in not a few instances under the guidance, and sometimes the control, of outside agencies. Our army will not have learned its lesson if it tries to build up a scheme which is to run the whole show in time of national crisis. Modern war is bigger than any War Department. It should be the function of the Staff to plan and maintain an organization which can be immediately expanded in time of need, and which at the same time will continue and, as need arises, will establish points of contact with agencies outside the department itself. We have as a nation demonstrated during the war the capacity for rapid and effective civilian organization in time of need, in all those matters which bring into play the application of expert knowledge, the control of national resources and of transportation, the mobilization of manufacturing facilities, of labor, and the like. That demonstration, it seems to me, limits the needs of the Staff to keeping together a small but highly efficient group of men to keep abreast of the general situation as it develops from day to day, and to maintaining its contacts at strategic points.

The good repute of the Staff in the matter of the establishment of personnel and statistical work, of the chemical warfare (and, to a very large extent, the military intelligence also), was due to the work of civilian experts who had been drawn temporarily into the military service; and unless the Staff continues to have available, either by assignment of reserve officers or otherwise, the same type of experience and

skill, these organizations will inevitably suffer.

Indeed, it must be remembered that during the war it was true, not only in the special Staff divisions, but all through the army, that the great majority of our civilian experts in each of the countless matters which modern warfare touches were either in uniform and subject to call by military order, or else immediately available as part of the war machine in the Council of National Defense, the War Industries Board, and the like. Such men cannot be held by the government in peacetime; indeed, practically all of them have now disappeared; and those who plan wisely for the future of the army must bear in mind the need of establishing contacts with the best sources of current information upon a thousand matters which are vital in modern warfare or preparedness therefor, and which can no longer be left to be dealt with upon the comfortable assumption that any army officer, certainly any West Pointer, becomes *ipso facto* competent to perform without outside guidance the functions of any position to which he may be assigned by military order. What seemed in war-time to be purely military decisions were in reality often expert judgments upon technical points made by experts only recently transferred from civilian life.

In drawing conclusions as to the future, in the light of experience in any particular field, I think there is a tendency to give undue credit to schemes of organization as contrasted with the individuals who perform the work. These individuals are not themselves always competent judges. A successful man is very likely to overestimate the value of the machinery with which he has been operating, and a poor workman notoriously blames his tools. Around the concept of the General Staff have been grouped the various administrative reforms which the pressure of events forced upon the American Army. Some, if not most, of them, would have been undertaken in any event, assuming that a strong man had been placed in control. It was, for example, George W. Goethals who speeded up the whole supply scheme, and not the Quartermaster General or the Assistant Chief of Staff, or whatever his title for the moment may have been; and Peyton C. March or Enoch H. Crowder would have been a dominant figure under any other scheme than the one we happened to be following. I do not want to underestimate the importance of proper organization, but on the other hand, one must not place the entire stress upon it.

At all events, the Department bill, both in what it said and in what it left unsaid, was a keen disappointment to those who felt that the permanent staff organization should reflect and embody the deeper rather than the more superficial lessons to be drawn from the war-experience; that the War Department should do more than request Congressional sanction for maintaining the *status quo*.

V

What we had in Washington at the close of the conflict, and what, to a somewhat lesser degree, we still have and call the General Staff, is not an organization complete in all its members, but rather the head and torso of a staff. Its strength lies, not in the logic or the symmetry of its structure, but in the powerful personality of its Chief, his high ability and that of a number of his associates, and in the prestige of a great military accomplishment. Its weakness as a model for the permanent fabric of the army lies in its incompleteness, or rather lopsidedness, in the lack of proper training for its personnel, and in its

failure to have won the confidence and support of the great mass of regular army officers. Petty jealousies have undoubtedly had their part in bringing about this distrust; but it would be a serious mistake to attribute it wholly, or even mainly, to this cause.

The Staff's primary and permanent function of study and counsel having been subordinated to its temporary one of executive control, a sufficiently strong desire to restore the proper balance has not been shown. It still remains rather the Staff of the Chief of Staff than the General Staff of the army. The present Chief of Staff — and I bow to no one in my appreciation of what he accomplished during the war — is, like the rest of us, an imperfect human being, and like the rest of us, possesses the defects of his qualities. The situation which called him to his high office required a man who was preëminently *fortiter in re*, and one must not complain unduly if the man who fulfilled this condition proved to be not particularly *suaviter in modo*. The country needed a man to meet concrete problems with immediate solutions, and such a man is not always one who is strong in the formulation of wise general conclusions reached in close coöperation and consultation with a group, within which he recognizes his position as that of *primus inter pares*.

The more serious Regular officers and the civilians who had temporarily been a part of the military establishment needed evidence which neither the bill nor the current policies of the Department furnished upon certain matters which seem to them vital and which may be summarized as follows: —

1. A sufficient willingness on the part of the Staff to relinquish operating functions, which, as a war measure, and only as a war measure, it was recognized as fully justified in seizing; even more important, a zeal to take up in their stead the processes of study and coördination.

2. Evidence that it realizes the vital importance of properly training and selecting men for staff duties and responsibilities.

3. Evidence that it has established machinery for utilizing to the full the experience of the Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces.

4. Evidence of having learned the lesson of the absolute dependence of the army upon the nation and the vital importance of keeping in touch with the expert outside the regular service.

5. Assurance that the Secretary of War, before initiating matters affecting general army policy, either by the issuance of general orders or by recommending legislation, would have before him, not alone the judgment of any one man, no matter how able and disinterested, but also the judgment of a group of trained staff officers, enjoying the confidence of the army as a whole, who had given careful study to the questions at issue. There must be some men in the army, and the best men available, given time to think, and given freedom to express their thoughts.

These and other questions were brought to the attention of the Military Affairs Committees through the testimony of officers; and as a result, the Senate Committee asked the Department for the services of the staff officer whose opinions have already been quoted in this paper — Colonel J. McA. Palmer — to assist it in drawing up a substitute army bill which is now before the Senate for consideration.

This bill attempts to meet all these problems of staff organization of which I have spoken. Its provides — as in the French Army — for an eligible list from which staff officers must be chosen, made up, originally, not only of graduates of the service schools, but also of all who have demonstrated capacity for

staff duties under war conditions. Additions to the list are to be limited to recommended graduates of the Staff School. Provision is made for the elimination from the list of men who cannot demonstrate that they are growing with their jobs, and for the special training of staff eligibles for the duties of the War Department Staff in Washington — as contrasted with staff duties with troops. Civilian contacts are made possible by provision that reserve officers may be called to staff duties because of expert knowledge in special fields. The duties of the Chief of Staff, as outlined in the bill, include the advisory and executive functions contemplated in the Act of 1903; but his recommendations involving legislation must be accompanied by the views of the appropriate officers of the departmental General Staff.

It is, I believe, true that practically all these provisions would have been included in the recommendations of the Staff Corps, had these been asked for in connection with the preparation of the earlier War Department bill.

The new bill presents an entirely new scheme for the solution of the supply problem in making provision for an Under Secretary of War, to be in effect Chief of Staff in all matters having to do with munitions, who may call upon both officers and civilians to assist him. For the consideration of policies affecting both military and munitions problems, there is created a War Council, consisting of the Secretary, the Under Secretary, the General of the Army (Pershing), and the Chief of Staff.

It is for the future to determine whether the new bill, if enacted into law, will place the General Staff in the place it should hold; but it is at any rate a carefully considered and honest attempt to do so, along the lines of the third of the paths which I have mentioned as being open to the Department. In my judgment, the expedient most doubtful of success is that involving the segregation of munitions from other military questions.

The House also has a substitute bill in which, however, questions of staff organization are given relatively slight consideration. As this is being written there is a rumor in Washington that, to avoid raising the troublesome issue of universal service just now, the politicians of both parties are scheming to have Congress adjourn without passing any Army bill whatsoever. I hope that this rumor has no foundation in fact.

However far we may feel it wise to depart, for the peace-time army, from the organization and procedure of the war-time Staff in Washington, we must never forget what this hurriedly gathered group of men, with all their human limitations and with all their mistakes and oversights, did bring about under the leadership of their Chief and his Assistants. They expedited, and in many vital respects they initiated and controlled, the details of a programme of military training and procurement of military supplies of mammoth proportions. In an incomparably brief time they accomplished the greatest single migration in history, and performed the miracle not only forward but backward. Indeed, the return of our soldiers to civil life, when the excitement and stimulus of war had vanished, was in many respects a more astounding performance than our transportation of more than two million soldiers to France, with their equipment and maintenance.

If the war had lasted six months or a year longer, and the army had been made ready for this, many of the rough joints would have come to work more smoothly; but, in any event, the Staff accomplished its main purpose, and its accomplishment of that purpose proved to be one of the major factors in the defeat of Germany.

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH LIBERALISM

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

AMONG the innumerable victims of the Great War there is one unwept, unhonored, almost unnoted — and that is British Liberalism. By that is not meant, here, the Liberal Party, which, indeed, still pretends to exist, although it is divided against itself. What for the time being has disappeared is something profounder and more important than that — the spirit of Liberalism. The characters of that spirit may be indicated by recalling two great names: John Milton and John Stuart Mill; and two masterpieces: the *Areopagitica*, and the *Essay on Liberty*. From those men and in those works the spirit breathes. It is a spirit of individualism, of moral courage, of free speech and free thought, with a faith that, in a fair and open contest, truth will win the day. This account does not indeed define the political programme of Liberalism. But the programme grew out of the spirit. For freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of trade, freedom of nationality, political freedom of every kind, spring from, and are directed to, freedom of soul.

Well, the war killed that spirit, as war must always do, even though it be a war for freedom. For war is the opposite of Liberalism; and Liberals, when they wage it, must cease to be Liberals. If that were all, we might hope that the evil, like its cause, would be transitory. Perhaps it may. Perhaps Liberalism may revive. But even before 1914 there were forces working against it; and these have been strengthened by the war and its effects.

Briefly, political controversy, for some years past, has been resolving itself into a struggle between property and labor. And no condition could be more unfavorable to Liberalism.

This point may be made clearer by a few sentences on past history. The old English system, prior to the Reform Acts, whatever its defects, was peculiarly favorable to independence of character in the governing class. For government was in the hands of men economically and politically free and secure. They could, of course, and did do wrong, but if they wanted to do right, they had nothing to fear. For example, the famous Coke of Norfolk recorded that, during the war of American Independence, he never failed, for a single night, to drink to the success of Washington. He feared neither the Crown nor the government nor his constituents. His liberalism and individualism were made easy to him by his impregnable position as a great territorial magnate. And such Whigs as he were one of the sources of what was later called Liberalism. The early Radicals, who were another source, had not the same position. But they too were independent — Bentham had private means; James and John Stuart Mill were officials of the East India Company. Their politics were disinterested, and they did not depend upon an electorate which it was their life's work to call

into existence. The elder Mill, indeed, could naïvely suppose that the new democracy would take its cue from men of the middle class like himself, and the younger refused even to canvass the popular constituency which, nevertheless, elected him, as a distinguished philosopher, even though he confessed that he had called the working class liars.

John Stuart Mill, however, was already preoccupied by fear of the threat to Liberalism which he foresaw in the very democracy he was working to create. His *Essay on Liberty* is a passionate appeal against the tyranny of mob-opinion; and no candid observer of the present day can dispute that his fears were well founded. It is enough to cast a glance at the press of all countries. But Mill also foresaw the other great menace to Liberalism, the subordination of all political issues to the struggle between property and labor. It was, indeed, more than half a century from the passage of the first Reform Bill before that contest frankly declared itself in England. But it is now, here as in all other countries, the one live issue, and it has transformed the whole character of political thought and action.

Confining ourselves to England, it hardly seems that there is any longer an important place for the Liberal Party as such. For the Liberals have no common view upon the great issue. British politics already before the war were shaping toward a division into a party of wealth and a party of labor. But the latter was only beginning to form and assert itself; and the war, for the time being, suspended its activities. For though nominally associated with the Coalition, Labor had no influence over its policy, except in labor matters: and even there its only function was to allay disputes and discontent, in order that the nation might present a united front to the enemy. Then, at the General Election of December, 1918, Labor committed a kind of suicide by voting, in enormous numbers, not for its own, but for Coalition candidates, contributing thus to return to power a government which, ever since, it has been endeavoring in vain to get rid of.

The present position in the House of Commons is thus abnormal and does not represent the real political facts. It is probable that, at the next election, the Coalition will be defeated, and politicians are already reckoning on the possibility of a Labor government. There will, at any rate, be a very large Labor contingent in the House, with a very radical if not a socialist programme.

What will oppose Labor? The party which will be here called the Oligarchy; by which is meant a combination of the old aristocracy and the new plutocracy. It must be remembered that, in England, the old governing class never abdicated before the flood of democracy. They set to work, on the contrary, to organize and control the new electorate. The territorial aristocracy, the 'old families' of England, are still immensely powerful; not by any legal privilege, but by the allurements they can offer. By their social prestige, their dinners, their clubs, their country houses, their gifts of honor and places, they draw over to themselves the parvenus rising out of other classes. The desire for a title and a country estate has had enormous effects on the course of English politics. There has been formed, in this way, a new governing class, much as happened in the past at Rome. And the permeation of Labor by Socialist ideas, together with the formation of a political Labor Party, has bound that class together more powerfully than ever for the defense of their property rights. It is this class and this policy that the Coalition represents; it is in absolute control of the House of Commons; and never was

House so anti-Liberal as that which is now sitting under the domination of Mr. Lloyd George.

Now, the power of the Oligarchy is enormous. It has wealth, education of a sort, the habit of office, the tradition of parliamentary life, everything in that region that the Labor Party lacks. Above all, it has the control of the press. There do indeed linger still in England one or two creditable organs of the old Liberalism, but it seems impossible that they should long survive. With the exception of these, and of one or two not very effective Labor organs, the press is the mouth-piece of property. In both home and foreign affairs it stands for the interests against the people. And it does this with a vigor, a pertinacity, a dishonesty, a brutality, which throw a lurid light on the manners and morals of the class for which it writes.

For some time, then, before the war, and rapidly during and since, the old Conservative and Liberal parties have been fusing into a joint property-preserving party. Not unconnected with this has been the growth of Imperialism. In his *Diaries*, published the other day, Sir Wilfred Scawen Blunt throws an interesting light on the origins of this movement. He records, in the eighties, conversations with ambitious young members of the governing class, which show them bitten by the Darwinism then fashionable, and by its preposterous misapplication to political history. The 'rights of small nations' left these young men cold. They regarded foreign policy as a struggle for territory and power, and were determined that, in that struggle, England should come out on top. Their triumph is written in the story of Egypt, South Africa, Persia, and, finally, in the Great War itself, and in the imperialistic 'peace' that has failed to end it. The spirit of the Oligarchy is militaristic, imperialistic, predatory. One wing of it values empire for its own sake, the other for its pecuniary value. But the two go well together; for wherever territory is seized, concessions are seized, too; and where the soldier gets glory and the administrator posts, the plutocrat gets profits. It is the Oligarchy which is responsible for our seizure of Persia, Mesopotamia, and the German colonies; and which contemplates a reversal of our fiscal policy, so as to make a quarter of the globe a closed preserve for the sixty millions of white men of the Empire.

II

Turning now to Labor, it is, of course, opposed to the Oligarchy on the general question of property rights. Labor is moving rapidly toward the ownership and control of industry by the workers, whereas the Oligarchy exists to maintain its own ownership and control. It may be that a compromise will be reached on the point; it may be that one or other side will win out, though that is unlikely. But in any case the issue will occupy the whole of domestic politics for many years. In foreign affairs, the leaders of Labor are in principle anti-imperialistic and international. But it is not yet clear whether the rank and file will support them in this. And the possibility must be glanced at that the Oligarchy may tempt the workers to indorse imperialism by offering them their share in the spoils of a tribute Empire.

But, however this may be, Labor does not seem, any more than the Oligarchy, to offer a refuge for Liberalism. For the ethical character of the movement is not liberal, in the sense in which the term is here being used. It does not spring from individualism, from private conviction, from devotion to truth wherever it may lead. It

is the organization of an oppressed class seeking deliverance, and its philosophy is that which suits its purpose. Its more intellectual leaders make a gospel of the economics of Marx, and have established colleges to teach this dogma, as the churches teach theirs. Whether the dogma is true or false does not here concern us. The point is that it is believed because it suits the cause, and that disbelievers are branded as heretics. And that attitude is the essence of anti-Liberalism.

On the whole, then, the outlook is not favorable for the continuance, the reformation of a Liberal party. And, in fact, the more energetic and ardent Liberals are beginning to join Labor, while the more prosperous and timid gravitate to the Coalition.

But Liberalism, we are suggesting, is something other and profounder than a Liberal party. And it would seem that the re-creation of Liberalism in the minds and souls of individuals is the most urgent present need. Men must have the courage to think for themselves, to express their own ideas, and to tolerate the expression of others which they regard as false and pernicious. Five years of war seem almost to have destroyed this capacity. Perhaps, indeed, even before the war, free thought and free speech were already declining from a personal conviction to an otiose formula. It seems difficult otherwise to account for the débâcle of the intellectuals in 1914. They, no less than everybody else, were swept away by the flood of nationalist passion; and their endless discussions of the origins of the war were, in consequence, little else than sophistical special pleading. It was necessary, on patriotic grounds, to believe that Germany was the sole author of the war, and to mean by Germany the whole German people. It was necessary, also, therefore, to omit or distort the whole course of diplomacy prior to June, 1914, and to ignore the responsibility first of Serbia, then of Austria, then of Russia, whose mobilization, seldom even referred to by these patriots, finally precipitated the war. A whole mythology was thus built up, which embittered and intensified the passions of war to something like insanity, made an early and just peace impossible, involved Europe in economic ruin, and has almost destroyed every hope, either of material restoration or of spiritual reunion, by the most impracticable, vindictive, and iniquitous treaty ever botched together by statesmen. People say, with apparent satisfaction, that 'this was a war, not of governments, but of nations.' The truth is, that it has been possible for governments, by mendacious propaganda, to make peoples even madder than themselves. They created a Frankenstein; and Frankenstein insisted on his pound of flesh at Versailles.

Now men are beginning to be disillusioned. The truth is beginning to filter through. Yet even now, though it is scarcely possible to meet an intelligent man who will defend the peace, it is almost equally impossible to find one who will say publicly what he thinks. Men seem to be terrorized by the fear each individual has of what all the other individuals taken together are supposed to be feeling and thinking; till it sometimes appears as if public opinion were the opinion which nobody holds, but which everybody supposes other people to hold. This great illusion is no doubt mainly a product of the press. And the press is, beyond a doubt, the greatest menace to Liberalism. It is illiberal, one might say, by definition, for it depends upon reflecting the passions of the mob, because those are the easiest to evoke and to express. The first condition of being a Liberal is to be immune against

this hypnotization by the press; never to pay any attention to its comments; always to read its statements of fact with a skeptical mind; and to recognize that, while it will never give the plain unvarnished truth about anything, yet it has subtler and more dangerous forms of lying than the lie direct, and that headlines, false emphasis, omissions, and distortions are the devices it employs in its business of misleading the public mind. Some palliatives may perhaps be devised against the worse excesses of this universal corrupter. But the only safe cure is a general skepticism. And there seem to be some signs that this is growing up; as a bad attack of an infectious disease makes the constitution immune against a repetition.

III

The press then is a principal enemy of Liberalism. What ought to be a principal friend is education. For a true education would liberate the mind and give it courage and independence. But that, it is to be feared, is what education too seldom does in schools and colleges and universities; and it is the last thing that a public opinion vitiated by five years of war desires that it should do. The Oligarchy, bent on preserving its privileged position, can hardly be favorable to free thought; nor can trade-unions, which withdrew support from Ruskin College because it did not teach Marxian economics. A big fight will have to be carried on in England if education is to lead to Liberalism; and, judging from such accounts as we receive over here, a yet bigger fight in America. We are told, for example, that a regular inquisition in form is being held in the State of New York, as to the opinion of the schoolteachers, and that a teacher has been refused a permanent license on the ground that he recommended his pupils to read an article not sufficiently abusive of the Bolsheviki, while his favorite reading was the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Dial!* Here is anti-Liberalism with a vengeance! The moral may be that those who intend to get a real education may have to get it rather in spite of, than because of, educational institutions. But the education so got may be the more valuable and permanent.

The Liberalism of which we have been speaking is a state of mind and soul. But what, in our own time, will be its application to political issues? In most countries now the original programme of Liberalism, the establishment of personal freedom and rights, has been achieved, so far as formal institutions can achieve it. The business of Liberalism in practice is now to see that that achievement is not destroyed by the tyranny of mob-opinion. The mob may be a mob of the rich or of the poor; for both, acting in the spirit of class, are mobs. But the danger before us is that the issue between Property and Labor may be fought by the methods of civil war, not by those of Liberalism.

Here, in England, we have already seen ominous signs of this tendency. First, there was the deliberate backing of the Ulster rebellion, in 1914, by the propertied and Conservative party in England. This was 'direct action' by the Oligarchy. Naturally, and with far better excuse, Labor talks of retaliation. When a Parliament, with a huge majority snatched by the most infamous appeal ever made to an electorate, continues to govern in defiance of public opinion; when it is deaf to every remonstrance, to every argument, to every counsel of bare decency, it is difficult not to sympathize with those who desire to paralyze its activities by the use of economic power.

But that game can be played by the

other side, too, and it must end in destroying constitutional government and introducing civil war. The working classes deliberately put into power the government against which their more radical elements are urging the weapon of the strike. They ought to abide by the result, until they can overthrow their own creature by constitutional forms; just as they will expect their opponents to do, when they secure a majority themselves. Otherwise there is an end of government by discussion, which is the first and most fundamental application of the liberal spirit. For Liberalism in practice means that you do not appeal to force, armed or economic, except when the only alternative — free discussion and free voting — is cut off by arbitrary power. The present condition of the European Continent shows that the propertied classes are just as ready to have recourse to violence as the so-called Bolsheviki — or even more ready. And it is a very disquieting sign of the times that the press, controlled and directed by property, shows no abhorrence of White terrors, but only of Red; and that the governing class is no less willing to give recognition and support to counter-revolutionary tyrannies than to intervene, contrary to international right, to suppress revolutionary tyrannies in independent states. Such danger to internal peace and order as threatens in the future will seem to arise more from the bitter intransigeance of the possessing classes than from any desire of the mass of the workers to have recourse to violence.

The truth seems to be that the governing class acquiesced in democracy so long as they could control it. But, as soon as it shows signs of intending to take control itself, and abolish governing classes altogether, the latter revolt. Well, that is anti-Liberalism. The Liberal course is to devote every talent toward making any system work which is deliberately adopted, after free debate, by a freely elected assembly. Will the possessing classes be liberal enough to accept that truth? If they are, we may have internal peace. If they are not, the civilization of Europe, already shattered by the international war, may go under altogether in civil strife.

In conclusion, Liberalism, it has been urged, is at bottom a spirit — the spirit of free thought and of toleration. From that spirit follows the whole theory of individual rights and of popular government. In form these have now been established, almost throughout the world. But the spirit seems plainly to lag behind the form. The Great War paralyzed it. And before it has begun to assert itself, after that stupendous catastrophe, it is already confronted with an issue which it will require all its strength to handle — the great issue of social reconstruction. If that issue is to be handled constitutionally, there must be, not indeed of necessity a Liberal party, — that may have become impossible, — but at least a strong infusion of Liberalism into other parties. And that infusion can be made only by liberal individuals — men, that is, who have the courage to form their own convictions, to resist mob-psychology, and to rely wholly and only on persuasion to get their own views adopted by others. If that does not happen, democracy may degenerate into civil war, and then there will begin the old dreary oscillation between tyranny and anarchy. In that round of despair much of Europe is already involved. Who can confidently say that the rest will not follow suit?

PEACE, OR WAR EVERLASTING?

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

[It seems important for an understanding of this article to know that the author, a Russian by birth and a philosopher by profession, showed no pro-German sympathy during the war. His previous article in the *Atlantic* (February, 1916) was characterized by a remarkable detachment. As will be seen, his position, like that of many Europeans, is greatly affected by the terms of peace and the events of the last year.— THE EDITOR.]

I

IN August, 1915, the present writer (then a Russian, now an Esthonian subject) sent an article to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled 'A Philosopher's View of the War.' Most of his prognostications have proved so correct, so far as general solutions go, that he feels sure that the same will, in due course of time, be equally true of those which seem, so far, refuted by subsequent events: that is to say, that the state attained to-day, owing to the Treaty of Versailles, cannot be considered as a final state. I wrote then: — .

'We are assisting at a show that would appear comic, were it not for the tremendous tragedy it involves. All contending nations are playing with the same ideals, like tennis-players with the same set of balls, and all have in reality a scope altogether independent of the ideal: they just want to win. . . . Is there no reality, then, behind the professed ideals? There is indeed; and the very figure I was using will make clear at once in what sense. Since all players are using the same balls, victory will belong to the balls, *whoever wins*. That is to say, the ideals, for which we fight, are sure to triumph, whatever be the material issue of the war. We are not essentially fighting against, but in common with, one another, for the self-same end. During war . . . humane notions have little hold on the struggling parties; *after*, none will be strong enough to withstand universal public opinion. To-day high ideals may no longer be frivolously evoked and gayly dropped again, when wanted no longer, as was the case before the conscience of the people awoke; to-day they mean forces of tremendous power, which, once evoked, will work themselves out. The ideals at stake will have to be realized one day or another; *if the terms of peace do not provide for this, then new wars, new revolutions will follow, and this until they have been realized.*'

The terms of the Peace of Versailles do not provide for what alone can be considered as a final aim of the Great War. Therefore the latter has not come to its real end as yet. Nothing seems, nay is, more certain, than that we are not emerging from, but rather entering into, a period of universal strife.

How could this misfortune happen, the misfortune of perhaps the greatest lost opportunity since the creation of the world? For we *were* quite near to a solution which would have established International Life on a new and solid basis. It has happened because the victory of the Allies has been too complete.

The ancient Greeks held that fair and just solutions of contests were to be reached only as compromises between parties equally strong: there was no justice possible, in their eyes, toward the weak; the idea, as applied to the latter, had to them no meaning. This conception of justice, however strange and even cynical it may sound to modern ears, is none the less much deeper than any based on an abstract code of morals. Justice *does* mean balance; a just treaty is one which gives expression to the true state of equilibrium between the contending forces. The ancients were mistaken only in this, that they knew only of physical, not of moral forces. If the physically weak are being increasingly protected in our day, this means that mankind is beginning to realize increasingly the might of moral forces.

Now, since the true state of equilibrium (always both morally and physically speaking) is hidden by momentary advantages of the one party, a solution, meant to be lasting, based on these, cannot be just. And for that very reason it cannot last, unless, indeed, it be made corresponding to facts by extermination or complete ruin of the weak, as was usual, and quite logically so, among the ancients. However much the Allies may have thought themselves the executors of Abstract Justice, the Treaty of Versailles is profoundly unjust in the concrete, for it does in no way give expression to the true balance of power. It tries to realize an abstract programme, irrespective of life. So it is bound to remain one of the most valueless scraps of paper the world ever saw, besides being the most fatal, perhaps, in its inevitable consequences.

II

What is the real state of things? Not Germany alone, but the whole European continent has been beaten; not Old England, whose foundations seem shaken in no less a degree than those of Germany, but the young Anglo-Saxon world, — whose most experienced member is America, — together with Japan, appearing as the winner. So far as this goes, the treaty of peace corresponds to the true state of things and can last. But inside Europe no more absurd arrangement could have been thought out than that which the consequences resulting from the treaty involve. Germany is being treated as if she were really annihilated — an absolute impossibility in a nation of seventy millions, which has not lost in quantity during the war, — owing to the fact of the expulsion of most German elements from other countries, — nor essentially in quality, for it has remained, what it always was, more diligent and efficient than any other European nation, whatever may have appeared to the contrary during the last year.

On the other hand, France has, through the treaty, attained such a position as if she were as great and strong as a century ago, although she is far more nearly ruined, so far as blood and natural resources go, than the Central Powers, and will undoubtedly prove unable to maintain her artificially created predominance, because of lacking that youthful initiative which alone could find a way out of the present state of affairs.

Italy can recover only by gravitating back to the north and northeast, and knows this well. The successor-states of Austria-Hungary are all of them (not only the German-speaking parts) bankrupt, and must either reunite or change their orientation altogether, if they are to survive. The same applies to Poland and to the Baltic States. And as for Russia — the fact alone that the Entente seems to be repeating the mistake committed by

Germany, when the latter concluded the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, speaks volumes.

Now the victors are aware to a notable extent of the difficulties created by the course they have taken. But instead of drawing from this the only reasonable inference, — that is, that the treaty must be revised and made to correspond to facts, which is always possible owing to the gentle art of interpretation, — they are using violence in an increasing degree, in order to make possible the impossible. Now the latter can be done, if violence be used to the extreme. This is not practicable in a Christian world. *Then it cannot be done at all.* And the one result is the increasing mobilization, against the Allies, of the very moral forces to which they owe, in great part, their material victory. It was unwise to continue the merciless blockade of a disarmed Germany; the starving-out of defenseless Austria should have been avoided; the holding of five hundred thousand German prisoners in France after the Armistice, and treating them as slaves, has produced a much worse impression on the working classes of all the world, than the deportation of Belgians by the German authorities ever did.

More and more people in all countries are beginning to think that the only explanation of this policy is the fact that its inspiring force is not reason, but simply hate. Now hate, unless directed against absolute evil, is not only a base and sordid passion — it is the worst of practical advisers. Few Russians will ever forget that the great Council preferred the death of hundreds of thousands of their compatriots to their salvation by German arms — the only ones at hand.

More and more members of the liberated small nations are beginning to wonder whether they are to be thankful for an emancipation which, in ruining their countries, has made every single one of their inhabitants a slave of the Entente. And the feeling is becoming fairly general outside England and France, that, whatever may have been Germany's initial wrongs, the fate imposed upon her is much harder than she deserved; all the more so, as nations cannot be fairly judged like individuals, since those who suffer for a wrong committed are not, or at any rate not principally, those who wrought it — they are in the majority of cases, indeed, entirely innocent.

This feeling is already overwhelmingly strong, as may reasonably be expected, in Germany itself. And, as Buddha has said, 'If hate responds to hate, where shall hate end?' It may, indeed, transform the whole earth, in the long run, into a lasting hell. This world of ours is to an ever-increasing extent the effect of the thoughts and feelings of its inhabitants. If they sow love, love they reap; if hate, the Powers of the Dark become supreme.

Now assuming that the Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles is, at any rate, a true expression of the new balance of *physical* power, peace might last in spite of all this. But it is not. And less still is it a true expression of the balance of moral forces. Hate working, by cosmic law, against the hater, the moral forces are going over in crowds to the other camp. So there is no real equilibrium of forces, even for the time being; we are at war, whether it appears so or not. And the constellation is very different from what it was in 1914 and 1915. Initially, the Entente stood for the Ideals of the Age. Since Germany laid down her arms, the former has become untrue to them.

III

In November, 1918, Germany capitulated, not before her enemies' arms (she

never was beaten and knows this well), but before the Entente ideals, as incarnated in Wilson's fourteen points. She started at once to carry out, so far as she was concerned, their complete realization. At this moment the spirit of Metternich became supreme in Paris. France, in particular, has stood for reaction ever since. And there is, very patently already, a league of sympathy in the making, *with Germany as a centre*, of all who have been longing for a better world. It is collecting crowds of adherents also in the camps of all who, whatever be their personal ideals, are feeling themselves misused, owing to the rate of exchange or to the indebtedness of their country, by the Entente capital; foremost among these, not a few of the liberated small nations. This league will include, sooner or later, all the countries from the Rhine to Vladivostok, and south-eastward to the Ligurian and Ægean seas.

In 1916, I wrote; 'The ideals at stake in this war are by no means individually wedded to one party. There is no doubt that the *cause* of the Allies will triumph; whether material victory will be on their side, is not as certain. *It may even happen, that during the fight or at the conference of peace, the Great Player, in one of his humorous moods, may choose to reverse the parts.*'

This very reversal has now taken place. So Germany is always more and more assuming the aspect of a true martyr. If this does not appear as yet to superficial observers, it is due to Germany's moral prostration, the natural reaction after five years of unspeakable strain in a state of unheard-of underfeeding — a prostration very unsympathetic and ungainly, to be sure, but which does not mean more than the loss of self-control by a strong man subjected to cholera or typhoid. When, now, the *real* moral status of the world becomes conscious to the majority, then convulsions will ensue more terrible, more universal and widespread than those between 1914 and 1918.

For the world has already changed to a degree that very few fully realize as yet. Its *real* forces are no longer those which shaped it before the Great War and which predominate on the surface even to-day. Many are wondering why the Bolshevist government of Russia, beyond doubt one of the worst the world has seen, not only maintains itself against odds to which most better rulers would have succumbed, but, what is more, unquestionably gathers strength from the very movements intended to overthrow it. It is due to the fact that this government, whatever it be in itself, is to the lower classes of Russia and, to a considerable extent, to those of all the world, the symbol of the government of the oppressed. Lenin and Trotzky find it possible to raise new armies each time that reactionary Russian or alien troops attack them, because the working class of Russia prefers the worst terror, inflicted by one of themselves, to the lenient leadership of foreign capitalists — for the higher classes are, in their eyes, also foreigners.

Now, Bolshevism is a form of Socialism, possible only in a country as backward as Russia. But the idea for which it stands is the greatest actual force all over the world; it is indeed the self-same force which gave, during the war, such immense moral strength to the Entente: the New Creed of the Millions, that human beings are not to be used as tools, that capital should have no power over lives, that Imperialism, based on war-machinery, is wrong, and oppression shameful. One need only reread the manifestos of the Allies in 1914 and 1915, and compare them with Trotzky's messages: it is in the name of the same ideals that the Allies went to war and that Bolshevism fights the Entente. It is the same cause which

won followers to the latter that is winning them to the former to-day.

That the extremist creed of Bolshevism is absurd does not alter the fact; very few among the working classes all over the world insist, in their feelings and thoughts, on what Bolshevism really *is;* they rather disregard a truth unpleasing to them, considering that alone for which Bolshevism *stands.* And the fact is that, if the moral forces of the world are ultimately not with Bolshevism, they are, to-day, much less with the Allies. Very many, among the adherents of the latter, still believe that the situation has not changed since 1914. It has. It was as early as August, 1915, that I wrote for these columns the following: —

'At the beginning of this war the Germans . . . themselves laid the foundations of that theory which has proved to the Allies such an admirably moral working hypothesis ever since. Henceforth nothing could sound more plausible than the pretence that fighting Germany meant fighting war in itself, — unrighteousness, aggressiveness, bad faith, — and for the freedom and right of small nations. This ideology still rules most minds on the Allies' side. But as a matter of fact, however grave were Germany's initial wrongs, her enemies also deviated all too soon from the flowery path of unselfish righteousness. No sooner had the struggle begun than France took up the idea of *revanche* and made up her mind to conquer the left bank of the Rhine, although entirely German; than England undertook to acquire absolute supremacy on all the seas, and to increase and consolidate her colonial empire; than Russia proceeded to found that Panslavonic caliphate which had been her dream of ages; and when Italy arose, her conscious object was to reconstitute as much of the Mediterrenean Empire of ancient Rome, as seemed possible at the time. Worse still: all these states agreed among themselves to make an end of Germany as such. No wonder, therefore, that the latter from the very beginning protested that in reality *she* was the attacked; from which belief, ever firmer the more numerous her enemies became, she got and still gets immense moral support.'

The reversal of rôles which began in 1915 is complete to-day. In November, 1918, Germany laid down her arms before the New Creed of the Civilized Western World, and has done all in her power, ever since, to shape the facts of life according to it; while the exact contrary movement has taken place in the policy of the Allies. But the ideals of the age have not changed since 1914; and that the great Western democracies have become untrue to them, — and that alone, — is the true and real reason why Bolshevism could become the formidable force it is.

Bolshevism is the Creed of Despair. At war against the whole of material civilization, it seems the only alternative left to very many, who believed in progress and have seen, or imagined, themselves duped. That this appears primarily among the beaten is explicable enough. I think it is difficult for Americans to realize to what a degree all idealists on the one side, and all working classes on the other, so far as they understand the case, feel disillusioned and embittered since the terms of peace have become known. Not many doubt that the whole struggle has been in vain. And since the masses, no matter whether immediately or mediately, are the real rulers of Western destinies, this disillusionment is bound to express itself, sooner or later, on the outer plane.

Personally I do not believe in the bolshevization of Europe, nor, indeed, in the world-revolution, predicted over

and over again by Socialist fanatics. But what I do, not only believe, but know, is this: the consciousness of solidarity of the oppressed, beyond all national boundaries, is *the* great force of our age. It was this very force, as incarnated in the ideals of the Entente, that conquered German Imperialism. It has gathered immense strength, in all countries, from this victory, and means now to conquer all oppression all over the world. It will grow and become overwhelming all the sooner because, owing to the situation created by the war, which has ruined the greater part of the European continent, there will no longer be only capitalist and proletarian *classes*, but very few capitalists and very many proletarian *nations* in permanent antagonism. All nations with an impaired value of money will soon consider themselves proletarian, as compared to Great Britain and America, and will develop a corresponding programme.

Is it not blindness, this being so, to persist in the policy inaugurated in November, 1918? If the American platform had been accepted then and stuck to, all might have ended well; for German Imperialism was morally dead inside its own country, and all the nationalities of Central Europe, purified by suffering, were ready then to make all necessary renouncements for the sake of the establishment of a better order of things. As things now stand, the world never was more pregnant with bloodshed and war than it is to-day.

IV

What is to be done, now, to save Western civilization from a complete breakdown — nowadays the inevitable result of only three or four decades of war? Not very much, I fear. Destiny will work itself out. There is no lasting peace in view before the true state of equilibrium between the contending forces has been reached.

But something can be done, all the same. Let us remember that the chief forces of the age are no longer national, but supernational. The greatest of them, not yet actively foremost in many countries, but very much awake to its own importance everywhere, is the Internationale of Labor, which will cause more trouble to the old order of things every year (although its internationalist programme as such has possibly lost all prestige, owing to what it has proved itself to be in Russia and Germany, having transformed itself, in each case, into a national one). The second Internationale, supreme to-day, is that of Capital. A third is incarnated in the different churches and creeds. Of these three internationales only the first undoubtedly has a great, perhaps too great, future; while the second will hardly withstand, in the long run, the converging attacks of public opinion, national feeling, ever-increasing taxation, and social reform; and the third is fast losing in importance.

But there is a fourth Internationale which *may* win, and which, if it does win, alone can save civilization in this most terrible crisis it ever went through: the Internationale of the really Best, the most Enlightened, the most Well-meaning — in one word the Internationale of gentlemen. I say gentlemen, because gentlemen in the real sense are supposed not to be petty, not rancorous, not avaricious, but noble, fair and capable of self-sacrifice, of forgiving and forgetting. The gentlemen of all the world, to whatever race or creed they belong, realize and understand each other at first sight. They all know how to live and let live. They see right and wrong objectively, wherever it appears; they are superior to party exclusiveness, and full of sympathy for the legitimate claims of the disinherited.

These truly best are, in all countries, equally horrified at what has happened during the war and is happening since. They know equally well, to whatever side they belong, that there is no way out of the present *impasse*, so long as each party perseveres in its subjective outlook on things. There is no agreement within reach, so long as personal feeling is being accepted by each as sole basis for thought and action — not even an agreement to differ. True, France has suffered terribly and finds it hard to forget; but the same applies to Germany. True, the latter declared war; but then the documents published prove, with absolute certainty, that she was essentially no more guilty than any other European nation;[1] so that the construction of Germany's exclusive guilt, the moral basis of the Treaty of Versailles, is false, notwithstanding the fact that Germany, yielding to force, has put her name under it. True, the Germans have been committing many misdeeds, but so have all the others. The moral balance, as to the past, is fairly equal for all sides.

The past, alas, is not to be altered, but a better future can be secured, and this only if all agree to think of the future more than of the past. All personal feelings are essentially finite; the yet unborn will be unable even to understand the courses adopted by latter-day statesmen, in case these shall prove, in their consequences, contrary to reason. The different nations, whether they like each other or not, will have to continue to dwell side by side on the same planet. Sooner or later the true state of equilibrium between them will assert itself. Then the personal feelings created by a particular situation, even if they survive until then, will in any case prove to be of no account.

[1] A remark sufficiently significant from our point of view. — THE EDITOR.

This the well-meaning and the far-sighted should anticipate. Gentlemen know that fairness is the justest form of justice, and that the feelings of hate and of revenge cannot be fairly built upon. These gentlemen — and their class is particularly numerous in English-speaking countries — should join hands across space and time. They should form an organized fourth Internationale, the Internationale of civilization and of culture, as opposed to the Internationale of the blind and only too often ignoble masses. They should incarnate the exact antithesis to Bolshevism. As such they could enter upon a great future; yes, they alone can do so, apart from the working classes, for the day of the Imperialist, of the Nationalist, the Profiteer, is coming to an end. In case the Internationale of the lower classes comes into power, Russia's fate will become the symbol of all the world. But if the Internationale of gentlemen succeeds in consolidating and in asserting itself, then the situation may still be saved.

Therefore, again, let the gentlemen join hands all over the world. The general state is equally bad everywhere. Victors and vanquished seem equally demoralized. There are only oases of high-mindedness, intellectual cleanliness, moral consciousness to be found alive anywhere. Let these form a network. Soon they will become a power. It is the only chance we have of preventing Western civilization from coming to an end. Peace can be brought into the world only by the victory of supreme fair-mindedness. It is this spirit which drove America into the war. Let the same spirit now forbid that the Treaty of Versailles should become the threshold of War Everlasting.

America can achieve this. She is the decisive power on earth to-day. If America deliberately declares that Fairness, as opposed to Profiteering,

that the principle of living and letting live, as opposed to the principle of taking unfair advantage, of good-will as opposed to ill-will, shall reign supreme, and acts accordingly, then the agonized Western civilization can still be saved. And thus indeed would America fulfil that lofty mission in which she failed at first: the mission of building up a new and better world.

AN ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, *St. Valentine's Day.*

THIS has been a busy week, with the Big Three in conference in London (the Big Fourth alas, was not there), the first meeting of the League in St. James's Palace, and a State opening of Parliament by the King and Queen, followed by a succession of most interesting debates. It is an advantage which the most ardent Republican will be willing to concede to the monarchical form of government, that it makes a much stronger appeal to the ritualist that is in most of us. When the King and Queen entered the House of Lords at noon on Tuesday last, and the lights, low while we were waiting, were suddenly turned on to their utmost brilliance, and what had been a blur of grays and reds became a blaze of pre-Raphaelite colors and textures, like a garden-border leaping in a twinkle from February into June; and when the jewels of the Crown and of the latest industrial coronet glittered antithetically like a beacon on Skiddaw criss-crossing with the glare of a foundry furnace — 'Tush, tush, man!' the impatient Republican will exclaim; 'call it a transformation-scene at a Drury Lane pantomime, and have done with it.' Well, it *was* rather like that, too. But apart from the theatrical glitter of the scene, and the surprise of the discovery that government is not always a dry-point engraving but can glow with color, one's dominant impression last Tuesday was of riding on Mr. Wells's time-machine back into the centuries. Perhaps you have to, with these stiff clinging robes, but the King did walk with the Plantagenet swing that we know so well from Shakespeare's historical plays. And when he took his seat on the Throne, with Pursuivants and Blue-mantles and Heralds and all the rest of the Norman-French pomp and circumstance about him, with (on his right) the Lord Chancellor — Freddy Smith that was — looking like Wolsey, and Lord Curzon (on his left) holding up the Sword of State like Warwick the King-maker, and someone else carrying the Cap of Maintenance, whatever that may be, one expected blank verse at the least. It would have sounded quite natural had he begun, —

> 'Now is the winter of war's discontents
> Made glorious summer by this sun of peace.'

Instead, he read the prose of the speech which his Ministers had written out for him. And *such* prose. It let us down with a bump from the middle of the fifteenth century to 1920.

A month ago, in those circles which talk so much politics that they have no time to think about them, there was a perceptible drop in the temperature whenever the United States was mentioned. She had been — well, not quite

fair. She had imposed on poor tired Europe her own ideas of a settlement, with the implied understanding that she would help us to carry it through, and had then left us singing alone. These things were hinted rather than said among the polite, but the gutter press was shouting them with added expletives.

But since Lord Grey's letter in the *Times* there has been a most welcome change. In the mirror that Lord Grey held up to American opinion we saw a startling resemblance to dominant political thoughts and prejudices here, and to read his letter was to make the discovery that the man on the other side of the glass door, who had been mocking us, was only our own reflection. The Senate of the United States does not care to commit itself in advance to armed interference in the affairs of Europe. Very well, but does the average Englishman? In France or Belgium, possibly; after all, they are so near. But what of Poland? How many Englishmen have brought themselves to think of interfering to protect Poland against attack, or would be prepared to give an undertaking off-hand that they would fight for her independence? Nine out of ten would reply, if they were pressed, that what they would do would all depend on circumstances. The American political psychology is much the same. Or take the average Englishman's attitude toward Russian affairs. If he declines to interfere, it is not because he personally would like that sort of government, but because he thinks, rightly or wrongly, that by interfering he would do more harm to himself than he could do good to Russia. What this country feels toward half Europe, the American Senate feels toward Europe as a whole. It is intelligible enough.

Very illuminating were Lord Grey's observations on the long story of the Senate's jealousy of the President's executive power, and very, very innocent his assumption that there could be no such rivalry under the English Constitution. Why, this struggle between the Executive and the people, as represented in Parliament, is the taproot of English politics; and the most amazing proof in our history of how dangerous the prerogative of the Executive in treaty-making can be is the fact that, up to the day before we went to war with Germany, the government had concealed from the people that, politically speaking, we had for seven years ceased to live on an island. That the decision to help France was right does not alter the fact that this unfettered discretion of the Executive is essentially undemocratic; and, in so far as the American Senate is now fighting for Americans the same battle that English Liberals have so often had to fight here, it has their sympathy. Why, even now, it is part of the Liberal party programme that the treaty should be revised immediately. What is the difference, for practical purposes, between that demand and the reservations of the Senate? Talk about America's turning back the clock! The vast majority of Englishmen — so strong is the reaction from the war — are only too anxious to get back to their splendid isolation from European quarrels. Someone once said of political thought in America that in everything but trade-policy it is only stick-in-the-mud Manchester. But men of all shades of political opinion in England are now tumbling over each other to get back to Manchester. The Prime Minister wants to fight Bolshevism by bills of parcels — what is that but the old recipe of mid-Victorian Manchester? And Mr. Balfour only this week has been preaching that the state of the parish-pump is more to us, and perhaps to the rest of the world too, than

the future of Azerbaijan. So now we understand.

An address that was once drafted, to be presented by certain distinguished people, began, 'Conscious as we are of our infirmities —' 'No,' said Lord Justice Bowen, 'let it read, "Conscious as we are of each other's infirmities."' The emendation hits off the misunderstandings of the last few months between England and the United States. But they are the same infirmities (or are they evidences of practical common sense?), and out of the consciousness of them may still grow a close partnership in democratic liberty.

Of course, there can be no effective League of Nations without the United States; and it would be ridiculous, if it were not so serious, that a dispute between the President and the Senate which really turns on domestic and constitutional points should obscure America's real interest in the League and should have kept her from participating in this week's Conference. The future of the League does not rest on the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Covenant, nor do the Senate's amendments wreck America's possibilities of service to its ideals. Let the United States come in, and we will take the risk of her backing out as a result of a vote in Congress when the emergency arises. France took that risk with England, and the new idealism should surely command as much faith as the old militarism. All Englishmen who matter now hold this view very strongly; and if they have hesitated to say it officially, it is because they were afraid of seeming to take sides in American internal politics. The meeting of the League in St. James's Palace was almost pure Hooverism. It recognized that Europe is economically one, and it called a conference to formulate its problems and make recommendations. Longitude does not make any difference in the working of economic laws. If England is likely to suffer by the misery and economic helplessness of Eastern Europe, so will the United States. Mr. Balfour's prescription of the parish-pump for brows overheated by laurel leaves is the same as Mr. Hoover's, and England and the United States have an identic interest in preaching and practising economy, both public and private.

The idea that there is a natural opposition between borrowers and lenders is a most fantastic mischief-maker. Old Panurge knew better. 'Be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth and every one oweth; all are debtors and all creditors. Oh, how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens. What sympathy there will be amongst the elements!' And again, 'May St. Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not all my life held debt to be as the union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy, that I say the whole race of Adam would very soon perish without it.'

Mr. Lloyd George's power over the House of Commons grows rather than diminishes. Someone remarked that a debate which he winds up is not an argument but a massacre. The House of Commons does not like it. It can be happy under the tyranny of a *pontifex maximus* like Mr. Asquith in the days just before the war. But Mr. Lloyd George apparently does what he likes with the House: it lies down or stands on its head, just as he tells it, and until next morning, when it reads how foolish it has been and rebels again, it really thinks it has been behaving heroically in the process. I was one of those who thought that the Prime Minister would

go Left after the war, and I still think that it was the natural direction of his mind and would have been the best policy in the interests of the country. I can imagine him as the ideal leader of a new party containing the best elements of the old Liberal Party apart from the Whigs, some Conservatives, and the more moderate elements of the Labor Party; and such a party under such a leadership might have governed the country for another twenty years.

The Conference has made an old man of everyone but Lloyd George. His energy is boundless, his mind is elastic and extraordinarily agile, his political arteries show not a trace of hardening. And yet, somehow, with all his genius and with all his demonstration of power, he gives one the impression that he is not quite a free man. I have heard it said that Lord Northcliffe, before the last General Election, wanted him to go to the country independent of both the two old political parties; and, if this be so, the advice does credit to his political insight. Lloyd George, at the end of the war, was perhaps the first man in our Parliamentary history who had so strong a position that he had something to give to both political parties and nothing of real value to receive from either of them. In the Liberal Party he was an explosive centrifugal force, and it is not to be wondered at, human nature being what it is, that the old fogeys of that party should have been shy of him. To the Conservative Party he offered the support of his enormous prestige just at a time when it would normally have been falling into disrepute, and of course it jumped at the chance. Equally of course, Mr. Lloyd George should have withheld the gift; and, if he had, he would have attracted men from all parties and would have been the leader of a coalition which he could have called by any name he liked, but which would, whatever its name, in fact have been a completely new party, instead of the leader of a party which, though called a Coalition, is really conservative. Lloyd George, as Disraeli did before him, is making a new thing of this Conservative Party, but he might have done so much more for all parties; and it is distressing at times — most of all when his rhetorical triumph seems most complete — to feel that all he is doing is to put the old wine into new bottles.

Long before these lines are read, Mr. Asquith will have taken his seat again in the House of Commons; but, except that the Parliamentary duel will be a little less unequal, one doubts whether he will make much difference. His mind has sterilized, and his chief service to politics will be to give dignity to parliamentary encounters, to lend his name to ideas of others, and to keep going the good-will of the great historic Liberal name.

The man of the immediate future is undoubtedly Lord Robert Cecil. He has ambition; he has, if not forensic eloquence, the Cecilian fluency, and a platform name and presence, and his fine idealism is governed by the political craft and the caution that are inbred. He has thrown himself heart and soul into the work of the League of Nations. Except that he is a hater of bureaucracy, has an almost American faith in individualism, and is a Cecil, he might call himself by any party name, and he has more of the essential stuff of Liberalism in him than most who wear the name. The Labor Party is interested in him, and he looks with interest upon it; for he sees the cracks in its structure, and in its larger and more moderate half, a potential ally of his own party. Mr. Lloyd George was right when he said this week that the choice is not between the Coalition and the older parties, but between one coalition and another.

If a rival coalition is ever formed, its most prominent member, if not its nominal head, will undoubtedly be Lord Robert Cecil.

There was a debate this week on the nationalization of coal-mines, which seems to have frightened the bourgeoisie, but should rather have encouraged it, as revealing the elements of disunion in the Labor Party. The scheme of nationalization advocated by Mr. Brace in the House of Commons was not nationalization at all in the old sense, but something very different. All that Mr. Brace wants the state to do is to act as broker between the old ownership and the new, which is really the ownership of the trade by the trade for the benefit of — well, this is not quite so clear, except that we are promised an increase of efficiency, a greater output, and some security against strikes. Mr. Brace labored the point that the scheme would promote efficiency in management, and that it was the very antithesis of bureaucracy. What the Socialist I.L.P. tail, which wags the Labor Party, thought about this anxiety to repudiate bureaucracy and its works, did not appear; but in fact, Marxian Socialism can never recover from the hatred which the war bred of the omnipotent state, and is dying fast in England. It was a striking fact that, while Mr. Brace insisted that his scheme would not create bureaucratic management, Mr. Lloyd George, who opposed it, insisted that it would.

Apparently, then, the criterion of a new proposal is whether it does or does not create a bureaucracy; and the fact is most significant of the trend of political thought. The new scheme has much greater affinity with Bolshevism than with Socialism, and still more with what is called Guild Socialism, which is essentially anti-bureaucratic in its inspiration. Broadly, it is true to say that in labor, as in other politics, there is a great revival of individualism and a growing distrust of the State. And this trade individualism obviously holds itself out to work with whichever of the older parties will give it most. Between the various schemes of copartnership and joint management and the orthodoxy of the Whitley Councils there is far less interval than between them and the old Marxian Socialism. And it is significant that the Labor Party is beginning to open its arms to the intellectual worker and to talk efficiency. If the income-tax goes up, the best recruits of labor in the future will come from the grain-workers who are making between two and three thousand a year. And for that reason the income-tax will probably not go up.

For an analogous reason one doubts whether the coal-miners will go on strike. An open strike would restore Mr. Lloyd George to his old war ascendancy, and could end only in disastrous victory for the nation and in disastrous defeat for the nationalizers. A more likely retort would be a falling-off in output, a ca'canny strike. But this would discredit and weaken trade-unionism even more, perhaps, than an unsuccessful open strike.

Outside politics we are very dull. Why is it that the war has not stimulated artistic activity like previous wars? A tremendous fuss has been made of such poetry as the war gave us; but, after all, neither its volume nor its value was considerable. Painting has done a little better, but music has not had a wing fluttered by the war. As for the theatre — but that is a very old and a long story. Mr. Keynes's book on the *Economics of the Peace Conference* is the best book of a bad season; but his trick of taking his hatred of Mr. Lloyd George out of Mr. Wilson is really too unfair.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BOOKSTORE AND THE CUSTOMER

Two complementary articles recently printed in the *Atlantic* — Mr. Arnold's 'Welfare of the Bookstore' and Mr. Newton's 'Decay of the Bookshop' — must have interested many who, like myself, have always been buyers as well as readers of books. Perhaps there are more of us than Mr. Newton thinks — not buyers in his class, not collectors or devotees of the rare and the beautiful, but people whose occupations oblige them, perhaps, to buy books of certain kinds, and who buy other kinds simply for the pleasure of reading them. And there are one or two reasons, which neither Mr. Arnold nor Mr. Newton lays stress upon, why we do not buy as many books as we might.

One reason is the gradual reduction of living-space, and therefore of space for the keeping of books, which has affected so many of the dwellers in cities. Houses have largely given way to apartments, and apartments grow smaller and smaller. Of course, there are apartment-palaces for the millionnaire, and these seem to grow larger and larger. But year by year the walls of the average apartment contract while the rent expands, and the former process is quite as effectual as the latter in restricting the outlay for books. Just now in New York there is a rapid trend toward the impossibly exiguous. Scores of houses and large apartments are being altered into nests of 'two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette,' the occupants of which must seek most of their food around the corner, in the hotel or the bakeshop. These fragments of a house are not for the poor: they are held at rentals which only those can pay who a very few years ago could get eight or ten rooms for the same sum. Even if there is money left over when rent and food have been paid for, where is a man or a woman to put new books, or even old and treasured ones, when he can hardly buy a coat, or she a skirt, without giving away the old one to free the hook it hung upon?

No matter what their inborn tastes and desires, or their former practices, such perchers on a mere twig of habitation can be little concerned with the functioning or the fate of the bookshop. More and more they thank God for the public and the semi-public library. The other day a busy woman, unexpectedly dispossessed of her apartment, which is to be turned into several 'two rooms,' etc., told me that she positively must find another in the same part of town, giving as a main reason the need to live where, on her way to or from her office, she could stop at the Society Library for a book.

It is not remarkable that this deterrent influence upon the buying of books should have escaped the notice of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Newton. But I think it is remarkable that neither of them dwells upon the chief shortcoming of the bookstore of to-day — the inefficiency of its salesmen. Incidentally Mr Newton advises booksellers to get 'intelligent' assistants, and he describes in a graphic way the lack of manners and of information that often confronts one at the book-counters of the department-store. But in our largest, finest, most highly considered bookstores we are not quite sure to find good manners, and are very likely not to find even

what might be thought the minimum of intelligence.

Examples speak louder than generalizations. A few years ago I asked in a bookshop for a history of commerce, or some work dealing with the commercial experience of Europe and especially of Great Britain. I already had Adam Smith, but did not say so. It was one of the two or three best bookstores in New York, and I spoke with the chief salesman, who has since set up a bookshop of his own. He knew of no such book as I wanted, but said he would inquire; when he had inquired he knew no more, but promised to investigate further and to write to me; and a few days later he wrote that no such work existed. Even apart from the *Wealth of Nations*, he was, of course, mistaken.

Another day, in the same store, I asked for a certain edition of Swinburne's works. I had forgotten the name of the edition, but knew the number of volumes and the price. Evidently the young man to whom I spoke had never heard of Swinburne. Together we searched the shelves where he said a poet would stand. Finding nothing, he too went to inquire. When he returned, swinging a book in his hand, he remarked, 'I guess this is what you want but it's shy on the price.' It was not what I wanted, but I could neither find nor learn about anything else. I do not imply that every salesman in a bookstore ought to know about all the editions of Swinburne, or that all editions ought to be on the shelves of every store. But such an inquiry as mine should, I think, have brought from somebody more information than I got from my slangy young man.

In another big shop which offers only the publications of the firm itself, largely consisting of classical and educational books, one might expect to find competent salesmen. Here I asked a while ago for Aristotle's *Ethics*. The gentleman who went to search returned to say that, while they had Aristotle's works, these included no *Ethics*. I asked to be piloted to the shelf he had searched, and found that he had carefully examined a set of Aristophanes!

Again: a few weeks ago I wanted a book which I had seen advertised some months before. I did not remember the author's name, but knew that it related to the oracles of Delphi and was published by X and Co., an English firm. At two large shops I could get no trace of it, although, apparently, the publishers' lists were consulted. So I tried the New York offices of X and Co. I was received in a charming little library where a pleasant young woman asked my wishes. I gave her the title as 'The Oracles of Delphi,' or 'The Delphic Oracles,' speaking as distinctly as possible, and she wrote on her pad, 'Articles of Delfi.' When this had been corrected, she sought information in an inner sanctum, and returned with the message that only a few copies of the book had been imported, all had been sold, and no more would be ordered, but I might find a copy in a bookstore. 'And here,' said the young lady, 'is the correct title,' producing a slip on which she had written 'Orkles of Delphic,' with the author's name, also misspelled.

Is it strange that such attendants discourage the frequenting of bookstores? I myself never go to one except as some special reason may force the adventure. I write for what I want, knowing that better wits may thus be set to work upon my order than usually respond to a spoken inquiry; and often I write to the publisher, not to a bookstore.

Of course, no bookseller likes a customer to write instead of coming in person. He must know that, as appetite grows with eating, so the thirst for books grows with seeing them. But if one can get no guidance, if books that

should be familiar are unknown, and if those that must be on the shelves are not found, why waste one's time and fray out one's temper? I am not the only person who, if there were a really good bookstore in New York, would haunt it and spend more money there than she could afford. And by really good I mean one where the customer can *sit* while she looks at books, as well as one where the attendants know their business.

I am not condemning the bookseller; I am only explaining the troubles of the customer. I know how difficult it must be to get a salesman or saleswoman who knows anything of books, or is willing and able to learn about them; and I take pains to say that I have found some who are more than polite, who are cordial and friendly, and two or three who, within their special provinces, are competent also. I know one man, for example, who is an authority on novels of mystery and adventure, and a French girl who has a real knowledge of French books. As a rule, however, the attendant, as well as the shop itself, is a weariness to the body and the soul. Far better may one go to the public library if he wants information about books.

THE BEST BUTTER

There is a little dairy in the valley of the Swananoa, — river of music, — a place of miracles and of pleasant rites, which will ever leap into memory with the sight of butter-pats. We lived high up on Sunset Mountain, above the valley mists and above the clouds, too; but we went down into the valley for our butter.

There were many such dairies then. Every little farm that owned a cow had one, built over a running stream or a mountain spring, often of unfinished logs whitewashed on the inside, and always very clean and sweet and cool. There they brought the milk foaming in buckets, and poured it into shining wide pans, to stand and collect a thick head of cream; for separators, though already in use, had not yet traveled that way. It was there, too, that the churning was done on the hottest days, or else just outside the doorway, in the pale morning sunshine.

I have not seen such butter for a very long time. We get our butter now at a shop called a creamery, where they also sell biscuits and salt fish and canned vegetables, and where it comes in neat medallioned squares, wrapped in paper gritty with salt. I do not like that bland yellow hue, or the too solid look, as if only a flame would melt it. But that other butter was the very essence of the fields, its ingredients born of the dew and of fresh June grass, rising in golden richness to the word of incantation: —

> Come, butter, come,
> Come, butter, come;
> Peter's waiting at the gate
> For a bit of buttered cake;
> Come, butter, come.

For, it seems, you must do your churning with a song, or else the butter will take an unconscionable time in coming, if, indeed, it come at all. You may blame it on the kobold if you like, that same kobold who is not averse to drinking thick clotted cream in the early hours before anyone is up, who whispers in the cow's ear to kick over the milking-stool, and plunders from the pantry when the cook's back is turned. It may be that singing warns him away. I do not know. But presently the handle of the churn grows heavy, and the great mellow lump must be lifted out into the waiting bowl.

It is a magical moment. The moment when you open the oven door and find your new bread prodigiously puffed and brown with the baking is magical,

too, and yet not like this. For you have been your own chemist in your bread-making, while only God knows the elements that enter into cream. Summer skies soft with clouds, summer winds sweet with wild cucumber and gourd, the music of birds, the intonings of bees, the cool caresses of showers — all are there, and more, cunningly commingled by an alchemy that will never fail to convert into gold.

They are trying very hard, these days, to divorce butter and milk and cream from that gentle fount, which accounts for so much that is lacking in butter, even in the best butter that one can buy. I never see a milk-cart go by without a sense of vats and pipe-lines and pulleys and pandemonium, of everything that is gross and mechanical and utterly foreign to the fields. Lob-lie-by-the-fire would flee from the modern dairy with his fingers in his ears. It is no wonder that there is something wrong with their butter.

I know a kind that clings to the palate like a faintly perfumed memory. It is dusk. The guinea-fowl are calling and quarreling in the valley below, and the turkeys, with much squawking, are finding their roosts in the trees; but the sounds ascend the mountainside as subdued and soft and pleasant as do the warm odors of rank sugar-cane and ripening fodder at noon. How near the toy farms in that limpid air! A stable-door slams, and a new calf bawls its complaint into the coolness of the evening. The smoke curls up from supper fires — And I am going down into the valley for my butter.

Yet it is only as I look back that I can see the opal of that sunset time, or butter as anything but butter. I cannot remember that it possessed any significance then, or fine flavor, either, when there was so much that was more alluring to the eager appetites. Bread-'n'-'lasses, or bread-'n'-sugar was the food of my fancy, with only incidentally butter, and then only as a binder, the cementer of all the sweetness it could hold. Butter-pudding could redeem it, and so could tea-cake, fragrant and light, topped with the glistering brown that only one ingredient can give; and so could saucer-pie, the top crust flaky and rich with the unguent. But in time these, too, became homely and lacking savor, the real ambrosia lying farther off, beyond our barrier of hills, where dwelt the strange gods.

It was not called ambrosia, to be sure; something or other with *sauce piquante*, preceded, perhaps, by an *antipasto* to give a fillip to the jaded taste. James would have made a very wry face over *sauce piquante*, I dare say. Those were lean years for the soul.

Butter, as well as beauty, it seems, may be a point of view. And though apparently but a decoration, not of the body, as in Africa, but of bread, that a homely fare may be made beautiful, it still contains in itself an elusive something that will remain long after the obvious has been licked from the fingers. We need it as a beautifier, not only for bread, but for that wistful part of us that looks for more than food. 'Lasses years pass, and cinnamon-and-sugar years, and *sauce-piquante* years, until in the end, the common thing may suddenly acquire a new and unperceived loveliness to our astonished eyes, and bread and butter be meat indeed.

UNCUT

'Uncut' might apply to gems, to cards, or to the locks of the Bolsheviki; but in this instance it refers to books. Many a time I have been told that the true lover of books sits with paper-knife in hand, cutting his new book in leisurely fashion as he reads, thus gaining a certain fine, deliberative pleasure in his perusal of a volume. This might

be a good subject for a statue, The Cutting Man, for it is certainly a most perfect pose. The man or woman who says that he or she likes to read a book in this fashion is incapable of really understanding what is read. Only pretenders can enjoy the barbarous experience of trying to read a work while the reader is ripping his way through a new purchase in print. I propose to reveal the truth in this matter, though I know that trenchant words will be applied to me by those who have the cutting habit.

A few days ago I purchased a new edition of one of the three best books on Browning. I had looked forward for several days to the reading; but when the volume arrived, I found it was uncut. Seizing my paper-knife, I began my work of making the book fit to read, and I soon discovered that the paper was of a very closely woven substance which cut with difficulty, throwing off a by-product of fine cottony substance that magnified and accumulated to a dreadful degree. I went to the dining-room; I sat down at the table, and I devoted myself to manual labor, turning the book now on one side, now on the other, to get the pages clearly and carefully separated from corner to binding. At the end of twenty minutes — *voilà:* one book at last ready to read; one blunt knife, one lame wrist, a pile of white literary fluff conspicuously scattered over the mahogany table, and a pair of ears irritated by listening to the faint rasping sound of paper being slit without ceasing. Had I read as I cut, I should have lost all sense of continuity; the ideas, interrupted by a furious struggle to reach the next page, would have been decapitated.

This is war to the knife — the paper-knife. Reader, what sort of cutter do you use when you find that the volume you had expected to enjoy is uncut? Do you always have a paper-cutter at hand, or do you resort to expedients — stiff cardboard, a hat-pin, a penholder? Perhaps the average man has a knife always within reach, but the average woman has not. Did you ever put down a new book because you were too tired or too dismayed to go in search of a cutter? Did you ever tear a new book, just because you forgot that some books have to be cut at the bottom of the page? Have you ever lent a book which you have read, only to have your caustic friend return it with the remark, 'I hope you won't mind my having cut some of the pages you skipped'? Were you ever caught cutterless, out of doors, at the foot of a page, unable to turn to 2 or to any other page before 8, just because the leaves were so folded that you had to cut once at the top and twice at the sides before you could get at the text? Did you ever, of an evening, sit around a reading-table with a group of people, and did you ever cut surreptitiously with that stealthy *clip, clip, clip,* which is to the unhappy listener like the famous *drop, drop, drop,* of the water used in the torture chamber of the Inquisition?

In a college classroom, a teacher asks the students to turn to a certain page in a volume of one of the English poets. There ensues an attack upon the uncut poet. Young women use the hair-pin; young athletes, I am told, use the forefinger. The results need not be described.

A canny suggestion to publishers may have its effect. People like to get books from a public library, partly because these books are always cut. People will buy twice as many books if they can be sure there will be no need to dawdle over the business of hewing the pages apart. In fact, we should all be delighted to turn over new leaves, were they only cut in advance!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frank Tannenbaum, by trade a machinist, was sentenced when twenty-one years old to one year's imprisonment at Blackwell's Island for unlawful assembly in unemployment agitation. On his release he made certain charges which led to an investigation by the State and to the removal of the warden. Since 1916 he has been an advanced student at Columbia, where he has taken highest honors in economics and history, and has written a thesis on the Philosophy of the Labor Movement, which has received high academic recognition.

These are serious charges which Mr. Tannenbaum brings. In considering them it is well for the reader to realize that, although our prison system has undoubtedly changed for the better, many well-authenticated instances show that a vast amount remains to be done. To illustrate:—

In the Rhode Island State Prison during the year 1918–1919, a prisoner by the name of William F. Herman was strung up by the wrists for periods of two, four, five and six days, hanging from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., and on days when moving pictures were shown in the prison, until 11 P.M. This punishment was inflicted for talking in the shop. During those hours he was not given toilet privileges and could n't wash at any time during the days of punishment. Altogether he was strung up for twenty-one days in one year's time.

The investigation of Bedford, a woman's reformatory in New York State, which has just closed, revealed the fact that women had their hands handcuffed behind them, and were suspended from the cell door with their backs bent over and the tips of their toes barely touching the floor.

The Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania is being investigated at present by the State Board, as a prisoner recently died from a beating given him by some of the keepers.

On the 4th, 5th, and 6th of March, 1917, the New York *Tribune* published a series of articles on the conditions in Clinton Prison, New York, which revealed as brutal and inhuman a situation as can well be depicted.

The investigation of the New Jersey Prison in 1917 showed a very unhappy state of affairs indeed. Mr. Osborne tells of hearing the rattling chains of a prisoner who had been confined there for years. An instance is, we believe, recorded that one of the punishment cells had a ring attached to an iron rod some six inches above the cell floor, to which men used to be suspended in a doubled-over position — the cell being too small for the man to lie down on either side of the ring.

An investigation of the Maryland Penitentiary in 1916 disclosed the fact that some twelve hundred men had been strung up by their wrists to a bar attached to the ceiling within the period of a little over a year.

While serving in the army in Camp Sevier, S.C., the author of the *Atlantic's* article saw state prisoners working on the roads with chains and iron balls on their feet, and sleeping in narrow crowded iron cages at night, packed closely together.

A former Texas prison-keeper, who is at present himself a prisoner in the Naval Prison, states that in Texas the men who work in the road-gangs are chained and that the chains about the prisoners' feet are so made as to make rapid walking or running impossible, as each step that is longer and more rapid than usual twists the chain so as to press a sharp point into the flesh of the foot which is right above the heel, and in this way causes great pain.

The present prison situation in Joliet is not a happy one.

Furthermore, we should say that before this article was printed it was examined by a number of investigators of America's prison situation. Surely the matter deserves public consideration.

* * *

The particulars of our knowledge of **Opal Whiteley** are set forth in the March *Atlantic*. Here we shall simply lay stress on the manuscript, which, torn into small fragments by another child, in a fit of jealous rage, is being pieced together with pains which seem not far from infinite. For five full months Opal Whiteley has been working from eight to twelve hours a day, pruning, piecing, fitting together the pathetic fragments. To the editor, who has been supervising the process, the task has often appeared beyond the girl's strength. As the work has continued, estimates of the bulk of the manuscript have suffered constant revision; and we are now in possession of a continuous diary consisting of more than 70,000 words, all written before the child's

eighth birthday, besides a bulky mass of material telling the story of later years. The manuscript, written on odd pieces of wrapping-paper, bags, etc., is frequently decorated with all sorts of childish border patterns. It is unevenly printed. Punctuation, spacing, and capitalization are absolutely ignored. During all these years the child had no friends of her own age, and the diary was her single confidant.

* * *

As our prefatory note says, **Beulah Amidon Ratliff** wrote this letter to her father, purely as a personal missive. She had gone South as a bride only a few months before, and unfamiliar happenings etched sharp pictures on her mind. 'Mark Twain' is the first in a new series of portraits — Americans from 1875 to 1900 — which **Gamaliel Bradford** has in hand for the *Atlantic*. The series includes Henry Adams, Whistler, and Phillips Brooks. His long list of accurate and penetrating portraits of the great figures on both sides in the Civil War, and of noteworthy American women, have made him one of the most happily familiar among our contributors. **F. Lyman Windolph** is a lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We print in this number the fourth of the Sketches in Peasant Russia sent us by **Edwin Bonta**, an architect of Syracuse, who was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war.

* * *

Katherine Wilson, a Western newspaper and magazine writer, is a native of the State of Washington, of pioneer stock, her grandparents on both sides having crossed the plains with ox-teams. 'It was while a resident of Carmel, California,' she writes, 'that I found the material for "A Marginal Acquaintance" in an actual experience.' **Lytton Strachey**, an English writer, best known as the author of *Eminent Victorians*, is at present engaged on a biography of the most eminent of them all — Queen Victoria. The anonymous author of 'Boys,' in the March *Atlantic*, displays in the present contribution an equal understanding of the more elusive characteristics of 'Girls.' **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt) is at home again, writing stories, on her Oxfordshire farm.

Lord Dunsany has survived his American lecture tour and has safely returned to his Irish castle. **Robert Haven Schauffler's** amusing adventures with his fiddle will soon be published in a volume, under the title which he has chosen for the present paper. **Alice Brown**, poet, playwright, essayist, and writer of fiction, makes her home in Boston.

* * *

Melvin T. Copeland is Assistant Professor of Marketing and Director of the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University. **Frank E. Spaulding**, recently returned from an important educational mission with the A.E.F., and now Superintendent of Schools at Cleveland, Ohio, is about to assume the direction of School Administration at Yale University. Anticipating the emotions likely to be aroused by his estimate of the cost of establishing his proposed educational programme, he writes: —

> I realize the difficulty involved in the large amount of money that would have to be raised by taxation to carry out the programme. I purposely did not dwell upon this difficulty. I want rather to get the programme considered on its merits. As a matter of fact, such a programme could be realized only gradually. Hence, the increased taxation involved would come, not all at once, but as a gradual growth extending over at least five or ten years.
>
> Unquestionably the investment involved in such a programme (and it should be considered as an investment) would be paid back many fold by the beneficiaries. The return in the form of taxes on the increase in wealth would begin in a small measure almost immediately after the beneficiaries . . . had left school and engaged in the world's work. Such return would increase rapidly from year to year over an indefinite period, probably for not less than twenty-five years.

* * *

Frederick P. Keppel, formerly Dean of Columbia College, has served with distinction as an Assistant Secretary of War, and as Director of Foreign Operations of the American Red Cross. **G. Lowes Dickinson**, for many years a don at Cambridge, England, has long enjoyed a reputation as a master of English prose and a thinker of sincerity and public importance. Our readers will recall his prophetic series of articles which the *Atlantic* published under the title of 'The War and the Way Out.' **Count Hermann Keyserling** writes us from Hamburg under date of 9 September last: —

Since I wrote my first article for the *Atlantic Monthly* many of my prophecies have come true, and many perplexing events have happened to myself. I have lived under the Bolshevist government in Esthonia; had to hide myself in moors and woods for weeks; have seen later the delights of military occupation; and now I am an exile; the new Esthonian government, essentially Bolshevist whatever it calls itself, does not allow of our return home, plans to confiscate our estates without more than nominal compensation, and has already decided, without asking me, to convert my home, with its century-old library, into a schoolhouse. I am afraid I shall never see anything of it all again, and have to begin an entirely new life, probably in Germany, since in that country, even to-day, philosophers are most likely to prosper. There are many things which people on the Entente side do not understand, nor even we as yet.

In an address delivered recently at the University of Berlin, Count Keyserling dealt in severe, if measured, terms with the causes which have brought Germany to her present fallen estate, chief among which he places 'the want of the feeling of self-responsibility.' **Herbert Sidebotham** is military correspondent of the London *Times*.

* * *

This thoughtful comment on Mr. Clutton-Brock's receipt for happiness is well worth clipping from a recent letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am writing this letter to make a request which may strike you as being rather ingenuous; and yet, if it were granted, I think that not I alone, but many other people conscious of the same need, would be inexpressibly gratified. I wonder if it would be possible for the author of 'the Pursuit of Happiness' in the December *Atlantic* to make a little harangue at the people who are just putting in time, in life — whose answer to the question, 'Is Life worth living?' would be, 'Not proven.'

I don't know whether my range of acquaintance is unique or commonplace, but the commonest type in it is the woman for whom life is going by like time spent in a trolley station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late, and whose destination is unknown. These women have no dominant interest in life, and no very vital trivial interests; they have no great ambitions, because not one of them possesses any special talent or ability; they are only very mildly cynical, because they would n't consider it either well-bred or intelligent to go about bawling about the stale, flat, unprofitableness of all the life they get a chance at; but they certainly do feel, though most of them have sense enough to be in general decently reserved on the subject, that it was rather a mean trick to shunt them, willy-nilly, into an existence that offers them no keen interest, only the tamest chance at being useful, and no appreciation for what inconspicuous service they do give.

We have been told, over and over again, that it is weak and foolish to drift; that life can be made worth while to anyone who sets a definite goal, and keeps consistently headed for it; but to my mind it takes more intelligence and will to mark out an arbitrary course and follow it, where one has no guiding inclination or taste, than most men of the highest sort of genius evince. You can't take an interest at random, any more than you can add a cubit to your stature, or grow whiskers at will; and I know many sorts of superfluous women who are not poor enough, or stupid enough, so that the mere problem of earning a living is a matter of absorbing interest; who are not necessarily blighted beings, because they have remained unmarried — for I believe that, if they had honestly sought matrimony as a goal, they would have arrived there, as it seems to be the least difficult of all the goals that women do set for themselves to arrive at. They are the people who are n't adjusted to life anywhere, and who therefore do the work they happen to find available, mechanically, without zest, interest, satisfaction, or pride. They feel very dull and futile and foolish and, somehow or other, robbed. They live without getting anything out of life except board and clothes, such as they are, and they die without having lived, and without being missed.

Now who or what is to blame? I think that perhaps the author of 'The Pursuit of Happiness' could say something of interest and of value to them, because he has already, in his December article, reminded a lot of us of something we need to keep always in mind. Most of us need rather appallingly to have said to us, quite frequently, exactly what he said there; only we are not always fortunate enough to be so spoken to when the need is on us.

* * *

This for lovers of Jane Austen, to whom a recent contributor to the Club dedicated a pretty bit of an essay.

DEAR FRIEND-IN-JANE-AUSTEN, —

But why leave out all *Northanger Abbey*? Of course I know that Catherine, with her intensely credulous nature, saw German spies in all unfamiliar yokels jogging along the countryside, and imagined bombs in each post-day package. But surely Henry Tilney's comforting letters from the Front — I insist on his being a chaplain, too; and he would have made an infinitely more comforting one than Edmund Bertram, because he added a sense of humor to his undoubted rectitude — must have assuaged her terrors. And, indeed, had she further alarms, Eleanor's, 'My Lady's,' counsels would have finally tranquillized her, and enabled her to revisit the Abbey (the war had put matters upon a friendly footing again, you know) to help her sister-in-law in Red Cross work, and listen to the general fighting again his own battles, and pointing out just where the present military blunders had come. Frederick was

at the Front, too: one never doubted his courage; while, equally, John Thorpe blustered in some safe job behind the lines. As for Isabella, I am convinced that she joined Mrs. Elton's well-known useful work just at the time that Selina was visiting the Vicarage; and her splendid insincerity making a vast impression, she returned in the barouche-landau to pay a long visit at Maple Grove, hoping by exploring to revive her fallen spirits. You have left out Lady Susan, too, and her eloquence of which she was so vain. Surely you heard of the really marvelous work she did in raising money for the various loans?

Ah, please let all of my adored Miss Austen's characters come to your delightful, re-created Highbury! Excuse me, I should have said 'our,' for, surely, we are equal sharers.

Yours very sincerely,

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

* * *

The *Atlantic* was sixty-two years old last November. How pleasant then to be clapped on the back and to be appealed to as one sport to another.

CLEVELAND, O., *January* 27, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just written a book entitled *Form and Chance in Playing the Ponies*, which is now in the hands of the printer. In the main this literary effort contains the following: Observations on the runners as a sport and as a desirable substitute for the exercise of the speculative instinct; How to enjoy the sport thoroughly; Fallacies of progressive systems disclosed; suggestions relative to the study of form and handicapping; The value of a player's judgment, with results of tabulations showing comparisons of a form player's various choices, with their positions in the public's order of preference in twenty-eight hundred races and under the Pari-Mutuals.

Of late I have been following the sport not only to win but also to write of my experiences and observations covering a period of ten years, which might enable the public to gain a better understanding of the sport. Yours respectfully,

L—— P——.

* * *

Atlantic critics may disagree as to the grace and general correctness of Mrs. Keyes's attitude 'on the fence'; but both *pros* and *antis* on the suffrage question should welcome an authoritative pronouncement on the matter. A friend sends us this decisive comment: —

I wish that every *Atlantic* reader could know how greatly one other woman admired and approved of Mrs. Keyes's article, 'On the Fence,' in the February number. I read it with enthusiasm tempered only by envy. It is precisely what I should have liked to write myself if I had had wisdom enough and skill enough. I wonder if any excepting those who chanced to hear it have been told of a remark that an *Atlantic* Editor, Mr. Aldrich, made many years ago during a wave of agitation for woman suffrage? He asked an elderly lady of the most dignified sort on which side of the controversy she stood. 'I do not stand at all,' she answered; 'I am on the fence.'— 'Then,' said Mr. Aldrich, 'I hope you are on the fence in a ladylike way, with both legs on the same side.'

I think anyone who knew Mr. Aldrich can guess upon which side he thought this should be.

But the responsibility, please understand, is Mr. Aldrich's. Far be it from us, at this late day, to explain to a lady the most ladylike way of sitting a fence.

* * *

A month or two since, we were assailed by a number of simultaneous inquiries as to a fabled 'sale' of the *Atlantic*. In reply we printed a positive, complete, and unqualified denial.

The queries have now taken another turn. We are continually asked whether by our authority the *Atlantic* is united, clubbed, or combined with any other periodical which it has selected for its ally. Again, our answer is a positive No. Any periodical, to be sure, has the right to buy the *Atlantic* and sell it again to readers in conjunction with its own product. But with this practice we ourselves have nothing whatever to do. The *Atlantic* is as independent in business as in its editorial policy.

One more word and we are done. Now and again our friends and mentors write us demanding through what iniquitous bargain we are controlled (as the case may be) by trusts, or Jesuits, or associated advertisers, or labor unions, or Bolsheviki. The charges are too multifarious to take them up at once; but by way of comment upon the last, we quote (at the kind suggestion of an Ohio reader, Mrs. Lucy Griscom Morgan) these prophetic lines written by the *Atlantic's* first editor in his 'Moosehead Journal,' and still absolutely valid: —

We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times;
Your traps and nets and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co.
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters;
No lobster ever cast his lot
Among the reds, but went to pot:
Your trouble's in the jaw, you said?
Come, let me just nip off your head,
And, when a new one comes, the pain
Will never trouble you again.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1920

MALAY DAYS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

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I

I SQUATTED cooliewise on a fallen tree-trunk, poised gingerly on my toes, for the leaves about me were all aquiver with hungry leeches. Behind me was the rose-covered dâk bungalow on the crest of the Malay mountain range.[1] In the compound the mail-lorry smoked and snorted and resented every attention which the Chinaboy mechanic paid to the reluctant engine. Before me, and far beyond intervening valleys, stretched the bamboos and tree-ferns of the Pahang hinterland, whither I was bound.

At this very moment, across the ranges, far to the eastward of my fallen tree, a sultan and his court and nobility, armed with kris and knife, and clad in silks and satins of rose and blue and emerald, were making their way slowly to the central square of their town, eager to begin the day of top-spinning. Nearer to my dâk, close under the lofty jungled heights, deep within a blind, hanging valley, six white men weltered in the stifling heat and planned the impossible — the combatting of virulent cholera among superstitious Malays. And still nearer were wild men of the mountains, Sakais, almost monkey-like in their life, and wandering lepers with dissolving surfaces which once were faces.

And in the same country with all these people whose lives were respectively so incongruous, so hopelessly altruistic, and so pitifully hopeless, threading the bamboos and the tree-ferns, were wonderful pheasants, indescribable argus, and green peacocks in flocks. These I sought, and of these alone I thought as the hectic horn of the mail-motor gave forth a cracked, blatant blast. I rose, flicked off a few threadlike leeches hastening over my puttees, and made my way back to the dâk compound, the little level acre balanced on the shoulders of the mountain pass, filled with roses and the odor of burning oil and ill-mixed gasoline. Kuala Lipis is very near to one's visualization of Hades, so it was appropriate that the mail-lorry should always arrive in weltering heat, with blistered rubber tires and boiling engine.

Far behind, as we left the higher altitudes, the last tree-ferns and bamboos disappeared, and here we found dense jungle tangles, warped and woofed with thorny rotans and climbing canes,

[1] For an account of an earlier part of this trip see 'From Sea to Mountain-Top in Malaysia,' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1918.

while every open spot was self-sown with coarse elephant grass.

From the small shadow of the dâk veranda I looked through the glaring heat across to a few scattered hospital buildings. A dozen yards down the white dusty road was the single store, and behind was the inevitable club-house. Beyond these, in all directions, rose the irregular heights of mountains, admitting two small rivers but no air or coolness. The heat and humidity seemed to gather in trembling waves over the steep jungle-slopes, and all day to roll downward, making of Kuala Lipis a furnace, a nerve-destroying place of dust and silence. Two dozen Malays, a scattering of Chinese, and six white people existed in this valley cauldron.

At daybreak a chorus of dyal birds awakened me, and the distant crow of a wild jungle-cock brought me to my feet with a leap. Then came a dismal clank of iron links, and a half-dozen convicts, all lugging balls and chains, filed up, under an armed Sikh guard, and proceeded to do chambermaid, janitor, and gardener duty. It was an experience worthy of this weird Malay land to have one's room swept by a leering, villainous-mouthed Chinese murderer, with his ball rolling about the floor after him, and getting tangled in bed-legs and chair-legs. Finally, laden with garbage and weeds, the anvil chorus died away in the distance. Later, we saw two members of the gang painfully rolling the tennis-court, carrying their iron balls over their shoulders so as not to damage the court.

I made a short, unsuccessful trip to the jungle, and returned well torn by thorns and with no hint of pheasants heard or seen. Then I called on the three white men, made arrangements to go down river on the government houseboat, and was invited to a formal dinner the coming evening. I shall never forget that entertainment — because of its sincere hospitality, its discomfort, and the element of tragedy which ever played and flickered so near the surface. In breathless heat we donned full evening dress, and soon there arrived the half-broken rickshaw which was the only vehicle Kuala Lipis possessed. By dint of one man pulling and another pushing, we accomplished a hundred yards or so, and then had to walk the rest of the way through dense reeds to the house of the Government Agent. The air was still and saturated. Crickets chirped, and once an elephant trumpeted far in the distance. The smoking lantern covered the narrow path with a tapestry of shooting lights and shadows. Once the pulling convict shied, and we stood still while a big black cobra undulated slowly away into the reeds.

We dined on a full-course English dinner, with heating alcoholic drinks, waited on by a quartette of turbaned Indians, with the perspiration pouring down their shining faces. The lamps were gratefully dim, the servants stood silent as ghosts. The atmosphere was tense with an undercurrent of racked nerves. We had heard rumors of nerve-broken men, and we found only four of the six white people to greet us. Something, and something petty and unreasonable, had kept the other man and woman away.

All knew that a deadly epidemic of cholera was surely working its way up river, and preparation for this added to the ghastly climatic and isolated conditions of their daily life. The sight of evening dress brought the memory of the outside world vividly to mind and intensified the terrible trials of this breathless hell. First one, then another, snapped out angrily from time to time, then looked ashamed but never apologized; that would have been to recognize the deadly overwrought nerves,

which must not be spoken of. The strain of the breaking-point rose and fell, throbbing like the heat-waves. Once a man smashed in and flatly disputed an assertion. For five minutes there was silence heavy with embarrassment and attempts at control. The only sounds were the pattering of the Malay's feet over the split bamboo, and the squeaking of the punkah-rope, dim jungle sounds, and the rustling of a gecko or snake in the roof. Then I spoke of some casual thing in the outside world, and all leaped hysterically to answer; someone swore at a servant, and again the thread of normal conversation was mended. They begged us to talk, talk, of the coast, of Singapore, of England; but the conversation always settled back to cholera. A woman decided — and changed her mind three times in two courses — to clear out to Kuala Lumpur, then to stick by her husband.

The club was a cheery little building, which gave an impression of coolness that its thermometer refused to second. There were old magazines, an interesting little library, a tennis-court a bit weedy and aslant, and a fifty-yard golf-course, besides an abundance of whiskey and soda-pop. When I visited it next day, I found three Englishwomen — the two who had dined with us the night before, and a third reading by herself.

The third day fever descended quickly upon me, and as the white physicians had gone down river in an attempt to head off the cholera, I sent for the Bengali doctor left in charge of the hospital. He took several hours to dress up in honor of attending a white Sahib, and appeared with hair shining with grease and a collar and necktie, whereas Kuala Lipis etiquette demanded only an undervest. With him he brought a large, black, locked bag, as shining as his hair. From this he took a pair of goggles, and began a series of questions more appropriate to the victim of a census-taker than to a fever-stricken Sahib. I lost patience at this juncture, and demanded a certain definite specific which my kit lacked. Rather crestfallen, from the very bottom of the bag he fished out the powders I wished, and when he went to mix them, my sense of humor and curiosity overcame my excess of temperature, and I opened the bag and found that it was empty. My specific had exhausted the dusky physician's resources. It was true Bengali philosophy — an inverted Christian Science!

II

After another day, the Kuala Lipis cauldron began actually to steam; for the monsoon set in and rain came down in torrents all night and was drawn up again through the heated air all day. My fever vanished, and in spite of dismal warnings I got my possessions aboard the tiny houseboat and stretched out full length in my water-line berth, waiting for the retinue of servants-of-all-nations who were at the village bar, absorbing cholera medicine. As I rested, dabbling my hand in the tepid, muddy stream, the houseboat swung out a little, leaving a ribbon of open water between me and the shore. This tiny separation gave me sudden perspective. For the past week I had been in this fever-ridden station and of it. Now, as if the six inches of water which separated us had been as many hundred miles, I saw these splendid British men and women in the true perspective of their terrible isolation: their pluck in preparing for the oncoming fight against cholera, their holding true to the best traditions of their race. I remembered the justice and fairness of government of tiny Indian villages, of Burmese hinterland hamlets, of Sarawak Dyaks, and I thanked God

that, next to my own country, I could claim blood-relationship with and loyalty to the other great English-speaking people.

Cleopatra was addicted to house-boating of sorts, and she was supreme in beauty, tact, and courage; house-boating gave freest play to Mark Twain's humor; Moses knew the delights of quiet drifting through reeds and rushes, and great wisdom was his portion. Whenever I go a-houseboating, — and I go whenever I can, — I also attain supremacy — in contentment. Volplaning earthwards from eight-thousand-foot levels, running before a steady breeze in a catamaran — these are smooth, efficient, but tense methods of progress. But to lie in canoe or house-boat and let the current of some stream drift you where it will is a mastery of relaxation. You become a veritable corpuscle in an artery of Mother Earth, one with the drifting leaves all about, and a worthy member of the little company which acquires merit at the shrine of kindly Jabim.

When tearing across the face of the earth in a train, or surging ahead in a great steamer, I usually have a boding feeling of finality: this little farmhouse or that crow-dotted clump of trees I shall surely never see again; the distant island must be dropping irrevocably below the horizon. Drifting, however, engenders a peculiarly optimistic frame of mind; I am complacently confident of coming cycles; I am conscious of a close spiral of reincarnation. Like the drops of water which support and drift with me, I pass mighty tacubas and fallen trees, masses of brilliant bloom and peering monkeys, with a satisfied conviction that, like the drops of water, I shall again return to drift down this stream, and again rejoice in all its beauty and mystery.

So, when my motley crew was gathered, I gave Matsam, the Malay captain, orders to drift, not paddle. But even when the six inches of open water between boat and shore had increased to as many yards, I found that I was still within the British sphere of kindly influence, and the District Officer ran down and tossed across to me a big green hand-grenade-looking thing, shouting that he had just picked it from his garden — the biggest cucumber ever grown in Malaysia.

If there was a Lloyd's rating of house-boats, my craft would occupy an intermediate position. It was far superior to an ark of bulrushes, daubed with slime and pitch; but, on the other hand, it was not of beaten gold, or provided either with silver oars, or purple, perfumed sails. But the Strander, as I called it, from its chief occupation, had a jolly little cabin amidships, with store-room and kitchen aft, and men's deck and paddling-space forward. Overhead was a tiny awninged nook just large enough for a steamer-chair; while over the storeroom sat the captain, with a tiller-end which wandered aimlessly but effectively down and back to a rudder far below.

My cabin was a magic cabin; and just as magicians of old wrought their spells by necromantic passes, so I controlled the metamorphosis of my cabin by posture. When I lay in my bunk it was bedroom, when I sat up, my head boy Aladdin wafted in a tiny table from somewhere, and it became dining-room. With the curtains lowered, I stood and leaned over my various trays and graduates, and my cabin became dark-room. And finally, when my *rookha* chair was brought and an erring member of the crew summoned, the dignity of a court-room descended upon the lowly little place.

So began days of drifting, and never in my experience was a crew more enthusiastic about a mode of travel. Only for occasional meals and more fre-

quent strandings did they break their slumber. One of them I doomed to stand continual watch because he snored unpleasantly. I could not find the Malay word for snore, so to this day he never knows why I picked on him. An extra allowance of pay, however, palliated my linguistic ignorance. Even if I could have made my motive clear, I should have been in difficulty; for another paddler also snored, but in a minor, inoffensive key, his timbre and rhythm partaking of the quality of natural sounds around us. In fact, for several days I mistook his *ronflement* for the sound of a gentle wind, or water rippling beneath the bow.

Day after day I drifted down the Jelai, sometimes stranding on a sandbar, which would be so interesting that I spent the day. At evening we would tie up to an overhanging branch beyond the reach of mosquitos and leeches, and swing slowly at the hest of wind and current. In the heart of one of the wildest regions of the world, with elephants and tigers, fierce black leopards, and equally dangerous wild cattle in the surrounding forest, it was a joy to lie in pyjamas full length in my bunk in the cool air, dabbling my hand in the water, and listening to the night sounds of the Malay jungle. My dabbling was intermittent and rather conscious, and always on the shore side of the boat, for crocodiles were too abundant in mid-stream to permit of carelessness, although I had just taken a plunge and a good swim.

I clapped twice, and my Cinghalese boy Aladdin appeared with a lime-squash; and as I sipped it, I thought of envious friends at home. But I wondered how many of them would have enjoyed earning this luxurious hour by the day's tramp through swamps, crawling through leech-infested thorn thickets, with heat and gnats and crackling leaves hindering the noiseless approach to a flock of peafowl, or a solitary argus, or a family of peacock pheasants. Only aching muscles and excited memory of new facts achieved could make perfect the enjoyment of such an evening.

From the front of the boat came the sound of low, minor sin[illegible]ng, my Malay paddlers droning weird falsetto songs or sleepily chanting proverbs in turn. A great fish, perhaps crocodile-chased, leaped frantically into the air, so close that a shower of drops fell on me. From a long distance away came two sounds, low and of short duration, but powerful in their appeal to the imagination: the brazen trumpet of an elephant and the penetrating cry of a male argus pheasant on its dancing-ground. Then arose a muffled, palpitating series of vocal waves, which rolled in, rising higher, clearing to a crisp utterance, and finally reaching the full swell and power of a rollicking chorus of wa-was or gibbons — great ape-like monkeys which fill the Malay jungles with the exuberance of their emotions.

No imaginable sound would seem less fitted to the wilderness — it was so unsophisticated, so youthful, so full of joy and laughter. It recalled the words of Dunsany's frightened Man: 'Rock should not walk. . . . Rock should not walk in the evening.' And here in my swaying houseboat I listened and said over and over again, 'Children should not laugh in the jungle. — They should not laugh in the jungle at night.'

At last the wa-was died down to a low, sleepy mumbling, with now and then an individual, ringing, staccato whoop, like the final dying flares of the fire-music. Soothed and rested, I turned over and had almost found slumber, when I heard a suspicious swashing forward. I sat up, reached for the electric light which lay with my revolver, and leaning far out over the water,

suddenly flashed it along the boat. There was the villainous Chinaboy cook in sharp silhouette, washing a handful of forks, knives, and spoons in the river. I leaned back and clapped for Aladdin.

'Bring cookie, lantern, pail of boiling water, dishes.'

'Going, marster.'

Cookie appeared and salaamed, rather yellow-white and trembling; Aladdin's eyes were big with excitement.

'I told him always cook spoons.' (Aladdin always allied himself with the side of right early in any dramatic situation.)

'On your knees, cookie, and wash each fork carefully in boiling water.' (This he had been told to do at the beginning of the trip.)

'If ever not do so again, will throw overboard to crocodiles.'

Cookie, whiter, mumbles to Aladdin, who whispers officiously aside, 'Tink will never do again, marster' (as one Supreme Court Justice confers with another).

Each night afterward, however, there occurred the rite of 'visible spoon-washing.' Often I would not be there, but would come in from the jungle to find cookie on his knees washing to an empty cabin; and once, coming softly, I surprised Aladdin, sitting in my rookha chair, receiving the obeisance of the ritual in solemn state. He was extolling 'Marster's' lenience in not throwing cookie to the crocodiles; so I pretended not to see him, and, coughing, gave him a chance to seem making ready the bed for the night, although the clothes were already turned down.

With dead cholera victims floating past, children and others, and two hundred cases dying down river out of every two hundred, I dared take no risk. Our drink was the universal Japanese mineral water Tan-san, or thrice-boiled river water.

III

Another evening and its following day — the day of peacocks — stand out even among a month of wonderful Malay days. We tied up in some unknown reach of the Pahang on a moonless evening, when men came softly and, talking to my boatmen, wished to be hired. I needed some extra help, so called ashore to engage three. Before I slept I looked out and tried to pierce the blackness; but the jungle rose, a solid wall of jet, sending to my strained senses only an occasional fragrant wave of perfume from nocturnal blossoms, a shrill monotone of insect, or the sinister sighing of some small animal. Once a half-submerged tree drifted past, scraping the sides with its withered foliage, and flicking off a beautiful tree-cricket, which awakened me by crawling over my face. After its capture the night passed quietly.

To wake in a tent, open the flaps, and look out is good; to sit up in one's blanket cocoon in a hammock and see the jungle dawn is better; but best of all is opening one's eyes in a houseboat bunk, and without further movement seeing water and jungle and sky, and the exciting early morning doings of fish, crocodiles, birds, and monkeys. One feels as yet unburdened with a human frame; and for an hour I am only a pair of disembodied eyes, which search and record, begrudging even the interruption of winks, and viewing all through fresh-colored sidewise vision.

As one wakes slowly from slumber, so came the dawn, gradually, in these tropical lowlands. The glare of the sudden leap of the sun above the horizon was dimmed, delayed, diluted, by the thick morning mist — mist whose grayness I loved to think of as the exact shade of 'elephant's breath.' As I looked out over the side of the boat, the swift current became more and more

distinct through the fog, which drifted slowly downward like a sluggish, aerial river flowing gently over the denser one below. As the light grew and the mist lifted and frayed upward, a brown line quartered the fore-glow in the sky and masses of foliage took shape and color beyond the sand-banks. Here and there white-barked trunks gleamed like ghosts; the saturated air was heavy with the odor of plume-blossoms, and the eddies were filled with their petals. A pair of great hornbills crossed high overhead, hidden by cloud-mist, but registering every wing-beat in a loud, deep, *whoof! whoof!* Bulbuls burst into song, drongos sent down their hoarse cries from the tree-tops, with showers of drops which pattered on my cabin roof.

Another veil of mist was drawn aside, and I sat up, breathless and tense, for on a sand-bar up-river and up-wind four great black forms became dimly visible — giant, statuesque sladang, the biggest bull standing at least six feet at the shoulder. Even against the pale sand their cream-colored stockings showed clearly, and their magnificent curved horns lay far back as they stood with nostrils outstretched toward me, striving to make out by sight what the wind refused to explain. We seemed harmless — some huge tree stranded during the night; but with wilderness folk, vague suspicion is interpreted as proved danger, and the wonderful jungle cattle, still headed our way, moved slowly through the shallows around and behind an arm of foliage.

The other end of the sand-bar held for me even greater interest. Resting my stereo glasses on the edge of the bunk, I was fairly in the midst of five green peafowl. They had me under surveillance, but were too confident of their powers to think of leaving. Two had sweeping trains which cleared the damp sand as they walked. Now and then a bird stood quite erect and flapped his wings vigorously, to rid the feathers of excess of moisture. I could even see the others shake their heads as the drops flew over them. Two young of the year were very active, running about, chasing one another, or stopping to scratch among the gravel.

A passing log drew the attention of the peafowl, and they all stood motionless, watching it, until they were certain it was wood, not crocodile. The sun shone brightly for a moment, and the mists swirled away, showing distant hills. Peal after peal of rollicking laughter came from a family of serious-faced wa-was. Then a rush of wind and fog blotted out the sun, and a sudden shower pitted the smooth water. From the depths of this renewed twilight rang the piercing, unrestrained cry of a wild peacock; and when I plunged in and swam swiftly to the bar, I found only tracks — cloven and tripartite — to hint of the rare vision which this fortunate dawn offered to me.

Returning, I clapped for breakfast and prepared for a long day's matching of my poor senses and wood-craft against those of the wary peafowl. I went ashore and was balancing my ammunition, when a face suddenly appeared, more horrible than any beast, more inhuman than the lowest monkey. It was but the memory of a face, and should have belonged to a corpse long since buried; but, instead, it surmounted a living, well-made body. Then I saw three men, and realized that I had engaged, 'sight unseen,' three lepers. I gave them money and food and sent them on their way swiftly, with Aladdin to escort them well beyond the limits of our explorations — a duty over which he was not enthusiastic.

This horrible shock, together with a brief but sharp return of fever, made that forenoon a nerve-fashioned mirage. I felt the change as soon as I was within the hot, steaming shade. The

heat and humidity pressed upon me like material substance. I listened, yet dreaded to hear sounds, fearing them only less than the endless silence which framed them. When I squatted on a log, the rhythm of the hosts of advancing leeches would sometimes seem to merge into a thousand endless, undulating lines of vermin, closing in on all sides, and the feel of their measured loopings on neck or wrist or hat-rim was almost unendurable. The windless *shush, shush* of leaves under their combined movement increased, until it became a veritable bellowing. Once I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun into the tree-tops, and for a while my mind cleared. Then I watched a small python stalking a lizard — watched without interest, until I realized that I was observing a real tragedy and not a heat-induced mirage of the mind.

I longed to return, but knew I must not. I could not give in to this terror of jungle things which usually aroused only interest. Then came the climax. I had the chance of my life, — ten peacocks at close range, — and for a while was pulling myself together, when I fairly screamed and dropped my gun, leaping from my hiding-place and climbing ten feet into a tree tenanted by fire-ants, in a trembling sweat of fear. A tiny squirrel — one of the little dwarfs scarcely as long as one's hand — had jumped on my back, and I had reacted as from the charge of a buffalo.

The fever seemed simultaneously to have broken, and although weak and dizzy, I set out to achieve something definite before I gave in and returned to my bunk. The peacocks had taken refuge in distant, tall dead trees, high above the jungle; and clearing my neck and ankles of the abominable leeches, I began a stalk. I shifted my firing lever to the third, a rifle-barrel, and changed the .303 soft-nose to a steel-jacket. Only occasionally could I see my bird, a beauty in full plumage, who shared the bleached, lightning-struck giant with a trio of courting drongos. I dared not approach too close, and the last twenty yards I crept forward from the blind side, from which the bird's head was hidden by a splintered branch. When I first aimed, the gun-barrel wavered like wheat in the wind; but after sitting quietly for a few moments, I felt myself steadying, I thought of lime-squashes to come, and fired. The bird leaped a yard or two into the air, then spread wings and train and came down in a veritable tail-spin which awoke shuddering memories. Marking down the compass direction, I stepped heedlessly forward and went myself into a nose-dive of sorts. I fell and fell, and ended in a shower of sparks of physical pain. I had stepped off the edge of a sheer bank into a hidden gully, and hung suspended in mid-air in a cruel netting of rotan thorns. There was still eight feet more to solid ground, and for fifteen memorable minutes I was the plaything of gravitation and all the needle-thorns in the world. Every strand of barbed wire which I cut would gain me a few inches of descent and a score more scratches. I could only defend my eyes with handkerchief-wrapped hand, as I descended that awful round of purgatory, and rested at last, leech-regardless, on the wet moss.

Retrieving my gun, I was fortunate enough to find my bird on the second circle cast; and taking it under my arm, with the jeweled train streaming far behind, I trudged slowly back. I am sure that old-fashioned cupping and bleeding must have miraculous powers, for between the leeches and the thorns I had been thoroughly treated, and no ill effects followed. The following day I had to rest; but when again I made my way through this same jungle, I saw it only as a place of wonder, of keen delight, and of deepest interest.

THE MENACE OF THE WORLD

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

STANDING, as I stand, in the capital of Europe, — Paris, — I sweep my eyes round from this centre and I see about me a world which dances and makes merry in the midst of death and destruction and the menace of to-morrow. America is beyond my vision; and it may be held that in some respects the materiality which has gripped America is different — America, at any rate, is not a great graveyard. But although the immediate consequences of the war are not so terrible as in Europe, and although on your side of the Atlantic it can be urged that there is no special reason for sitting tight on the chest of Pleasure, still, all the reports that reach me make it clear that the symptoms are the same. There is a new world-disease; an epidemic that spreads from red Moscow to gaunt Vienna, to hectic Paris, to morbid Berlin, to London lively as a galvanized corpse, out to the Balkans (even Constantinople is aflush), and right to the States.

The diagnosis of the malady is not difficult. There is, first, this crazy seeking after artificial amusements, generally of an unpleasant kind; there is a love of display that runs to the utmost eccentricity; there is a wave of criminality; there is an unscrupulous profiteering, a cynical disregard of suffering, a mad desire to get rich quickly, no matter by what means; and there is a reluctance to do any genuine work. You can visit any capital, and you will find these characteristic stigmata. This pathological condition is certainly the legacy of war. Men's mental outlook has changed. Those who were sober, industrious citizens, content to rear up their families and to walk usefully and humbly in the world, are now stricken by the wild notion of having a 'good time'; a good time that means the easy earning of questionable money, its prodigal dispersal, forgetfulness of the family, non-production of necessaries, hopeless confusion and incompetence, which affects private as well as governmental persons, and a lowering of moral values, a debasing of intellect.

It is a gloomy picture which I paint; and at once I wish to make the proviso that it must not be taken to represent the whole truth. There is much that is sound in present-day society; and if, as in the Bible story, the whole city might be saved for a handful of righteous men, then there are certainly still enough healthy elements to save civilization. Let not this study of the post-war Europe prevent anyone from lending a helping hand: on the contrary, this sickness is such that we should tackle it in ourselves and in our neighbors, lest it complete its deadly work, and our world as we knew it collapse in rottenness. At any rate, I am not writing with the desire of condemning, but only of describing and analyzing a specific trouble which is more contagious than influenza and worse in its consequences than the plague that our marvelous hygienic methods suppressed on the battlefield.

It is a year and a half since the war ended, and we have not yet settled down. We have hardly begun to put our house in order. To have expected that we should instantly drop the sword and put our hand to a ready-made ploughshare, would have been too much. We had to have a breathing-space after the conflict. It was natural to indulge in a joy-burst. There had to be an interregnum. But what is really surprising is that the transitional period has lasted so long — or, to speak more correctly, that a sort of No-Man's Time, before the transitional period, should have lasted so long. What was inevitable for a moment becomes alarming when protracted. A passing fever was nothing; but a chronic St. Vitus's dance is deplorable.

One may well ask at the outset whether these phenomena come out of a new permanent philosophy, — the philosophy of the fool who said in his heart, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!' — or whether they are a prelude to an energetic resumption of work — a mere general holiday for mankind. Probably both explanations are partly true. There are many folk in the old world who have given way to a sort of despair, a despair that does not manifest itself in weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but rather in a determined gayety. If there is really nothing to hope for, they seem to say; if the reconstruction of a ruined continent is impossible, or at least painfully slow; if we who possess a little wealth, or who can make a little wealth, are at the perpetual mercy of an ever-threatening revolution or of a constantly menacing economic chaos; if in a month or a year we shall be beggared, struggling desperately for dear life in the vortex, then let us enjoy ourselves while we may. Do not let us worry about what may be. 'After us,' as Louis XV cried, 'the deluge!'

This spirit accounts for much. So does the pure holiday spirit. At first holiday-making was legitimate. Everybody who remembers his school-days, or who even remembers his last vacation, knows how hard it is to take up the task again. Discipline has been broken. Routine has been disturbed. We take another and another day before we begin. Those who have been in the army will realize that army training is the worst preparation for normal life that can be imagined. Even on the front there was a strange mixture of laziness, hardships, and rigorous discipline. It is good to escape the discipline; but its removal after we have been accustomed to it for so long, after we have lost our initiative, leaves us at a loose end, drives us by reaction into undisciplined ways. As for the hardships, we consider that we are entitled to taste the sweeter, more luxurious things; and we go on tasting them beyond measure. Nobody in the army worried about the next day. Nobody worried to work more than was necessary. If one was not sure of life, one was sure of the necessaries of life.

When it is considered that the bulk of the man-power on the Continent was subjected to this enervating, demoralizing régime for years, the clue to much of the present discontent is found. There have arisen out of this long habit of soldiering, out of what I may call the military philosophy of heedlessness, — unconcern for human life, one's own and the enemy's; disregard of property, one's own and one's neighbors'; disregard for the sanctity of women, disregard of time and eternity, — a philosophy essentially material, — there have arisen a hundred social evils, which can be eradicated only if we recognize the causes and if we apply ourselves resolutely to the cure.

For the civilians also everything has been dislocated, and it is not easy for

them to find themselves again. Continuity has been broken. All is in the melting-pot. The old landmarks have vanished. People were torn up by the roots. Their habits were shattered. Their beliefs were destroyed. Their very soul was melted in the fiery furnace of war, and moulded and twisted into new shapes. To straighten it back will be a prodigious feat. They have trampled on their religion. They have abandoned those good prejudices which kept society together. They have become cynical and selfish. If I were asked what is the most conspicuous trait of the modern man and woman in Europe, I should unhesitatingly reply — Egoism. The instinct of the hive has gone. We are indifferent to what happens to others. The only person who matters is one's self.

What! you will cry; surely, if the war did anything for Europe, it taught people to think and act in the mass and not as individuals. It made nationalities where nationalities did not exist, and it strengthened nationalities where nationalities were disappearing. It gave everyone a clear-cut sense that he belonged to a particular country. He was not any longer his own man: he was part of the hive. Nay, more: it awoke a new sense of international solidarity. Mankind came to realize that the ego was not sufficient, that the nation was not enough, that the individual was of no importance and must be sacrificed in the common cause, without hesitation and without regret. And since then surely it has been borne in upon all men who think, that not only the fortunes and the misfortunes of their friends and the friends of their country matter greatly to them, but also that the *bonheur* and the *malheur* of their late foes cannot be ignored. Surely the simple truth that the world is one and indivisible has penetrated into the universal conscience. The Gospel of solidarity has been preached as never before, and who so dull as to be deaf to the formidable voice of strident facts?

That indeed was my hope, as it was the hope of all men of good-will around the globe. It was the doctrine that was inherent in Mr. Wilson's messages, that permeated his declared policy, and that really did thrill the world — the eloquent enunciation of an old truth ever new. What was the Society of Nations in its inception but an endeavor to erect the new church and to found the new religion of mankind — a religion in which there should be no distinction between Jew and Gentile, no distinction between friend and foe; a religion that would give us an intense consciousness, not of ourselves, but of our kind?

Alas! whatever may happen to the projected Society of Nations as an institution, it is certain that the first fine rapture is over, and that, except for a comparatively few earnest spirits, altruism, the human religion, even, to express it in more material terms, the instinct of the hive, is dead; and that for the majority of men the practical creed of life is 'Everyone for himself and the Devil take the hindmost!' Never was Carlyle's image of a basket of serpents, each struggling to get its head above the rest, so expressively precise a picture of humanity as it is to-day.

II

It is not my purpose to discuss the economic and the financial condition of Europe. Yet it has obviously a considerable bearing upon this 'immorality,' — as it has been called by M. Merrheim, a prominent French syndicalist, — which is submerging society. He used the word 'immorality' in a somewhat special sense. He meant, rather, materiality. Now Merrheim has always been looked upon as an advanced revolutionary. He is one of those working-

class leaders who want to transform the world in a hurry. His sympathies are naturally with the bottom dog. He has, with the view of benefiting the laborer, engineered more strikes and preached more violent revolt than, perhaps, any other man. Yet this revolutionary, surveying the situation, watching strike after strike explode like so many mines around him, suddenly grew disgusted and disheartened, suddenly saw that a strike or a revolution that was inspired by no ideal was useless, nay, was disastrous.

What did he discover? He discovered that there was an eternal demand for higher wages and less work. He had always stood for that. Should he not then be pleased at the success of his propaganda? Ah, but he had personally looked upon higher wages and less work, not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end — the giving of an opportunity to the workers to uplift themselves. For him the revolutionary spirit was not a claim to so many dollars or francs or pounds a day. However mistaken he might be, he sincerely aimed at the regeneration of society. Hard cash was not for him a rallying cry. When he finds that the movement has been graveled in the sands of mercenary calculations, he is disillusioned, and utters this bitter cry that the working classes, from whom he had hoped so much, had merely entered a get-rich-quick competition with the other classes. That, he said, — and I think the warning is memorable,— is immoral.

For one who has always fought on the side of the oppressed, as I in my humble way have done, it is indeed depressing to feel that behind all these strikes and threats of strikes there is no generous impulse, there is no spiritual stirring. It is all cold materialism. One would like to feel that at least the people, the good little people, were free from this prevailing fault of profiteering and money-grabbing. It is not so. There is no dim aspiration toward better things. The people have merely taken pattern from the contractors, from the crowd of those who buy and sell at exhorbitant profits, and who are frankly unscrupulous. The manufacturer sells at a swindling price because he has had to deal with governments which took no heed of money, or which had officials who were corrupt. And the worker demands his share of the swag. Labor, like leather, is something on which a profit can be made.

What is worse is that in France, in England, in Germany, in Poland, the worker wants to dodge his work. That he should get a high price is permissible. That he should try to escape his obligations is another matter. He thinks no shame if he does not deliver the goods. He is in exactly the same moral position as the grocer who mixes sand with his sugar. I think it may honestly be said that the worker is the last to succumb to this spirit of greed. Now the circle of social immorality is practically complete, and all grades, from the Paris landlord who has doubled his rent because there are not enough houses, the contractor who deliberately supplies shoddy material, the shopkeeper who cheats and robs his customers as a habit, down to the workman who demands the highest possible pay for the least possible work, are doing their best to live at one another's expense.

The forcing-up of wages means the forcing-up of prices, and the forcing-up of prices means a new clamor for higher wages; and so we are all chasing each other round as a dog chases his tail. It is an endless vicious circle. What has happened is that during the war governments cared nothing about prices — they bought utterly regardless of expense; contractors quickly acquired the habit of robbing the State, and workers naturally claimed a share in this

fictitious prosperity. Now the burden of debt has grown intolerable. Paper money has been issued until it has become in large part worthless. But nobody seems to care as long as they have money, — lots of money, — which signifies very little. It is a house of cards which may be piled up so high that it will crash down. But my immediate point is that this indifference to former values has had a lamentable moral effect on all sections of the community. I do not know how many people nowadays read Rousseau's *Social Contract*. What is certain is that very few people have any notion that they owe anything to society. Their own part of the bargain is shirked, and, indeed, there are governments which are corrupt and effete and only carry on because 'things will last their time.'

Let me relate a significant little fact which will show how the social sense has — inevitably — decayed. While conditions remain so uncertain, it is hard to expect people to remember that the future of their country depends upon the repopulation of their country. Social students in France long ago bewailed the egotism which was at the bottom of the falling birthrate. Today the evil is intensified. A people which deliberately refuses to bring children into the world is on the slippery slope. Only in half a dozen departments in France does the birth-rate exceed the death-rate; and it is estimated that, what with killed and disabled, the excessive mortality among the civilian population, the absence of husbands from home, and the reluctance to marry during the war, there are six or seven million fewer French people than there would normally have been.

That, as I say, is natural enough: it could now be remedied to some extent. But while there is an official propaganda in favor of larger families; while the refusal to procreate, the appalling frequency of abortions consciously brought about, — ask any hospital doctor or nurse: you will learn amazing things, — are giving great anxiety; while even the new President has been chosen partly because he has three children instead of being childless like so many of his predecessors; while there is, on the one hand, this serious effort to get to grips with the thing that will bring France down to the rank of a second-rate nation, there is, on the other hand, a propaganda in the music-halls in the opposite sense.

Whenever I want to know what the people think, I go to the café-concerts, I listen to the songs, and I note what sentiments are the most popular. Thus I recently went to three entertainments in the haunts of the people — one at Montparnasse, another at Montmartre, and another on the Boulevard Sebastopol. At these three places I heard the same song uproariously applauded. It was a counter-blast to the propaganda for more babies. It pointed out that life is dear, that wars are not yet ended; and it represented the folly of bringing into the world infants who might be unhappy. Not a voice was raised against these unpatriotic declarations. For myself, I will not venture to discuss the morality or logic of the song; what I am concerned with is to show that the sentiment of social duty in this respect is dead. I confess that it came upon me as a shock to have this proof of a new after-war spirit which makes mock of those sentiments of solidarity that certainly did prevail during the strife.

Yet I cannot be surprised when I consider how sore have been the trials. You can demand only a certain effort; and when, after a tremendous test of strength, national selfishness is rampant, cynicism is a disease in the bones of the rulers, profiteering and international injustices are open, then for the masses to have different ideals is impossible.

III

The New Rich constitute a rottenness in the marrow of civilization, and the rottenness must affect all the members. In England there have been some partial revelations of the colossal profits made, not only by private individuals, but even by the government, which made a corner in wool. I will only briefly, by way of illustration, repeat facts, some of which have already appeared in the newspapers.

The Central Profiteering Commission, which was set up to inquire into the allegations, — one was that profits had been made by the worsted spinners of as much as 3200 per cent, — in its interim report states that, whereas the spinners were allowed by the War Office to make one penny per pound profit, they are now making thirty-three pence. One of the comparative tables prepared by the Committee of Inquiry shows profits seventeen or eighteen times higher than that provided for in the War Office conversion prices. In other cases profits ranging from a shilling to three and sevenpence per pound have been made, instead of one penny, twopence, or, at most threepence, allowed on the carefully prepared costings system of the Army Contracts Department. On thirty-three qualities fully one half show a profit of over two shillings per pound, instead of the 'fair price' of twopence.

The cotton factories of Lancashire have not scrupled to make the most scandalous gains. Take one case: before the war it earned $40,000 a year in profits. With the war it reached $200,000, then $300,000, then $600,000; and last year netted $2,000,000! No wonder it is so difficult to clothe one's self! We have the strange paradox of factories prospering as never before, and their products being almost inaccessible to the ordinary person. The speculation in shares is amazing. Shares in one instance were bought at $5 and sold at $50; in another, bought at $15 and sold at $100. So great is the rush, that a new company had a capital of $1,000,000 subscribed before it could be registered. The 'stink of brass,' to use a local expression, is everywhere. Need I repeat that this prosperity is inflated and fictitious, and one day there will be a dreadful bursting of the bubble? Some will clear out in time, rich men; many others will be ruined.

While we look upon this picture of men scrambling to get rich, we cannot but remember the bankruptcy into which so many European countries are falling. How far the rate of exchange is influenced by American speculation, as is alleged in Europe, I do not personally know, and it is certainly not my purpose to discuss American affairs. But it is obvious that American prosperity is partly built upon Europe; and if the foundations collapse at any point, there will be another Leaning Tower of Pisa in the world. If the original Leaning Tower of Pisa manages to exist out of the perpendicular, it is certain that the laws of financial gravity cannot be defied, and a landslide in Europe will soon throw down the American edifice. Internationalism is no longer a doctrine: it is a fact. We are all bound together: the world is one and indivisible, and it is impossible to escape the common fate of the world. But it is clear that this inexorable unity of civilized mankind is forgotten on both sides of the Atlantic; and that the individual does not remember that he forms part, not only of his country, but of the world.

As I have indicated, besides the getting there is the spending, by which, in Wordsworth's phrase, 'we lay waste our powers.' Lightly come, lightly go. Those who have not handled so much money before are engaged in an eternal round of pleasure — pleasure of

a peculiarly empty but costly kind. They set the pace. They do not care for the price of things, and accordingly the price mounts for those who do care. It is a flood of *billets de banque* — a giddy dance on the edge of a financial precipice. Out they come from the printing presses, those *billets de banque*, all hot and crisp, and they flood the lands. Gold? — there is none. Do you remember that story of Anatole France in which a man who made notes about everything, and carefully classified them in drawers which ranged up to the ceiling of his study, found them all breaking loose upon him one day; and how they began to rise round him in an ever-swelling deluge, reaching his knees, reaching his breast, reaching his head; and how he struggled in this torrent of paper which filled the room, rising higher and higher until at last he was drowned, one hand sticking plaintively out of the sea of paper? Well, that is what is happening: we are being drowned in an ocean of paper money.

At present the waves are being energetically breasted in a happy enough mood. The swimmer rather enjoys the experience. The glittering amusements in every European capital — even those which are suffering most — are amazing. True, Voltaire once said, 'Lisbon burns, but Paris dances.' After Waterloo there were one thousand five hundred balls a night in the French capital. Every *grande crise* in the world's history has been followed by this outbreak of more or less artificial gayety. There is, then, a cause in human nature. It is not a special perversity of our generation. Nevertheless, the spectacle is disturbing, not because it is a joyous one, but because the joyousness is hollow, and because not the most unconscious dancer can altogether escape the feeling of impending doom. A Damoclean sword is suspended above all heads. Yet, knowing that work and not play is essential, knowing that there are flames of new wars, flames of revolutions, flames of a threatening financial holocaust in the house, knowing that it is a house of death, we go on dancing, and our laughter is broken uneasily, and the gay music seems to sob sometimes.

I stand looking on at the brilliant scene in the ballroom of one of the most fashionable Continental hotels. The dresses are dazzling: they are violently vivid, flaring colors, sumptuous stuffs, — shining satin, rich velvet, gold and silver brocades, — with flaunting feathers, scintillating jewels, white flesh, all turning, turning: a kaleidoscopic confusion which more nearly resembles a futurist picture than anything I have seen. No harm in all that? No, except that the unprecedented display of wealth shamelessly contrasts with the deep misery of masses of people; that the whirl of pleasure, repeated in every quarter on a larger or smaller scale, makes us forget common duties.

It was so at Berlin, where the mark was valueless; it was so even in starving Vienna; London and Paris were full of dancing-halls, big and little. At Paris indeed it was necessary to turn the theatres into ballrooms. There was dancing at tea-time, dancing at dinner, dancing throughout the long evening. The charges were utterly unreasonable, — that is, if one took the pre-war standards which somehow remain in the minds of men like myself, — and yet they were cheerfully paid. This is, in fact, one of the most extraordinary of social phenomena: that there exist large classes who are only too happy to pay extravagantly. One hotel, for example, for a piece of toast and a cup of tea could obtain three or four dollars: it was always full. That was precisely what was wanted. If ten dollars had been demanded, you would

not have been able to get near the place.

After that it is unnecessary to insist upon the expensive restaurants which sprang up in profusion like a crop of mirobolant mushrooms. To give some idea of the amount spent upon theatres and other pleasures, so far as they can be computed, — many pleasures, such as gambling, are of course illicit, or at least surreptitious, — it is necessary only to take the sums compiled after investigating by a semi-official scribe, who arrives at this result: that the money spent on theatres, dancing-halls, and cinemas in 1919 in a certain European city is just double that spent in 1913, when we were supposed to have touched high-water mark in frivolity. Every other form of entertainment has increased in the same proportion; and what is true of one place is true of all.

Then there is the positive craze for eccentricity — for mad fashions, for whatever will startle; and with this goes a plentiful exhibition of jewelry. The jewelers charge twice as much for gold, four times as much for silver, and five times as much for platinum, while the value of precious stones has soared out of sight. Yet they are all purchased eagerly, and the jewelers cannot keep pace with the demand. The increase in cost is constant. Personally I bought a ring a year ago as a present: it was lost, and I wished to replace it. For an exact replica I had to pay double the price of last year. I was talking to a well-known jeweler, who told me that it was impossible to find sufficient workmen, and it was not the smaller pieces but the most expensive which were chiefly called for. He produced a brooch of emeralds and diamonds worth $100,000; he declared that $20,000 dollars for a ring was not at all an out-of-the-way amount. Men's jewelry, such as studs and sleeve-links and vest-buttons, used to be a comparatively small branch of the business; now it is highly important, with vest-buttons running to $6000 or $7000, and a pair of cuff-links not much less. The diamond clubs of Antwerp are now notorious. There is a feverish speculation in diamonds. Fortunes are made and lost in dealing in these stones. It would seem that the Germans first began to buy diamonds as a sort of safe and portable investment. If everything smashed, they would at least be able to get away with a pocketful of diamonds, which would in any event be worth something. The price of the diamond sold by carat weight has certainly grown sevenfold. Pearls also have changed hands with a facility that has forced up prices. Doubtless the stream of refugees from Russia and from Eastern countries brought their fortunes in the shape of necklaces and other articles of jewelry; but if large quantities were thrown into the market, they did not have the effect of sending down prices, for the buyers were still more numerous and they did not count their cash. Doubtless the two explanations — of *nouveaux riches* who want to make a show, and of panicky persons who want portable investments against the day when paper becomes worthless or Bolsheviki put them to flight — are both true.

IV

These are follies, these are offenses against a wise social code, these are proofs of the materiality of which I have spoken; but they are not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, crimes against society. No law touches them. There is, however, another side of this moral bankruptcy which remains to be noticed — the prevalence of actual lawlessness.

You will find this subject discussed in the newspapers of any European country. It may be divided into two parts: passionate crime, which springs

from sexual irregularities, and brutal crime, which springs from a disregard for property and person; and it would be possible, of course, to show that the root is really the same in both categories. There is a looseness of what are specifically called morals such as has rarely if ever been equaled.

It is quite obvious that the war is responsible for this terrible derangement. It has broken down restraints between man and woman; it has separated husband from wife; it has furnished opportunities; and it has created new tastes and fresh distastes. That there should be a crop of tragedies arising out of this great sowing of irregularities is inevitable. In England the number of divorces is much larger than before the war; and in Paris there were at the end of last year no fewer than 120,000 suits for divorce awaiting trial. Now this is fatal for the family. But it might be thought to be — though on so large a scale — an accidental effect, a pure outcome of circumstances, and not likely to continue. Alas! the truth is that there is one highly important evil factor which cannot disappear for a long time. The men-folk of marriageable age, particularly in Allied countries, are so reduced in numbers that millions of women, in whom the sex-hunger is strong, are, as it were, let loose upon society, and are pulling down the pillars of civilized institutions.

In England a million 'superfluous' women; in France two millions — does it need any long psychological investigation to prove that they must as a body be the enemies of marriage and of family life? When the sexes are fairly evenly divided, there still exists a margin of women who must necessarily constitute a certain moral peril. But they are largely driven into fatiguing industrial occupations, or they subdue their physical appetites, or they join the ranks of paid or unpaid courtesans. Now I would not for a moment give an exaggerated place to sex in life. But millions of healthy unmated women! Can it be pretended that their existence outside the conventional bands of matrimony will make no difference? As a fact, they are in a large measure answerable for the hectic fever of revelry which brings men and women together. It is a subject upon which I will not insist: its implications are obvious.

When passionate crimes occur, the 'unwritten law' is invoked. In England it was, until after the war, unknown to the courts. Judges frowned upon such a plea. A man might be wronged, a woman might be tempted by a blackguard, but the law refused in its majesty to accept the plea of passion. Now the courts have registered many cases in which skillful pleading by an advocate who knew how to touch upon this human chord has been successful. Especially is this so where the husband, a soldier, found his domestic happiness wrecked in his absence. But this is by no means the only kind of crime which has been condoned; and in France it is only necessary to utter the words *crime passionel* for the result of the trial to be known in advance.

Resort to violence is not the final thought, but the first. Attacks which are in some sense provoked are easily paralleled by completely unprovoked crimes. Robbery is not the comparatively 'gentle' business it was. Human life has become of no consequence. Who has not read of the motor-car bandits who, like *condottieri*, ravage a district of France? The German papers are full of horrors. The British journals record revolting incidents daily. This is no mere coincidence. It is a phenomenon which has its roots in the war.

I find the following main reasons set out by an English writer to explain this crime wave, and I do not disagree.

(1) That many men who had crimi-

nal instincts, but also a horror of killing, before the war are now more or less devoid of that horror.

(2) That many men who had embarked on a career of crime before the war were liberated from prison during hostilities, and entered the army, and that these are now free again to resume their depredations against society.

(3) That unemployment and the high cost of living have forced many men who would otherwise have been law-abiding citizens into criminality.

(4) That the general feeling of unrest which is permeating all classes is responsible for much crime.

It should be added that nervous diseases, which it would be difficult to diagnose, abound: many men whom I have questioned closely confess to me that it was a year or so after the war that they first felt a strange depression, a lowering of vitality, a mental and moral degeneration; and they wonder how these things can be connected with the war. They can. The gap is quite unimportant. Often nervous effects manifest themselves after the casual circumstances are forgotten. Again, in the mix-up of society, the higgledy-piggledy regrouping of men, the old restraints of custom, of respectability, have gone. One's neighbor is nobody; one's situation is uncertain; social shame has little hold upon men, and the disgrace of prison has disappeared. Prison! Why all sorts of people have gone to prison, from conscientious objectors to socialists, from rich merchants, who have somehow been caught cheating and profiteering, to the poor devil who said, 'Damn you,' to the sergeant, or who came back to barracks half an hour late. What terrors has prison left for men who have faced death daily, who have grown accustomed to the arbitrary punishments of our modern world, and who have hardly a settled soil to which they cling? They are uprooted.

If transportation is disorganized, if the monetary system is in disorder, if society is confounded, morals too are in chaos. What most appalled me, perhaps, was the cynical disregard of suffering displayed by governments and peoples: Austrian children could starve, millions of Russian babies could perish in misery, without moving the rest of mankind. A few people pleaded for them; the most shocking revelations, which had not the smallest character of propaganda, which were obviously exact, perfectly sincere, only brought forth the mockery of several of the best-known and most powerful newspapers. Anything more disgusting than such sneers, anything more calculated to make one despair of humanity, I cannot conceive. The men who wrote like that had surely lost all sense of pity, all sense of justice. Yet they wrote like that because what they wrote corresponded with the brutal feelings of their readers — who made up the 'largest circulation.'

Turn where one will, one finds only that the war has worsened mankind. Those who speak of the heroic virtues which are born on the battlefield, which spring, like the Phœnix, out of the ashes of war, are uttering the most stupid claptrap. The dominion of darkness has spread over Europe, and a slimy progeny of cruelty, of bestiality, of insensibility, of egoism, of violence, of materiality, has crawled into the light of day — a noisome brood, of which it will be long before we can dispossess ourselves.

A YEAR LATER

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

I

An accomplished woman who had rendered great service with the Red Cross in France had come to talk with me about the joys and surprises of working with the men overseas. She had heard that I had once worked in the same château at Luzancy on the Marne to which she had gone months afterward.

It is always the same in one of these interviews: the talkers vie with each other only in seeing which has the richest instances to tell of kindly approaches, of beauties of action, of inexhaustible fun and unforgettable men, and by talking try to recapture a little of the joy of it all. But except for some such slight revival of the old satisfactions as a chance conversation might give, my friend was tacitly taking the ground that it was all over and must all slowly fade into the past. With the same fear myself, I had determined not to let it fade if I could help it, and for three months past had gone about whenever I could, just for the sheer joy of finding some of the men again. My journeys had taken me into five states, following all kinds of clues; and when I began to speak of doughboys as if they were still with us and one could still see as much as he would of the wounded, she seemed rather puzzled and asked, 'But why do you take all that trouble?' She had too easily given in to the conventional idea that it was all over.

Spaced out all over the land as he is, the doughboy, the artilleryman, the *ambulancier*, the hospital and medical man, is just the same person that he was in France. He has brought home with him just what gladdened our souls over there. He will not say much about it while this strange vogue of silence is on; but anyone who wants it can have much of the old experience still.

If I were a millionnaire, — 'which the reader will be pleased to have mentioned so early in the narrative,' — I should go on one grand tour to find again the men I came to know on stretchers or in hospitals, or whom I met by chance on French roads for only a little space, but long enough for them to say or do something that gripped one's heart forever. But the grand tour being impossible, I take the short ones, and turn aside whenever a détour will bring me within hail of them.

Never did I imagine that Pittsburgh and its environs could suddenly become endowed in my imagination with all the colors of romance; but this is what has come to pass; for out in that region live a great number of those who surprised me into the happiest days of my life. A week in Pittsburgh, with the privilege of looking up the doctors, the cook, the bell-hop, the bar-keep, the street-car conductor, the drug-clerk, the hostler, the automobile agent, the shoe-clerk, the miner, the student, the farmer, the drummer, the lawyer, and McCafferty of the pickle factory, quite casts Atlantic City and Mt. Desert into the shade. I knew nothing about Pennsylvania

until Château-Thierry; but after the first two days there with Pennsylvanians, the whole state was glorified in my imagination forever.

I had sent him word that I was coming, and on arrival telephoned to some outlying village that I was there and at the hotel. The last time I had seen him I had admired the subtle skill with which he had always quietly managed, no matter how crowded the circle, to get one of the seats by the stove up there in the distant Auvergne mountains, where he was a patient after the action was all over. I remembered the day when I saw him off on the train for the coast. Any of them would gladly have taken train from the most comfortable spot in France, though it should carry them only twenty miles and land them in a swamp for a month, such was their glee at being that much nearer home. And now I heard my name paged in the great lobby, and, as I went forward to answer, there, following the bell-boy, was my little friend of the Auvergne.

Looking for the most comfortable place to talk I said, 'Now, Alex, come over here and we'll have a grand powwow.'

But catching me by the arm and blushing and laughing, he whispered to me, 'Why, you know I can't do that, chaplain; they won't let *me* sit here in the lobby.'

'And why not?' I asked.

'Why, Lord bless you, chaplain, did n't you know? I'm a page here myself and go on duty in an hour.'

But I stood on my rights as a guest; and besides, he looked a good deal better than anyone else in the lobby, and so we had the hour out together. He told me why he was a page, and his reasons seemed to me cogent as he told of his tips and his wife and baby. He was just as good as he was in France, yes, better, and I thought, 'How can anybody who had known these men once ever surrender the chance to go on knowing them always?' A little extra pains, a little car-fare, and the thing is done. Then he disappeared, and came smiling back in his page's uniform; and so through the days he was always at hand — good as gold; and by reason of his calling, I saw more of him than would otherwise have been possible.

It had been one of the worst nights at Château-Thierry, and the back-wash of the wounded came in fast. There he sat — this one — bolstered up in bed, with both legs gone, and his face black with a hundred powder-stains, and his eyes closed. With what little energy he had left he said, —

'There 's just one thing I want to ask you, chaplain, and that is whether you know anything about the science of artificial limbs?'

'Yes, something.'

'How far along has it got?'

'Oh, a good way.'

'What do you think I can hope for — much?'

I told him I thought he could hope for a good deal, and so he stopped. I saw him at intervals through the two days, and then he was whisked away to some Base; but I was always haunted by that boy and wondered what the end might be.

On my return to the States, I found one day in one of the magazines a selection of the brighter kind of soldiers' letters, and one of them was some doughboy's breaking it gently and jocosely to his mother that he was coming home, 'but that there was not quite so much of him'; and at the end the name that was so sharply etched on my memory. At last I had struck the trail. Giving a guess as to which hospital he was likeliest to be in, I made for Colonia, to find that he belonged there but was on furlough for the day in another town; and there I found him.

Waiting in the parlor, I heard him stumping down the stairs, singing out, 'I'll get there after a while, give me time.' So I went out into the hall to see him. There he was, young, smiling, well, and puzzled as to who I might be.

'I guess I'll have to think a bit,' he said.

'You were at Château-Thierry, were n't you?' I asked.

'Well, I should rather think I was,' he replied; and then, after a good long look he said, 'By George, I wonder if you can be the Red Cross man who used to come to my bed when I was there?'

I asked him what he thought of the 'science of artificial limbs' now, and he said it was all I had claimed for it and more. 'I used to be six feet one, but they've taken me down two inches; can't balance me at the old height, you see; but I can drive a car and swim and everything is going fine. But gee, chaplain, I was scared one of those times you came to my bed, because you had a book in your hand and I thought it was all up with me until I found you were going to use it for the chap in the next bed, to give him the communion. You know, I've always wondered what became of him; what did?' The boy in the next bed was the Lawrenceville School boy, and he rests in Château-Thierry. The other day I went to the train to meet my rediscovered friend and bring him home; and when he sat here across the table from me in my own house, and I thought of all that had happened before this circuit was complete, it seemed a sort of miracle. Columbia has him now, and I like to think that Château-Thierry did not end, but only began, the adventure of our friendship.

II

What I have lost through not keeping an address-book earlier, I cannot estimate. There are men who passed like ships in the night, but not without leaving a remembrance which makes you wish you but knew where they are. Sometimes you just remember a slight clue, and it was such that enabled me to find G—— again. He was shot on outpost at Belleau Wood at midnight, but could not leave until, just as it was getting gray, he saw the Huns break out of the woods, and going to give the alarm, was hit by a piece of shell and lamed for life. I was at Base Hospital 2 in Paris during the ten days when they came in, and the day he came I encountered him. He was so difficult that I simply had to do what I could for him and then side-step him, until one night the head-nurse said to me, 'Why don't you go in to see G—— oftener?'

'Because he is the only man in there who does n't want to see me. I think he's chaplain-shy.'

The nurse said she believed he did want to see me, thought he put that all on; and added that he was in there all alone now, and I ought to go in and try him again. The dusk was falling, and there he lay, alone in the room, one leg hoisted on one sling, one arm on another. He looked up at me in the same old scornful way as if I were dirt; but, drawing up a chair, I began to make conversation, and he let me make it — what was made. At last, being all talked out, without any response from him except monosyllables, I had got to the pass of Hosea Biglow where he says, 'He staits his subjick ag'in; doos it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', noways.' It was no use. Why had the nurse sent me in again when I was ready to let the poor boy alone?

At last, feeling like a 'returned empty,' I got up and said, 'I think I'll go now, G——'; whereupon he turned his head toward me, and looking daggers at me, snapped out, 'Don't go: stay!'

So with that I drew up my chair again and told him we might just as well have this out now as any time; that he was the only man in the room I could never get a word out of, and now, when I had come in to try it again, he acted as if he wished I'd go. 'And when I start to go, you say, "Don't go: stay." What does it all mean, G——? Let's have it out.'

At that he grasped me by the hand, turned his head away, and burst into tears. 'Yes,' he said, 'that's me all over. You're right. I was always that way: whenever I really want to know anyone I always act as if I did n't.'

It was not very difficult after that. But overnight I was sent up on the Marne and never got back; and so I lost him, but never forgot him. I had made some mistake about the name of his home town in Massachusetts, and had to go to two towns that summer day to find him. At last I found his home close down by the shore, but the boy was still away in the Marine Hospital; so I journeyed to Chelsea, and had him called down to the guard-house. I watched him coming down the terraces, and on going up to meet him ran straight into the same old scornful look once more.

He did not know me, but I was determined that this time I would let him take his leisure about 'coming to.' I did not mind in the least going through the Hosea Biglow business that day. I told him I had been in his home and seen his mother, that I had once seen him in France; but he seemed to think that was 'my own look-out': if anybody wished to do anything so foolish, it was no concern of his.

But at last some little allusion made him snap his head around in the old way and look puzzled, and then he blurted out, 'My ——! are you the chaplain? And you mean to say you 've been out to my town; you 've been in my home! Gee, I'll never forget this. This is worth a hundred dollars to me.'

So there we sat on the grass while he told me all that had happened in the year, laughed about his old infirmity and how I had caught him at it again, but said he was really getting over it. Months later, when he was discharged and I was in Boston again, he came to see me off at the train and said, 'Do you remember sending a cable home for me? You said a Plainfield lady had given you money for such things, and so I let you. But when you asked me what to say and I said, "Well and happy," you set up a great kick and said you would n't do it because it would only make matters worse, and so we had to dope out something else.'

Oh, yes — 'well and happy.' Never was anything so bad but that 'well and happy' would be the cheerful description of it. 'With the death-rattle in his throat,' says an Englishman, 'the British soldier will assure you he is "doing fine."' 'Doing fine' were the exact words of the boy marine from Oregon when, to the amazement of us all, after two days he roused a little, though the great surgeon had said he would never recover consciousness. Always 'doing fine.' Only the minor things got a grumble from them, and the grumbling I could listen to all night because of its charm. The Georgia boy who had lain out in the field twenty-four hours before he was found, whose leg had been amputated at the hip, cheerfully asked me to write to his father in Rome and tell him all about it, but to do it 'in such a way that he won't worry any about it.'

One can imagine what sort of reliable information could be got out of a questionnaire sent to doughboys; and anyone who would be guided by what they said off-hand would be taking little account of the 'mystery of these men'; for the better you know them, the more the mystery increases. Luden-

dorff, accusing Von Bernstorff, says, 'We took Americans prisoner who had an entirely wrong or vague conception of what they were fighting for.' I relish the thought of what, with innocent countenance, a doughboy might have handed out to a German interrogator. Men who were always 'doing fine' when everything was at its worst could be trusted to 'kid along' an enemy questioner, and look as if they were hardly aware there was a war at all, or even make him believe they thought it was all about Votes for Women.

It was most unlikely that I should ever see again the lad who was shot in the St. Mihiel sector, for nobody seemed ever to have heard of his hamlet, nor was it on any map; but at last I got track of it way down the Allegheny Valley among the coal-mines. If I got up early enough, left the train at a certain junction, and walked the track the next two miles, I was told that I would find it; but, as I discovered, that was only the post-office, his real home being a half-mile farther down the track. Yet even so it was better than Atlantic City, if R—— T—— was really at the end of it.

In the middle of the hot August morning I found the mine, and its seven or eight supporting houses climbing the steep slope that led up to it; and the last house up was where this husky nineteen-year-old miner lived. The last time I had seen him was the day when, knowing that he was to be shipped to the coast, I had gone along the street of Royat in the mountains of France, asking the men if they knew where he was, when suddenly he rushed bareheaded out of a café and said, 'I heard you was inquirin' for me, chaplain, and I just ran out to tell you myself that I was right in here, taking a last glass of beer, before any of them guys went and told you. That 's what I was doing, chaplain. But here I am.'

The boy's sister told me that he was still sleeping, and that I could go in and wake him up if I wished. He just simply stared and stared and said nothing. Nothing would do but that I should stop and have another breakfast with him in the midst of a large and cordial family; but it was worth a night's ride to see him sitting there, clean and collarless and healthy, and look out over our ham and eggs and past him across the valley where the boy had always lived.

'Why did n't you ever answer that letter I wrote you?' I asked. And he, coloring up, laughed in his old way, and said nothing.

But his mother put in cheerily: 'Now, I 'll tell you just why, chaplain: it was because, if he did, he was afraid that some day, perhaps, when you were traveling, you might come and look him up and find out what a poor old place he lived in.'

I asked him if that was so, and he said, 'Well, yes, it *was* so, chaplain, to tell the truth, but it ain't so any more. I can tell you, I 'm so glad you came.'

He took me up to the mine to meet his comrades as they came out on the trolley with their loads of coal, explaining as we went that he had quit work because of some new arrangement which took, as nearly as I could make out, some fifteen cents a day from his pay. He said he could make between six and eight dollars a day. Of course the layman immediately multiplies the maximum of eight dollars by three hundred working days in the year and estimates that the boy has a comfortable income of twenty-four hundred dollars, and wonders what he ever does with so much money, without a question as to how many days in the year he gets even the six dollars.

But I was not there to discuss economics but just for the joy of seeing the fine fellow again. His fellow miners

were a bit puzzled for a while as to what R—— might have in common with a chaplain; but finally, accepting me as a human being, they let it go at that and wanted to know why I could not stay a few days. It was just as it was in France; for somehow in the neighborhood of this lad cheerfulness would break in upon you, and life did seem simplified just by being with him as he went on telling of his life, his joys, and his happiness and amazement that anyone should remember him like this. As the day was closing, he took me down the bank to the railroad, — there was no station, — and signaled a train for me, and we parted. Comparisons are invidious, but none of the meetings was better than this.

III

'And say, chaplain, you must n't fail to look up C—— and L——; they 're both working in the same café down the street; you 'll find C—— at the bar and L—— at the lunch-counter,' said one of the doctors in the once smoke-grimed but now — to me — romantic city. No fear that I should ever forget them. And there they were. L—— got a call-down from an impatient customer for pausing thunderstruck to come out from behind the lunch-counter; but went back after whispering, 'You just wait a few minutes, chaplain, and I 'll fix you up all right.'

And then C—— came up from the bar, and just sat down opposite me at a table and stared at me. The old days were all on again. Probably C—— would be mad as a hatter at me for saying it, but there was some moisture in his eyes as we recalled the kitchen in the old Augustinian convent at Château-Thierry, and the midnight feeding of the doctors and the *ambulanciers* and the orderlies behind the blanketed windows. It was C—— with whom I had walked up to see No-Man's Land in the Argonne Forest, returning from whence at dusk, we found that Field Hospital 112 had moved bag and baggage in our few hours of absence, and there was nothing left except the chaplain's baggage to show that we had ever been there.

The bar was a bit dull, and I judged that there was little going on there except talk and 'two-seventy-five,' so that C—— could always stop and visit. He was a Roman Catholic, and L—— a Greek, and I a Presbyterian. The way that German Fatherland begat brotherhood in everybody that was against it is almost the best thing it has done.

An hour later, buying a paper at the street corner, I saw one of the best of them speeding past, and stepping after him, caught him by the coat and asked him where he was going so fast.

'Going to your hotel to see you; that 's where I 'm going. I just heard fifteen minutes ago that you were here.' And there he was.

It was on a cold October night in the shock ward made by hanging blankets in the corner of a wretched barn in Neuvilly of the Argonne that one of the boys had said, 'You 'd better go over and speak to him, chaplain; he 's over there in the corner alone. He 's had bad news. His mother died.'

It was one of the good things of army life that you did not have to say much when there was not much to say. Meanings got conveyed if you meant them, and a word or two would make the friendship which it might have taken months to make at home. And what we really live for after all is to achieve now and then an hour or two such as we two had together. The war had done him nothing but good. Heartiness, openness, friendliness and cheer and courage, all these were in full force. I might have assumed that they would be, but assumptions have little edge,

while actually going and finding out for myself sent me back into life with something new and fresh in it. All that I had known of him in France was just verified, and it was all there and waiting for you whenever you wanted to go and claim it.

I had written home about Dan so much that the family had come to be familiar with him. A small Irish lad who was confined to the 'Itch Tent' on the Marne, he was the quietest of them all, but somehow his manner made him notable and his lack of wants made you all the more ready to fill any that he had; so that you found yourself dropping into the 'Hôtel de Scabies,' as they had cheerfully labeled it, because it made you feel more comfortable to have a word with Dan. The day had come for him to be shipped away, and as he had never asked for anything, for that very reason I opened the whole wonderful supply of the Red Cross, rules or no rules, and told him to take anything he wanted, whether it was intended for officers or for men. The Red Cross was not obsessed with the idea of symmetry or rules, and every time I broke a regulation it was fruitful, and whenever I nearly broke my neck trying to observe one, no good came of it that I ever had any account of. Dan was well outfitted when he climbed into the great truck which was to carry him off. And that was the last of him, save for a letter saying that he never could talk much but hoped I understood his way and knew that he appreciated all that the Red Cross had been to him.

One day months later, — for my friends at home now knew Dan almost as well as I did, — there came from them across the sea a clipping from a Boston paper, with Dan's picture and the news that he had fallen. It was not easy to drop Dan out of the list of the living. I could not get over the feeling that I could have another page of that pleasant friendship if I tried: there must be a little more, and while it would be fainter in outline, it must be that his family, if I could find them, could add something to my treasures of memory and I to theirs. So, enjoining the postmaster of his city to do all he could to find the family of this soldier, I drew a bow at a venture and sent my letter off.

In three days came a letter from Dan himself saying that he had been shot within two hours after going over the top, but was alive, all there, well again, and waiting to see me when I could come. At last I found him. At the top of the Parker House steps there stood a boy in blue serge, whom I glanced at and then passed by until something made me turn to look again — and it was Dan. He had dropped work at the gauge-factory and come into town at once.

I have not much idea what Dan and I talked about. 'A grand evening,' said Carlyle, after a whole evening spent in smoke-encircled silence with a friend. You hardly know what to say first with someone who has been reported dead and is alive again; but you find your way. But Dan's silences on the Marne had only helped to draw out friendship there, and it was good to find that in Massachusetts it was just the same, and I could have it all the rest of my life.

IV

On a rainy Sunday in New York the elevator man rang to say that there was a plumber below who wished to see me. As I could think of no plumber who could have any business with me, Joe explained that the man's name was E——, and he came from Pennsylvania. The name was enough to recall one of the bitterest tragedies of the Argonne. A father and a younger brother had

traveled all night just to come and have a word. So through the long rainy afternoon we sat, while they told me about the boy who was killed up there at Neuvilly Bridge — about his heartiness and his quickness to forgive, his mistakes and his desire to make good, and his commander's letter about how the boy had done it.

Then they in turn wanted all the details of that roadside burial which, for all the roughness of its surroundings, was not without some unusual honors. A great French truck train had stopped beside us, hemming us quite in, in our little cove beside the road, with every motor running with such noise as to make a service impossible, until a French captain, seeing our difficulty, gave a signal which stopped every motor the length of the train, and then another signal which brought every French soldier to join us till the service was done. Each burial seemed to have something distinct about it, and one never knew just what would break out: there was scarcely one where something did not happen if you had eyes to see it. That day, prompted by I know not what, the American boys all knelt suddenly in the dirt and so remained till it was over. A hundred times I had thought about that boy's home; for with the sergeant I had gone over his pocket treasures, and his home and love for it to an unusual degree were written all over everything he possessed. Today the boy's home had come to me.

The mess-sergeant has been sending messages with regard to dates in October. He cannot be certain yet, but is anxious to know if I will be in the city on or around a certain day. At last it dawns across me what may be afoot and I ask bluntly, 'Is he going to bring his bride?' 'Yes, that is just it, chaplain.' And at last they come. This is a crowning compliment, and no ring at the door could announce a more welcome pair. The bride may have suffered a bit under the flood of reminiscence into which we plunged at once. Of course, we are not so dull as not to know that pretty soon we shall have to keep still about it or the friends will say, 'Good heavens, have they got going again?' or, more politely, 'Suppose we go out into the garden now.' Yet I think it will always be possible, like the Lantern-Bearers, to have our stealthy reunions and keep alive about the best friendship that ever was on sea or land.

And then there is a wealth of little unexpected meetings everywhere. We all have them. It is a joy to be buying your ticket at a station window, and have a smiling chap step up and say, 'I beg pardon, but were n't you a chaplain overseas?' To be sure; but with all the good fortunes of that year, I could not realize for a minute or two that I had ever been friends with this gracious stranger; yet so it was. He was now buying his ticket from Boston, to go and bury himself in a little western hamlet and its spinning-mill, to learn the trade. But we had three hours together, and when he wrote months afterward from his little mill, and said that he had been pretty lonesome but had always remembered our luncheon together as his farewell to Boston, it made me feel like Newman's allusion to the snapdragon at Trinity.

'You 'll run across our men everywhere around here, chaplain,' had been his last words; and within five minutes, sauntering across the Common, came a familiar form. It was M——, the prize-fighter. Our friendship had begun by his asking me to receive his confession in the château of Luzancy; but though I had told him I could not, John always dogged my steps after that, sidling up to me on all occasions and seeming to think that I could do it perfectly well if I only wanted to. Telling him that he was the third prize-fighter with

whom my fortunes had become linked in France, I added that my friends all laughed me to scorn because I had said that what chiefly impressed me about the three was the gentleness of them.

At this John fairly beamed on me. 'Say, now, chaplain, you've said it, you've said it. You've hit the nail on the head this time. People think we're a lot of rough-necks, but it ain't so. Why, chaplain, we would n't harm a rabbit.'

So with this paradox passed, John unfolded to me his present scheme of a restaurant on Commonwealth Avenue somewhere, and made me a customer in advance.

In another city, one whom I had last seen in the region around Mont Sec seized me on Saturday night and begged that I would come out to his suburb Sunday morning early, go to his Bible class with him, and then home to see his father and mother. When I told him that I could not because of a day full of engagements, he changed his tone and said, 'Well, now, you've just got to, you've got to. Now, listen, and I'll tell you why you've got to.'

Then he told me why, and after that there was nothing to do but go. Nobody could have resisted that reason, nobody would have, and I went. It was just as he said. I went, and my aftermath will always be richer for that going; but the reason is just between A—— and me.

But think not, gentle reader, that it was always church services on which these friendships were based. There were many which sprang into existence there, and these are the hardest to tell about. You tell about these only to groups of individuals. But many friendships came to be for the very last reason in the world. Around the corner one day, as I was rushing to get a train, there swung the Headquarters truck driver, as a result of which I did not take a train until hours later. John could furnish an incontestable alibi as regards any of my services. It was not these which had cemented our friendship. As a matter of fact, John had run off with my wash-basin and water-bucket and a small store of select Red Cross things which were not designed for the well but for the sick. The loss was no small matter up in the neighborhood of Fismes, and I opened negotiations for their recovery; but John's explanations and theories and arguments carried on through many days; the fertility, invention, earnestness, and charm with which he variously accounted for their disappearance made me finally drop the search for my belongings and take him for a lifelong friend instead.

'I don't believe they are half as interesting as you claim,' said a New Yorker who was taking me out into New Jersey to hunt up one of the choice buck privates whom I had traced to a dairy there. 'I saw a group of them the other day in the street,' he remarked, 'and after all you had said, I took a good look at them, and I confess they did n't look very interesting to me.'

At length we saw Ike coming along the country road in his overalls, leading an old horse homeward from the cornfield at the end of a sweltering afternoon. We went home to supper with him and his wife, and as we sat there I could see layer after layer of crust dissolving on the surface of my friend, until at last, when we were ready to go, he whispered to me to ask if he could n't invite them both to visit him in New York. As we rode away, he, all aglow, said, 'Why, that's a wonderful fellow. I don't wonder you wanted to see him. I have n't seen anybody more attractive.' And then, as if to preserve some of his earlier doubt, 'Still, I don't believe there are many like that.'

With the proper prodigality of one who had known some thousands of them, I told him that I could show him hundreds just as good as Ike.

The week that does not bring letters from them is a week lost now. 'All I ask for is to git back to B——, Kansas, and git to farming again as soon as possible,' said K——, rubbing the stump of his arm up at Royat. He writes to say that already he drives the team as well as ever, breaks young horses to ride, and drives a car 'like anyone else. . . . And the girl — well, pardon me, chaplain, for I do like her; at least, they say I show it with this one arm of mine.'

The statesmanlike suggestions as to the reconstruction of Church and State with which it was prophesied that the A.E.F. would return quite loaded up are strangely lacking, though Bill Anderson thinks the government has been fooling around long enough and ought to get something settled by this time. Their lack of anything to say about the issues of the time always makes me think of what a parishioner of Emerson's said of him. When asked what kind of a minister Emerson was, he replied that in most ways he was very acceptable, but that he was no good at funerals and never seemed to know what to say when anyone was dead. My friends of the army are endlessly satisfying on most subjects, but they never seem to know what to say about a battle or a wound or a lost limb or saving democracy, and generally act as if those were subjects to which they had never given any thought.

Hardly a week goes by without establishing communications with some family whose son rests overseas. After a year and a half I find the California family whose son I buried by the buttress of the ruined church of Chéry-Chartreuve, and who write to say that every crumb of knowledge about him is priceless to them now. That burial stands out because of the son himself, about whom I always felt that some day I should know more, — I wanted to, — and because of the ambulance-driver, a stranger to me, who helped lay him in his grave and then bolted just at the benediction and hid himself behind the church. There I found him after they had all gone. He had seen many such events, but this somehow smote him and sent him off alone. It was not till six weeks later that I saw him again, and in the Argonne, red with confusion because I had seen him give way, until he found I thought none the less of him for it; and after that it was a jocose query in his section as to how on earth Y—— and the chaplain had got so well acquainted.

Every few weeks the wheel comes around full circle and puts me in touch with people I have been wondering about and searching for. None of the orderlies at Château-Thierry ever forgot L—— and his sufferings from gas and the way he bore them; but it is only now, after a year and a half, that I can tell his wife in West Virginia about him; and to-day his picture and his history are in my hands and the full story of his fortitude and faith is in hers.

One day the mail brought a little folder of board-covers, and opening it, I found pages of my own handwriting which I recognized as the letter I had sent to Oregon to the father of the boy marine who was shot at Belleau Wood. It seemed a strange thoughtfulness that he should return my letter, until, looking more closely, I found that it was my letter photographed which, with the boy's portrait and a beautiful tribute from an uncle, they had made their memorial for the boy. These families come to seem like your very own.

When three months in a new home

had put me out of reach of the old outfits, and not a day of a dreary winter had gone by without longing for them, who should burst in on me, hurried, hatless, and welcome, but Vincent of the 23rd Ambulance. There he had been, living in the fraternity house next door, all the time. My first rides on the ambulance had been with him along the stretches of the Marne and between Coulommiers and Bézu-le-Guery, and it was he who had created my enthusiastic opinion of ambulance men which never afterward changed. The fact that the war had set him back two years in his studies he was taking cheerfully; and he was to me 'almost providential,' as the cautious old Princeton professor used to put it, for I could now look forward to two years with one of the best of them always at hand.

But there are others to whom I have no clue. I cannot imagine now why I did not make sure of them when I could; but in the haste of it all, they drifted out. I would like to know those two stragglers who had walked miles in the sun to find a canteen, only to discover that it had moved. They were now on the return journey, and I met them on the road just opposite Quentin Roosevelt's grave, walking toward Chamery. These two had something on their minds. A few days before they had found along the roadside, up by 'St. Gillies,' as they called it, an American boy unburied, and had managed somehow to make a grave and lay him in it. And then, as one of them said, they did not know what to do next. There was no chaplain within reach, and 'we ain't neither of us very religious. You know how it is, chaplain; but we could n't stand for burying him like that, so we just agreed we'd stand over the grave and say what Bible verses we could both remember. And so we did that.' Then they asked me if, the next time I went up that way, I would not go to that spot and read *a real service.* 'You can't miss it. About two hundred yards beyond the railroad tracks as you go out of "St. Gillies," and his name is Zaner.' But those two immortals slipped away.

And Betts! I shall never quite give up the hope of finding Betts again. Whether it was gas or bronchitis that brought him into Field Hospital 111 at Courmont, I do not know. But it was he who, with incredible adroitness, without moving from his bed, got me out between nine and ten at night, when all was black and still in the field, and made me break open enough chocolate for him and his two hundred fellow patients. I had been off all day to get it at Cohan, and had not got back until dark; and not daring to go near the tents until they were all asleep, I at last stole down to the entrance of one of them, to have some whispered consultation with an orderly, when up from the middle of the black silent tent rose a husky, drawling, cheerful voice: 'Oh, my eyes are sore watching all day under that tent for you to come!'

Walking down into the tent, I asked who it was that was having all this eye trouble. 'Oh, it's only me, Betts,' he laughed. Betts by daylight could get almost anything out of you, but Betts at night was even more appealing. There was nothing to do but go back and stealthily break open enough for him and his forty in the same tent; but while I was gone, the villain had with true comradeship got the news swiftly across to all the other tents, and there was no rest for the weary until the whole two hundred had been fed up. When it was all over, and in the darkness I had given Betts five times his proper share and was passing out, he called after me, 'Good night, chaplain, *my eyes are getting better every minute.*' Through military channels I am now advertising for Betts.

'POLITE SOCIETY'

BY MR. GRUNDY

'WHAT is the matter with Society?' is the inevitable question, when a few of the elder representatives of the so-called 'Great World' meet together to shake their heads over the younger generation, and to place unerring fingers on what seems to each individual the plague-spot of the body social.

'The fault is with the young men of to-day!' loudly vociferate the mothers of daughters.

'The girls are entirely to blame for the lack of manners and morals,' announce the mothers of sons.

The grandfathers shake sententious heads. 'The real explanation of the lack of good breeding to-day is that the modern mother is *not* a mother at all. Now, in *my* day —' And so they play their part.

The grandmothers are convinced that they alone hold the secret of the collapse of taste. 'The whole trouble is with the fathers,' they triumphantly proclaim. 'Men have no authority nowadays over their sons, daughters, or wives. That is why chaos is come again.'

And so it goes; whosesoever the fault, the result is the gossip of rather a vicious little circle of critics, who are so intent upon playing Button, Button, who 's got the Button of Responsibility? that, in their eagerness to identify the guilty hands, they forget to seek a remedy.

Where does the real fault appear to lie, to one who views the panorama of Society from the peak of middle age, and who is a member of the more dispassionate sex — old enough to remember the good times he enjoyed a quarter of a century ago, and young enough to enter into such social pleasures as are accessible to-day to one of the 'ripe unwedded.' As he looks down the slope where mists of romance and haze of sentiment blur the outlines of the past, he sees himself in a ballroom of other days, where, by the witchery of Strauss, an awkward man was transformed into a dervish of whirling grace; where the rhythm of dancers dancing in tune entered into his blood and made him a worshiper of beauty, forever adoring the spirit of mysterious and elusive womanhood in many, many different incarnations.

And on the plateau where he stands, what does he see? All around him is a vividly colored throng of restless, excited, noisy human beings, exhibiting little grace and less elegance, possessing no mystery, no romance, making no appeal to the poetic fancy. They trot like foxes, limp like lame ducks, one-step like cripples, and all to the barbaric yawp of strange instruments which transform the whole scene into a moving-picture of a fancy ball in Bedlam. But — let this middle-aged observer speak the truth and shame the critics — he enjoys hopping and scuffling about in this motley crew even as he once enjoyed gliding and sliding among a less bizarre assembly. It is a genuine pleasure in the frivolities of the Present, as well as of the Past, which gives this philosopher (who so prides himself on his broadmindedness) the

wish to jot down a few middle-aged notes concerning the corner of Society in which he idly buzzes.

He must confess that, in observing the giddy whirl at their revels, he is sufficiently old-fashioned to find himself watching the 'cheek-to-cheek' dancing with his gray hairs standing on end — although his many black ones continue to lie decorously over his incipient bald spot. The scene suggests to him, with poignant irony, the German song so popular in his youth, 'Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang';' though Heine, for all his sentimentality, would have been shocked by the literal interpretation of his lover's appeal.

The first rule for a student of contemporary customs is to lock up in the strong box of the past all natural yearning for a day that is dead.

> Notre jeunesse est enterrée
> Au fond du vieux calendrier.
> Ce n'est plus qu'en fouillant la cendre
> Des beaux jours qu'il a contenu
> Qu'un souvenir pourra nous rendre
> La clef des paradis perdus.
>
> [Our vanished youth lies buried here,
> Deep in this faded almanac.
> 'T is only as we stir the fire
> Which smouldering o'er our fair past lies,
> That Memory yields to fond Desire
> The keys of our lost paradise.]

Throw away the key that memory hands us to what seems in retrospect a Paradise indeed; then fling open the portals of the mind and let the Spirit of the Time fly in; for it is not by shutting our eyes to the fact that we live in a new world that we can cheat ourselves into believing that we are surrounded by the old standards, and steering by the old chart.

It is not necessary to review in detail the astonishing facts that are brought up for discussion nowadays among little groups of outraged — but intensely interested — mothers, and later *réchauffés* as delicious tid-bits of scandal for home-consumption — a domestic feast which the man of the house is invited to share. There is a long catalogue of social sins and youthful misdemeanors served up with a *sauce piquante;* some are exaggerated, many authentic, some so sinister in their implications as to be almost incredible as reflecting the social code of our so-called best people.

One can fancy the variations on the usual themes; we have all heard them: the perfect freedom of intercourse between the sexes, the unchaperoned motor-flights at night, the intimacies of modern dancing, the scantiness of modern dress, and the frankness of conversation between young men and girls. There are even whispers concerning the sharing of the smuggled bottle during the early prohibition days, and the indulgent attitude of some of the most popular girls toward the evident intoxication of their partners. These are among the most serious arraignments of the idle life of the idle rich. Then there are the more venial sins. There is the thick skin and blunted social conscience of the young man who, like the courageous hero of the Limerick, —

> Never knew when he was slighted,
> But went to the party
> And ate just as hearty
> As if he 'd been really invited.

There is also the young man who does not answer his hostess's invitation; nor does he speak to her when he lounges into her drawing-room, but treats a lady's house like a public dance-hall. In short, there is the lawless minority who turn a débutante's entrance to society into a Saturnalian revel, and bring disrepute upon a whole section of society, when it is, in truth, only one link that is weak. None the less, a weak link mars the beauty and worth of an entire chain intended to be worn by Humanity as an ornament. But in upbraiding the reprehensible few, who will neither know

nor care that they are being censured, we must not, as some ungracious pastors do, address with misplaced eloquence the faithful members of a congregation on the sin of not going to church.

It is not surprising, in the general 'speeding up' of every enterprise during the last hundred years, that human nature itself fails to respond, when the feeble hand of middle-age or old age tries to apply the brake to the new motor-force which impels it forward. When does strength yield to weakness? We are tired of listening to the old analogies: how steam succeeded stage horses as a method of locomotion, and a consequent acceleration of speed vibrated through society; how humanity took to an even quicker pace when electricity and gasoline increased the *tempo* of life. It is merely a bromide to recall that airplanes and submarines have still further transformed the universe. We cannot look for the qualities in men and women that went with the sedan-chair and a coach and four.

We all agree that certain human qualities are permanent, others temporary; but we probably all differ as to which virtues should be on the evanescent list. Perhaps we sometimes fail to recognize the same old human quality in the disguise of a passing fashion. Certainly, the desire on the part of young ladies to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex is the most fundamental and natural of their qualities, deserving no censure; but the manifestations vary with the mode of the day. There is a fashion in these things. 'One generation passeth away and another generation cometh.' Sensibility degenerates into nonsense; the pendulum swings upward, and nonsense is transformed into sense; it descends, and the appeal of sense degenerates into the appeal of the senses — the transition quickened by after-the-war laxity of standards. George Meredith speaks truth when he says of women, —

Their sense is with their senses all mixed in, —

but the mixture does not make them more intelligible to man. Many colored beads of different shape and design are strung upon the thread which Eve began unwinding in the Garden of Eden, and which is as long as human life — the thread of the Desire to be Liked.

A hundred years ago the young girl who wished to ensnare the heart of a man would blush, and tremble, give a side glance and look down, and carelessly drop a rose from her bosom in the path of her pursuer. Her granddaughter seeks popularity by another path. At a dinner-party she seizes a roll of bread, dexterously slings it across the table, avoiding intervening heads, and with a raucous cry of 'Hi there! Catch it, you boob!' has flung her gauntlet into the arena of popularity. One may prefer the fallen rose to the hurled roll, but the motor-power behind both is the same.

Of course, the eternal question of supply and demand confronts us. Do the wishes of the young man of to-day create the supply of ill-bred young hoydens whose well-aimed blows give Society its black eye? or has modern life, with its mechanical efficiency, produced the young Amazons who are to be the mothers of the next generation, and must man perforce submit to his destiny? It is the day of extremes, but a danger confronts the newest woman, which she must meet intelligently or lose all that she has gained: it is the danger that reactionary man may demand a return of the obsolete feminine virtues of modesty and gentleness, and that with their rebirth much that is worth keeping in the girl of to-day will disappear. May evolution forbid that the bottle of smelling-salts should be reinstated to supplant the steering-wheel of a motor-car as woman's trade-mark!

The modern girl may be popular as a partner in a one-step, but will she be popular as a life-partner in that permanent two-step to which different gaits adjust themselves with such difficulty?

One does not wish to bear down too hard on an evanescent phase, and so contribute toward crystallizing it into permanence; nor does one wish to treat too lightly a really menacing laxity of standard. One can but hope that the sane majority will finally absorb and conquer the insane minority, and that the private ballroom will eventually yield to the censor of taste, as the public dance-hall is forced to conform to the censor of law.

'But the Button of Responsibility is not yet found!' cry out the eager pursuers of the guilty, as they scan one another's tightly closed fists. In this game the adversary of Society is Truth; and when her clear voice issues the old command of our childhood days, 'Button, button, arise!' look what happens. Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters all stand up, a sheepish row, and between each pair of hands, clasped in supplication, lies concealed a button!

Yes, there is no question that the responsibility must be shared by us all. It is the duty of every father to have a first-hand knowledge of things as they are — not of things as they are repeated to him by dealers in highly spiced gossip. Then he should talk to his daughters (for his sons are presumably past being influenced by his conversation), and he should expend all the eloquence he can summon in making his girls feel that with *them* lies the entire future of the human race. The social standards will be what *they* make them, the young men will be the husbands — as well as the dancing partners — of the women who mould them. If a girl is right-minded and clean-hearted, her father can make her understand the strength of her natural weapons — her charm, her beauty, her sympathy, her youth. If she prefers to turn from these to the coarser tools of conquest, then it is time for the modern father to get out *his* good old weapon, now dull with disuse, the trusty sledge-hammer of Parental Authority. Let him bring it down on the tendency he wishes to crush, with the ringing exhortation of primitive man, 'This shall be done because I command it!' If woman resorts to barbaric methods of conquering young men, old men must retaliate by adopting uncivilized warfare to subjugate woman. It is for us middle-aged fathers and uncles to do our share toward restoring social law and order — peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

With the mothers lie still greater responsibilities. They should have established, from the childhood of their daughters, such a close companionship of sympathy and wise guidance, such an understanding tolerance of the vagaries and frivolities of youth, that it should be absolutely impossible for their children to degenerate into the beautiful weeds which crop up sporadically in the rosebud garden of girls. In these days of freedom of speech between the sexes, it would do no harm to have a little more frankness between members of the same sex, and to encourage mothers to tell their daughters truthfully and simply the effect of some phases of their social laxity on the men whose moral fibre they are weakening. The fact that the young girls who demoralize the tone of society are themselves shielded from the results of their own recklessness is not sufficient reason for them to be held blameless. When lovely woman stoops to folly, she can always find someone to stoop with her, but not always someone to lift her up again to the level where she belongs.

'But it would rub off the bloom from our girls to talk of these things!' cry the

outraged mothers. 'My daughter is perfectly unconscious. I have tried to bring her up as a child of nature. I won't put ideas into her head!'

Perhaps bloom is one of the obsolete accessories of youth and beauty; one certainly does not often find it, though it is not usually a mother's hand which has rubbed it off. But even with the bloom of innocence and inexperience brushed away, there can be a soundness and cleanness remaining; and it is for the mothers to preserve that moral healthiness in their daughters. Would it cause a shrill chorus of protest if it were suggested that there are parents so eager for their daughters to attain popularity at any price that they close their eyes to the cost of the ephemeral success they encourage? If the fathers' hands hold a button, the mothers' hands certainly conceal more than one.

And how about the young girls themselves? It would show a woeful lack of intelligence to try to appeal to the offenders on any side save that of their own popularity. Those who do *not* offend are no concern of ours — the slipper of criticism does not fit the gentle Cinderella, whose methods of conquest are those of legitimate fascination; our business is with her proud and vain sisters whom the shoe fits to perfection. Cannot these modern sirens be made to realize that those of them who possess beauty, youth, wit, sympathy — the qualities that will always lure men — have only to decide by what methods they wish to attract their partners or friends, their lovers or their husbands, and the game is in their hands? They have the power of making any card trumps, and they can always play to win. They should think too well of themselves to employ methods hitherto confined to a class representing the victims of the social order rather than its makers. Nobody wishes to suggest that the young girls, full of vivacity and fun and the desire to be liked, should become either prudes or highbrows. They will, of course, do things that their grandparents would disapprove of — that is only evolution; let them dance and flirt and be frivolous and gay; only let them remember that the girls with whom men like to dance and whom they like to flatter are not necessarily the girls they will choose as friends, still less as wives. The popular adjective for the popular girl to-day is 'jazzy,' — the word carries its meaning in the sound, — and the quality seems to have superseded the gift of charm which womankind used to desire as the indefinable social magnet.

But the present-day young man will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely, for his ear is pitched to the shrill jargon of war-time slang and profanity; and — here enters *his* button of responsibility — by seeming to admire the most objectionable type of modern girl, he certainly encourages that type to persist. The word 'simple' has come to be synonymous with all that is stupidest and most unpopular in the modern girl; and in her dread of being stigmatized with the cryptic adjectives bestowed on her by masculine contemporaries, she consents to be labeled by the older generation as fast, unladylike, common, and underbred!

Young men are certainly not exempt from their share of the blame that is flung about with such reckless hands by both spectators of and participators in the social game. They are older than the girls they play with, they think themselves wiser, yet they do all in their power to make the customs and manners of an unlicensed world the standards of the young ladies whom they are 'honoring' with their attentions. They *do* know more of some things than the girls with whom they dance and flirt; and it is for them, with

their wider experience, to exhibit more of the gentlemanly conduct which they would wish to have shown to their own sisters by their friends.

Perhaps some young people think to escape responsibility for the relaxed standards of the day by claiming that they really do not care for Society, but ask only to go their own way, lead their own lives, do what they choose, and harm nobody. This specious reasoning is more comforting than convincing, for, after all, Society with a large *S* is not very different from the society with a small *s* into which we are all thrust, willy-nilly, between cradle and grave. If we live in the world at all, we automatically become members of society; and though a girl never 'comes out,' she can never 'go in' till the painted veil drops behind her.

Individuality should, however, be very definitely considered and respected by the generation which tries to guide and guard the youth entrusted to its care; and the mechanical instruction which seeks to standardize all conduct turns out lifeless models of deportment far more discouraging than some of the hand-made failures.

Narrow-minded parents, intrenched in unimaginative virtue, are sometimes as reprehensible in their morality as the frivolous mothers or ignorant fathers who cast aside all responsibility, with a shrug of tolerance for the vices and faults they are too selfish to correct. The father who exacts a promise from his avid young son not to smoke, drink, or swear may be as blameworthy as the parent who preaches from the text so popular with youth, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die.' The over-sensible mother who, in protest against the follies of 1920, sends a sensitive little girl to a party dressed in what looks like a blue serge bathing-suit, will probably cause her child to think more about dress than the *nouveau riche* mamma who decks out her curled darling in real lace and butterfly bows. The attitude of constant protest against existing conditions is dangerously myopic. We must advance along the road where the new generation is leading us, or we must travel alone — and backwards; for it is only by following the path our sons and daughters must inevitably tread that we can keep close enough to them for our advice or warnings to be of any help. The education we receive from our children modifies that which we try to give them; so let us not be righteous overmuch. Customs change, codes vary, standards shift; but every age and every nationality has always produced two flowers of civilization — the Lady and the Gentleman. If these flowers have become rare botanical specimens in this country and this day, is it perhaps the fault, not of the soil or the climate, but of the gardeners?

Certainly, by looking at things as they are, without prejudice or hysteria, ways can be seen in which each division of the units that compose society can do something to restore its influence and dignity. If the whole tale could be compressed into the scareheads of yellow journalism, we should all sit up and take notice, constituting ourselves the jury to try the mysterious culprits. Would not the story run something like this?

MURDER IN HIGH LIFE!

FEMININE MODESTY AND MANLY CHIVALRY BOTH FOUND DEAD!
MURDERER HAD MANY ACCOMPLICES.
CORONER'S VERDICT PROVES MODESTY TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TO DIE.

With these facts in mind, the self-appointed jury adjourns, and after due deliberation the foreman (who is none other than the self-satisfied middle-aged observer) makes the following announcement, the result of the testimony offered on preceding pages: —

'In this murder-case fathers, moth-

ers, sons, and daughters are all found guilty, though in different degrees; but as their crime was not premeditated, we recommend them to mercy.'

He pauses for the expected murmur of mingled approbation and disapproval; and at this moment a woman in the dress of a nun pushes through the crowd, and making her way to the platform, whispers something in the ear of the foreman. He raises his hand to command attention, and continues, —

'A surprising piece of news has just been brought to us from the bedside of the victims. This Sister of Charity tells me that the supposed corpses are both giving signs of returning life. Modesty's heart is beating faintly, and Chivalry is said to have breathed an almost imperceptible sigh.'

AFTER READING 'MONS, ANZAC, AND KUT'

BY OWEN WISTER

'Sad stories chancèd in the times of old'
  Have held me oft by candle's faltering light,
When all outside my bed was winter-cold,
  And shy, small noises crept about the night.
Myself thus safe, of perils I have learned,
  And ancient strifes, that I have never shared;
Thus have I tasted, while my wick still burned,
  Comfort from that discomfort I am spared.

Thus have I hasted on from page to page
  With tingling blood that other's blood should flow
From piercèd bodies in a far-off age
  Fabled to stir me by their pageant woe.

Your terrible true tale of our to-day
Thus holds me, till my candle melts away.

JUSTICE

BY MARIANNE GAUSS

I

River fog clung to the low places east of Eden; and the red sumach showed, through the mists, like the colors of fire-opals. Winds that blew from the mountain were odorous of ripe fruit. Had any person dared to investigate its tangles of wild grapevines, he would have returned dyed red as blood from treading the wine-press of the woods.

No Eden County person walked there, unless the girlish ghost of Hannah Webb returned sometimes to the site of her long-deserted cabin on Old Pokeberry Creek. The mountain passes were refuge and rendezvous for an unascertained number of criminals from all the Mississippi Valley. There were men up there who had long ago forfeited their necks and would never be taken alive; so an innocent visit to the mountain-top might result in misunderstandings, awkward for the visitor. The spoils of the hills were safe. The raccoon feasted all day on ripe persimmons, laughed as loud as he chose, and thrust his fat black face through loopholes of thinning foliage, to peer at the town in the valley.

Eden was an old-fashioned place, of board-walks and buggies, of fenced-in yards where blue-grass grew seedy and tall, of box-like dwellings, and many small white churches with steeples and bells. Situated at the end of a branch railroad where grass grew between the ties, it was out of the lines of traffic and off the circuits of the road-shows.

But every year two great forms of drama held spellbound the people of Eden. One, which might have been entitled the Fate of the Soul, was termed Protracted Meeting. The other sort of play was staged in the district court. The sombre entertainment provided during that autumn term — a drama of sin and death — was the trial of Lucifer Webb.

Lucifer was not without qualification for a hero of the stage. He was a tall and muscular boy of twenty, with bold, brown eyes, dimples in his cheeks, and a handsome nose. There was about him a kind of glamour without which no actor is a great success: he had had his share of the love of women. The wild look in his eyes recorded certain weeks spent alone in a fastness on the mountain before Pelleu, and the sheriff had caught him in a trap and brought him in.

'Now, Webb,' the prosecuting attorney was saying, 'your counsel has asserted that McChesney had repeatedly threatened your life. We are to understand that you were in great fear of McChesney?'

'Me? Afraid?' The dimples came out in Lucifer's cheeks, and he deliberately shook his head.

On the back seat, a girl leaned forward. Her eyes, which were blue and wet as the wild spiderwort in the early morning, were fixed imploringly on the prisoner. She was his bride.

He did not see her. 'I never studied

about McChesney!' he proudly declared.

The prosecuting attorney was a little black-eyed man with a bald head. He smirked, eagerly. 'Still, you knew McChesney was going to attack you — why did n't you avoid his place?'

'Because I ain't never run from mortal man.'

Now, this was good logic in the hills. If a man has never done a thing, a precedent has been established, sacred as an oath. The jury was evidently satisfied.

One witness had testified that McChesney had said Lucifer Webb should never have Dorcas, if he had to kill him at the wedding. It was two hours after the ceremony that the tragedy had taken place — as Lucifer was going for his cow at sunset, with Dorcas in the new cabin waiting his return.

'He was hid out in the hazel-bresh,' continued Webb. 'When I come by there, he stepped out and says to me, "Lucie Webb, I've swore you won't git back home to-night, and I ain't never failed to keep my word."'

The prosecutor sneered. 'Was that all he said?'

'Yes; because then I shot him.'

With grave eyes, and an ominous immobility about his fine and cold profile, the judge regarded the boy on the witness stand. The judge was a man of forty. He had a certain dispassionate beauty, like logic. His eyes were blue-gray, his mouth was handsome, although somewhat too delicate for a man's. Physically, as in reputation, he presented a powerful contrast to the district attorney. The little man with the oily skin and bald head was known as the cleverest liar in the county.

Lucifer turned from the prosecutor to look at the judge.

'Attention here,' ordered the lawyer. 'Is n't it a fact that you've lied in all you've told this court?'

The young men present sat up at that. In the past, to call Lucifer Webb a liar would have been an adventure, with a thrill.

The boy made a slight movement, which was cut short by the irons on his wrists. At last he answered meekly, 'If that ain't the truth, I can't tell it.'

His tormentor twisted his lithe body, like a black snake, to glance at the jury.

'Well, ain't it a fact that when a man lies steady for two days, he gets so he can't tell the truth?'

'I would n't deny it to you,' Lucifer replied.

'Well, if you would n't deny it, you must think it's true.'

'I would n't deny it, because I ain't never tried it, and I sholy think a man lak you are would know.'

The prosecutor flushed a dingy red. The jurymen grinned. But the judge remained immobile, classic of feature, grave of eyes.

The judge was in an odd place here. He had been called on to exclude from the evidence presented many a wild tale of the hills. One old woman had tried to testify that after the murder she had seen the ghost of Red McChesney, pale-eyed, red-haired, as in life; and that Red had beckoned her in a way to indicate that she must help to avenge him.

Especially was the judge far above his community in his control of emotion. The tie between teacher and pupil may be a very tender one: in the mountain school the judge had taught fifteen years before, Lucifer Webb had been a favorite of the teacher's. If he remembered how he had loved that naughty black-eyed child of the hills, the judge had given no sign during the trial. He tested everything that passed by the rules of evidence.

The prosecutor turned to the judge. A sixth sense told the wary Lucifer that an unfair weapon was being prepared for him; and a red gleam came into his eyes.

'Your Honor,' — the prosecutor's manner was bland and defensive, — 'we will now show that this defendant had on a previous occasion threatened the life of McChesney.'

He turned to Lucifer.

'On the night of the twentieth of August, Webb, did you or did you not accompany Allen Spencer and the Meighton boys to Cherry Grove schoolhouse?'

Lucifer was diverted; he smiled, and the childish dimples showed in his cheeks. He must have looked like the black-eyed boy of seven, who was always in mischief, in the mountain school, and was too proud to lie. He replied, —

'We all rid up to the schoolhouse, and Ally, he says to me, "Thar's goin' to be a weddin' after meetin'; must be about time for it now. I reckon, Lucifer, Red McChesney, he'd lak powerful well to have you for his bridesmaid." So we all rid our hawses in there, and the bride, it scart her so she run clear home.'

'You were n't looking for McChesney then?'

Lucifer's eyes narrowed with anger. He did not believe that the prosecutor thought he had attempted any violence that night: this was a way of bringing in the story of his lawless behavior at Cherry Grove. He saw the faces of the jurymen grow grim.

'I did n't have nothing again' Red McChesney,' he protested.

The prosecutor smirked. 'Was n't it McChesney that told, around Cherry Grove, that your father had been in prison in Arkansas?'

Lucifer felt himself trapped and baited. The prosecutor — it seemed to him — had made a chance to tell the jury that he was the son of a man who had been convicted of making illicit whiskey in Arkansas. The family had kept that fact a secret. Now the lawless blood of the Webb tribe burned over his body. He cursed the prosecuting attorney; then he cursed the law of the land, and fully showed what sort of young man he was. He was sternly silenced by the judge.

As Lucifer tried to face the judge, his passion cooled. He saw that the judge did not think he had been wronged. He saw that the prosecutor had a right to inquire into the old Webb-McChesney feud — all the rules of evidence had been kept. Over Lucifer's heart came a wave of despair. For this case of his was not a thing to be proved in black and white: it had to do with emotion, motive, and intent.

His eyes went appealingly to the jury — he looked as if he were guilty. Now he remembered that that night he had broken up the wedding-party at the schoolhouse, the bride had not gone home alone; and before that night's wild performance had been much that was not told in court.

Lucifer recalled how her father's cabin had looked that night when he took her home: its whitewashed front exposed to the moon; over its porch a moonflower, with white blossoms wondering, innocent-eyed, at the lovers. Dorcas had stood in the porch. Her wide-open eyes looked black by moonlight; her hat was off and her hair whitened like silver; her mouth was still tremulous with his kisses. 'Lucifer,' she had protested, 'I don't want to marry Red McChesney, I sure don't. But he 'lowed if I broke my word to him —'

Red's threat had seemed so dreadful to her then, that she stopped and clung to Lucifer, crying. But before he went, she had promised to marry him.

She was crying more bitterly to-day. Her wedding hat lay in her lap, and she kept twisting its gauze ribbons and blue flowers.

The prosecutor darted another question at him.

'If you were innocent of murder, why did you break away from the sheriff as soon as he arrested you?'

'I knowed McChesneys too well; I knowed they'd pack a jury against me.'

As Lucifer said this, his black eyes flashed an angry challenge to the twelve men who held his fate in their hands. The prosecutor smirked.

'You say you were afraid of the McChesneys? Then, when you had killed a McChesney, why not escape at once? Why did you delay long enough to burn that shed-barn over the body?'

'God knows I never done *that!*' Lucifer protested. 'I shot him after he threatened my life, and he fell in the bresh; and I said to him, "Red, are you hurt?" and he did n't give no answer, and I thought I'd go for a doctor. So I started out of the pasture, and before I got to town, the sheriff nabbed me. And I *don't know* who fired that shed!'

Some member of the Webb clan, he thought, had made himself accessory after the fact. He looked from face to face of his friends in the courtroom. He felt bewildered; he realized that his story was unconvincing. Finally his look fell on Dorcas. She sat with her face upturned, her round blue-spiderwort eyes running over.

II

A little while after that, his lawyer said the jury was going out, and they must go to the jail and wait.

Lucifer obeyed, still dazed. He was piloted toward a dirty hall, the door of which was open. Men roamed idly about there, squirting tobacco and peering into the courtroom.

Suddenly, in the path of the prisoner, darted a black kitten.

The color went from Lucifer's face.

'You can go back if you want to,' said the sheriff.

Lucifer was too proud to admit that he feared an omen, but his lawyer dreaded the effect of the sign on the jury. 'I reckon we'll wait in the courtroom,' he said.

The jury went out, and the spectators dispersed. The girl of eighteen on the back seat ran to the prisoner, put her arms around him, and pressed her young body against her man.

'Don't you be scart, Honey,' comforted Lucifer.

'But I've saw sech bad luck come where a cat crossed a person's path!'

'Yes, I know, Honey; you're thinking of how your oldest sister died after that sign. But you ought to be reasonable. Cats have got fire in their fur, — I've saw it many a time, — and they do give fevers. But they can't do no *other* harm; and there ain't no truth, to a reasoning mind, in sech a sign!'

Dorcas was comforted, and wept softly. While they waited in the courtroom, they could not talk. Lucifer's brain, tired out with emotion, strayed back to his childhood on the mountain farm.

The McChesney boys used to twit him by calling him 'Lucy.' One day he had asked Brother Tobe Jenkins about his name. 'Wa' n't it a *man*, Brother Tobe, that was named Lucifer in the Bible? Them McChesney boys, they 'low it's a woman's name.'

'He was n't neither, Lucie,' Brother Tobe had replied. 'He was an angel; that's why he had a sissy name. Angels has long hair and wears robes like a lady's dress.'

Little Lucifer had insisted. 'What-all did my angel do?'

'He was proud,' Brother Tobe had replied.

'What was he proud of?' begged the child.

'Of his long, golden hair — he got cotched in a tree by his hair. You can't learn no more because the Bible don't say no more, and I darse n't add to the Bible. So you run along away, boy.'

Lucifer had gone to defend his name with hard little fists, although he knew that the stern young man at the head of the mountain school had no mercy on fighters. Then, as now, the judge had believed in adjusting all quarrels by law.

It was very still in the courtroom. Dorcas breathed audibly, close to her man's ear. 'I'm a-prayin', Lucifer. I sholy am thankful this day you're named for an angel. Looks like he sholy would be yo' guardian angel.'

By and by her father came and took her away. Fireflies twinkled across the vacant lot next the courthouse. A deputy came in to guard the prisoner while the sheriff went to supper.

The judge returned and sat down in his place. His profile, against the sunset, looked just as when he taught school on the mountain.

Lucifer's mother, Hannah Webb, had borne him and died of him when she was fifteen years old. He had been reared by his father and uncles. In the code of these men the greatest sin of all was failure to avenge an injury. When the schoolteacher came to the district, little Lucifer had felt in him a kind of moral beauty which had fascinated him; the child had almost worshiped the young man. One day, a rattlesnake bit him, and the schoolteacher cut and burned the wound and he did not whimper — he never whimpered.

He remembered still how the judge took him home with him and nursed him all night, like a woman.

But to-day, as ever since his trial began, the judge had not spoken to the accused man and had seemed to avoid his eyes.

This made Lucifer angry. He could hear his lawyer muttering, behind him: 'It was a crime the way the court charged the jury. He might as well have told 'em to hang the boy.'

And now Lucifer's tired-out mind became blank. He leaned backward in his place.

Suddenly, at the far end of the room, a door opened.

He saw the jury return, one by one; but he was numb, and could not feel what it might mean. His lawyer leaned forward, bright-eyed.

A chill came over Lucifer's body. His muscles twitched here and there, then began to stiffen. His heart was still at its task, pumping the blood with a violence which caused great pain in his chest.

He heard the verdict.

Then he and the sheriff got up and walked out of the courtroom — it did not matter, now, that he went by the path the kitten had crossed.

Lucifer reëntered his cell and sat down on his cot. The deputy did not say anything. His lawyer talked about getting a new trial. The judge, he said, was not going to allow it; but it was a disgrace that the prosecutor had been allowed to drag in irrelevancies.

The condemned boy was glad when he was alone. Through the window to which he lifted his eyes, he could see a dark purple sky, and stars. He felt as if the stars could not go on, or the moon make its circuit, without his eyes to see.

Yet he knew that the world would be as before when he was gone — even Dorcas —

She would marry someone else. He did not think long about this. As he sat staring at the wall, he kept seeing one face. Its fine, cold profile haunted him — he knew the judge would refuse a new trial.

He was right. Two days later, he stood before his old schoolteacher and was sentenced to die. When the judge asked if he had anything to say, he shook his head.

III

But he did not die at the time the judge first set; his lawyer secured time to wrangle for his life in the Supreme Court.

A month after his condemnation, the snow came. It filled a certain natural fortress, up among the rocks, where Lucifer had spent some weeks in hiding from the sheriff; and a wildcat came and took the darkest place in his cave for a lair — as if she knew the owner would not return.

Still justice delayed. Pussy-willows appeared along the mountain creeks. In the leafy hollows, the ferns pushed up tiny, clenched fists. Later, the scrub-oaks leafed out, in dark and shining foliage. The branches visible through these leaves could scarcely be distinguished from polished rifle-barrels such as an outlaw might at any moment thrust from the dark of the covert.

Next, the woods showed white clouds of plum-bloom, with red-bud, a pink streak to mark the dawn of a summer Lucifer was not to see.

Near the window of the basement cell where he lived, in Eden, a robin began to sit on eggs. When the sheriff noticed this nest, he flinched; for he could see, also, the boy standing at the basement window, and thought how far away he would be when the young birds came.

The day the robin began to sit, he asked if his prisoner wanted to see a preacher.

Lucifer's eyes became wistful, with a struggle of shadows in them like the beating of wings. But he was a wild man; he could not talk with these churchmen of the town, who spoke another language than his. He shook his head.

'Brother Tobe Jinkins,' resumed the sheriff, 'sent you word he'd like to come.'

The boy nodded, eagerly. Brother Tobe's ministerial standing was injured by the fact that he was sometimes arrested for intoxication; this did not matter to the hill boy.

From the first visit of the man from Pokeberry Creek, a change was discernible in the prisoner: his spirits rose, at times he seemed almost elated. Every day, from the basement cell, Brother Tobe's voice in prayer and exhortation rolled down the corridor.

When he came to see Lucifer, he brought a gift of chewing-gum. When he went away, he invariably carried, in his shirt, his pockets, and his boots, a quantity of earth.

Still the days rolled up, a rapidly shortening scroll. The robin began to feel life in her eggs, the reward of her faith in the destiny of life to break from its tomb. This was on Monday morning of the week which had been set as Lucifer's last. In the high mountains, pawpaw trees had blossoms like brown velvet. The wildcat in Lucifer's lair had young, and her kittens romped over his rifles and ammunition.

That afternoon the sheriff came in. 'Brother Jinkins, he ain't able to come to-day. He got drunk and some disorderly yestiddy, and I reckon he won't git out this week. Shall I ask Brother Wade Hubbell in?'

Lucifer raised his eyes; they looked like a cat's in the dark. He shook his head, and then forgot the presence of the sheriff.

'The best man in this town is a-going to talk to you, Lucifer,' resumed the officer of the law. 'I reckon you know who I mean — the judge.'

Lucifer did not look at him.

And he did not say anything when the judge entered his cell, with the sheriff.

'You act,' said the sheriff, 'like you did n't know who it was.'

'I know who it is, all right,' Lucifer replied: 'the man that put me where I am.'

'You're wrong, Lucifer,' said the judge. 'It was n't I, it was the law.'

'To hell with the law!' Lucifer was trembling, and his black eyes glistened like a wet black snake.

'I came in here, Lucifer, to ask if there's anything you'd like me to do for Dorcas.'

The judge looked down into the boy's face.

'For Dorcas?' Lucifer laughed. 'She 'd starve and die, Dorcas would, before she'd take nothing from the man that murdered me.' His body became tense as a wildcat's. 'I don't know what McChesneys'll do to pay you, come election; but I do know this — you charged that jury so they could n't help but hang me. And you refused me a new trial, when you *know* what I told in court was the God's truth.' Lucifer did not believe the judge had condemned him to please the McChesney clan; he knew the righteousness of the man. But he rushed on, striking at him like a blinded animal. 'You've murdered me and you've damned my soul. You've damned my soul because I can't forgive you. All I got to hope is that you go to the same hell I do.'

He stopped because his old schoolteacher had gone gray and white, with a queer look around the mouth.

Presently the judge got to his feet, and started away from the cell; he said he had been walking in the sun and it had made him ill.

As it was growing dark that afternoon, the deputy came with a message from Brother Tobe Jenkins. 'You tell Lucifer, fer me,' the preacher had said, 'the stone over the grave ain't hard to lift. It's *ben loosened!*'

A light came into the prisoner's eyes, and a flush covered his cheek-bones. 'Was that all Brother Tobe said?' he asked, eagerly.

'That was all,' said the deputy.

Left alone, Lucifer put his head in his hands to think. His heart, which had been slow, began to beat savagely. But he was not quite sure that Brother Tobe had meant, by 'the stone,' the grating which covered the drain-pipe. It was to get this done that he had felt he must see Brother Tobe that day.

Darkness came rapidly. The sky was overcast, and a spatter of rain drenched the wings which sheltered four blue eggs in a bush.

Lucifer stowed away in his shirt some food which he expected to need on his way up the mountain. Once in his home fortress, he would require nothing. Supplies for months had been stored, by Dorcas's family, in the cave. The place was approached by a narrow pass in the rocks, which none would find.

When the sheriff came for his last night call, Lucifer was again seated with his head on his hands. This was to hide his face, flushed with hope; but his heart beat so that he thought it must be overheard.

The sheriff withdrew, and Lucifer put out his light.

IV

Eight years before, his uncle had been county sheriff. One Friday morning, little Lucifer, who was visiting in town, had hidden behind a barrel in the basement corridor, to watch the last scene of a dark drama. He had seen his uncle throw open the door to this cell. He had seen a man's face, dead-white in the gray of the morning, and the decent clothes, which had been his best

suit out in the world. The child had gone into the empty cell and had looked at little possessions left behind, but had been afraid to touch anything. All the while, he had asked himself, again and again, one question: '*Why did n't he dig his way out, in the night?*'

So Lucifer was now carrying out an idea that had been in his mind since he was a child. Such plans succeed.

With a nail drawn from his cot, he scratched and bent the lock on the door. When his absence was discovered by and by, they would think he had gone out by the door.

Now he moved his cot from the wall. Around three or four stones, behind it, the mortar looked dark, as if from dampness. Lucifer carefully broke away this cement of chewing-gum, and replaced it with fresh gum, which would adhere when pressed in place from the other side. It was raining hard outside. At each fresh torrent, or roll of thunder, Lucifer paused, lifted his head, and listened. His eyes shone in the dark.

Beyond the loosened stones appeared an opening large enough to admit his body. Velvet-pawed, he crawled into this tunnel, drew his cot close to the disturbed wall, and carefully replaced the stones.

In total darkness he worked his way forward. The digging had been hard and long. At times he had despaired of ever coming to the light: all he had done would then seem meaningless and without an end. But it was easy going now.

He pushed on till a movement near him caused his body to shrink together and become motionless. Some little beast of the dark had entered his tunnel and was now flying before him — gopher, rat, or snake.

He slipped on, undisturbed, till his tunnel broke into a dry cistern from which a large drain-pipe went to the pond in the vacant lot.

At the edge of the cistern, he paused — frozen again. Sounds carried through his tunnel. Inside the jail, a few feet away, doors were slamming, and hoarse voices shouted.

Lucifer let himself into the cistern. The rain beat hard on its board cover. Already there began to be water in the bottom of the pit, which drained a block or so of land; but the large pipe in its side was dry. Lucifer squeezed his body into this.

It was as dark in here as if there had been no light in the universe. The rain overhead had a muffled sound, drearily echoed by the clay which encased his quiet body.

Once more he moved forward. His breathing almost ceased. He laid his hand — at last! — on the grating. Rain was against his face, and he could hear the frogs in the pond.

The grating gave to his touch. He had rightly understood Brother Tobe Jenkins, and was free.

The pond into which he now slipped was a bed of soft mud, with a foot or so of water, choked by spirogyra. Crouched in the water, he breathed hard, and waited for his heart to run down. The rain had put out the street-lights; Eden was a black swamp in which a man might dodge about for hours undetected.

At last Lucifer slipped out of the pond opposite the handsomest old place in Eden. The judge lived there, and only a swampy stretch, with last year's cat-tails growing in it, divided Lucifer from the fence and the road by which his old schoolteacher usually went into town.

There was a barn on the judge's lot, six feet from the swamp. From behind this, with no warning, appeared a man carrying a lantern.

The judge's face appeared in chiaroscuro, somewhat distorted. Around him was a gray film of lantern light, and

beyond that, darkness, as impenetrable as the mystery which hides every man's soul from his brother.

The judge went into the barn — he had not seen Lucifer.

But Lucifer was afraid to move. He stood close under a tree in the pitch blackness of the rainy night.

Now there was in Eden a small spotted dog popularly supposed to be a bloodhound. Tradition had it that he had once, in a fury, broken to bits a box where a negro tramp had chanced to sit on the station platform; some days later it was accidentally learned that this negro had killed three men in Troy, New York.

Some distance up the road, Lucifer heard the confident yelping with which this animal always began a quest, and to which, like some other leaders of men, he owed his success. Presently, around a bend, lantern light appeared, and dim shapes of men.

A voice was shouting, high-pitched with excitement: 'He's taken his trail at the jail, and he's follered it ever since, lak —'

The voice ceased abruptly. The sheriff's lantern light had fallen on those deep prints where a man had floundered out of the swamp. After a pause, he remarked, 'Webb ain't far from here, now.'

Lucifer slipped under the fence and stood in the dark, by the barn. All the lanterns were lifted. Light flooded the north end of the barn and the black walnut trees by the judge's fence. A white cow rose from her knees in the shed and lumbered off in the rain. Lucifer crouched motionless by the door on the south side.

The judge, with his lantern, emerged from the barn. Lucifer heard his horse whinny after him, heard his footsteps, muffled by hay. Then his light fell on the south end of the barn; and Lucifer knew that he was lost.

His eyes met those of the judge. Neither moved. Ten seconds passed. Lucifer fancied that the face of the judge was illumined with something more than lantern light. Now he did not feel surprised that the judge had not given the alarm.

Perhaps the spotted dog smelled a rabbit; perhaps he desired to impress his audience. He made a sudden dash forward and proceeded at great speed down the muddy road. The men followed him.

Lucifer walked away from the barn, unchallenged. He did not feel afraid. By and by he came to the creek and went across it to the wild side. Under a cloud of wet plum-bloom and red-bud, he stopped and calmly rested a while.

As he climbed the mountain, after midnight, the rain ceased and the moon came out; all the stars disappeared except one, in the east, over a pink ridge of hill.

Wild as a rabbit or deer, Lucifer loved the gay life of beast and bird among the rocks. The hills would shelter him because he loved them. He threw himself face down on the fern, and pressed his face against its wet fronds.

The sun shot over an edge of the opposite hill, and the wet oak-leaves burned red.

Now, a long way off, in the strange, early light, the figure of a man rose into view. Lucifer had said he did not believe in ghosts; but he trembled now, and without making a sound lifted himself on his hands to look. The stranger was a fair-faced man, with a red forelock over his forehead. Lucifer had known, all his life, those pale eyes, wild as his own, and always inscrutable, like a puma's. He wore, as always before, a blue jumper and overalls.

'Red McChesney!' breathed Lucifer.

The apparition vanished. Lucifer saw only a tree with dark, bluish leaves

and a wash of morning sun on its crown.

It was rising-time in Eden. The judge had slept little, from thinking of his crime.

Why had he, for the first time in his life, broken a law? He was greatly troubled.

When he looked into Lucifer's face, the night before, he had suddenly felt that the boy was innocent. No process of reasoning had brought him to the point; his mind had been carried by a gust of emotion. He had even forgotten, for a moment, that it was not for him to correct the law of the state.

He thought suddenly of the story an old woman had tried to tell, about the ghost of Red McChesney. Suddenly a strange and wild suspicion seized his mind.

He could not, of course, believe that McChesney was alive. He reviewed the evidence in his mind. To believe that McChesney was alive, he must credit an amazing chain of intrigue. There had been a trail of blood, made by dragging a body into the shed. In the ashes of the shed, things had been found that proved McChesney's body had been burned there: part of the revolver he carried, a metal tag from his belt. Imagination constructed a theory: McChesney had dragged himself, badly wounded, into that shed. He had fired it and crawled away to the hills. All this, and his hiding for the winter, had had no purpose but to get his rival hanged.

The judge looked into his own heart, whereby he understood human nature. He would not have dreamed of acting in such a way; the thing was absurd. Lucifer was guilty.

Yet he was not sorry the boy had escaped.

He looked up, and the sheriff stood at his door.

'An old nigger woman' — the sheriff jerked this thumb toward the hills — 'seen the ghostess of Red McChesney up yonder. I've made up a posse.'

'To look for Lucifer Webb?' asked the Judge.

'*Nope!*' the sheriff replied with emphasis.

The judge smiled to himself. He looked kindly at the low-browed, honest man before him. But he sadly shook his head; for the rules of evidence cannot be assailed.

'I'm a-goin', anyhow,' said the sheriff.

HENRY ADAMS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

In one of the most brilliant, subtle, and suggestive autobiographies ever written, Henry Adams informs us that he was never educated, and endeavors to explain why his varied attempts at education were abortive. He flings a trumpet challenge to the universe: Here am I, Henry Adams. I defy you to educate me. You cannot do it. Apparently, by his own reiterated and triumphant declaration, the universe, after most humiliating efforts, could not.

We should perhaps sympathize with the universe more perfectly, since Adams asks no sympathy, if, at the beginning of his narrative, or even in the middle of it, he told us what he means by education. This he never does with any completeness, though the word occurs more times than there are pages in the book. When he has advanced more than half-way through the story, he remarks casually that, for a mind worth educating, the object of education 'should be the teaching itself how to react with vigor and economy.' This is excellent, so far as it goes; but it is rather vague, it hardly seems to bear upon many of the attempted methods of education, and it does not reappear in any proportion to the demands upon it. I cannot help thinking that if, in the beginning, the brilliant autobiographer had set himself sincerely and soberly to reflect upon the word he was to use so often, he would have saved himself much repetition and the universe some anxiety, though he would have deprived his readers of a vast deal of entertainment. As it is, he pursues an illusory phantom through a world of interesting experiences. Probably a dozen times in the course of the book he tells us that Adams's education was ended. But a few pages later the delightful task is taken up again, until one comes to see that to have been educated, really and finally, would have been the tragedy of his life.

At any rate, nobody could furnish a prettier keynote for a psychograph than the motto, 'Always in search of an education.' Let us follow the search through all its meanders of intellectual and spiritual experience. From birth in Boston in 1838 to death in Washington in 1918, through America, Europe, and the rest of the world, through teaching and authorship and politics and diplomacy, through love and friendship and the widest social contact, the curious and subtle soul, with or without the afterthought of education, pursued its complicated course, scattering showers of brilliancy about it, leaving memories of affection behind it, and however difficult to grasp in its passage and elusive in its product, always and everywhere unfailingly interesting.

It is hardly necessary to say that, with this restless and unsatisfied spirit, the period which sees education finished for most men did not even see it begun. The infant who starts with the definition of a teacher as 'a man employed to tell lies to little boys' is not

very likely to get definitive results from early schooling. The juvenile Adams surveyed Boston and Quincy and found them distinctly wanting, in his eyes, though not in their own. 'Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out.' But not for him.

With Harvard College the results were little better. He fully understood that, if social position counted, he ought to get all there was to be got. 'Of money he [Adams, for the autobiography is sustained throughout in the third person] had not much, of mind not more, but he could be quite certain that, barring his own faults, his social position would never be questioned.' He was ready to admit also that failure, so far as there was failure, was owing precisely to faults of his own. 'Harvard College was a good school, but at bottom what the boy disliked most was any school at all. He did not want to be one in a hundred — one per cent of an education.' Furthermore, with the readiness we all have to acknowledge weaknesses we should not wish others to find in us, he declares that 'he had not wit or scope or force. Judges always ranked him beneath a rival, if he had any; and he believed the judges were right.' But, at any rate, Harvard did not educate him. There was no coöperation, no coördination. Everybody stood alone, if not apart. 'It seemed a sign of force; yet to stand alone is quite natural when one has no passions; still easier when one has no pains.' And the total outcome was forlornly inadequate. 'Socially or intellectually, the college was for him negative and in some ways mischievous. The most tolerant man of the world could not see good in the lower habits of the students, but the vices were less harmful than the virtues.'

Nobody nowadays would anticipate that Germany could do what Harvard could not. But some persons then cherished amiable delusions. Young Adams hoped vaguely that Germany might educate him. With turns of phrase that recall Mark Twain he recognizes his happy moral fitness for education — if he could get it. 'He seemed well behaved, when any one was looking at him; he observed conventions, when he could not escape them; he was never quarrelsome, towards a superior; his morals were apparently good, and his moral principles, if he had any, were not known to be bad.'

On this admirable substructure even Germany, however, could not erect the desired edifice. Acting on the pompous encouragement of Sumner, who said to him, 'I came to Berlin, unable to say a word in the language; and three months later, when I went away, I talked it to my cabman,' Adams struggled with the difficulties of the German tongue and overcame them by methods of which he says that 'three months passed in such fashion would teach a poodle enough to talk with a cabman.'

But to one so exacting the mere learning of a language was not education, though it seems so to some people. The question was what you did with the language after you had learned it. And here Germany failed as egregiously as Boston. From careful personal contact, Adams concluded that the education in the public schools was hopeless. The memory was made sodden and soggy by enormous burdens. 'No other faculty than the memory seemed to be recognized. Least of all was any use made of reason, either analytic, synthetic, or dogmatic. The German government did not encourage reasoning.' The boys' bodies were disordered by bad air and ill-adjusted exercise, and then 'they were required to prepare daily lessons that would have quickly broken down strong men of a healthy habit,

and which they could learn only because their minds were morbid.'

It was hardly likely that the university teaching would produce a more favorable impression. It did not. 'The professor mumbled his comments; the students made, or seemed to make, notes; they could have learned from books or discussion in a day more than they could learn from him in a month, but they must pay his fees, follow his course, and be his scholars, if they wanted a degree. To an American the result was worthless.' When the time came for leaving Germany, our student departed with a light heart and a firm resolution that, 'wherever else he might, in the infinities of space or time, seek for education, it should not be again in Berlin.'

Many earnest persons, who have found direct education for themselves fruitless and unprofitable, declare that they first began to learn when they began to teach, and that in the education of others they discovered the secret of their own. After a number of years of varied activity, Adams returned to Harvard as a teacher, and had an opportunity to test the truth of this principle. Viewed objectively, his work in instructing others seems universally commended. His pupils praised him, admired him, cherished a warm personal affection for him. He did not try to burden their memories, or to fill them with any theories or doctrines of his own. He made them think, he put life into them, intellectual life, spiritual life. 'In what way Mr. Adams aroused my slumbering faculties, I am at a loss to say,' writes Mr. Lodge; 'but there can be no doubt of the fact.' What greater function or service can a teacher perform than this?

But for the educator himself teaching was no more profitable than learning. He had a keen sense of the responsibilities of his task. 'A parent gives life, but, as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.' He knew his own vast ignorance, as his pupils did not know theirs. 'His course had led him through oceans of ignorance; he had tumbled from one ocean into another.' But the diffusion of ignorance, even conscientious, did not seem to him an object worth toiling for. Education as administered at Harvard and at similar institutions appeared to lead nowhere. The methods were wrong, the aims wrong, if there were any aims. That it educated scholars was very doubtful; that it did not educate teachers was certain. 'Thus it turned out that, of all his many educations, Adams thought that of school-teacher the thinnest.'

And how was it with society, with the wide and varied contact with men and women? If ever man had the chance to be educated by this means, Henry Adams was the man. He met all sorts of people in all sorts of places; met them intimately, not only at balls and dinners, but in unguarded hours around the domestic hearth. As with the teaching, others' impression of him is enthusiastic. He was not perhaps the best of 'mixers' in the American sense; but he was kindly, gracious, sympathetic, full of response, full of stimulation, full of sparkling and not domineering wit. When he and Mrs. Adams kept open house in Washington, it was well said of them, 'Nowhere in the United States was there then, or has there since been, such a salon as theirs. Sooner or later, everybody who possessed real quality crossed the threshold of 1603 H Street.' And again, 'To his intimates — and these included women of wit and charm and distinction — the hours spent in his study or at his table were the best that Washington could give.'

But, as with the teaching, the man's own view of his general human relations is less satisfactory. The play of motives is interesting, certainly; but what can he learn from it, what can it do for his education? 'All that Henry Adams ever saw in man was a reflection of his own ignorance.' The great obstacle for sensitive natures to all social pleasure, the immense intrusion of one's self, was always present to him, never entirely got rid of. 'His little mistakes in etiquette or address made him writhe with torture.' And of one concrete, tormenting incident, 'This might seem humorous to some, but to him the world turned ashes.' The annoyances were great and the compensations trifling. Though he touched many hands, heard many voices, looked deep into many eyes, he drifted through the world in a dream solitude. When he was in Cambridge, he bewailed the isolation of professors. 'All these brilliant men were greedy for companionship, all were famished for want of it.' But the greed and the want haunted him everywhere. I do not see that they were ever satisfied.

With women he fared somewhat better than with men, and few men have been more frank about acknowledging their debt to the other sex. 'In after life he made a general law of experience — no woman had ever driven him wrong; no man had ever driven him right.' And at all times and on all occasions he paid his debt with abundance of praise, tempered, of course, with such reserve as was to be expected from one who had all his life been seeking education and had not found it. To be sure, he readily admits entire ignorance as to the character, motives, and purposes of womankind. 'The study of history is useful to the historian by teaching him his ignorance of women; and the mass of this ignorance crushes one who is familiar enough with what are called historical sources to realize how few women have ever been known.' But such admission of ignorance, especially for one who triumphed in ignorance on all subjects, only made it easier to recognize and celebrate the charm. One could trifle with the ignorance perpetually, elaborate it, and complicate it, till it took the form of the most exquisite comprehension. 'The proper study of mankind is woman and, by common agreement since the time of Adam, it is the most complex and arduous.'

Was it a question of the woman of America? One could write novels, like *Esther* and *Democracy*, in which the woman of America is made a miracle of cleverness and is at any rate more real than anything else. Or, in intimate table-talk with great statesmen and their wives, one could calmly insist that 'the American man is a failure. You are all failures. . . . Would n't we all elect Mrs. Lodge Senator against Cabot? Would the President have a ghost of a chance if Mrs. Roosevelt ran against him?' But unquestionably one treads safer ground and is less exposed to the temptation of irony, if one goes back five hundred years and adores the Virgin of Chartres. With her, as Mark Twain found with Joan of Arc, one can elevate the feminine ideal to a Gothic sublimity, without too inconvenient intrusion of harsh daylight.

When we reduce these abstract personal contacts to concrete individuality, we find, or divine, Adams at his best, at his most human. 'Friends are born, not made, and Henry never mistook a friend.' For all his vast acquaintance, these friendships were not many, and they seem to have been deep and true and lasting. To be sure, he complains that politics is a dangerous dissolvent here as elsewhere. 'A friend in power is a friend lost.' But his love for Hay and for Clarence King, not to speak of others, was evidently

an immense element in his emotional life, and if they did not give him education, they did what was even more difficult and vastly better, made him forget it. Moreover, as is indicated in Mrs. LaFarge's charming study of her uncle, there was a peculiar tenderness in Adams's intimate personal relations, very subtle, very elusive, very delicate, but very pervading. As is the case with many shy and self-contained natures, the tenderness showed most in his contact with children. But he had, further, a peculiar gift, by his imaginative sympathy, of eliciting affectionate confidences from young and old.

To what we may assume to have been the deepest love of all Adams himself makes not the faintest reference. His wooing and marriage are not once mentioned in the *Education*, but are lost in the shadowy twenty years which he passes over with a word. Some dream-attachments of early childhood are touched with delicate sarcasm. Beyond this, love as a personal matter does not enter into his wide analysis. From the comments of others we infer that, although he had no children, his marriage gave him as much as any human relation can and more than most marriages do, while his wife's death brought him deep and abiding sorrow. But we may safely conclude that marriage did not give him that mysterious will-o'-the wisp, education, since, after Mrs. Adams's death, we find him seeking it as restlessly and as unprofitably as ever.

So, having traced his search through the complicated phases of the more personal side of life, let us follow it in the even more complicated development of the intelligence.

II

It would seem as if few human callings could afford a wider basis for education in the broadest sense than diplomacy, and Adams had the advantage of all that diplomacy could offer. His father cared for the interests of the Union in London all through the fierce strain of the Civil War, and Henry, as his father's secretary, saw the inside working of mens' hearts and passions which that strain carried with it. He watched everything curiously, gained a fascinating insight into the peculiarities of English statesmanship, drew and left to posterity profound and delicate studies of Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and other figures, some of whom are not soon to be forgotten and some are forgotten already. He sketched with a sure and vivid touch scenes of historic or human significance. Saint-Simon could not have done them better.

But as to education for himself, the private secretary got nothing. In fact, these repeated, progressive, futile efforts seemed only to be carrying him beyond zero into the forlorn region of negative quantity. He found out that he was incurably shy, reserved, unfitted for the obtrusive conflicts of life. He tells us somewhere that he never had an enemy or a quarrel. But without quarrels one does not win many victories, even in the courteous atmosphere of diplomacy. The result of his English experience tended to little but 'the total derision and despair of the lifelong effort for education.'

With practical politics at home in America it was the same. Only here Adams, warned by varied observation of others, made no attempt himself at even indirect personal action. It became obvious to him at a very early age that the sharp and clear decision on matters that cannot be decided, which is the first thing required of all politicians, was quite impossible for him, let alone the lightning facility in changing such decisions which gives the fine finish to a successful politician's career.

He had the true conservative's dislike of innovation, not because he was satisfied with things as they are, but because he had a vast dread of things as they might be. 'The risk of error in changing a long-established course seems always greater to me than the chance of correction, unless the elements are known more exactly than is possible in human affairs.'

But if he did not seek education — where some think it is most surely to be found — in intense personal action, at least he was never tired of observing the complexities and perplexities of American political life. And if these did not give him education, they gave him amusement, as they give it to his readers in his interpretation of them. His own conclusion as to the workings of American government was not enthusiastic. Cabinets were timid, congresses were helter-skelter, presidents were inefficient —or over-efficient — even when well-intentioned, and one could not be sure that they were always well-intentioned. What wonder that the outcome of observation so dispassionate was hardly educative for the observer. It certainly is not for his readers, except in the sense of disillusionment.

From the hard, harsh, clear-cut doings of practical America the inquiring, acquiring spirit naturally turned at times to vaguer portions of the world; set itself to discover whether education might not come from travel and pure receptivity, since it absolutely refused to emanate from the strenuous action of common life. The results, if hardly more satisfactory, were always diverting. Rome? Oh, the charm of Rome! But it could not well be a profitable charm. 'One's personal emotions in Rome . . . must be hurtful, else they could not have been so intense.' And again, Rome was 'the last place under the sun for educating the young; yet it was, by common consent, the only spot that the young — of either sex and every race — passionately, perversely, wickedly loved.'

It might be supposed that at least travel would break up conservatism, abolish fixed habits of thought and life, supple the soul as well as the limbs, and make it more quickly receptive of innovation and experiment. Not with this soul, which found itself even more distrustful of change abroad than at home. 'The tourist was the great conservative who hated novelty and adored dirt.'

Such a result might perhaps be expected from wandering in the Far East, where the flavor of dreamy repose, whether in man or nature, infected everything. But one would have thought that the bright, crystal, sparkling atmosphere of the American West might animate, enliven, induce a brisker courage and a more adventurous effort at existence. Taken beyond middle age, however, it did not induce effort, but only restlessness. 'Only a certain intense cerebral restlessness survived, which no longer responded to sensual stimulants; one was driven from beauty to beauty as though art were a trotting-match.'

And if the sunshine of the western plains could not inspire ardor, it was not to be imagined that the gloomy silences of the Arctic Circle would do it. They did not; they merely fed far-reaching, profound, and futile reflection on the battle of modern practical science with the old, dead, dumb, withering forces of nature. 'An installation of electric lighting and telephones led tourists close up to the polar ice-cap, beyond the level of the magnetic pole; and there the newer Teufelsdröckh sat dumb with surprise and glared at the permanent electric lights of Hammerfest.'

From all this vast peregrination the

conclusion is 'that the planet offers hardly a dozen places where an elderly man can pass a week alone without ennui, and none at all where he can pass a year.'

Was it better with the wanderings of the spirit than with those of the flesh? Let us see. How was it with art, the world's wide, infinitely varied, inexhaustible human product of beauty? Surely no man ever had better opportunity to absorb and assimilate all that art has power to give to any one. Yet Adams's references to the influence of art in general are vague and obscure. He can indeed multiply paradox on that, as on any subject, indefinitely. 'For him, only the Greek, the Italian or the French standards had claims to respect, and the barbarism of Shakespeare was as flagrant as to Voltaire; but his theory never affected his practice . . . he read his Shakespeare as the Evangel of conservative Christian anarchy, neither very conservative nor very Christian, but stupendously anarchistic.' But tried by the one final, ever-repeated test, all that art offers is about as unsatisfactory as American politics or tropical dreams. 'Art was a superb field for education, but at every turn he met the same old figure, like a battered and illegible signpost that ought to direct him to the next station but never did.'

One phase only of the vast outpouring of artistic beauty did engage the curious student, did for the time distract him wholly, involve and entangle his restless spirit in its fascinating spell — the mediæval art which he has analyzed so fully in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. The strange glamour, the puzzling and elusive suggestion and intimation of Gothic architecture, the complex subleties of Christian thought and feeling, as illustrated and illuminated by that architecture, seem to have held him with an almost inexplicable charm; and the insinuating, absorbing, dominating figure of the Blessed Virgin, lit at once and shadowed by the glimmering glory of old, unmatchable stained windows, gave him something — at least offered him the tantalizing image of something — that modern thought and modern wit and modern companionship could never supply.

Yet even here the final impression is that of remoteness and unreality. What can a living soul get from a dead religion? 'The religion is as dead as Demeter, and its art alone survives as, on the whole, the highest expression of man's thought or emotion.' Even to feel the art, you have to make yourself other than you are; and modern nerves, unstrung by the wide pursuit of education, cannot stand this pressure long. 'Any one can feel it who will only consent to feel like a child. . . . Any one willing to try could feel it like the child, reading new thought without end into the art he has studied a hundred times; but, what is still more convincing, he could at will, in an instant, shatter the whole art by calling into it a single motive of his own.'

So we must infer that the charm of this mediæval interlude was largely owing to its remoteness, to the very fact that it was a world of dream and only dream, requiring of the visitor none of the vulgar positive action demanded by twentieth-century Washington. And the very remoteness that made the charm took it away; for souls of the twentieth century must live in the twentieth century, after all.

No one lived in it more energetically than Adams, so far as mere thinking was concerned. To turn from his intimate acquaintance with mediæval learning to his equally intimate contact with the most recent movement of science is indeed astonishing. His curious youth seized upon the theories of

Darwin, twisted them, teased them, tormented them, to make them furnish the vanishing specific which he believed himself to be eternally seeking. They did not satisfy him. As time went on, he found that they did not satisfy others, and he plunged more deeply and more widely into others' dissatisfaction in order to confirm his own. The patient erudition of Germany, the logical vivacity of France, the persistent experimenting of England, all interested him, and from all he turned away as rich — and as poor — as he set out.

No one has more gift than he at making scientific speculations attractive, alive, at giving them almost objective existence, so that you seem to be moving, not among quaint abstractions of thought, but among necessary realities — perverse, persistent creatures that may make life worth living or not. He embodies theory till it tramps the earth. He treats the pterodactyl and the ichthyosaurus with the same intimate insolence as a banker in State Street or an Adams in Quincy, and analyzes the weaknesses of terebratula with as much pride as those of his grandfather.

Yet, when you reflect, you think yourself at liberty to feel a little discontent with him, since he admits so much with others. His exposition of all these scientific questions is brilliant, paradoxical, immensely entertaining. But no one makes you perceive more clearly the difference between brilliancy and lucidity. In mild, steady sunlight you can work out your way with plodding confidence; but a succession of dazzling flashes only makes darkness more intolerable. Adams can double the weight of unsolved problems upon you. He cannot, at least he rarely does, even state a problem with consistent, clear, orderly method, much less follow out the long solution of one. His most instructive effort in this line is the *Letter to American Teachers of History*. Here are two hundred pages of glittering pyrotechnic. You read it, and are charmed and excited and shocked, and left breathless at the end. What is the tangible result? That the investigations of modern science make it extremely doubtful whether mankind has progressed within the limits of recorded history, or ever will progress or do anything but retrograde, and that this famous discovery makes the teaching of history extremely difficult. Well, it is another difficulty, certainly, if the discovery is correct, which Adams would be the last to affirm with positiveness. But it might have been stated in a few words, instead of being amplified and complicated with endless repetition, all the more puzzling for its brilliancy. And among the manifold serious troubles of a teacher of history this one almost disappears, from its very remoteness. Of the far more pressing difficulties, of treatment, of method, of practical interest, Adams discusses not a single one. I doubt if any teacher of history ever laid down the *Letter* with the feeling that he had been helped in any possible way.

Of the more abstract metaphysical thinking that fills the latter portions of the *Education* and of *Mont St. Michel*, the same may be said as of the science. Its breadth is astonishing and its brilliancy extreme. Every typical intelligence from Aristotle to Spencer is touched upon, with an especially long stop at Saint Thomas Aquinas, to sum up and crystallize the whole. At first one is humbly impressed, then one is bewildered, then one becomes slightly skeptical. The result of it all seems too fluid, evanescent. Take the mysterious theory of acceleration. Through various preparatory chapters we are apparently led up to this. Suddenly we find that we have passed it, and we rub our

eyes. The truth is, when analyzed, that the theory of acceleration means that the nineteenth century moved rather faster than the thirteenth. But surely there needs no ghost from the Middle Ages to tell us that. Nor does Adams's latest philosophical work, *The Rule of Phase Applied to History*, improve matters much, though the idea of acceleration is further developed in it. The argument here is condensed after a fashion that would seem naturally to interfere with its lucidity. But when one reflects upon such a tangle of misleading analogies, one is inclined to suspect that fuller elaboration would only have made the lack of lucidity more apparent.

And we are forced to conclude, with the metaphysics, as with the science, that the thinking is more stimulating than satisfying, more brilliant than profound. There is an acute, curious, far-reaching, unfailing interest. There is not systematic, patient, logical, clarifying order and method.

Also, with the lack of method, there is another spiritual defect, perhaps even more serious. The exposition of all these high philosophical ideas is more paradoxical than passionate; and the reason is that the thinker himself had not passion, had not the intense, overpowering earnestness which alone gives metaphysical speculations value, if not for their truth, at any rate for their influence. No doubt, something of the impression of dillettantism is due to the inheritance of New England reserve which Adams never entirely shook off. But the defect goes deeper; and, in spite of his brother's assurance to the contrary, one cannot help feeling that Henry usually approaches the profoundest questions of life and death in an attitude of amused curiosity. One must not take passages like the following too seriously, — and one must realize that years and suffering somewhat modified the flippancy of youth, — but one must take them seriously enough. 'Henry Adams was the first in an infinite series to discover and admit to himself that he really did not care whether truth was, or was not, true. He did not even care that it should be proved true, unless the process were new and amusing. He was a Darwinian for fun.'

As to the last and most practical of all these varied spiritual attempts at education, the attempt — and the achievement — of authorship, one's conclusion is much as with the others. The novels, the biographies, above all the *History of the United States*, are among the most brilliant productions of their time. They glitter with epigrams and dazzle with paradoxes and puzzle with new interpretations, and make one think as one has rarely thought about the problems of American life and character. Of them all the *History* is the most important and the most enduring. It is fascinating in parts, almost abnormally entertaining in parts, yet even in the *History*, as a whole, there is a lack of broad, structural conception, a tendency to obscure large movement by detail, sometimes diverting and sometimes tedious.

Moreover, I cannot help feeling the defect in Adams's authorship that I feel in his general thinking, although authorship was the most serious interest of his life. He spent days in dusty muniment rooms, fortified his pages with vast labor and consistent effort, tried his best to make himself and others think that he was an earnest student of history. Yet, after all his labor and all his effort, I at least cannot escape the impression that he was an author 'for fun.'

III

It is precisely in this lack of seriousness that I find the clue to the failure of

Adams's whole colossal search for education, so far as the education was anything tangible and even the search was in any way serious. I must repeat my ample allowance for the dignified and commendable reserve with which he tells his story. Both his brother and his niece insist upon his extreme shyness and reluctance to intrude his own experiences. But, after all, reserve is rather out of place in confessions so free and intimate as those of the *Education;* and through all reserve the exposure of the inner, the inmost, life is sufficiently complete to show that the perpetual demand for education was at all times fatal to any absorbing ecstasy. When he was a boy in college, his elders remarked that one of his compositions was notable for lack of enthusiasm. 'The young man — always in search of education — asked himself whether, setting rhetoric aside, this absence of enthusiasm was a defect or a merit.' Whichever it was, it accompanied him always and is the main key to his vast, absorbing work. What shall be said of a man who, in recounting his own life up to thirty, makes no single mention of having his pulses stirred, of being hurled out of himself, by nature, or love, or poetry, or God? What can any education be that is not built on some tumultuous experience of one or all of these?

Take nature. In Adams's later life there are touches that show that nature must always have had its hold on him. When he returns from Europe in the late sixties, he finds 'the overpowering beauty and sweetness of the Maryland autumn almost unendurable for its strain on one who had toned his life down to the November grays and browns of northern Europe.' Yet note even here that it is the unendurable side of passion and ecstasy that clings. And the same sense of superiority and willful indifference peers through his wonderful rendering of later natural experiences. 'In the long summer days one found a sort of saturated green pleasure in the forests, and gray infinity of rest in the little twelfth-century churches that lined them.'

So with art. We have seen that he was entranced with the Middle Ages, and we have guessed that this was precisely because of their unreality to a man of the modern spirit. At any rate, there is no evidence anywhere that he was wrapt or carried away by any other art whatever, either the sculpture of Greece, or the painting of the fifteenth century or the nineteenth. 'All styles are good which amuse,' he says. The Gothic and the Virgin amused him. When the sense of Beethoven's music first overwhelms him, he describes this sense in a fashion intensely characteristic, as 'so astonished at its own existence, that he could not credit it, and watched it as something apart, accidental, and *not to be trusted.*' (Italics mine.) With poetry it is the same. His niece tells us that he was 'passionately fond of poetry.' I should have taken 'curiously fond' to be nearer the mark. In any event, the fondness does not appear in his writings. He enlarges at huge length upon the epic and lyric productions of the Middle Ages. Except for some elaborate analyses of Petrarch — and this again is curiously characteristic — in *Esther* and *The Life of George Cabot Lodge,* the poetry of the world might never have existed, for all the account his education takes of it.

I have before recognized that his utter failure to deal with the educative power of human love may be owing to a delicacy that we are bound to respect. But surely the love of God might be handled without kid gloves. Adams hardly handles it with or without them. Of course, in such an extensive syllabus of non-education God has his place, with pteraspis and terebratula, and is treated with the same familiarity as

those distant ancestors, and the same remoteness. Adams also insists that 'Religion is, *or ought to be*, a feeling' (italics mine), and in many pages of *Mont St. Michel* he shows an extraordinary power of entering into that feeling by intellectual analysis. But when he seeks for the feeling in himself, the result is much what he describes when he seeks it in the religious press of the world about him. 'He very gravely doubted, from his aching consciousness of religious void, whether any large fraction of society cared for a future life, or even for the present one, thirty years hence. Not an act, or an expression, or an image, showed depth of faith or hope.' As a factor in education, God counted for little more than terebratula.

The truth is, that in this infinitely reiterated demand for education there is something too much of the egotism which Henry Adams inherited from his distinguished great-grandfather and which had not been altogether dissipated by the intermixture of two generations of differing blood; it being always understood, as has been often illustrated, that egotism is perfectly compatible with shyness, reserve, and even self-effacement. In the preface to his autobiography Adams points out that the great lesson of Rousseau to the autobiographer is to beware of the Ego. In consequence Adams himself conscientiously avoids the pronoun 'I,' and writes of his efforts and failures in the third person. As a result, it appears to me that the impression of egotism is much increased. We are all accustomed to the harmless habit of the 'I'; but to have Henry Adams constantly obtruding Henry Adams produces a singular and in the end singularly exasperating effect. One cannot help asking, what does it matter to the universe if even an Adams is not educated? What does it matter if fifty years of curious experience leave him to conclude that 'He seemed to know nothing — to be groping in darkness — to be falling forever in space; and the worst depth consisted in the assurance, incredible as it seemed, that no one knew more'?

Not that one does not sympathize fully with the admission of ignorance. The best and the wisest, the most earnest and the most thoughtful, admit it likewise. The vast acceleration in knowledge of which Adams complained is the distinguishing feature of the twentieth century. We are swamped, buried, atrophied in the accumulation of our own learning. The specialist is the only relic of old wisdom that survives, and the specialist is but a pale and flickering torch to illuminate the general desolation of ignorance.

But even here it is Adams's attitude that is unsatisfactory, not his conclusions. He proclaims that his life is spent in an effort to seek education; but one cannot escape an impression that he is not very eager to find it. He bewails the overwhelming burden of ignorance that descends upon him — appears to bewail it; but one cannot help feeling that his grief is largely rhetorical, and that, so long as ignorance enables him to gild a phrase or turn an epigram, he can forgive it. He 'mixed himself up in the tangle of ideas until he achieved a sort of Paradise of ignorance vastly consoling to his fatigued senses.' 'True ignorance approaches the infinite more nearly than any amount of knowledge can do.' When a student so much enjoys trifling with the difficulties of his education, he is not likely to make very rapid progress in overcoming them.

Simple and quiet as Adams himself was in his daily life, the thing he most mistrusted, intellectually and spiritually, was simplicity. 'The lesson of Garibaldi, as education, seemed to teach the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity; but one could have

learned this from a glow-worm.' Again: 'This seemed simple as running water; but simplicity is the most deceitful mistress that ever betrayed man.' And he disliked simplicity because it was the key to all his difficulties, as he himself perfectly well knew. He spent his life tramping the world for education; but what he really needed was to be de-educated, and this also he was quite well aware of. He needed not to think, but to live. But he did not want to live. It was easier to sit back and proclaim life unworthy of Henry Adams than it was to lean forward with the whole soul in a passionate, if inadequate, effort to make Henry Adams worthy of life.

Mary Lyon would have seemed to this wide seeker for education very humble and very benighted; but all Mary Lyon cared to teach her pupils was that they should live for God and do something. If she could have communicated some such recipe to Henry Adams, she might have simplified his problem, though she would have robbed the world of many incomparable phrases. An even higher — and humbler — authority than Mary Lyon declared that we must become as little children if we would enter the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps the end of the twentieth century will take this as the last word of education, after all.

THE SKYLARK TEMPERAMENT

A SKETCH IN PEASANT RUSSIA

BY EDWIN BONTA

You would n't ask a child of six to analyze himself for you. If you did, you very probably would n't trust his analysis — or would you? Certainly, all through the years, the traveler in Russia has listened attentively while the peasant described himself. And then, returning to his own country, he has written: 'The *muzhik* is a strange, ununderstandable being, thus and so; I know he is, because he told me so himself!'

Headquarters had ordered that we do all we could to encourage wholesome exercise among the Russian soldiery — the fine old Anglo-Saxon idea. The routine of their present military training made no provision for physical development or fitness, not even through the setting-up exercises we know so well.

Seeing at once the value of this suggestion, I cast about for a way to carry it out, trying faithfully to find the one that appealed most to the soldiers themselves.

Their first and most popular idea was *boks* — the Russian version of the fistic exercise so popular with the soldiery of all the great Allies. But boks was not a success.

I can remember well having to step into the ring to Vasíli after the second

victim of his sledge-hammer blows had been dragged out by the heels.

'Vásya, amiable one,' I said, 'how do you think this is the way to play boks? Only watch when the *Amerikántsȳ* or the Englishmen do it! They don't try for a knockout every bout. They are content to make a gentlemanly game of it — sparring for points, understand?'

Vasíli's eyes opened wide with incredulity and surprise.

'Points! What is it, a point?' he asked. 'If one does n't lay the other out cold, however are we to know who has won?'

So Vasíli and his fellows positively refused to comprehend what 'points' meant, and boks — as boks — had to be given up.

Then we bethought ourselves of basket-ball — a ripping idea, Catchpole had said. All one morning we worked, Timoféy and Pável and I, hanging the baskets at either end of our little concert-hall. All through dinner (where I sat at the head of our long board) the talk was of *bás-ket-ból*, and there was much boasting about what each was going to accomplish in the new sport.

Irína, as Pável had hoped, was duly impressed. And Klávdiya was not wholly unmindful of Timoféy's protestations. Mefódi, too, caught fire at the idea, and talked in loud tones about 'centres,' 'forwards,' 'baskets,' and how he would conjure with them all. But Ánnushka was busying herself even more loudly with her soup.

Dinner over, nothing would do but an immediate trial of the new court. No work would go on, no other interests be taken up, until this was out of our systems.

A few soldiers — Americans familiar with the game — made up an opposing team. Mefódi captained ours. Timoféy and Pável, holding out with characteristic tenacity, succeeded in establishing themselves as our two forwards — feeling that in this position there was greater scope for the display of their prowess. Being easily taller than any of the others, I asked to be made centre, secretly feeling that one could best command the entire court from this strategic point.

But, to our regret, bás-ket-ból also was not much of a success.

'Team-work? What for a thing is this, this team-work?' gasped Pável, hot and panting, in the midst of a life-and-death struggle with Timoféy for possession of the ball. And while they struggled, a deft Michigander snapped it up, and he and an American mate who did understand 'this team-work,' zig-zagged it safely down the hall, well out of the hands of Mefódi and me, and straight into our basket.

And a few moments later, *prrreee* went the referee's whistle as Mefódi came lumbering down the floor, the ball hugged tightly to his breast.

'Listen, Fód'ka!' I explained. 'It's forbidden to run with the ball. Soon as you get it, you must pass it to another team-mate nearer the basket.'

'Yes, and I'll pass it!' retorted Mefódi. 'This little age I am waiting to get a hand on the ball. It's needful to throw a basket!'

'But there stands Timoféy, look. He 'll throw the basket,' I protested.

'Timoféy, yes, and Timoféy,' said Mefódi. '*Tfu!* What does he know how to throw a basket?'

And even while we talked, the Americans threw another basket. And, soon after, another. And yet another.

But to us never a one. Good job Irína and Klávdiya could n't see us now! Good job they were way off in the kitchen behind the swinging door!

Was it imagination, or did I really note a flagging interest, as a score continued to roll up against us? In the words of the Michigander, they were 'showing us up' — us Russians!

Then suddenly things took an unexpected turn.

I was trotting back to position, my back to my mates, when *khlop!* the stout ball caught me square in the nape of the neck, and I went sprawling full length on the floor.

'*Ay, yay!*' yelled Pável.

'Look-look!' cried Mefódi. And all burst into loud laughter.

Quick as a cat, Timoféy pounced on the retreating ball. Gleefully he clutched it, as its new possibilities were revealed to him. Then he swung round and poised himself on his toes, eyes flashing, nostrils dilated, the ball held high above his head. His mates saw the threatening attitude and started for cover. (If only Klávdiya would come in — if only she could see him now! thought Timoféy.)

'*Ay*, Pásha, look alive!' he shouted.

The ball went flying down the hall and caught Pável cleanly in the pit of the stomach.

'*Oy!*' grunted Pável, collapsing in a heap.

As violent, unexpected gusts of wind, or a loud, unheralded crash of thunder, give notice of a coming storm, so these spontaneous incidents gave ominous warning of a surge of excitement that might sweep my temperamental team quite off its feet — a 'carrying away' that might end in anything short of homicide. It must be forestalled if humanly possible. The ball must be retrieved at any cost.

So then — a fundamental mistake on my part — I plunged after the ball. Of course, Mefódi, seeing my sudden move, misunderstood: of course, he thought I had the same in mind as Pável or Timoféy. And being much nearer, he got the ball long before I could reach it — and he was swept into the frenzy too.

His eyes flashed, his hair flew back from his low forehead. Swinging the ball high over his head with both arms, he let fly, full at Timoféy — and I was after the ball again!

Timoféy leaped aside, and it crashed into the wall, dislodging a great birch bough from the Whitsuntide decorations. The bough came tumbling to the floor.

A second time I was too late for the ball; for Pável, up again by this time, had pounced upon it and sent it flying back in the other direction.

And so high carnival went on. The Americans, 'peeved' at such a perversion of their favorite game, had pulled out entirely, and stood disdainfully watching the remarkable display — Mefódi, Timoféy, and Pável, their eyes wide with excitement, hurling the ball about the room at the top of their strength; and I, panting after, vainly trying to recover it from them.

Bough after bough of the decorations came tumbling down. Chair-rungs snapped in two and clattered out. More than one light of window-glass was splintered on the floor. A thin red stream trickled quite unnoticed from Timoféy's temple, and Pável's eye was black and blue. And still the play went on.

Mefódi, not knowing exactly what he did, or where he did it, once more let fly the ball. It went high, far away over the heads of us, straight for the hanging chandelier. *Khlop!* it crashed into this; the chandelier rocked wildly to and fro, and three kerosene lamps tumbled out and crashed in pieces on the floor — the last three lamps in Páchipolda.

'*Okh!*' grunted Mefódi. 'There once! Now look!'

'Fool!' shouted Timoféy, lunging after the ball to send it back at him.

But this time, praise God, Timoféy was too late! The ball at last was already in my hands, and in another moment, locked safe in the putawayery

— the key in my breeches pocket.

And bás-ket-ból, as well, was over and done for in Páchipolda.

Work was taken up again. I was busy at my desk, Mefódi moving silently but officiously about his duties, which seemed to keep him a long time in my room.

As he passed close by, I reached out and laid a hand gently on his arm.

'Fód'ka,' said I. 'Tell, please! Why such *uvlechénie* — such a carrying away — just now?'

'Uvlechénie?' said Mefódi. 'Yes, and was n't it uvlechénie?' And the flood-gates were opened.

'Was n't I telling you we were fools?' he wailed. 'Was n't I telling you it would come out that way?' (I could n't recall any prediction such as this — but then —) 'Would n't you know it would wind up in a carrying away, and glass broken, and chairs broken, and lamps broken, and devil himself only knows what not?'

He dropped abjectly on the bench and buried his shaggy head in his hands.

Suddenly he flung the head up again, a strange, half-defiant look in his small eyes.

'The Amerikántsȳ, they would n't do so! Oh, no! With them never any carrying away, never any uvlechénie! And don't they know this? Are n't they so proud people?' My friend revolved disdainfully with his arms. 'They think they know everything!' And the shaggy head buried itself in his hands once more.

I sat down on the bench close beside him, and laid a hand caressingly on the bent shoulder.

'Mefódusha, my friend,' said I, 'do you know what?' And in quiet tones I went on to assure him that we Amerikántsȳ, too, were steeped in wickedness, indulging in vices so black that it taxed my faint imagination to picture them — weaker, more wicked, more willful than ever the dark muzhik could aspire to be!

A grateful light lit up the mild eyes. With this new confidence between us, our friendship was more strongly cemented than ever. Sure, quite sure now, of a *simpatícheski* ear, Mefódi laid a hand on my shoulder and, seated on the bench together, we descended the shadowy winding path into Inferno.

It was here I learned at first-hand of the tragedy of Russian life; of the fruitless uphill struggle against a cruel climate no other race could have endured; of the hopelessness and discouragement of ignorance; of the relentless oppression of the Imperial police; of the indolence and faithlessness of many of the priesthood — they who should have been to these simple people a source of inspiration and enlightenment.

I too buried my head in my hands, bowed in the presence of a tragedy so stupendous in its magnitude — an intolerable burden patiently borne by a hundred and sixty-odd millions of people.

Mefódi rose and silently slipped out of the room.

I sat on, absorbed in reflection, as what passible soul would not have been? At last — the reward of months of sympathetic interest — I was vouchsafed a glimpse into the true soul of the muzhik — was permitted to stand face to face with the haunting horror of so sad a people.

But what was this, breaking in upon my consciousness? I straightened up and listened.

From beyond the kitchen door came the lively drone of the *garmóshka* — the accordion; the throaty singing of men; the shrill reedy voices of the girls. Stronger and stronger swelled the music. Louder and louder rose the voices.

But, surely, that was n't Mefódi's voice among them?

I went to the door and opened. And

there, true enough! perched on a table, his feet on a chair, sat my friend. Caressingly he clutched his beloved garmóshka, swaying his chunky body rhythmically from side to side as he wrung the melody from the breathy bellows. The corners of his eyes wrinkled as he shouted the lines of his song.

By the stove stood Irínushka, one hand on a broad hip, while the other beat time with a great wooden spoon.

'Úkhar-Kupéts sets the girls in a ring,
Plies them with wi-ine till they frolic and sing.'

So sang Mefódi. And 'La! La, la, la!' echoed Irína. And Klávdiya, and Pável, and Timoféy as well, took up the refrain at the top of their lungs.

'Flings up his purse with a jingle of gold,
"Drink! drink awa-ay! pretty maids, young or old."'

And again Irína took up the loud refrain. Pável whistled screechingly through his teeth; and Timoféy, catching Klávdiya around the substantial waist, whirled her about the floor in the steps that belong to the tune. Even Ánnushka paused in the far doorway as she went about her work, paused to stamp out the measure with her booted heel, smiling a joyous sympathy with the spirit of the moment.

At such an unexpected sight, I was caught breathless with astonishment and incredulity. Could this be the same Mefódi that had poured out his soul?

My sympathies felt a poignant sense of betrayal? And, in an instinctive effort to rally my routed emotions, I fled from the place — sped out across the fields along the broad, placid river, far away from any humanity as strange as this.

As I hurried along in the warm May sunshine, a silvery note, crystal clear, dropped down to me from somewhere out of the blue sky. Taken with its sweetness, I paused and peered up in search of the source.

At last I made it out, a tiny speck that was a lark — climbing, climbing, in wide circles, and singing as he went. Up and up he mounted, trilling louder and louder. And then, even as I watched, he stopped. Stopped and dropped. And what a sight, to one who did not know of the skylark's strange habit! The little creature fell straight and swift as a stone from so great a height, down and down until one foresaw him utterly flattened against the hard ground.

But no! Just before that final moment — just before the smash — he caught himself, spread wing, and started circling upward once more, singing gayly as he climbed.

'Now look!' I thought to myself. 'See what! How is n't this Mefódi exactly like a skylark?'

OF BRAVE HORATIUS, AND ELSIE'S BRAND-NEW BABY

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this chapter of the Journal

LARS PORSENA of Clusium, a crow.
THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a most dear wood-rat.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the gray horse.
BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.
PETER PAUL RUBENS, the pet pig.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.
MICHAEL ANGELO SANZIO RAPHAEL, a fir tree.
FELIX MENDELSSOHN, NANNERL MOZART } wood-mice.

Six Years Old

I HAVE wonders where is Brave Horatius. He comes not at my calling. Two days he is now gone. For him I go on searches. I go the three roads that go the three ways from where they have meeting in front of the ranch-house. On and on I go. To the Orne and Rille I go. I go adown their ways. I call and call. Into the woods beyond the rivière — into the forêt de Saint-Germain-en-Laye I go. I listen. The sounds that were in time of summer are not now. Brave Horatius is not there. I call and call. Then I come back again. I go to the house of the girl who has no seeing. I go on. I go across the fields of Auvergne and Picardie. But I have no seeing of my Brave Horatius. I come back again. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice — he does keep watch by the mill. But these two days he has had no seeing of Brave Horatius. I have wonders where can he be.

Every time I see the chore-boy he does sing, 'There was a little dog and his name was Rover, and when he died, he died all over — and — when — he — died — he — died — all — over.' The last part he does wail in a most long way.

I have not listenings to what that chore-boy says. I go on. I pray on. I look and I look for Brave Horatius. I go four straight ways and I come back four different ways. When I am come I go back and forth by Jardin des Tuileries and across Pont Royal and adown the singing creek where the willows grow. Lonesome feels are everywhere. I call and I do call. And I do go on to where Rhone flows around Camargue.

I wonder where he is. In the morning of to-day, when I did go that way, I did meet with the father of Lola. And I did ask if he had seen my Brave Horatius. He did have no seeing of him, and he did ask where I was going on searches. I did tell him to Orne and Yonne and Rille and to Camargue and Picardie and Auvergne and to forêt de Montmorency. And when I did so tell him, he did laugh. Most all the folks do laugh at the names I do call places hereabout. They most all do laugh 'cepting Sadie McKinzie. She smiles and smoothes out my curls and says, 'Name 'em what ye are a mind to, dearie.' Sadie McKinzie has an understanding soul. She keeps watch out of her window for seeings of Brave Horatius, and she has promised me she will ask everybody that she does see go by her house if they have had seeings of Brave Horatius.

All my friends do feel lonesome feels

for Brave Horatius. Lars Porsena of Clusium hardly has knowing what to do. And Peter Paul Rubens did have goings with me three times on searches. And when I did have stops to pray, he did grunt amen. And he would like to have goings with me on the afternoon of to-day. But the pig-pen fence — it was fixed most tight. And I could n't unfix it with the hammer so he might have goings with me. I did start on. He did grunt grunts to go. I did feel more sad feels. I do so like to have him go with me on explores and searches. To-day I did go on, and then I did come back to give him more good-bye pats on the nose until I was come again. So I did four times. I did tell him, when Brave Horatius was found, we would soon come to his pen.

Then I went on. On I went not far, for the mamma did call me to come tend the baby. And I came again to the house we live in. When sleeps was upon the baby, I lay me down to sleep, for tired feels was upon me. Now I feel not so. I have been making prints. The mamma is gone with the baby to the house of Elsie. I go now again to seek for my Brave Horatius.

A little way I went. A long way I went. When I was come part way back again, I climbed upon the old gray fence made of rails. I walked adown it to the gate-post and there I sat. I sat there until I saw the shepherd bringing down the sheep from the blue hills. When he was come in sight, I went up the road to meet him and all the sheep. And when I was come near unto them I did have seeing that there by the shepherd's side did abide my Brave Horatius. I was happy. I was full of glad feels. Brave Horatius showed his glad feels in his tail —and he did look fond looks at the flock of sheep. I so did, too. And in the flock there was Bede of Jarrow and Alfric of Canterbury and Albéric de Briançon and Felix of Croyland. And there was Cynewulf and Alcuin and Oderic and Gwian and Elidor. And in the midst of the flock was Guy de Cavaillon and Raoul de Houdenc and Edwin of Diera and Adamnan of Iona. I did give to each and every one a word of greeting as I did walk among the flock. And there were others that I had not yet given names to. And last of them all — last of all the flock was Dallan Forgaill.

And when we were come a little way, the shepherd did ask me again what were the names I did call his sheep, and I told him all over again. And he did say them after me. But the ways he did say them were not just the ways I say them — some of them. And he did ask me where I did have gettings of those names. And I did tell him I did have gettings of those names from my two books that Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in. We went on.

Pretty soon I did tell him as how it was while he was gone away to the blue hills I did choose for him another name. I told him how sometimes I did call him by that other name. He did have wantings to know what the other name was. I did tell him this new name I have for him is Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne. He liked it. I told him I did, too. We went on. We did have talks. When we were come near unto the lane I did say, 'Good-bye, Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne. I am glad you and the flock are come.'

He gave my curls a smooth back and he said, 'Good-bye, little one.'

Then Brave Horatius and I went in a hurry in the way that does go to the pig-pen. When we were gone part ways I looked a look back and in the road there I saw Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne still watching us. Then we went on. And we were full of gladness when we did reach the pig-pen, for Brave Horatius and Peter Paul Rubens and I, we are friends. I did say a long thank

prayer for that we were together again. And Peter Paul Rubens did grunt 'Amen.'

Most all day in school to-day I did study from the books Angel Mother and Angel Father did make for me. I did screwtineyes the spell of words. When school was let out, I went in the way that does lead to a grove where many *chêne* trees do dwell. I so went to get brown leaves. After I did have a goodly number I did face about in the way that does lead to the willow creek. When I was come to the log that goes across the creek, I went halfway across. I went not all way across because this is the going-away day of Henry I in 1135, and I did pause to scatter leaves upon the waters. I did let them fall one by one. And they were sixty-seven, for his years were sixty-seven.

Then I went to bugle in the canyon. I did go by the pig-pen. I went that way to get Peter Paul Rubens. He does so like to go for walks in that canyon of the far woods when I go to bugle there. And I do so like to have him go. I have thinks the trees and the ferns and the singing brook all have gladness when Peter Paul Rubens comes a while to walk in the woods. He does carry so much joy with him everywhere he goes. To-day near eventime we did walk our way back unto near the cathedral. We made a stop there for a short prayer service. First I said Our Father, and then I said three short prayers — one was a thank prayer, and one was a glad prayer, and one was a prayer for the safe return of Brave Horatius. As always, Peter Paul Rubens did grunt Amen at in-between times. Then he did go his way to the pig-pen to get his supper. And I went aside to see if there was any sheeps on the hillside. I saw not one. And so I came again to the field. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was at the pasture-bars. There was lonesome feels in her mooings. I went and put my arm around her neck. It is such a comfort to have a friend near when lonesome feels do come.

I am feeling all queer inside. Yesterday was butchering day. Among the hogs they butchered was Peter Paul Rubens. The mamma let me go off to the woods all day, after my morning's work was done. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium went with me — a part of the time he perched on my shoulder and then he would ride on the back of Brave Horatius. Felix Mendelssohn rode in my apron pocket and Elizabeth Barrett Browning followed after. We had not gone far when we heard an awful squeal — so different from the ways pigs squeal when they want their supper. I felt cold all over. Then I did have knowings why the mamma had let me start away to the woods without scolding. And I run a quick run to save my dear Peter Paul Rubens; but already he was dying, and he died with his head in my lap.

I sat there feeling dead, too, until my knees were all wet with blood from the throat of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. After I changed my clothes and put the bloody ones in the rain-barrel, I did go to the woods to look for the soul of Peter Paul Rubens. I did n't find it, but I think when comes the spring I will find it among the flowers — probably in the blossom of a *faon* lily or in the top of a fir tree. To-day when Brave Horatius and I went through the woods we did feel its presence near. When I was come back from the woods they made me grind sausage, and every time I did turn the handle I could hear that little pain squeal Peter Paul Rubens always gave when he did want me to come where he was at once.

I am joy all over. I have found in the near woods a plant that has berries

like the berries *symphorine* has. And its leaves are like the leaves symphorine has. I have had seeings of it before, and every time I do meet with this new old plant, I do say, 'I have happy feels to see you, Symphorine.' And when the wind comes walking in the near woods, the little leaves of symphorine do whisper little whispers. I have thinks they are telling me they were come here before I was come here. I can see they were, too, because their toes have growed quite a ways down in the ground.

I tied bits of bread on the tips of the branches of the trees. Too, I tied on popcorn kernels. They looked like snow flowers blooming there on fir trees. I looked looks back at them. I have knows the birds will be glad for them. Often I do bring them here for them. When I do have hungry feels, I feel the hungry feels the birds must be having. So I do have comes to tie things on the trees for them. Some have likes for different things. Little gray one of the black cap has likes for suet. And other folks have likes for other things. There is a little box in the woods that I do keep things in for the pheasants and grouses and squirrels and more little birds and wood-mouses and wood-rats. In fall-time days Peter Paul Rubens did come here with me when I did bring seeds and nuts to this box for days of *hiver*. When we were come to the box I did have more thinks of him. I think the soul of Peter Paul Rubens is not afar. I think it is in the forest. I go looking for it. I climb up in the trees. I call and call. And then, when I find it not, I do print a message on a leaf, and I tie it on to the highest limb I can reach. And I leave it there with a little prayer for Peter Paul Rubens. I do miss him so.

To-day, after I so did leave a message on a leaf away up in a tree for him, I did have going in along the lane and out across the field and down the road beyond the meeting of the roads. There was grayness everywhere — gray clouds in the sky and gray shadows above and in the canyon. And all the voices that did speak — they were gray tones. And all the little lichens I did see along the way did seem a very part of all the grayness. And Felix Mendelssohn in my apron pocket — he was a part of the grayness, too. And as I did go adown the road I did meet with a gray horse — and his grayness was like the grayness of William Shakespeare. Then I did turn my face to the near woods where is William Shakespeare.

When Rob Ryder is n't looking, I give to William Shakespeare pieces of apple and I pull grass for him. He so likes a nice bit to eat after he does pull a long pull on the logs. And while I do feed him bits of apple and bits of grass, I do tell him poems. William Shakespeare has likes for poems. And sometimes I do walk along by him when he is pulling in logs, and I do tell the poems to him while he pulls. And I give his head rubs when he is tired — and his back too. And on some Sundays when he is in the pasture, I go there to talk with him. He comes to meet me. William Shakespeare and I — we are friends. His soul is very beautiful. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice says he is a dear old horse.

Elsie has a brand-new baby and all the things that go with it. There 's a pink flower on its baby brush and a pink bow on its cradle-quilt. The angel brought the baby just last night, in the night. I have been to see it a goodly number of times — most everything I did start to do, I went aside before I did get through doing it, to take peeps at the darling baby. I so did when I was sent to feed the chickens, and when I went to carry in the wood, and when I went to visit Aphrodite, and when I went to take eggs to the folks that live yonder, and when I went to get some

soap at the ranch-house, and when I went to take a sugar-lump to William Shakespeare, and when I went to take food to the folks in the hospital, and when I went to the ranch-house to get the milk. And in the between times I did go in the way that does lead to the house of Elsie.

The baby — it is a beautiful baby, though it does have much redness of face from coming such a long way in the cold last night. Maybe it was the coldness of the night that did cause the angels to make the mistake. They stopped at the wrong house. I 'm quite sure this is the very baby I have been praying for the angels to bring to the new young folks that do live by the mill by the far woods. Dear Love, her young husband does call her. And they are so happy. But they have been married seven whole months and have n't got a baby yet. Twice every day for a time long I have been praying prayers for the angels to bring them one real soon. And most all day to-day I did feel I better tell Elsie as how this baby is n't her baby, before she does get too fond of it. She so likes to cuddle it now. Both morning and afternoon I did put off going to tell her about it. I did wait most until eventime. Then I could n't keep still any longer. I felt I would have to speak to her at once.

I did have knows that Mrs. Limberger, that was staying with Elsie until the other woman was come back, would n't let me come in the door to see the baby again, because she has opinions that nineteen times is fully enough to be a-coming to see a baby on the first day of its life on earth. So I went and got a wood-box off the back porch, and I did go around to the bedroom window. I did get on top the wood-box, and I made tappings on the window-pane. Elsie did have hearings. She did turn her head on the pillow. And she gave nods for me to come in. I pushed the window a push enough so I could squeeze in. Then I sidled over to the bed.

Elsie did look so happy with the baby. I did swallow a lump in my throat. She looked kind smiles at me. I did not like to bring disturbs to her calm. I just stood there making pleats in my blue calico apron. I did have thinks of Dear Love and the house without a baby by the mill by the far woods. Then I felt I could n't wait any longer. I just said, 'I know you are going to have a disappoint, Elsie, but I have got to tell you — this baby is n't yours. It 's a mistake. It really belongs to Dear Love in that most new, most little house by the mill by the far woods. It 's the one I 've been praying the angels to bring to her.'

Just as I was all out of breath from telling her, there did come the heavy step of Mrs. Limberger's approaches. Elsie did say in a gentle way, 'Come to me early in the morning and we will talk the matter over.' Then I did go out the window.

From the house of Elsie I did go to talk with Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. He does so understand. All troubles that do trouble me, I do talk them over with him. While I was telling him all about how the angels did make a mistake and did bring Dear Love's baby to the house of Elsie, I did hear a little voice. It was a baby voice. It did come from the barn. I went in to see. It was n't in the haystack. It seemed to come from away below. I slid down to the manger of the gentle Jersey cow. I thought she was in the pasture, but there she was in the barn. And with her was a dear new baby calf. When I did ask the ranch folks when it was brought, they did say it was brought in the night last night. I have thinks the same angel that did bring the new baby to the house of Elsie did bring also in her other arm that baby calf to the gentle Jersey cow. To-night

I will pick it out a name from the books Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in. Early in the morning I will go again to the house of Elsie.

Early on the morning of to-day I did go in the way that does lead to the house of Elsie. I did rap gentle raps on the door, and the young husband of Elsie did come to raise the latch. When the door did come open, I did have seeing that his black pumpadoor did seem to shine more than most times and all the vaseline was gone from the jar that sets on the kitchen shelf. I did tell him how Elsie did say for me to come early in this morning. And before he did have time for answers, Elsie did have hearing in the other room. She did call. She did call me to come in. In I went.

The baby, it was beside her. It was all wrapped in a blanket so it could n't even have seeings out the window how the raindrops was coming down so fast. The young husband of Elsie did look fond looks at that blanket. I did begin to have fears he did have thinks it was his baby. Elsie did unwrap the blanket from its red face. It 's just as red as it was yesterday, though the rain coming makes the weather more warm. Elsie did say, 'See its long hair.' And I did have seeing. It was n't long, though — not more than an inch. It was most black. And its eyes — they were dark. It did have prefers to keep them shut. When I did see them, Elsie did say, 'Now about what we were talking about yesterday — next time you go to the house of Dear Love have seeing of the color of her eyes and hair and also of her husband's. I hardly think this baby's hair and eyes are like theirs. And maybe it is where it does belong.'

'I feel sure about that,' said her husband. But I had not feels so.

Just then the mamma did holler for me to come home to bring wood in. I so come. Now she does have me mind the baby. I do print.

When sleeps was come upon the mamma's baby, I straightway did go in a hurry to the house of Dear Love by the mill by the far woods. All the way along the raindrops were coming in a hurry down. Many of them did say, 'I wonder, I wonder.' When I was come to the house of Dear Love, she was there and he was there. Her eyes were light blue and her hair — it was very light. Most cream hair she has got. And her husband that does call her Dear Love — his eyes they are blue and he has red hair. I saw. And I was going right back because I did feel sad feels.

Dear Love, she did lead me back into her house and did have me to sit on a chair. I sat on its corner. And I felt lumps come up in my throat. She did take my off fascinator, and she did take off my shoes so my feet would get dry. Then she did take me on her lap and she did ask me what was the matter. And I just did tell her all about it — all about how I had been praying for the angels to bring a baby real soon to them, and how sad feels I did feel because they did n't have a baby yet.

Her husband did smile a quiet smile at her, and roses did come on her cheeks. And I did have thinks that they did have thinks that this baby the angels did bring to the house of Elsie was their baby. Then I did give them careful explanations as how I too did have thinks it was their baby the angels did bring to the house of Elsie, that I did pray for them to have real soon. And as how I did have thinks so yesterday and last night and right up until now, when I did come to their house and have seeings of their blue eyes and his red hair. I did tell them as how this baby could n't be theirs, because it has most dark hair and eyes, like the eyes and the hair of the young husband of Elsie.

Angels do have a big amount of goodly wisdom. They do bring to folks babies that are like them. To mother sheeps they do bring lambs. To mother horse they do bring a *poulain*. To mother bats they bring twin bats. To a mother mouse they do bring a baby *mulot* and some more like it — all at the same time. To *mère daine* they do bring a baby *faon*. To the gentle Jersey cow they did bring a baby calf with creamness and brownness upon it like the creamness and brownness that is upon the gentle Jersey cow. Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom. They do bring to folks babies that do match them. And after I did tell them that, I did have telling them as how, being as this baby did n't have eyes and hair to match theirs, it could n't be their baby. But I did tell them not to have disappoints too bad, because I am going to pray on — and maybe she will get a baby next week.

When I did say that, her young husband did walk over to the window and look long looks out. I have thinks he was having wonders if two or three angels would be coming with the angel that will be bringing their baby, and if the cradle-quilt they bring with it will have a blue bow or a pink bow on it, and if its baby brush will have blue *fleurs* or pink fleurs on it. I have wonders. I think blue fleurs on its baby brush, and a blue bow on its cradle-quilt will look nicer with red hair than pink fleurs and a pink bow. I have thinks I better put that in my prayers.

By and by, when my feet were dry, they did put my shoes on and they laced them up. They did n't miss a string-hole like I do sometimes when I am in a hurry to get them tied up. Then, when they did have them tied up, they did want me to stay to dinner; but I did have feels I must hurry back to the house of Elsie and tell her that the baby was hers. She might be having anxious feels about it. When I did say good-bye they did give me two apples — one for William Shakespeare and one for Elizabeth Barrett Browning. And they did give me some cheese for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and corn for Lars Porsena of Clusium. And they came a long way with me.

Then I did go on in hurry steps to the house of Elsie. As quick as her young husband did open the door, I did walk right in, for I did have thinks maybe she did have some very anxious feels while I was gone. She smiled glad smiles when I told her it was hers. It must have been an immense amount of relief — her now knowing it really was her own baby. And when I did turn around to tell her young husband it was theirs, her young husband — he just said, 'I knew it was mine.' And he looked more fond looks at the blanket it was wrapped in. I have feels now it is nice for them to have it; and it is good that they will not have needs to give it up, being as it matches them. Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom. This is a wonderful world to live in.

Some days there is cream to be shaked into butter. When there is only a little cream to be shaked into butter, then the mamma has me to shake it to and fro in a glass jar. Sometimes it gets awfully heavy, and my arms do have ache feels up and down. There are most ache feels when the butter is a long time in coming. It so was to-day. I gave it many shakes and I was having hopes it soon would be come. After some long time, when it was most come, the lid came off and it all shaked out. Then the mamma did have cross feels, and the spanks she gave made me to have sore feels on the back part of me. I was making tries to be helps. That butter was almost come.

After I did give the floor washes and mops up where the splashes of butter-

milk did jump, then the mamma put me out of the door and told me to get out and stay out of her way. I so did. I went out across the field, and in along the lane. Lars Porsena of Clusium had going with me. I looked looks away to the meeting of the roads. There was a horse come near unto it. A man was riding on this horse. I like to ride upon a horse. I like to stand up when I ride upon a horse. It is so much joy. I feel the feels the horse does feel when he puts each foot to the ground.

When I did see that horse go on and on, then I did have feels it would be nice to go a long way on explores. I did have thinks William Shakespeare had wants to go. He was in the lane. I gave him pats on the nose and I talked with him about it. We did start on. When we were come to the end of the lane, there was the gate. It did take some long time to get it open. The plug did stick so tight and more yet. I did pull and I made more pulls. It came out. It did come out in a quick way. I did have a quick set-down. I got up in a slow way. I did show William Shakespeare the way to go out the gate. He went, I went. We went adown the road. A little way we went and we were come to a stump. I made a climb upon it. From the stump I did climb upon the back of William Shakespeare.

We went on. When we were come to the meeting of the roads, we went the way that goes to the upper camps.

We went on. And the boards of the bridge did make squeaks as we went across. And they said in their squeaks, 'We have been waiting a long time for you to go across the rivière.' And I did have William Shakespeare to make a little stop, so I could tell the boards I have been waiting waits a long time to go across. While I so was doing they did not squeak. When we made a start to go on they did squeak.

After we were across the rivière, we went in a more slow way. There were so many things to see. Trees and trees were all along the way. There were more ranch-houses. I did have seeing of them set always back from the road, and smoke did come in curls from out their chimneys. At a bend in the road there was a big *chêne* tree — it was a very big one. On its arms there were bunches of mistletoe. I made a stop to have looks at them. I had thinks I might reach up to them. I stood on tiptoe on the back of William Shakespeare. I could reach a reach to one limb. I put my arms around it and had a swing. It was very nice to swing one forward and two back again. But when I was ready to stand on William Shakespeare again, he was not there. I looked a look down and about. He was gone on. I had wonders what to do. There was most too many rocks to drop down on.

Lars Porsena came and perched on the limb above. I did call William Shakespeare four times, and in between I called him by the bird-call that does mean I have needs of him. He did come and he made a stop under the limb. I was most glad. My arms did have a queer feel from hanging there. I was real glad just to sit quiet on the back of William Shakespeare while he did walk on. And Lars Porsena of Clusium did sit behind me.

We went on. We had seeing of the section men working on the railroad track where the donkey engine goes with the cars of lumbers to the mill town. They were making stoop-overs. I had seeing they did screwtineyes the rails and the ties they stay upon. The men did wave their hands to us, and I did wave back; and on the fence there was a bird with a yellow and a little black moon across his front. His back, it was like the grasses of the field grown old. And his song is the song of all the voices of the field. We have seeing of him and his brothers all days of the year.

We went on in a slow way. I did look looks about. And there were birds, robins and two bluebirds and more larks of the meadow and other crows like unto Lars Porsena of Clusium. When we was come to another bend in the road, William Shakespeare made a stop. I made a slide off. I went to pick him some grass. A wagon went by. Two horses were in front of it and on its high seat was a man with his hat on sideways and a woman with a big fascinator most hiding her face. There was seven children in the wagon — two with sleeps upon them and a little girl with a tam-o'-shanter and a frown and a cape. I have thinks from the looks on their faces they all did have wants to get soon to where they were going to. I brought the grass back to the road to William Shakespeare. I smiled a smile and waved to the last little girl of all on the wagon. She smiled and waved her hand. Then three more of them waved. I waved some more. The wagon had its going on, and William Shakespeare had begins to nibble at the grass I was holding in my fingers. While he did nibble nibbles I did tell him poems. William Shakespeare does have such a fondness for poetry and nibbles of grass and sugar-lumps.

While we did have waiting at the bend of the road, I saw a maple tree with begins of buds upon it. I did walk up to the tree. I put my ear to it to have listens to the sap going up. It is a sound I like to hear. There is so much of springtime in it.

We went on. When we were come again to a stump, I did climb again upon his back. We went by a big mill with piles of lumber to its near side, and a long wide roof it had. There was a row of lumber-shanties, and some more. There was children about, and dogs. They did smile and wave, and I did too. We went on. More fir trees of great tallness were on either side the road. They did stretch out their great arms to welcome us. I so do love trees. I have thinks I was once a tree growing in the forest; now all trees are my brothers.

When we were gone a little way on from the very tall trees, in the sky the light of day was going from blue to silver. And thoughts had coming down the road to meet us. They were thoughts from out the mountains where are the mines. They were thoughts from the canyons that come down to meet the road by the rivière. I did feel their coming close about us. Very near they were and all about. We went on a little way only. We went very slow. We had listens to the thoughts. They were thoughts of blooming time and coming time. They were the soul thoughts of little things that soon will have their borning time.

When we did go on we did hear little sounds coming from a long way down the road. They were like the shoe on the foot of a horse making touches on the road in a hurry way. The sound it came more near. We made a stop to have a listen. It was coming more near gray-light-time and we could not have plain sees until the horse was come more near away down the road. Then we had sees a man was riding on the horse. They came on in the quick way that made the little fast patter-sounds on the ground. When he was most come to where we were, the man did have the horse to go in a more slow way. When he was come to where we were, he did have the horse to stop.

The man upon the horse was the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He did seem most glad that we were on the road he was on. He did breathe some satisfaction breathes just like Sadie McKinzie does when she finds I have n't broken my bones when I fall out of a tree. Then he made begins. He said 'The fairies — ' And I said, 'What?' He said, 'The fairies have

left a note on a leaf in the moss-box by the old log. It was a note for me to go until I find you and William Shakespeare — to bring you home again before starlight time.' There was a little fern-plant with the note on the leaf. He gave them to me. And we came our way home.

Now I have thinks it was God in his goodness did send the fairies to leave that fern-note on the leaf. And William Shakespeare and I were glad he was come to meet us, for the stars were not, and dark was before we were come home. But the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice — he had knows of the way of the road by night.

Jenny Strong is come to visit us. She came in the morning of to-day. She came on the logging train. She brought her bags with her. The mamma did send me to meet her at the meeting of the roads. The bags, they were heavy to carry, and my arms got some tired. As we did go along, in-between times I did look looks at Jenny Strong. There is so much of interest about her. The gray curls about her face did have the proper look she wants them to have. To get that proper look she does them up on curl-papers. I have seen her so do when she was come to visit us before. And this morning her plump cheeks were roses. And all her plumpness did most fill the gray dress she was wearing. Jenny Strong has little ruffles around the neck of that dress, like the little ruffles that was around the neck of the man with the glove when Titian made his picture. Those ruffles on the neck of the gray dress of Jenny Strong did look like it was their joy to cuddle up against the back of her black bonnet. That black bonnet has a pink rosebud on it, and every time Jenny Strong does give her head a nod, that pink rosebud does give itself a nod. It must be interest to be a pink rosebud on a black bonnet that Jenny Strong wears.

When we were come to the gate Jenny Strong did hold her cape and her gray dress up in a careful way. She had blue stockings on, and they were fastened up with pink ribbons. She went on while I did shut the gate. I did come after. I could not come after in a quick way because the bags were heavy. Pretty soon Jenny Strong did have seeing I was not there beside her, and she did wait waits for me a little while, and I did come to where she was. We went on. The way was dampness near the singing creek, and Jenny Strong did take dainty steps as we did go along. Lars Porsena of Clusium did come to meet us. And so came Brave Horatius. And Lars Porsena of Clusium did perch upon his back. The pink rosebud on the black bonnet of Jenny Strong did nod itself twelve times as we did go along.

When we were come near unto the house, there was a rooster by our front door. He was strutting along. He was that same rooster that I tied a slice of bacon around his neck this morning because he had queer actions in the throat. When Jenny Strong saw him strutting along with the bacon wrapped around his throat, she did turn her head to the side with a delicate cough.

After Jenny Strong took off her cape and her black bonnet with the pink rosebud on it, I did pull the best rocking-chair out in the middle of the room for her. She sat down in it and she did start to have talks with the mamma. I did go to teeter the baby on the bed as the mamma did say for me to do. Jenny Strong did rock big rocks in that rocking-chair while she did talk. One time she did almost rock over. She breathed a big breath. Then, that she might not rock over again, I did put a stick of wood under the rocker. That helped some. But, too, it did keep her from rocking. She went on talking. I went back to the bed to teeter the baby. While I did teeter the baby I did look

looks out the window. In a bush that I do tie pieces of suet to, there was a little gray bird with a black cap, and his throat it was black. He was a fluffy ball, and he almost did turn himself upside-down on that branch. Then he went a go-away. Only a little way he went. Then he was with more like himself. They went on together.

By and by the mamma's baby did go to sleep, and I climbed off the bed and made a start to go to the nursery. Jenny Strong did ask me where I was going. I did tell her. She said she thought she would like to go with me. We did go out the door. Then I ran a quick run back to get her black bonnet with the pink rosebud on it. I brought it to her. She said, being as I did bring it to her, she would wear it, but she had not intentions to when we started. She had forgot it. But I did n't have forgets. I do so like to see that pink rosebud nod itself.

We went on. We went a little way down the path. Then I did go aside. Jenny Strong did follow after me. She came over the little logs in a slow way. I did make stops to help her. The pink rosebud on the black bonnet did nod itself fifteen times on the way. I did count its times. When we were come to the nursery, first I did show her the many baby seeds I did gather by the wayside in the falltime. I did tell her how I was going to plant them when come springtime. She did nod her head. Every time she so did, the pink rosebud on the black bonnet did nod itself. After I told her most all about the seeds, I did show her the silk bags with spider-eggs in them. Then I did show her all the cradles the velvety caterpillars did make at falltime. I did give her explainings how butterflies and moths would be a-coming out of the cradles when springtime was come. She looked concentration looks at them. She gave her head some more nods, and the pink rosebud on the black bonnet gave itself some more nods. I moved on to where the wood-mouse folks are. I was just going to show her what a nice nose and little hands Nannerl Mozart has, and what a velvety mouse Felix Mendelssohn is. When I did turn about to so do, there was Jenny Strong going in funny little hops over the logs. She was going in a hurry way to the house. I did have a wonder why was it she so went. I gave Felix Mendelssohn more pats and I put him in my apron pocket. And Nannerl Mozart did curl up in the bed I have fixed for her in the nursery. Then I did sing a lullaby song to all the wood-mice in the nursery. And there is a goodly number. I did sing to them the song La Nonette sings as it goes on its way to Oise.

Then I did go through the near wood to the mill by the far woods. I so did go to see the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. When he had seeing that I was come by the big tree, he did say in his gentle way, 'What is it, little one? Is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus not well?'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'he is most well and he did have likes for that piece of cheese you did give to him on yesterday. He is a most lovely wood-rat, and what I have come to tell you about is, we got company. She has a fondness for pinkness. Her name is Jenny Strong. And she has a pink rosebud on her black bonnet and ties her blue stockings up with pink ribbons.' And then I did ask him if he did not have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to wear on days when he goes to cathedral service with me. And too I did tell him how I did have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for William Shakespeare and Felix Mendelssohn and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Brave Horatius.

The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did have thinks like

my thinks. He did say for me to go write the fairies about it. And I did. I did write it on a gray leaf. I put the gray leaf in a moss-box at the end of an old log near unto the altar of Saint Louis. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice knows about that moss-box where I do put letters for the fairies. He believes in fairies, too. And we talk about them. He does ask me what I write to them about and what things I have needs for them to bring. I do tell him, and when the fairies do leave the things at the end of the old log, I do take and show them to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He is so glad.

As I did come back through the near woods, I did stop by some grand fir trees to pray. When one does look looks up at the grand trees growing up most to the sky, one does always have longings to pray. When I did come on, I did hear the mamma calling. When I was come to the door, she made me go stand in the corner of the woodshed. Soon she came out. She did shut the door tight behind her. Then she did ask me what for was it I gave Jenny Strong such a scare, and she did spank me most hard. Now I have sore feels and I have thinks it would be nice to have a cushion to sit on. And I do have wonders what it was Jenny Strong got scares about. I think grown-ups are queer sometimes.

When I did go into the house, all the scares was gone off Jenny Strong. The mamma soon did make me to go under the bed. Here I print. Jenny Strong sits by the fire. She does sit in a rocking-chair with her feet propped up on a soap-box. She hums as she sits. She crochets as she hums. She does make lace in a quick way. Now Jenny Strong and the mamma is gone to the house of Elsie, to see the new baby.

We have lots on the table to eat tonight, because Jenny Strong is come. And most everything I did get to eat I did make divides of it for my animal friends. They will all have a good share. And they will be glad. There is enough for all to have a good amount to eat, which often is n't. I did feel a goodly amount of satisfaction sitting there at the supper-table to-night for a little time. I was thinking how glad the mice will be for the corn I have saved for them — and too Brave Horatius will have good feels in his mouth when he sees that big bone. And the birds will like all the scraps that are on the plate of Jenny Strong, if I can get them before the mamma gives them to that big gray cat. I have seeings that the folks are almost through eating.

I now am not at the table. I was only there for a very little while. I now am under the bed. The mamma did send me away from the table — it seems a long time ago. She did send me away from the table because when Jenny Strong asked me if I liked her dress, I said, 'Yes, and the ruffles around your neck are like the ruffles around the neck of the man with the glove, when Titian made his picture.' Jenny Strong looked a queer look and she said to the mamma, 'What a naughty child!' The mamma did straightway tell me to crawl under the bed and to stay there.

I so am. I have feels Jenny Strong has not had seeing of the picture of the man with the glove that Titian did make. I thought it was nice to tell her her ruffles were like his. They did look so nice. I have wonders about folks. They are hard to understand. I think I will just say a little prayer. My, I do have such hungry feels now! They at the table are not through yet. I make swallows down my throat. It is most hard not to eat what I have saved for my animal friends. But they will like it; so I can wait waits until breakfast-time. In-between times I will have thinks and prayers.

(To be continued)

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

BY NATHANIEL HORTON BATCHELDER

I

MR. SHARP'S plea for democracy, in the *Atlantic* for November, deserved, and doubtless has had, a wide hearing. Schoolmasters especially have read and discussed it; some have taken new courage to fight a good fight; others, having been hit in a vulnerable spot, have made disgruntled rejoinders. On the general point of more and better education as the salvation of democracy, we can all agree. Beyond that, we shall find grounds enough for difference. Mr. Sharp avowedly makes 'a plea and not a programme,' which relieves him of the necessity of going into troublesome details.

By chance I am a school executive, incidentally a product of the public schools, and it is my duty to make programmes. We are told that there must be one common school with one common course of study, and that we must all go to the common school and pursue the one course until the end of high school — this being a realizable ideal 'unless democracy is a dream and impossible.'

Ought we not to begin, perhaps, by defining democracy? Mr. Sharp does not, but implies that democracy (up to the age of eighteen) consists in going to the same school and studying the same things — in other words, compulsory uniformity. Now I have always thought that a democracy was a form of government under which there was the greatest possible freedom for individual development. Is compulsory uniformity, even of a liberal course of study, any better than the forced selection of a vocational education which Mr. Sharp condemns as German and undemocratic? Is the phrase about being created free and equal applicable to mental characteristics? Was not Lincoln right in stating that it applied only to the right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?' Are there not abstract minds and practical minds; inquisitive and acquisitive minds; minds adapted to languages and minds adapted to mechanics? Mr. Sharp naïvely admits that he has not the mathematical faculty. Grant, if you like, that there is a single ideal course of study — will every pupil take it? Is n't there food for thought in the story of Lowell's friend who was going to impart to the domestic duck the rare and distinctive flavor of the wild fowl by feeding it wild celery, and never lost faith in his theory in spite of the fact that 'the damned birds would n't eat it'?

Education is quite as much a matter of habit and attitude of mind as of subject-matter. One thing that a school owes every pupil, granting reasonable effort on the pupil's part, is a fair measure of success. If he is to cope with the problems he is to face after leaving school, he must face them with a confidence born of success in his school life. The haunting, even if subconscious, recollection of failure paves the way for more failures and, often, ultimate disaster. I am not pleading for a

soft pedagogy or for the doctrine of interest in its frequently grotesque form. On the other hand, I will not admit the virtue of the disciplinary type of education that said to the boy, 'I don't care what you study as long as you hate it.' I contend merely that most of the unhappiness in the world comes from trying to adjust at the wrong level, and that we see too many boys starting life with the habit of failure stamped upon them, when a different course of study would have imparted useful knowledge and the habit of success.

There was a fine man whom I met years ago at a boys' club, who told of idealists who came expecting to metamorphose boys from the streets, and went away disillusioned and disappointed. He himself, he said, was a 'pessimistic philanthropist,' expected little, was consequently pleased with small results, and had kept at his work in that settlement some twenty years. He recounted the case of a boy he had seen recently driving a team, but driving it well, and leading a respectable life, as he might not have done but for the influences that had surrounded him. If it is German to analyze one's equipment for life, choose the line that promises the best success, and train one's self for proficiency in it, then we have found something good in Germany at last. Note that I said, 'choose'; for the door to all courses must be open to all candidates, under no pressure but that of wise and friendly counsel.

The response of the supposedly dull to a congenial curriculum is extraordinary. I know a boy of whom the head of one of our best classical schools said, 'He's a fine fellow. If you can educate him I wish you would; I can't.' He had been lagging two years behind the normal school development for boys of his age. By heritage he was destined to be an outdoor, practical man. He shifted to a school where he could study agriculture in a scientific though elementary way. Presto! English, history, and mathematics became possible, whereas the incubus of (to him) impossible subjects had rendered all studies alike intolerable. I had the privilege recently of seeing a boy of fourteen who had failed in a classical régime stand before a class in science for half an hour, giving a lecture and making demonstrations with poise, dignity, and skill. That boy is happy for the first time in his school career, optimistic, bent on succeeding.

It would be interesting to know how much of the present-day discontented, protestant radicalism is due to forcing pupils in school into lines of effort for which they were never fitted. The content of Mr. Sharp's own course of study is left graciously veiled in mystery. But why not science as well as language? The headmaster of a famous classical school said recently that nothing in this field was sufficiently well taught to justify its teaching. But the practice of his school belied his words. *One* science is taught in his institution, — well taught, as I happen to know, — though grudgingly and as a concession to such colleges as insist upon it. If physics, why not chemistry and biology? Then, why not the science of agriculture? Surely it is one of the fundamental sciences by which we live, and perhaps, too, its ramifications will lead the student to ponder the problems of human existence as deeply as will the history of an ancient race. And granting that the title 'high school of commerce' has sounded grandiose in the ears of some of us, do we not know that it is possible to teach commercial geography, bookkeeping, stenography, and the elements of the law that underlies ordinary business transactions? Many a boy can be kept willingly in school by these studies, who will re-

main, if at all, soured, disgruntled, and inefficient, under a single course of study.

There are economic factors, too. I visited an industrial school some time ago, where I was told by the head that the chance to earn a dollar a week in school meant with most of his pupils the difference between coming to school and going to work. Unless we can abolish poverty we shall always be confronted with that problem. Compulsory attendance up to a given age does not solve it, for it is almost better to let the boy go than to make of him and his parents resentful opponents of the system. I saw on my visit a boy just completing a mahogany dining-table. He had made his own working drawings, ordered his materials, kept accurate account of his costs and his own time, and he surveyed his finished work with pride. I am thinking of that boy's education as for 'life' and not for 'a living.' He was going out into the world contented, self-respecting, competent. Many a boy of his type, held to an abstract and uncongenial course, has become the ringleader of a gang subversive of all school discipline.

As for the shop being the best school to prepare for industry, it is only too evident that many manufacturing processes are so much a matter of routine that they require no preparation whatever, afford the worker no satisfaction, and lead to no promotion. True, there are enlightened employers who will take pains to educate their workmen for higher positions because they believe it pays. The fact remains that much of the present unrest and the large turn-over of labor in industrial plants is due to the fact that the workman is merely exploited. Far be it from the schools to prepare boys for specific elementary mechanical processes; but let us have the principles of mechanics for the mechanically minded taught from machines in the cellar or in any story of the building. Where the best results have been attained, it has usually been by industry and the school working together.

If not one course of study, shall there be one *public* school for all pupils? Mr. Sharp assumes that putting persons of all kinds together in compulsory association leads inevitably to mutual understanding and respect. If it does, put them together by all means. Capital and labor, rich and poor, American-born and foreign-born must come to the best possible understanding of each other. But, in the first place, they won't necessarily stay together. Within even the smallest group there is some choice of companions, and those who are congenial will drift together and those who are not will drift apart; and so far as they are compelled unnaturally to stay together, they are as likely to generate enmity as friendship. I am as democratic in my feelings as another, and, as I said, a product of the public schools. I began in the primary grades, with associates in whose veins ran Irish, French-Canadian, Negro, and Chinese blood. I am happy to bear testimony that I found neither meanness nor nastiness in them, though I did in some boys on my own street; but before I had finished my high-school course, difference in ability, in aim, in heritage had separated me from all of them as close companions.

Even if it is desirable to mix all sorts, compulsory attendance at the public school will not necessarily attain that object. I know aristocratic communities where there would not be any of the foreign-born — only perhaps the occasional son of a second or third generation family servitor, and he would not leaven the lump. At the other extreme is the plight of a parent who sought my help recently. Business conditions compelled him to live in a manufacturing town, and his boy was

the only one from an English-speaking home in his room at school. Heaven forbid that he should listen to the plea of democracy to leave his boy there if he could afford to send him elsewhere. All the others needed infinite time to learn the fundamentals of the English tongue, which he had known from the cradle. There was no chance for him to enjoy the freedom to develop his talents to the highest possible point, which is quite as much an essential of democracy as is equality at the polls. It is an axiom of education that pupils grouped together should be not only of the same intellectual advancement, but of approximately the same age and physical development, lest the precocious pupils be bullied and the big, slow ones be made self-conscious. This ideal is doubly hard of attainment where native-born and foreign-born attend the same school.

Again, the stream does not rise higher than its source. The source of the public school is the public treasury. The reason that we have the three-hundred-dollar teacher whom Mr. Sharp deplores is that she is as good a teacher as the community in which she labors is willing to support. While one enlightened man may be willing to pay more, he has but one vote, and can influence, at most, only a few more.

II

The principal objections to the private school I conceive to be that it is accessible to only one class of pupils, not always the most worthy, and that its cloistered life unfits its graduates for effective service in a democracy. To the first objection one may retort that many who are unworthy ride in automobiles while their betters walk; yet there is no agitation to abolish automobiles. This, however, is mere smartness of debate and no real answer. Nor can a categorical answer be given, because not all private schools are of the same type. First, there is the cramming school, which draws a few worthy pupils who, by reason of sickness or other misfortune, need to cover much ground speedily, together with a much larger number of the lazy, incompetent, and immoral, who would like to go to college for a good time, but would consider it stupid to learn anything for themselves when they can hire the brains of others. It were better if no such schools existed, but they are negligible in number and do less harm to the community than to the individuals whose intellects they help to debauch.

Then there are private schools doing a legitimate work at a legitimate price, but necessarily a high one. They furnish a superior article to such as can pay. The automobile comparison holds true. And yet even the men in these schools see their weakness. Sitting beside a good friend at dinner in one such school years ago, I heard him deplore the fact that all the boys came from the same kind of homes, bought their clothes in the same shops, and were going to the same two colleges. There was nothing but deadening uniformity. Recently, after a long and distinguished service, he told me that the school was founded on a social fiction and could not long continue.

Lastly, there are a number of academies and endowed schools where admission is easy for any boy of brains and ambition, where tuition fees are low and scholarships many. Obviously this is the type to which all should tend, and it is a healthful sign that many are doing so. One school that has always been for the rich only is now raising a fund of half a million dollars to provide scholarships for worthy boys who cannot pay the full price.

There are as wide differences in the degree of isolation from the community.

Some parents and some schools unfortunately do fear the 'divine hazard of democracy.' They want their boys to form a caste. Though they try to inculcate ideals of clean living and talk a good deal of 'service,' they spoil the boys by letting them be waited upon, and the only 'service' that the boy dreams much about is being a famous statesman or making a magnificent and condescending gift to charity when he has made his pile. Of the feeling that he is common clay like anyone else, that it is what he does and not what he inherits that counts, there is very little. The snobbery that is possible in the faculty is shown by a story of an undermaster of no great social position who spoke with enthusiasm of the 'democracy' of the school. 'The boys went canoeing with the masters.' He did not last long. I suspect the boys found him out. And the boorishness that is possible in a boy is illustrated by what I had reported to me recently — a boy from a fashionable school seated in the club car of a train, with his feet sprawled across the aisle, retorting to an older man, who asked him to move them so that he could pass, that he was as good as anyone and would do as he chose.

There are simple cures. First, let the teachers themselves by precept and example encourage right relations with the community. Let them be members, and officers, of local chambers of commerce, and of charitable and benevolent societies; let them hold political office. Let them be broad and simple and serviceable, and we need not fear for their charges. Too great devotion of teachers to their tasks makes them, perhaps, better teachers of Latin or mathematics, but certainly worse teachers of citizenship, which is their higher vocation.

Second, broaden the clientele. It is not difficult to raise money to endow scholarships. It is easier still for boarding-schools to take day pupils from the vicinity for little or nothing. There is real need of this, for the public schools of the country are the poorest. Since the buildings and faculty are already provided for the benefit of the pay pupils, these day scholars cost the school literally almost nothing. But one must be sure that the social organization of the school is such that the day boy feels really at home, else neither he nor the school receives any benefit. *Every private school should represent a fair cross-section and not a stratum of society.* The advantage that it confers on the nation is the superior education of a relatively small number of pupils. It must be certain to reach those most worthy. We need two things in a democracy; the highest possible general level of education, and the best possible training for those of superior ability. It makes very little difference to the community if those of ordinary capacity do not reach their fullest development; but if a destined leader in science or literature or public life falls short of what he might have been, the loss is incalculable. The private school must not only be accessible to these potential leaders, regardless of social or financial standing; it must earnestly seek them by every means possible.

Lastly, as Mr. Sharp suggests, let everyone work — not necessarily at a trade, but at the useful labor by which we all live. 'The discipline of life should come from the normal acts of living.' Is it not ridiculous to send able-bodied boys away to school, to be waited upon like elegant gentlemen in a club, to have even their tennis courts rolled and their hockey rinks cleared of snow so that they, forsooth, may play? Can anything do more to encourage snobbery and contempt for labor and those who perform it? Begin by saying, 'Only those may play who will care for the playgrounds.' If the afternoon's

tennis or hockey or baseball is shortened by pulling a roller or wielding a shovel or pushing a lawn-mower, the boys will have had as much and as beneficial exercise, their sport will be the sweeter because it has been earned, and they will be more self-respecting. Next, let them take full care of their rooms, make their beds, sweep and dust. The retort has been made that this is woman's work. It is also, if you notice, soldier's work. I have yet to hear of a single 'goody' with our expeditionary forces. Let the boys also serve the meals, rich and poor alike taking their turns, not as servants who stand always at attention, but as members of a simple family who put the dishes on the table and then sit down with the others. Even this is not enough; but the rest must depend upon local conditions. If you are unconvinced of the principle, try it. See if your boys are not less likely to leave a mess for others to clear up; see if they are not more courteous to their elders and more considerate of those less fortunate than they.

Let me recount the case of one boy who attended an ultra-fashionable boarding-school. His mother, a widow, became distressed because he expected so much of her, wanted her to wait on him, did n't see why she could n't give him all sorts of luxuries and indulgences. She appealed to the master of a school where the boys live under such a régime as I have just described. She said, 'Of course, he'll hate it, but I shall be grateful if you'll take him.' The fact is, he liked it from the start, and became quickly unselfish and considerate. Boys, like grown-ups, will accept as many luxuries as they can have, but they admire most the competent, vigorous men of their acquaintance. They may envy the idle rich, but they idolize the Roosevelts.

The great advantage of the private school is its independence, educationally and politically. We have seen the evils of a state-fostered education in Germany. The solution is a sharing of the field by public and endowed institutions. Educationally, the private schools have made less of their freedom than they might. They have been slower to introduce new subjects, or new methods of teaching the old ones, than the public schools. The standard by which they have measured their own efficiency has been too exclusively success in passing college examinations.

Judged by their fruits, the private schools have justified themselves. During the war their graduates were the first to volunteer; practically all who were physically fit and of military age went. The young officers who led our army, a group of men unequaled for patriotism, physical fitness, and mental vigor, were recruited in large part from the private schools.

III

The experience of the war suggests a possible means of attaining some of the desirable ends that Mr. Sharp seeks. If difference of aim, difference of intellectual capacity, difference of language, make it undesirable to herd all our polyglot population together for nine months in the year for all the years till they are through high school, there is still ground where they can meet, and in a common service find a bond of union. Universal service, not necessarily military, being largely physical and not intellectual, and of short duration, offers advantages for getting all our people together that the schools do not possess. The summer vacations are too long, and should be put to some educational use. Yet the season is not adapted to a continuation of indoor book-work. From an early age I would have the boys brought into camps for

several weeks in the year. I would have their régime there include hygiene, physical training, formal exercises to promote discipline and obedience, salutes to the flag, together with talks by prominent men on our form of government, personal responsibility to governmental authority, and other patriotic subjects.

In the later years I would include the elements of military drill and tactics, because the duty to defend one's country when attacked is a supreme responsibility, which cannot be undertaken without preparation. We must choose between a large professional army and a larger body of citizens physically fit and trained to obedience, from which an army can be recruited in a short time.

But I would also include from the first some constructive service. Reforestation and national highways immediately suggest themselves. In rendering concrete service to the country, our youth would gain in patriotism. In rendering it all together, they would learn lessons of democracy.

SPRING IN THE STUDY

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

I

The winter has grown so still,
I can pause and pluck what I will
From the arms of Time as he goes.
All the poems with beauty half-hid,
Yet touching my haste like a rose,
May fall to me now if I bid.

There's the book whose pages shall read
Like the hearts of old friends, who will need
For its quaint flowered paths no guide,
And into the late, sweet night
Will smile as they lay it aside —
The book that they once meant to write;

And one that may haunt a strange road,
Like a voice blown low from a wood,
And be song to the wanderer there

Till the inn is a dark thing and cold,
And the night is a roof-tree dear,
And the moon his hearth of warm gold;

And that other whose music may be
As a flight of birds to the sea;
To the far island beaches made brave
With the feet of to-morrows; where strain
The lifters of stone from the grave
Of the world we have dreamed us and slain.

II

What is this sudden gayety that shakes the grayest boughs?
A voice is calling fieldward — 't is time to start the ploughs!
To set the furrows rolling, while all the old crows nod;
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod.
The pen — let nations have it; — we'll plough a while for God.

When half the things that must be done are greater than our art,
And half the things that must be done are smaller than our heart,
And poorest gifts are dear to burn on altars unrevealed,
Like music comes the summons, the challenge from the weald!
'They tread immortal measure who make a mellow field!'

The planet's rather pleasant, alluring in its way;
But let the ploughs be idle, and none of us can stay.
Here's where there is no doubting, no ghosts uncertain stalk,
A-traveling with the plough beam, beneath the sailing hawk,
Cutting the furrow deep and true where Destiny will walk.

MY BOW SAVES EGYPT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THE third day of my convalescent leave in Nice drew to a close. I was toiling up many pairs of stairs, carrying a borrowed 'cello back to its home, when I was accosted by a stranger. He was a short person in a semi-military, semi-postman's blouse, and a semi-postman's, semi-ecclesiastical cap. He fixed me earnestly with deep-set eyes. They were the eyes of an enthusiast, burning unquenchably behind small, steel-bowed spectacles.

'Sir,' he cried, 'I demand pardon, but do you play that?'

He pointed to what I held under my arm.

'Mais oui, monsieur,' I returned in my very choicest French.

'Do you play it *well?*'

The little eyes flamed even more eagerly. It came to me that my cross-examiner was one of those engaging and radio-active souls whom one cannot choose but like from the first. I explained that, though my recent experience of the trenches had not conduced to the formation and maintenance of a technic comparable to that of Pablo Casals, yet —

> 'Much had I 'celloed in the realms of gold,
> And many good quartets and trios seen:
> On many fiddling orgies had I been —'

'Hold, enough!' cried the ecclesiastical stranger, stretching forth two fingers toward me as if in benediction. Decision dawned on the little face, and the pointed beard bristled determinedly.

'My mind is made. Let me entreat you to come and save me from destruction!'

'The poor fellow,' thought I, 'is mad. Much enthusiasm has addled his brain. Or perhaps it's on account of the war.' I began to realize that this was a dark and lonely stair, and that it would be as well to humor the stranger. So I said sympathetically, 'Of course, I'll save you from destruction — that is, if I'm up to it. You must tell me how the thing can be managed.'

'Know, then,' returned the little man, drawing himself up to his entire five-feet-four, 'that I am the Abbé Quillper. On the morrow I produce and conduct, for the first time on the Azure Coast, the opera of *Joseph in Egypt* by the immortal Méhul. Alas! at this the eleventh hour, my violoncello lies stricken with the Spanish influenza.'

'Is the flu, then, spreading to the instrumental world?' I inquired soothingly. 'I knew the 'cello was almost human, but really — '

'It is the instrumentalist,' said the abbé hastily, 'who lies stricken. Behold, I have ground to a powder the soles of my boots in running about Nice to find another 'cellist. Vain quest! All are either struggling in the throes of over-work, or lie in the clutches of the epidemic. I know not in which direction to turn. *Voilà!*'

The abbé showed me the southern exposure of his off foot. He had spoken the truth. He was on his uppers! It occurred to me that perhaps the little man was not mad at all, only desperate. I leaned against the balustrade and summarized the situation. Joseph was a musical character whom hitherto I

had encountered neither in nor out of Egypt. This astonishing stranger proposed that, as sole 'cellist of heaven alone knew what orchestra, chorus, and band of protagonists, I should read Joseph at sight, without rehearsing, and at the *première* performance. Truly a dubious proposal!

On the other hand, what untold possibilities it opened up in the line of vagabond musical adventure! Were the stranger mad or sane, here was a sporting proposition ideally calculated to inflame the imagination of the true fiddler errant.

'Abbé,' cried I to the surprising Quillper, 'I'm your man!'

Early the following afternoon, 'cello and I drove up to the appointed number. At the very outset I was forced to confess that the place looked more like a tenement than an opera house, and my fears for the sanity of Quillper were revived. Up many dingy flights I toiled, seeking for Joseph and fearing a sell. At length, on a door, I saw the abbé's card.

A lady one hundred years of age answered my knock. She was bowed beneath the weight of at least fifty of them. I thought that she seemed a fit companion for the pyramids, and inquired if this were Egypt.

'One little moment, monsieur, and I will conduct you thither.'

She donned a bonnet that would have done credit to the Sphinx, and tottered forth in the lead. A curious pair we must have looked, promenading down that chic boulevard, the Sam-Browne-belted six-feet-one of American officer clutching the exceedingly French chemise of an Italian 'cello, piloted by the four-feet-nothing of the Sphinx, who was bent double the better to

> Curiously inspect her lasting home.

An apparently vast throng was struggling for admittance to a small building. 'Behold the opera house,' said the Sphinx, and vanished.

I formed myself into what a football player would have called 'interference,' and preceded the 'cello into the interior. Four hundred of the natives of Nice were jamming a parochial theatre. The Abbé Quillper extricated himself and me from the mob, greeted me with mingled affection and relief, and installed me in the sharp angle made by the port railing of the orchestra.

We musicians were jammed together with such strict economy of space that my up-bow speared a second violinist painfully in the lumbar region, while my down-bow played the mischief with the other 'cellist, a charming lad of seventeen. After the overture began, however, it became clear that, if I could manage to play my part with one continuous down-bow, it would be better for the musical quality of the opera. The more I interfered with the activities of my bull-fiddling colleague, the more would I contribute to the general well-being of *Joseph in Egypt*. For the lad could be counted upon with certainty to do only one thing — and that was to play the wrong note in the right place. As for playing the right note at any time, wrong or right, that ideal would be as unattainable for him as it would be for the Abbé Quillper to look old and apathetic, or for the Sphinx to appear young and sprightly.

I now saw that the abbé had spoken with a broadly, though not literally, prophetic vision in declaring that I would be the only 'cellist in the orchestra. He might safely have gone further. Mine was the only bass voice in that shrilly treble throng of instruments — always excepting my colleagues. Throughout that memorable afternoon I spent my force in inducing him by veiled innuendo, entreaty, cajolery, and at last by threats of personal violence, to play only the rests. At length, to the vast

improvement of the general effect, I succeeded. But the nice lad, far from resenting my efforts, turned pages for me, heaped coals of fire on my head, and then quenched them with bottles of beer which he brought me during the *entr'actes*.

Though candor compels me to refer to it as one speaks of the sick, the performance did almost as well as was to be expected under the circumstances. Only three times that afternoon, despite the Bolshevist activities of my side-partner, did we come to absolute grief, and cease and determine and gird ourselves anew for the fray, and begin back again at the letter Q.

There was a fourth time, though, when it would have been somewhat better had we ceased, or at least, determined. This was when the Children of Israel had to do a grand triumphal parade around a stage at least fifteen by twenty feet in expanse. The cornet led off all by himself with a truly brilliant fanfare. Taking their cue almost at once from the cornet, the Children of Israel, captained by the boy Benjamin, began, with the greatest confidence and resolution, to sing something in French, the purport of which I could not catch, probably because I was counting my rests.

Then we of the orchestra came in. But as soon as we took in the nature of the sounds we were emitting, we exchanged glances of dazed bewilderment, not unmingled with consternation. *We were playing in a different key!* Simeon, old villain that he was, winced painfully. The beard of the Patriarch Jacob palpitated with a profound emotion. The boy Benjamin grew paler by several degrees, but he did not falter. He glared down at us with an expression like that of the poilu in the poster who is saying, 'They shall not pass!'

Prepared by previous painful experiences with amateur orchestras, I saw in a flash what had happened, and swore under my breath that no cornetist ought to be allowed at large without a keeper. This one, with the absent-mindedness of true genius, had inserted in his instrument the short B-flat shank instead of the long A shank which had been prescribed for him by the immortal Méhul when inspiration from on high had guided his quill through the gross darkness of Egypt.

Anarchy now reigned supreme. I endeavored to become the man of the hour and jump into the breach. The plan I formed was to reconcile conflicting interests by transposing my part to the exalted key of the cornet and of Israel, and then, by a gradual subsidence, comparable to that of the primordial ocean when it sank, revealing the continents, to lead the vocalists down to the more mundane levels of the orchestra. At least, I hoped to find some grounds of compromise between the belligerents. That hope proved vain. And to this day I am sure that our audience is convinced that Méhul, when he really tries, can be fully as modern a composer as any Bloch or Schoenberg or Stravinsky of them all.

As became a stage under the direction of an abbé, the buskined boards remained entirely free from all authentic petticoats. When I found my way behind the scenes during the first *entr'acte*, I sought in vain for the gay Mrs. Potiphar, nor could I discover dancing girls or Nile maidens or a daughter of any of the Pharaohs. It was all strictly stag. But I distributed cigarettes *Américaines* with impartial hand to the children of light and of darkness, and noted that even the virtuous Joseph did not repulse the offer of an Egyptian Deity.

All the time I marveled more and more and was astonished in spirit at the versatility of that myriad-minded man, the Abbé Quillper. During the first act I had noticed that this maestro, when-

ever the music ceased for so much as ten measures in slow time, or twenty in fast, always instantly cast down his baton and doubled for the stage door with grim determination, elbowing aside, with a technique evidently begotten of long practice, the throng that blocked the side passage, a few of whom reposed habitually on the back of my neck. I now saw why this economy of time. The man was leading, not a double, but a quintuple life. If he had been a sea-faring person, he might well have claimed, in the words of the lamented Gilbert, —

> Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
> And the mate of the Nancy brig,
> And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
> And the crew of the captain's gig.

I now perceived the nature of the activities he must have been engaged in during these brief excursions. When I first arrived in the wings, he was busily enveloping the chorus in flowing draperies of orange, scarlet, and royal purple. His poilu-postman's coat of many colors had been cast aside, and he was now 'transpiring' so freely that his earnest little beard was quite moist. Then, moving so swiftly that the sight scarce could follow him in his flight, he made one convulsive leap, dragged a tall ladder from a recess, seized a hammer, armed himself to the teeth with tacks, and began tacking up a backdrop consisting of the Sahara Desert, the Pyramids, an obelisk or two, and a sphinx closely resembling the good lady who had conducted me thither.

From that eminence, breathing out threatenings and tacks, he successfully composed a difference that had arisen between Gad and the progenitor of the half tribe of Manasseh, *in re* the equitable division of a joint bottle of beer. (Bearing in mind a painful but quickly smothered commotion which occurred in the course of the ensuing act among the ranks of the bare-footed Children of Israel, I sometimes wonder now, recollecting these emotions in tranquillity, whether, before the curtain rose, all those tacks had been retrieved from the well-trod stage.)

With his own hands the good abbé clutched, carried, and set in position the bath-chair in the depths of which the Patriarch Jacob (aged 17) was to recline at the dramatic moment when his son Joseph (aged 19) would break to him the news of their mutual relation. No sooner was this a *fait accompli* than, purple and streaming, the great Quillper rushed forth with a play of elbows into the presence of the impatient groundlings, buttoning his poilu-postman's raiment as he ran; seized and brandished the baton in a masterful manner — and the fun was on again.

I blushed. 'And this,' thought I with a pang of shame, 'is the stupendous genius whom I put down for mad no earlier than yesterday afternoon!' But after all, I was comforted by recalling that even Lombroso had also been misled into supposing Parnassus and Bedlam twin peaks.

When the curtain finally fell upon a scene of touching but triumphant composition of all conflicting claims, I reached out my hand for the chemise of my 'cello with a sigh of undeniable relief. For four mortal hours had I been pent in the stifling atmosphere of Egypt. I yearned for a breath of the vital airs of the Azure Coast. Besides, I was late for a tea.

'*Un moment*,' interposed my colleague. 'Do you not wish to await the *Marseillaise?*'

Why, of course I'd await it! Was n't I the only American present, and in uniform besides?

At that point of the proceedings the Abbé Quillper showed still another facet of his versatile nature. He mounted a chair, and for some ten minutes harangued the crowd with unfailing

fluency. Now, I can understand French fairly well when the speaker does not exceed twenty-five miles per hour. Alas! the abbé was hitting up a good sixty. All that conveyed itself to my straining intelligence was that a collection was about to be taken up in favor of some extremely worthy object, the precise nature of which I shall never know.

Then the abbé bounded like a young roe from off his chair, seized the postman's ecclesiastical head-dress, and passed it personally to every man, woman, and child present. Since the fall of the curtain *un moment* nearly half an hour in length had elapsed. Wielding practised elbows, the abbé then rushed into the wings. From my position on the extreme flank of the orchestra, and endowed as I was by an all-foreseeing Providence with a long and adaptable neck, which I now craned, I beheld that myriad-minded man washing the grease-paint from the grubby countenances of the Children of Israel.

Back tore the abbé, leaving human eddies in his wake. He rapped so loudly for attention that he cracked his baton. He shouted hoarse and impassioned but precise directions to an invisible electrician. Everybody was on the *qui vive*. For at the foot of the programme, in heavy type, stood: —

APOTHÉOSE À LA FRANCE ET CHANT DE LA MARSEILLAISE

But when the curtain finally rolled up its full majestic height, we beheld the Allies grouped, each under his own flag. The ensuing performance of the French national hymn lacked volume, so completely were we all stupefied by the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle.

I reached for the chemise, but felt a detaining hand on my arm. 'Encore la Marseillaise!' whispered my fellow 'cello.

'All right!' I played with a will, faking an even richer bass than the first time, when I, too, had been slightly overcome by what I had seen on the stage. We made an end.

'Now then,' shouted the good abbé (I give the gist of his utterance), 'all together, chant yet again the Marseillaise, and put your backs into it this time!'

But when we were through putting our backs into it, I did not even make a pass for the chemise. I had lost hope. Nor was my state of mind unjustified. Eleven times, hand-running, by actual count, did we perform the national hymn of France!

At length the abbé, definitively casting down his ruined baton, made for the stage door at top speed. To my surprise and no small embarrassment, however, he did not burst as usual into the wings. Instead, he stopped directly behind me, leaned over the railing of the orchestra, flung his arms about my neck, kissed me on both cheeks and acclaimed me distinctly before the interested audience as the savior of Joseph, the Children of Israel, the science of four-part harmony, and the immortal Méhul. And, working up to an impassioned climax, '*Monsieur le Lieutenant Américain*,' said he, 'will you not deign to bear me company around the corner? There, on the sidewalk before the Café de Monte Carlo, shall I invite you to join together with me in an *apéritif*. Thanks to you, Egypt is saved!'

THE MODERN MISSIONARY

BY HOWARD S. BLISS

I

It was during the war. Ahmed Djemal Pasha, Viceroy of Syria and Minister of the Marine in the clever but infamous Ottoman Cabinet, had been visiting the American College at Beirût. For some time previous he had been taking note of the record of our graduates, and he made this request: 'I want to send to your College, for a period of six weeks, Jamil Bey, whom I have recently appointed Director of the newly established Saladin University in Jerusalem. I wish him to live among your teachers and students, to study your methods, and to discover, if possible, the secret of the success which your graduates have attained.'

Jamil Bey came. He did not stay six weeks, but he made good use of his brief sojourn. He was a man of intelligent, alert, and serious mind. His first survey of our campus, our buildings, our equipment (and they are not insignificant) brought him almost to despair. 'How can we hope,' he exclaimed, 'to compete with all this?'

I assured him that the growth of the College had been slow; that it had taken fifty years to reach our present strength. 'But we are here,' I continued, 'not as rivals; we are here to share with the people of the East the best things we have in the West, or rather to exchange the best things that East and West have received. For the whole world needs the whole world. We wish, moreover, to promote and not retard the native educational enterprises in the Near East. In fact,' I added, 'it is our purpose to render ourselves, not indispensable, but, as soon as possible, *dispensable*, and we shall go elsewhere just as soon as the ideals of education and of life cherished by us are adopted here.'

In my study, a little later, we reached deeper things. His eagerness to get at the hidden roots of our success became increasingly apparent. He especially asked about the religious problem — for he knew of the astonishing variety of religious sects represented in our student body. I told him that our motto was 'Frankness and good-will'; that every student's theological and religious opinions were sympathetically respected. I illustrated our attitude in these matters by telling him how the College — missionary and Christian as it is — joins every year with its Moslem, Druze, and Behai students in their religious celebration of Mohammed's birthday.

The scene is, indeed, impressive. I have in mind the last celebration: a great throng of reverent students — Sunnis and Shiites; white-turbaned sheikhs scattered through the audience; the low chanting of the Koran; the serious and restrained orations — previously censored by the Moslem students themselves and thus rendering almost unnecessary any further censoring by the College authorities. In the closing address, given by a responsible officer of the College, the speaker makes it clear that, as a representative of the Chris-

tian religion, he is glad to have a sympathetic share in all efforts to strengthen the forces of righteousness in the world. Praising the splendid democracy that obtained in early times among Moslems themselves, — no rights withheld because of color, poverty, or social status, — and commending Omar's massive declaration upon becoming Caliph: 'By God, he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights; but him that is strongest will I treat as the weakest, until he complies with the laws,' he pleads that this spirit should not only be maintained among Moslems to-day but extended by them so as to embrace all mankind. He bids them retain the sense of the nearness of God asserted in the Koran's memorable line, 'God is closer to you than the great artery of your neck.' He urges that they should remain true to their Book's injunction as to intoxicating liquors, at just this epoch when Western peoples are grappling with the evils of alcoholism. Characterizing as a stroke of genius the Moslem custom of calling men to prayer through the matchless human voice, rather than by means of bells, beautiful as these are, he begs all the students, Christian as well as Moslem, to turn their thoughts Godward at the summons of the muezzin. And, finally, he pleads for an ever deeper, richer interpretation of the word *Islam*, until everywhere it shall connote an active, personal, intelligent submission to the Will of God in body, mind, and spirit, and thus stand for a true and a sound conversion.

To all this, and to the recital of other illustrations which I gave of the attitude of the College toward his own and other non-Christian beliefs, Jamil Bey listened with wondering and deepening interest. He opened his heart. 'We need your help,' he cried, 'all along the line, but especially in the training of our Moslem religious leaders. We are groping in the dark and we need a helping hand.'

It was stretched out to him. In the earnest conversation that followed, I referred to the difficulties which the Christian Church had experienced and was still experiencing in adopting the scientific method of studying the Bible as represented by the principles of the Lower and the Higher Criticism, and I dwelt upon the final necessity confronting every religion of vindicating its truth by an appeal to the inner authority of a spiritual experience rather than to an external and mechanical norm. Sympathetically, but frankly, I pointed out to him that, as the orthodox Moslem belief concerning the inspiration of the Koran was more mechanical and rigid than any of the current theories regarding the inspiration of the Bible, his task would not be a light one.

The subject was renewed at other interviews. I hope he got some help. At least he took with him, for detailed study in his Theological School at Jerusalem, the latest catalogue I had of a leading American theological seminary, with its noble programme of up-to-date theological discipline, with its outlook wide as truth, with its sympathy for all religious aspiration.

Well, the Saladin University of Jerusalem has disappeared and disappeared forever; and Jamil Bey has disappeared (I hope not forever: he was a charming and earnest gentleman); but the episode just related serves to indicate the spirit in which many a modern missionary in all parts of the world is to-day working out his task. *Missionary*, I repeat, for this College of which I have spoken, the Syrian Protestant College of Beirût, is a distinctly missionary institution, typical of other missionary colleges and missionary enterprises. It has not, to be sure, the earmarks of the traditional

missionary project. But while bending every endeavor to give its students a sound, modern education that shall make them efficient doctors, dentists, pharmacists, teachers, merchants, engineers, trained nurses, it does not consider its task as really begun—certainly not as ended—until it has made known to its students that which it holds to be of supreme worth in life: the adoption of the Christian Ideal as the best means of fitting a man to play a worthy part in the great drama of life.

Just what this expression — the Christian Ideal — connotes to the modern missionary will be indicated later; but just now I wish to make it as clear as possible that so deeply, nay, so passionately, does the College believe in the value of its conception of the Message of Jesus to the world, that it would fain persuade its students to absorb and assimilate, on the athletic field, in the classroom, in their social and religious life, in the communities in which they live, in their temples, synagogues, and mosques, in the forum, the counting-house, everywhere, this Ideal. That way lies the fullest life, the deepest joy, the sweetest peace, the truest success.

This, then, in the last analysis, is the *raison d'être* of the College's foundation. Its classic expression took form in the words of Daniel Bliss, the first president, when, at the laying of the corner-stone of College Hall fifty years ago, he said, 'The College is for all conditions and classes of men, without reference to color, nationality, race, or religion. A man, white, black, or yellow, Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or Heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of the institution for three, four, or eight years, and go out believing in one God or many gods or no God; but it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief.'

II

The Modern Missionary has been privileged to live in an age in which a flood of light has been thrown upon God's processes of creation. Trained in the scientific method, he has risen from his studies in the broad aspects of Evolution, in Comparative Religion, in the history and the philosophy of religion, in the history of civilization, in the Lower and Higher Criticism, convinced as never before that a man's religious belief powerfully affects that man's happiness, usefulness, progress, and salvation. He has scant sympathy with the superficial view which declares that so long as a man is honest it makes no difference what he believes. He is persuaded that Christ's message is a definite and distinct message, founded upon the knowledge of facts as facts. Christianity respects all that is good in Buddhism; but Christianity is not Buddhism. Christianity is not Brahmanism, it is not Mohammedanism, however near these religions may come in some of their teachings to the teachings of Christ. It is a Christian message, based upon a particular attitude to the universe, explicit, precise, and unique. Men may reject it, but in rejecting it, they must reject something that is a definite interpretation of the great mysteries surrounding us.

Moreover, while painfully aware of the glaring defects of Christendom, and with every disposition to be fair and generous in his judgment, he is convinced as never before that the influence of the best of other religions upon the individual, the home, the state, has been incontestably far less benign than that exerted by Christianity. He is certain that the Christian view of the world is so superior to all other views as to make it infinitely worth while to proclaim this view to the uttermost parts of the earth.

In these beliefs he is in full accord with his predecessors. But his studies and his observation have forced him to a further conviction. He does not believe that Christianity is the sole channel through which divine and saving truth has been conveyed. And this persuasion he admits ungrudgingly and gratefully. For it at once enlarges his spiritual fellowship. All men who are themselves seeking God and who are striving to lead others to God become his companions and his fellow workers.

Our missionary has a new conception of the brooding of God's spirit over the soul of man, the soul which ever retains traces of the divine image, in which the light 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' is never wholly quenched. Reverently he dares to apply to himself Jesus' pregnant discovery: 'My Father worketh hitherto — *and I work.*'

Thus seeking and thus working, he discovers with a new humility that, with very much to give, he has not a little to receive from men of other faiths: the mystical element so prominent in Eastern religions; a becoming reticence in the presence of the great mysteries of life; a sense of the nearness of God; a recognition of the importance of religion.

This widened conception of the work of God in the world has a profound effect upon the missionary's method of presenting his own Christian message. He is not content to combat the error which looms so large in the creeds of other men. He is anxious to find the kernel of truth of which so often that error is but a distorted expression. He comes to supplement, not solely to create. He prays for all men with a new sympathy — for all mosques and temples and synagogues as well as for all churches. He will preach wherever he is invited. He speaks the truth, but he prunes his vocabulary of harsh phrases. He realizes that such words as 'heathen,' 'infidel,' 'heretic,' 'pervert,' are not brotherly words. The mere word 'crusade' makes some of my Moslem students white with anger. I have known men who are separated indefinitely from the gospel's influence just because of these infelicitous, these poisonous words. On the other hand, how richly beautiful is Christ's vocabulary in this connection: the seed, the light, the leaven, the spring, the life!

I shall never forget how close we came to having a riot at the College because of a supposed insult leveled at the Koran. For thirty years a slurring reference to Confucius was remembered against a veteran worker in China. The modern missionary, profiting by these warnings, rejects epithets however telling if they are not quite just. He withholds arguments which, the tables turned, he would not think fair or generous if applied to his own belief. He seeks to practise, with a new sense of its importance, the Golden Rule.

Coming in contact with men who are as convinced of the truth of their own faiths as the missionary is of his, his appeal to them must be upon the common basis of absolute fidelity to truth. He must strive to be unflinchingly, scrupulously honest in his own intellectual processes and habits. Our students at Beirût are repeatedly reminded of Coleridge's great aphorism, applicable to all religions as well as Christianity: 'He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end by loving himself better than all.' In all our classes, and especially in our Bible classes, there is a tradition of absolutely untrammeled inquiry; and woe be to the teacher who gives the impression that he is suppressing or fumbling question and answer, however blunt, embarrassing, or indiscreet the inquiry may seem to be.

Indeed, a chief advantage which a college offers the missionary as a rich field for his activity lies in the fact that here he has as his constituency a picked body of youth, the future leaders of their lands, singularly responsive to the presentation of new moral and religious ideas and ideals, provided the appeal is made in as straight and honest and rational a way as other ideas are taught in laboratory and classroom.

III

Like his predecessor, the modern missionary finds in the Bible the Great Book of Religion; but, spared the burdensome obligation of attempting to defend as errorless everything found in the Bible, whether in the realm of events, of science, of ethics, or of religion, he is free to concentrate his attention upon its spiritual appeal. As it echoes God's voice speaking in the souls of men and of peoples, and awakens reëchoes in his own heart, it gains a new authority over him as a man of reason, of conscience, of intellectual and spiritual responsibility. Credible history he finds there, but still more matchless illumination and inspiration. Its cumulative wisdom, its profound devotion, its compelling eloquence, its mounting passion, its yearning appeal — all this has 'found' him, to use Coleridge's quite adequate expression.

And he has gained something more. For while convinced of its incomparable superiority, he does not look upon the Bible as the sole body of literature that God has used as the vehicle of divine expression. Authentic echoes of God's voice he finds in other books.

Influenced by these views, and unhampered by a tradition based upon a more mechanical view of the inspiration of the Bible, which attached undue value to local habits of mind and to fleeting words and phrases, the modern missionary finds himself conceiving of the Gospel of Christ in simpler fashion than in earlier days. He has, indeed, scant respect for the popular cry against dogma, against theology, against metaphysics. He does not discourage the formulation of doctrine. He would destroy no historic creed. He would not tinker them. Back of every statement of belief, œcumenical or of narrower acceptance, he believes that there was some great truth seeking, with whatever success, to express itself, and that it was this element of truth which gave vogue to the creed in question. But to him the gospel of Christ is a thing so vital, so dynamic; words and phrases are in so great danger of becoming static ('polarized' was Oliver Wendell Holmes's word); the traditional distinction between the natural and the supernatural is so misleading and even mischievous — all this compels him to believe that the Everlasting Gospel can get itself expressed in an ever-changing world only in the ever-changing terms of personal experience and in to-day's phraseology; and hence he attempts to restate his interpretation of the Faith in modern language.

IV

What then is the missionary's message?

It is the proclamation of the Religion of Jesus as disclosed in his teaching and as exemplified in his career. Christ's religion is a world-religion because it deals with a craving elemental, instinctive, universal — man's craving for life. Christ claimed that He knew how men can live adequately, overflowingly. His message to mankind is a message that is astonishingly simple in its statement, naïve in its claims, ample in its outlines, self-evidencing in its application. It is couched in terms that relate to universal human experiences, and

hence that all men can understand. 'If you wish to live,' said Christ, 'really to live, — not a life of mere animal existence, but a life human, divine, victorious, eternal, a life whose quality gives in itself the surest hope that it will survive the dissolution of your physical forces, — you must think of God as your Father, loving, righteous, wise, strong; and you must reverence and love Him and live with Him as such. You must think of yourself as God's child, docile, obedient, trustful; and you must love yourself and live with yourself as such, with a self-reverence that insists upon a standard of unstained conduct maintained at whatever cost: loss of goods, loss of hand, loss of eye, loss of life itself. You must regard your fellow man as your brother and love him and serve him and live with him as such. Thus living, you will live in such peace as the world cannot give and in such joy as nothing can destroy.'

This is the message which Christ proclaimed in word and in life, and proclaimed with the unshakable conviction that all men needed it and that any man following in his steps would find his elemental craving for life richly satisfied. Christ's religion involves complete submission to the Will of God in filial, loving obedience. It links in indissoluble bonds creed and deed. As it regards the doing of God's will as that which brings Heaven upon Earth, so it looks with fear and with loathing upon sin as that which separates man from God, constitutes its own hell whether here or hereafter, and corrupts the very being of the soul.

Though possessed by a joy that nothing can destroy, life is not a comedy. Though passing through tragic experiences of suffering, sorrow, and sin, life is not a tragedy. Life is the unfolding of the Father's plan for the child's body, mind, and soul — with *perfection* as the ever-present, ever-receding goal. The pathway will not be an easy one, even as it was not easy for the Master — loving service always costs, whether it be God or man who extends the helping hand. Suffering and sacrifice will be inevitable. 'Working out the beast' is no holiday jaunt: the 'ape and the tiger' do not readily die. You cannot truly love God and self and man; you cannot really put righteousness, justice, mercy in the very forefront of life, without a willingness to give up ease and comfort and popularity and power. But the victory is sure: all the forces of righteousness in the Universe are on your side.

Much remains implicated in the Religion of Jesus that is not formally expressed: a Home beautiful and radiant; a spiritual and ministering Church; a just and benign social and industrial order; a truly democratic state. All these must inevitably follow when once the Christian Ideal has been adopted. Perfection, moreover, upon which Jesus insists as the goal of man's striving, will bring with it a due development of his intellectual and æsthetic nature.

Many details might, indeed, be added; but they are details — splendid details, but still details. Of course, it is absolutely inevitable, as it is absolutely proper, that Christ's Message should be subjected to intellectual restatements as varied as is the mind of man; restatements more closely articulated in their various parts than this simple statement from the lips of Jesus. For his Message deals with the greatest and the deepest things in the world, the most mysterious, the most baffling; and it is natural that man should wish to explore more closely and explain more minutely and justify more completely the Message. But the plea must always be made, with full recognition of the perennial honor in which the theologian should be held, that Christ's essential Message must remain on the lips of his messengers

simple in its assertions, ample in its outlines, universal in its terms. Faith in a loving, wise, righteous, and holy God; faith in self; faith in mankind; faith in truth, in love, in righteousness — this fulfills the conditions of the Catholic faith, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*

V

As a consequence of his belief in the vital character of Christ's Message, involving a personal relationship between the soul of man and the soul of God, the modern missionary rests the final proof of its authenticity upon the inner experience of the recipient: upon the personal satisfaction of the universal spiritual cravings and aspirations of humanity. 'Taste and see!' is the first and the last appeal.

Do these values of the x's, the y's, and the z's in the complicated problems of your life solve your equation? Substitute these values and establish the proof for yourself!

Does this key open the doors that lead to the 'life that is life indeed'? Put the key in the lock and try it for yourself! And the missionary out of his own experience offers with confidence this key as the master-key that will unlock, in other hearts as well, the doors of Peace and Joy and Life and Power. Peace and Joy and Life and Power — these are the divine sanctions, these are the final tests; not a belief in this miracle or that, not a belief in any miracle at all, is the *sine qua non* of Christian discipleship, — is that which brings certitude in Christian belief, — but only the doing of the Will of God as interpreted by Christ!

VI

The missionary's views upon theological questions are of course to him of importance, and he imparts them freely to those to whom he preaches; but he does not do this dogmatically.

He strives never to forget that he is working among peoples whose mental habits and points of view differ from his own. Here there must be perfect liberty. Each temperament must be given its full freedom for speculation, for inference, for conjecture, for elaboration. The missionary does not shun discussion, controversy even, if the purpose is manifest that the real object is to clear the darkness, and not to gain the barren victory of party or of school.

His first concern, however, is always for something deeper, something more vital, than questions of theological and metaphysical speculation relating to the Person and the Work of Christ; to the Virgin birth (in which, together with other miracles, he may or may not believe); to the fine distinctions between the humanity, the divinity, the deity of Christ; to the nature of the Trinity, to the atonement. Upon just one thing he insists: that which touches, not the *bene esse* of the Christian faith, but its *esse:* the personal assimilation in the disciple's life of the teaching and of the spirit of Jesus. It is this deliberate purpose, it is this passion that counts. Other questions may be important, but they can wait. What Christ put first, he would put first.

God is still a jealous God, but God is jealous about *things* and not about words and phrases and formulas. Christ was never concerned about the outward honor paid Him. He did not yearn to be admired; He yearned to be followed. He wished men to come to Him, not as a shrine, but as a door; not as a goal, but as a highway; not as a memorial tablet, but as a window through which they could see God and Self and Man and Life and Opportunity.

And so our missionary bids his hearers formulate their thoughts of Christ

in their own way, provided they retain the authority of his leadership.

Does He save you from your sin? Call Him Saviour!

Does He free you from the slavery of your passions? Call Him Redeemer!

Does He teach you as no one else has taught you? Call Him Teacher!

Does He mould and master your life? Call Him Master!

Does He shine upon the pathway that is dark to you? Call Him Guide!

Does He reveal God to you? Call Him the Son of God!

Does He reveal man? Call Him the son of man!

Or, in following Him, are your lips silent in your incapacity to define Him and his influence upon you? Call Him by no name, but follow Him!

Oh, how our divisive names — Arminian, Socinian, Calvinistic, Trinitarian, Universalist, Roman Catholic, Greek, Protestant, Orthodox, Liberal — shrivel up and disappear in the presence of actual discipleship and under the realities of personal experience!

VII

The modern missionary, while delivering the Christian Message in its great outlines, must, furthermore, expect and encourage the age in which he lives to work out in its own way the details of the meaning and the implications of these great simple statements, so few in number, but which go down into the deepest things in the universe. In every department of Christian thought and Christian organization, — theological, ecclesiastical, liturgical, — as well as in the larger circles in which the Christian spirit is dominant, — the home, the school, the state, — full scope must be granted for local development. Of course, the missionary will be ready with counsel, but he will be very careful how he attempts to legislate or coerce. In the history of his own church he has had ample warning of the danger of crystallizing non-essentials into permanent elements in the Church's creed, and he is on his guard lest he forge heavy chains upon the necks of those whom he would fain make free.

I have already emphasized the necessity laid upon the missionary of pruning his vocabulary in the interests of brotherly kindness; he must also be careful of his language from this standpoint of theological progress. He must not transmit words and phrases, or their equivalents, however much such transmission would free him from intellectual effort, if thereby he runs the risk of confusing the minds of the coming generations.

The missionary must approach his constituency intelligently. He must not underrate the task before him. He is not merely dealing with a sinful man: he is dealing with an ignorant man, or with a prejudiced man, or with a bigoted man, or a fanatical man; or he may be dealing with a man of great and profound intellect; and he must take these men seriously, he must acquaint himself with their religious creeds, and patiently and steadfastly must he strive to put himself into their minds and learn their logic.

If he feels the need of all available wisdom in order to understand the Eastern mind, he must try to realize that his own mentality is often just as perplexing to the Oriental.

If Jesus had been born in Labrador, it is as inconceivable that He would have conveyed his message in the language He used in Palestine as that He would have clothed his body in the garments of that land. Parables, similes, and formulas would all have been changed — the permanent abiding element would have been his message about God as Father, man as brother, self as child of God, all linked together

in the kind of love with which He loved the world.

Had Paul been born a Confucianist instead of a Jew, or a Buddhist or a Brahman, and had still yielded his allegiance to Jesus in those far-off lands, epistles might still have been written by him, but in how surprisingly changed a form the everlasting gospel which he preached would have been presented! What strange omissions of arguments which we have been led to think of as indispensable, or as all but indispensable! What strange additions in historical allusions! What a new world of illustration and simile and metaphor!

The Master has given the only standard by which to measure all vocabularies, all phraseologies, indeed, all beliefs — *his own included:* 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life!' Only thus measured are they binding upon us.

VIII

As he has found that the Message of Christ carries within itself its own proof of authenticity, so the modern missionary finds in the message itself his own sufficient credentials: Christ's Message is Christ's commission. The Message creates the Messenger. By its very terms it belongs to the whole world, and the man who has received it at all must in common honesty receive it as a message to be transmitted to the last man in the world. He too is 'a debtor to the whole world.' He too is in the grip of an Apostolic Succession! From him, too, escapes the cry, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!'

Geographical boundaries do not count either this way or that: the missionary spirit is the decisive thing. The decisive thing: for he has had a vision which gloriously haunts him: the vision of a man made in the image of God and rising into his great inheritance from the kraals of Africa or from the huts of the Fiji Islanders. He has seen a Christian home displacing in a few short years a household of warring elements. He has faith in a coming state permeated with the purpose to make justice and righteousness and service its dominant insignia; he has beheld the City of God descending from the Heavens upon the Earth. And so he goes forth, not because he believes that the operation of God's merciful and saving grace is confined to the span of a man's earthly existence. But loving pity for the sufferings of his brother men; anxiety for those who have lost their way in the mazes of ignorance and error; solicitude for those who are enmeshed in sin and guilt; a chivalrous compulsion to share with all mankind a spiritual dynamic which belongs to all mankind — these are the motives that compel him to carry the comforting, enlightening, merciful, life-giving Message of Christ to all the world.

His task is not an easy one. He must realize that his message will have no meaning unless he himself is the product of the message, representing and living the life which he asserts is the true life. Never were Emerson's words more true than of the missionary: 'What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.' And here is found the reason why, nineteen hundred years after its proclamation, hundreds of millions of people do not yet know that God is their Father, that man is their brother. The reason, I say, is that our own lives have not kept up with our own words. 'Speak *things*,' cried Emerson, 'or hold your tongue.'

So far as they will permit him, the missionary works in coöperation with all men of missionary spirit — living and letting live, respecting where he cannot share their religious and theo-

logical beliefs. He is often misunderstood by friend and by foe. The globe-trotter thinks him a fool; the zealot a weakling; the fanatic a traitor. But he is not thereby deterred from his work. He thinks indeed that he may learn much that is useful from each one of them.

Realizing that the result of his work must be in its very nature destructive of much that is venerable, he seeks to be as constructive as possible. He is hopeful. For, though he may see few results of his labor, he believes 'that God cannot use a discouraged man,' and 'that things are never settled until they are settled right.' If at times he is appalled when some dreadful and unspeakable perversion of human nature suddenly confronts him, he is, on the other hand, surprised and comforted at the discovery of how fair a thing this same human nature may become.

IX

How does the modern missionary measure his success? Certainly not by ecclesiastical statistics: he believes profoundly that 'the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' How then is progress estimated? Much as their work is measured by serious men at home.

Take the work of this American College at Beirût, as one example among many. The briefest sojourn on its lovely campus, among its two dozen noble buildings, with its superb views, eastward and northward, of opalescent Lebanon, and westward of the great blue sea; with a visit to its museums, its laboratories, its observatory, its library, its athletic fields, its hospitals, its Students' Building; interviews with its ninety teachers; contact with its thousand students of many races (Syrian, Turk, Tartar, Persian, Indian, Egyptian), and of many religions (Moslem, Druze, Jewish, Behai, and all the Christian sects), as they study, as they play, as they worship — a visit, I say, of this kind establishes the irrefutable conviction that here has been created a 'psychological climate' from whose influence no student can escape. He is not, indeed, always aware of the changes in himself. With perfect sincerity he would probably deny that he is being affected so powerfully by his environment. The fruitage of this seed may not come till long after he has left the College campus. But a change is being wrought, and he is daily learning, not merely, not chiefly, from his books, lessons in fairness, in honesty, in purity, in respect for labor and learning and culture, in reverence, in modesty, in courage, in self-control, in regard for women, in the many forces which make for civilization. And wherever this man goes, he makes it easier to foster education, to overturn tyranny, to soften fanaticism, to promote freedom in state and church. The story of Bulgaria and Turkey and China and Japan and India amply attests this.

Few are the students from among the thousands who have studied at the Beirût College during the past fifty years who have not received a distinguishing stamp upon their lives which makes them to a greater or a lesser degree marked men. And it was really this mark that Djemal Pasha was anxious to trace to its origin when he sent Jamil Bey to visit the American College at Beirût. It was because of this stamp upon our men that this same Turkish official declared that he considered the College as one of his 'most precious instruments' in carrying out his plans for the educational development of Syria. And it was this mark upon the College as an institution — the habit of straightness, frankness and good will — that kept the College open during the difficult years of the war. And all this our

missionary believes is very worth while.

But he is seeking something more definite than these more or less unconscious influences, valuable as they are. For among those thousand students — all worth educating — he has his eye upon a smaller group: the eager, earnest future leaders of the Near East. These he is training to become teachers, doctors, merchants, pharmacists, dentists, engineers, nurses: men and women who are responding more consciously and more readily than their companions to the 'psychological climate' of the College, and at the same time are being disciplined in a definite way to become centres of light and leading all over that region. Their professional standing will make it certain that many a 'cup of cold water' will be proffered by them to a thirsty world. And it is these graduates — there have been twenty-eight hundred of them — whose services are in such demand. It is of these that Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener and Sir Eldon Gorst and Sir Reginald Wingate and Field-Marshal Lord Allenby have spoken in such warm and generous praise for their splendid work in Egypt and the Soudan. It is for such men that Prince Feisal, son of the King of the Hedjaz, has recently made a personal demand: men of integrity, of trained skill, of the spirit of 'the helping hand.'

For all this our missionary is profoundly grateful. He thanks God and takes courage. But his chief hope is concerned with a still smaller group, whose size is unknown to him, but for whose enlargement he daily strives and daily prays — the company of those who have made a decision, intelligent, deliberate, whole-hearted, a decision to live their lives as sons of the Great Father in the spirit of Jesus Christ. 'Conversion,' 'regeneration,' 'surrender,' 'consecration' were the old words, and they were, and they are, good words. But the *thing* back of them is better than the words and than the particular way in which this thing is brought about: the dedication of body, mind, and soul to the Will of God as interpreted by Jesus Christ. For when a man so commits himself, with or without a resulting change in his ecclesiastical affiliation, the missionary is assured that a force has been started which will work miracles in that man's world — his world of personal, domestic, community, political relationships. This is leaven hid in three measures of meal: the whole will be leavened. This is the 'cup of cold water' *at the well itself*. This is religion at its source: human thirst quenched at the exhaustless Fountain of God.

X

Has the Modern Missionary any contribution to make to the church at home? He surely ought to have, with the advantage in perspective which his foreign residence gives him; with his daily opportunity of estimating the real strength of Christianity as compared with other religions; with his first-hand realization of the spiritual needs of other peoples; with a knowledge of the impression — so often painfully unfavorable — that nations, Christian in name, have made upon nations outside of Christendom.

He would, of course, reiterate the familiar protest, and cry out against the shameful waste of men, energy, time, and money involved in the hectic strife of sectarian rivalry at home. He would still more strongly deprecate the loss of good temper and of fairness, the jealousy, the meanness of spirit, and the narrowness of opinion involved in such conflicts.

He would bid the Church cease this ignoble strife, not by disregarding differences of conviction in matters of

theological belief or ecclesiastical procedure, but by subordinating them to a more spacious, to a simpler conception of Christianity as a world-religion. Deep, broad, strong, the foundations must be laid, for a *world* must stand upon them!

He would urge the Church to remember that 'Christianity is nothing unless it is universal,' and therefore he would plead with her to set forth the essential things in her faith, in terms that all races, all temperaments, all mentalities can apprehend — reserving local terms for non-essentials. He would charge her to be bolder in making a direct appeal to man's spiritual nature; to have greater faith in truth, in reality; to be assured that a response will be forthcoming when the challenge is the outcome of the personal experience of the advocate. He would bid her rehabilitate in the vocabulary of religion the noble words *reason, rational, free-thinking, natural.*

Living among peoples where the blighting effect of dead formulas is so shockingly and almost incredibly manifest, he would warn his fellow Christians at home against the danger of repeating creeds which have ceased to mean for them the things that they meant for their framers, nay, have ceased, in some of their articles, to have any real meaning at all. The supposed gain in the direction of the preservation of 'continuity with the past,' of 'catholicity' (both admirable things), is offset in his opinion, by the loss of frankness, of the sense of reality, and even of plain common honesty.

Finally, he would beg the Church to send to the foreign field only men of intellectual, social, and apostolic power: godly men, world-men, modern men, resourceful men, moulders of civilization, who can get abreast of the width of the opportunity in these coming days of reconstruction in the world — men worthy of the weighty and glorious responsibility lying before them.

Of course, when all is said, the modern missionary is, in many things fundamental, not modern at all. He has not surpassed — in many cases he may not have reached — the zeal, the wisdom, the passion, the fearlessness of his predecessors. He has not overtaken St. Paul on Mars Hill, and his Master is always far in the lead with his method, 'inwardness'; with his secret, 'self-renouncement'; with his atmosphere, 'sweet reasonableness' — to use Matthew Arnold's inimitable characterization. But he follows after 'without haste and without rest.' He is sure of his message; he is sure of ultimate success, —

> . . . gazing beyond all perishable fears
> To some diviner goal
> Beyond the waste of years.

A PORTUGUESE CINEMA

BY JOSEPH SERONDE

I

November 9 [1918].

A SENSATIONAL hoax, yesterday: the *Diario de Noticias* came out with the announcement of the signing of the armistice, 'at five o'clock!' Like magic, flags began to appear at every window, at the top of every building; the streets were soon thronged by an uneasy holiday crowd, expectant, keyed up, anxious to miss nothing, to be in it. Hawkers were selling tiny Allied flags: 'Buy the winning colors!' A mob collected at the corner of the Rocio and the rua do Carmo, in front of a large Spanish banner, hung out on a line between two Portuguese flags. They watched me closely as I passed. I knew that any expression of the disgust I felt would be taken as a signal for operations, and maintained my neutrality. I heard, later, that a demonstration had taken place, with an attempt to burn the flag!

We spent the day telephoning to all the legations and being telephoned to! Little Silva Graça, the owner of the *Seculo,* was fairly green with anxiety. What a disgrace for his paper, if the news were confirmed! He held up his evening edition several hours, hoping for something definite. But what a crushing triumph, this morning! His intense relief after that horrible scare, that nightmare, is expressed in epithets toward the rival that might well scorch the paper. The rival is too far gone to recant and persists in its error. 'We have it from a sure source,' says the voice at the other end of the wire.

In the evening there were a few fireworks, scattered groups singing and parading. Up to ten o'clock, no confirmation. Colonel Darcy, Aerts, and I joined the crowds and wandered around. We felt half pleased and half resentful. If we could only liberate all of France first! Drive the Boches out in a rout, smash them, humiliate them. Colonel Bernard, the French Military Attaché, was almost weeping with rage. He was a prisoner, badly wounded, in Germany three years. We tried to work up some cheer: thought the conditions must be sufficiently hard to make the Boche feel whipped, as is necessary for the future peace of the world, and just. We got reconciled to the idea, thought of the precious lives saved — and now, it's all uncertain again! I think they'll wait until the end of their seventy-two hours, hoping for something to happen, some weakening at the last, bluff, and surrender. The twilight of the Junkers!

November 12.

It was on the strength of the fake news of the armistice that Colonel Darcy issued invitations to a luncheon, for Monday the eleventh. The lack of confirmation was only a passing cloud. 'What if they refuse to sign, the swine: we'll have a jolly good luncheon just the same! I say, old chap, let's go ahead.'

So we did. I helped arrange the ménu and went foraging with the colonel, while Magdalena was kept busy bring-

ing up bottles in her large market-basket. 'We ought to have a damnable good time!' the colonel declared; and as we were planning the seating, 'Put me anywhere, only, I say, old chap, place that nice Miss Brown next to me. Jolly desirable girl!'

We'd forgotten place-cards! I hastily improvised some, and, as a surprise, Germanized all the names. Cormon, the lady-killer with the fatal gift of attraction, was von Herzbrecher; Rossi rejoiced in the title of Graf Spaghetti Trentinenberg; Aerts, coming from Lille, had to be von Lillienthal, etc. The colonel's Irish open-heartedness had made him invite about twice as many as we had originally planned for, and the seating arrangement was completely upset at the last minute. Everyone squeezed in as best he could; we were packed around the table as tight as sardines; but it was a happy crowd and the best party of the year. Songs between courses. 'He's a jolly good fellow, and *so say all of us*' — a variant I had n't heard before. The English girls' pronunciation of 'Over there,' with dipthongized *o*, and of 'Yanks,' amused me.

Everyone made a speech. After the colonel, Rossi: a roaring success, delivered in English from phonetic notes made by Aerts. Rossi's vocabulary does n't go much beyond 'Ow-yess!' He felt he must do himself justice, however, and delivered a very eloquent discourse in Italian. He had a peculiar way of repeating a phrase while in search of another, the repetition in a louder, almost challenging tone, reminding one of the promising growl of a self-starter. Aerts spoke next, then de Viguerie, and Rossi began to rout out the shy ones, enthusiastically calling for toasts and drinking them, in port, out of a sizeable beer-glass!

I said a few words in French, returning compliments, praising the French and British armies, and then caught Rossi's eye! A nice break! 'As for the Italians,' I added checking the impulse to sit down in a desperate effort to save myself, 'I feel some hesitancy about praising them, as they are like brothers, for is n't New York the second largest Italian city in the world!' etc.

Rossi came over to embrace me. We left the table at four-thirty, and joined the celebrating throngs on the streets.

Aerts and I had barely sat down at the hotel, just before six, when Rossi rushed in, in great excitement. His minister had been looking for him all afternoon; he was giving a dinner at Estoril to the Italian Chamber of Commerce, and wanted Aerts and me to represent our countries. 'We start at six. The automobiles are in front of the hotel. Come quickly!' Rossi was all flustered; he had been running all over the place to collect his guests, he said, and had wrung his hands several times at my office.

We climbed into a gay car, covered with flags and bunting, and started off amid cheers, the waving of hats, and tossing of caps in the air!

Half-way to Estoril, our car broke down. One had already passed us and our only hope was in number three. It was quite cold on that lonely road, and I was making sarcastic remarks to myself about the superiority of French cars, when the owner of our wreck drew up and assured me that his Paige was an excellent machine, but what could you expect with such a chauffeur! Number three was finally heard rattling along. It was one of those monstrous old traps made in the early days of the automobile, such as you sometimes meet in Vermont and New Hampshire thundering up and down hills. It received us all and chugged along powerfully with its twelve passengers! I had chosen the seat with the chauffeur, where it was as warm as in a Ford, and

held on to the Italian flag, rescued from the other car.

The dinner was the most amusing thing I have yet done. I sat opposite the Italian Minister and next to an elderly gentleman everyone called 'Papa' Somebody, a very clever and interesting man who has lived many years in Constantinople. Aerts was across, then the Secretary of the Legation and the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Altogether the most mixed crowd imaginable: diplomats, soldiers, prominent members of the Italian colony, many untutored, all moneyed. One, a multimillionnaire, had come out of jail that very day, after serving a term for profiteering, in wheat, I believe. He was so pleased to be asked that he pulled out his check-book, at the table, and *ecco!* gave a thousand dollars to the Italian War Relief!

Marconi Napolitani started the dinner. I took only a slender helping, for looks, — as the fumes of cheese were strong, — and thereby created a sensation, almost an uproar: all eyes were suddenly fixed upon me, some with suspicion. Was it modesty? I explained that I adored spaghetti, but cheese never; and immediately all were pacified, smiling. Some even told stories about people they'd known, fine people too, who simply could n't stand cheese. The minister asked for a special cheeseless dish for me; but there was none, and I was soon happily forgotten in the general enthusiasm of spearing the elusive wigglers. It was Pantagruelian. They simply put away yards and yards and took more helpings. Absolute silence, except for the tapping of forks and the smacking of lips; no time for talk until the sacred dish had been finished and all plates scraped clean. Then sighs of satisfaction, as they leaned back and wiped their mouths on the napkins they wore tucked in at the neck.

The minister is a very broad, very rotund little man, with a wide forehead, a pug nose, pop eyes, and flabby cheeks that give him the look of a Pekinese. We chatted together, later, and I found him gracious and very intelligent. Talking of racial traits, he wanted to know if I had any Russian blood in me! There are rare moments! As, for instance, when the French professor detected in me the modifications brought about by the American climate and environment, which tend to make us look like the Indian; when I, a pure Latin, am told confidentially that 'We Anglo-Saxons' must stick together and rule the world! when I am taken for a Slav, and represent America, while France is represented by an Alsatian, a Basque, and a German once removed! It's like topsy-turvy land!

Of course, there were speeches! An eloquent one by the minister and a very good one by Aerts. Each rose as the spirit moved him, and I felt uneasily conscious that it ought to move me, and soon. Not being an orator, I tried to be a diplomat. I waited until everyone had been thoroughly tired out by a very long and tedious discourse, — we listened to every speech standing, — and as all were about to sit down, I made their hearts sink by proposing a toast, and cheered them by making it very short and pleasing, taking for subject, Italia no longer Irredenta! No one had thought of those lost provinces Italy has been so longing for!

Then the ex-jail-bird rose. Round head, close-cropped gray hair, tired red-rimmed eyes. He wore a loose-fitting, gray business suit; a large diamond sparkled in his ready-made black four-in-hand, and, as he spoke, his knotty hands kept twisting a heavy gold chain, rattling with watch-charms. It was a humble speech, in Portuguese, for he had evidently lost fluency in his native tongue during the long years of

exile. He was only a working man, he said, holding out his open palms, a modest *trabalhador*, a self-made man. What was he, to stand there with the representative of His Majesty, with all their Excellencies?

The audience was touched and gave him a small ovation: 'Bravo, Antonio! Ben' ditto!' This success was too much for him. We were preparing to enjoy a well-earned rest, the steaming coffee before us, when, scraping his chair back, our Antonio arose again. 'I am only a trabalhador, a humble working man; I started without a cent and made every penny I now have. Who am I that I should stand here with his Excellency, the minister?' and so on.

It was getting wearisome, and this time the applause was perfunctory. Our trabalhador seemed puzzled, somewhat nettled, perhaps, at this cooling-off of enthusiasm. He sat moodily thinking it over a while, his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat pockets, and then, resolutely placing a heavy hand on the tablecloth, was about to brace himself up for a third effort. But a chubby, florid little chap had got ahead of him and was now standing at his place, amazed at his own rashness, petrified by feeling all those eyes fixed upon him. He remained speechless for some seconds, dazed, a simple foolish face and round eyes blinking at the light. 'I too have made a fortune,' he finally blurted out, 'and I—I don't know anything, either!' And he sat down amid the good-natured applause and began to sob at the thought of how happy his old father would have been to see this day. Friends came closer and patted him, consoled him. 'I have no family,' he said between sniffles, 'no family of my own, and I want to pay for this feast, all of it. This is the happiest day of my life; I would pay for it just the same, even if I had children to whom to leave my money. Viva Italia! Viva! Viva Genova! Viva! Evviva il Rei!'

The answering 'Evviva!' made the windows rattle. Such abandon, such gestures, whole-hearted cheers and embraces! Democracy is here, among the Italians, as nowhere else. No stiffness, no formality with these people; they all mix happily together, a certain instinctive good-breeding, tact, respect for authority, making them keep distances. The minister was like a father to them all. To one who had impulsively seized his hand and wished to kiss it, he opened his arms, and they embraced.

The only other speech, the last, was Homeric in its naïve boastfulness. 'Who but I, with unequaled boldness, carried the flag of Italy in the wildest pampas, bringing with it our glorious civilization? Who explored and brought commerce to unknown African shores?' A pompous, rather surly-looking man he was, with a tawny kaiser moustache, bristling scornfully upward.

His panegyric was interrupted by a blare of brasses, shrieking trombones, cymbals, and thundering bass-drums. All Estoril in a torch-light procession, led by the *Sociedade Filarmonica Estorilense*, had turned out to honor the noble Allies! We rushed to the door, behind the minister, who replied to the enthusiastic vivas, and before I knew what had happened, had thrust me in front of him, in full view of the shouting populace, strange in the flicker of the torches, and was introducing me as 'The Great President Wilson's Special Representative.' It sounded as if I had been hurriedly sent down from Washington to greet the Estoril Glee and Trombone Club. Still, everyone was too happy to feel critical, and my eloquent 'Viva Portugal e viva Sidonio Paes!' was received with thunderous applause.

On the way back, the car baulked at every hill, and the nine passengers got

out in shifts of three and pushed! The little villages through which we passed were alive with light and song, and we were cheered wildly by soldiers and people, and more and more the nearer we came to the town. The crowds were still dense in Lisbon, and our progress was a continuous ovation.

The management of the Apollo had given us boxes for a special performance of the *Princeza Magalona;* but we got there too late, after midnight, and went straight to Maxim's, which had been selected as the gathering-place of the Allied clans. It has a beautiful ballroom, excellent music, and is accessible, being on the Avenida, a few yards from the hotel. We found the ladies of the legations having the time of their lives! In a real gambling club for the first time, examining everything and everybody, laughing and dancing, trying their luck at roulette, mixing with the habitués, who looked at them quite as curiously; all under the protection of diplomats, generals, colonels, down to yeomen first class!

Colonel Darcy was dancing like a seventeen-year-old and kept it up until 5 A.M. The very dignified and aristocratic counselor of the French Legation was having an uproarious time, whirling around on a lofty stool of the American Bar, and pouring colored cascades from one glass into another; while little Madame de Tilleman fluttered about anxiously with a forced smile of unconcern. Our staid Britishers were all a trifle mellow, and so unbelievably effusive that it made one regret the approach of the sobering dawn. If they could only be kept permanently in that state of geniality! I suppose that there really is n't enough champagne in the world for that! There was stiff old Stone doing pirouettes, then turning the ballet-skirt back into a napkin and waiting soberly on the table where some of the party were supping! Sir Lancelot, somewhat lost without his monocle, stood on the edge of the crowd. I noticed him staring intently at an old yellow-and-blue cigarette-bag on the floor; he gave it a careless kick, picked it up cautiously, and brought it close to his eyes. 'By Jove,' he exclaimed, flushing slightly, as he caught my eye, 'I thought it was a bank-note, you know!' He spoke with a deliberateness that emphasized the British pronunciation: 'Ja-ove — na-ote.'

Every now and then, the band would strike up one of the Allied hymns, amid tremendous cheers and applause. The 'Star-Spangled Banner,' mangled and dragged into a dirge, passed almost unrecognized. 'What is that?' people asked. 'They can't be very happy in that country,' a woman remarked. I sent word to the conductor to double the *tempo*, make it lively. He had just received the music, he explained, and not having practised, was going cautiously. His second attempt was more successful, although still tinged with gloom. I left the festivities at their height — at 5 A.M.

So this is the end of the Great War! The climax of four years of suffering and sacrifice! One would have wished for a day of absolute peace, a day of dedication to those who gave their lives. To think of all the heroism, the devotion and faith of those who used to dream: 'If only I could live to see that day!' That day! How tawdry our celebration seems! And yet what could you expect, especially in a country that has felt the war so little and only indirectly? I was amazed even at the amount of feeling shown. Paris must have been glorious! Imagine the delirious joy, the singing, the dancing, the street enthusiasm, the wild ringing of bells! I wonder how it was in New York.

II

December 15.

The President was shot last night in the Rocio station, as he was about to take the train for Oporto. He died a half-hour later. I heard of the shooting a few minutes after it had happened, at midnight, and hurried out. The neighboring streets were heavily guarded; people were being challenged and held up by policemen who suddenly darted out from under the shadows of the theatre's arcades and approached with leveled rifles. They were decidedly jumpy. I advanced deliberately, well under the glare of the arc-lights, was recognized, saluted, and passed on. The acrid smell of powder was in the air; in the excitement, the panic of the first moments, with no one to give orders, the police had lost their heads and fired into the crowd, killing or wounding a few innocents who had come to cheer the President, some army officers of his escort, and one or two other policemen.

It makes one feel desperate about these people. Sidonio Paes was really a strong man, clear-headed; a dictator, of course; but it is that, or having the country torn to pieces by the *chacals* of politicians. Now, who knows? There is really no one to succeed him. There may be a *coup d'état*, a revolution. The cannon are booming salutes every fifteen minutes.

The minister, General Brainard, and I drove to Belem, to the palace, early this afternoon. The entrance-hall was thronged: people of all classes and conditions, men and women, peasants, diplomats, sailors, officers, and privates. We put down our names on some black-bordered sheets of paper, more or less crumpled and ink-spotted, and dropped cards of condolence. An usher showed us into the inner rooms. The President's first aide, Camara, a burly chap, stood at the door of the ante-chamber, his big face puffed up with tears. We shook hands with him and tried to comfort him. The variety of expressions was interesting: soldiers on guard staring vacantly like peaceful ruminants; gentlemen showing the same bored indifference as at an ordinary formal function; others with reddened eyes. It was perhaps the contagion of emotion, but General B——'s aide, who knew the President even less than we did, had tears trickling down his cheeks.

We exchanged a few words with the Minister of Marine, a fine old man, who has been appointed acting head of the government, and passed on to where the body lay in state. It was a very humble little room, almost uncomfortable-looking. A narrow bed of plain white wood, varnished, a clothes-press with mirrored door. On a table, at the foot of the bed, was an ordinary army sword and a blue-gray military cap, with a thin gold edge on the visor. The guard of honor was made up of two lines of soldiers, with a few sailors and a policeman or two. We stayed about ten minutes. The minister, before leaving, walked to the side of the bed and pressed his hand on the clasped hands, causing the body to move slightly; it gave me an unpleasant little sensation. I stood at attention, saluted, and followed the general out.

We found little Albuquerque, the second aide, at the door, sobbing. He's a nice young chap, a descendant of the great navigator, and just worshiped the President. I tried to console him.

'Oui, mais j'ai perdu mon chef, mon Président,' he sobbed, 'and now he can never see it.'

'What?' I asked.

'The telegram of congratulations, here, from President Wilson; it would have pleased him so, but now he can never see it: it came too late.'

Outside, a voice arose, 'Well, now,

ain't it a calamity, hey?' It was K—— the representative of an American firm, looking very solemn. 'It certainly took the stuffin' out of the old fellow, did n't it though?'

On our way home, we left cards on various ministers. Thirty days of mourning now, no Christmas, no New Year's celebrations, and a dismal outlook.

December 16.

Bands of men and boys were going through the streets last night, cheering for their murdered President: hoarse shouts of 'Viva Sidonio Paes. Viva!' We were dining with Colonel Darcy — Major Stone, Rossi, and I. Rossi was more scornful than ever and declared this a perverted and degenerate country. I stood up for it, and reminded him that his own dear Italy had not always been without internal dissensions. Besides, I added, if he believed all he said, why did he propose to marry a Portuguese girl?

Rossi's eyes seemed to dilate, then he began to laugh. 'That man is never serious!'

The colonel wanted to know if it were true that the plump daughter of a former minister of state had broken off her engagement with a Portuguese officer, for his sake.

'I will never marry an aristocratic girl,' declared Rossi; and he gave a mimic of his idea of an aristocratic lady wrinkling his honest chubby face into a grimace and squeaking in affected tones. 'I will marry an Italian girl who can do everything, work hard, wash and cook, and be a lady too, and she will obey me absolutely!'

We roared, but he was intensely serious.

'*Mon cher ami*,' he glared fiercely at me, 'do you think, perhaps, I am a man who will be afraid of his wife?'

I studied him, and said solemnly, 'From certain characteristics, certain traits of your physiognomy, I should say yes.'

Rossi was astonished and a trifle worried, but he grew stubborn. We evidently did n't know him — and so on.

'Do you consider yourself stronger than Julio Cesare and Marco Antonio?' I asked.

'No.'

'Well, what about Cleopatra?'

'That was in the old days!'

'Pshaw!' said the colonel, 'if your wife ever gets angry, you will crawl under the table and beg permission to come out.'

'She will allow you two cents a day for pocket money,' said the major.

'And four cents on your saint's day and on especial festivals,' I added.

Rossi was too indignant to speak.

'She will take away from you your monthly pay!'

'She will take it away from *me? Never, mon cher ami!*'

Rossi is an amusing combination of ingenuousness and shrewdness, for he is shrewd, and knows when it is profitable to keep on playing the fool. As the good man Lafontaine says, 'Le plus âne . . . n'est pas celui qu'on pense.'

December 17.

The first feeling of horror and grief over the murder of Sidonio Paes found expression in a general desire to rally around the government. Parliament has just elected the Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Canto e Castro, Provisional President, to serve until a general election can be held and the new constitution voted on. He is a fine elderly man, dignified, upright, respected by all, and can be absolutely relied upon to be loyal to his oath of office, although his personal sympathies are with the Royalists. But the situation is extremely difficult, and calls for a man of unusual vigor as well as wisdom. Wild rumors of all sorts are

rife: foreign intervention, sympathy of the Allied governments with the opposition, and so forth, showing a dangerous state of agitation and uncertainty.

Little news has come out about the assassination. The murderer declares that he acted alone and on his own responsibility, but most people are convinced that it was a political murder. 'The Democrats got him.' Some see a Masonic revenge, the Freemasons' lodge, on the Chiado, having been broken into, sacked, and completely wrecked a few weeks ago. I have gathered interesting details from various sources, among them Captain Smith. His chief sent him out, immediately after the shooting, to collect what information he could. He, doubtless mindful of his training as a Hearst reporter, managed to force his way into the council-chamber where an emergency meeting of the Cabinet was being held, and stayed there during the whole session, the Portuguese being either too excited or too polite to show him the door, or perhaps too overcome with awe at this incredible — enterprise — as were our British and French colleagues, later, when they heard of it.

It seems shots were fired by two men: the first missed, but in the confusion ensuing, the second murderer squeezed past between two policemen, seized the President's arm uplifted to his cap in salute, and shot him through the body. The President's brother received a sword-cut over the head, accidentally, perhaps. It is also reported that assassins were in wait at Entroncamento, the railroad junction, and at Oporto, so as to make absolutely sure. Stories of forebodings and warnings are current: although strongly urged, the President refused to put off this trip or even change the hour of departure. 'They'll get me sooner or later,' he answered. He was unusually depressed, and said to his aide upon leaving the palace, 'I fear I'll never come back from this trip.' At the railway station, he expressed displeasure at the sight of the double line of infantry and police drawn up. 'One would think the Tsar of Russia was expected!'

A remark supposed to have been made by our minister, as he viewed the body at the palace, Sunday, is being repeated. It even came out as a headline in one of the papers. 'He was too great a man for this small country.' Colonel Darcy haw-hawed considerably about it and wondered whether it was a compliment!

Sidonio Paes was, without doubt, a strong man, and one whose services the country could ill afford to lose, at this time especially. A conservative, he sought to rally the various political groups: he had practically succeeded in winning the confidence of the Monarchists and was bringing about a reconciliation with the church. His programme of political and social reform was enlightened and broad, Albuquerque, his confidant, told me. 'You must remember that he had been in power a few days over a year only,' he said, 'and that he was kept too busy thwarting constant plots and intrigues to be able to undertake any serious constructive work; but it was coming.'

It is a fact that he kept the jails filled to capacity, and the African colonies of Angola and Mozambique amply supplied with labor. The work of repression was carried out effectively and quietly, and only the very rare early risers ever met the heavy trucks bristling with policemen's rifles and well laden with prospective colonists. Occasionally, too, you passed a procession of a dozen or so pale, sordid-looking men, the small fry, tramping toward prison under escort. I was told there were as many as ten thousand under arrest!

Sidonio Paes was suspected, by some,

of pro-Germanism. They pointed out that he had spent many years as ambassador in Berlin, and that the activity of Portuguese troops at the front practically ceased after he came to power. A friend of his intimated, also, that he greatly disliked the British. It must be remembered, however, that the Portuguese troops received a terrific mauling from the Germans in the March drive, and that their losses were probably such as to incapacitate them for further action until they had had a long period for rest and reorganization.

Incidentally, this March drive is the cause of much ill-feeling between British and Portuguese. The British declare that the 'little blighters ran like rabbits,' while the Portuguese side is that their troops were surrounded and suffered tremendous losses, from the fact that they kept on holding their line, unaware that the British had given way on both wings — some neglect or blunder in the communication services. It may be, too, that Sidonio Paes, determined by purely local considerations and without being in the least pro-German, decided that it would be foolish for Portugal to incur further losses in men and treasure, when her interests were not directly menaced, and especially with small prospect of adequate compensation. She had chosen the right side, proved herself true to the historic friendship with England, and might decently withdraw, without actually seeming to, by remaining inactive. I believe Sidonio Paes was, above all, a patriot, and his last words may well have been those reported: 'Salvem a patria!' Save the country!

III

January 23.

This *has been* a day, and is still *a night*, for, at this very minute, motor-trucks are rumbling down the Avenida, greeted all along with hoarse shouts; a confused clamor rises from the Rocio, four squares away, with now and then a shriller yell, and there is the intermittent boom of cannon far off, scattered rifle-fire, snipers are very active, and — *bang* — there goes a bomb with sullen roar, a peculiar, short, deadened sound. One wild day of revolution; I've never seen the like, nor a day more perfect. An indigo-blue sky, luminous and deep, a languorous heat, almost tropical. Women were at their windows with parasols; the only clouds were little fleecy bursts of shrapnel and 'Viva Republica!' 'V'a r'poob'l'ca,' it sounds like, with a very strong 'poob.' Bullets sing past my windows. Jolly life, this, when perfectly irresponsible creatures, superexcited, mad with yelling, and intoxicated with the smell of powder, go about brandishing army rifles!

To begin properly: it was about time to start for the office when, *boom!* I looked out of the window and saw white smoke rising beyond the Rotunda, over the fort, which, with the Castello São Jorge, guards the city. What's up now? I wondered. A few minutes later, *boom, boom,* and so on with increasing frequency. I was opening the door, when Maria rushed out of her kitchen, followed by Doña Pinto.

'*Não,* the senhor must not go out!' she said, barring the way. 'They are all *doido* [crazy], and firing in the streets, and the Monarchist blue-and-white flag floats over the Rocio.'

That was startling news! I went back to my window. Nothing unusual, apparently: a boy shouting the morning paper '*Yo Sec*'; two or three men walking along; a woman balancing a huge hamper of turnips; ragged wretches basking drowsily on the benches.

I decided to go on. Doña Pinto and Maria were still in the corridor, discussing. An '*oficial estrangeiro,*' Lady

Pinto declared, would be absolutely safe; while Maria argued that stray bullets make no distinctions. She ran down ahead of me, and mustered six or seven women and children at the street door to say a last farewell to the reckless foreign devil.

Of course, there was nothing extraordinary — no blue-and-white flag over the Rocio; only numerous groups talking excitedly. With the approach of 'business hours,' however, things livened up. The crowds grew, more 'Viva Republicas' resounded, and there were the usual senseless rushes to one or the other side of the square, to see, to hear, to miss nothing. A man finds he's forgotten his pocket-handkerchief and starts back for it on the run, and immediately two hundred men trot at his heels. And — *boom, boom, boom* — the cannonading grew more intense. Gray military autos flying large Portuguese flags dashed noisily in all directions, raising clouds of dust; motorcycles with side-cars, fluttering the red or green cross; such racket and smells! A squad of firemen in shining brass helmets disappear in a side street; the crowd suddenly flocks to the rua Aurea side, to cheer a company of volunteers, as they swing up the Avenida; small groups of civilians, bundled up in cartridge-belts and reckless with their rifles, start vociferously for the front, waving their arms, shouting themselves red in the face in impassioned eulogies of their heroic sacrifice to the 'Repoob'lica.' Very few policemen — I suppose they're all drafted. My stenographer girl appeared, ashen-faced, and asked if she might not go back home now, with her uncle. I told her to go and stay there.

At luncheon, I heard the inside of the story: some of the regular troops of the garrison of Lisbon went over to the Monarchists, while the others are remaining strictly neutral in their barracks. At dawn the Fourth Cavalry from Belem, with various civilians, joined the rebels and occupied the hills of Monsanto, which dominate the city two or three miles away, near the wireless station. It is from there that they are firing on the fort, with a few batteries of seventy-fives. They have no heavy artillery. Why they did not actually seize the fort itself, which was practically stripped of its garrison, is a mystery. I was told they had sent the government an ultimatum demanding a surrender before 2 P.M.

We took a stroll in the afternoon, Colonel Darcy, Major Stone, Aerts, and I. The crowds on the Rocio were watching the evolutions of some airplanes — friendly, I hoped. Our three friends were there looking desperately forlorn, all clubs being closed. I gathered that their secret sympathies were with the Monarchists. 'Ah, the old days!' sighed Cardozo in my ear. 'The King was so democratic; he often walked on the street, unattended, like anybody else, his umbrella under his arm, puffing his cigar.'

'The social life, too!' Bastos shook his head sadly; 'you can't imagine how gay, how brilliant it was.' I judged altogether that the King of Portugal must have had much in common with the good Roi d'Yvetôt.

We continued up the Avenida, which was practically deserted, to within several hundred yards of the fort, and stopped to watch the effects of the bombardment. Presently an ambulance clanged by us and removed a too-venturesome spectator, who had got in the way of a piece of shrapnel. We ourselves were not in the line of fire, but one can't always count on the perfect accuracy of the enemy, and I proposed my windows as a safer place to watch the show. There we went and stayed until driven away by the intense sun.

The excitement seemed to grow toward nightfall; the tootings of the ambulance trumpets sounded more frequently; there were harangues and vivas from grimy heroes returning from somewhere. A truck-load of volunteers came tearing down the street at top speed, those in front standing unsteadily, with rifles leveled; and there was a lunatic who passed by at the head of a wild-eyed squad, revolver in hand, bellowing his 'Viva Repoob'lica' with a challenging note, just aching for a chance to fire. I'd really feel uneasy without my uniform! An apparently harmless citizen, walking calmly ahead of you, suddenly throws up his arms with a delirious 'Viva,' immediately echoed all around; and bands of hoodlums are having a glorious time, patriotically swinging dirty caps round their heads and shouting to force others to answer.

Of course, all this is only a local aspect of the rebellion; the Monarchy is established in the north, and the troops are even reported to be marching down on Lisbon!

January 25.

The revolution is over so far as Lisbon is concerned, and the Republic stays. Up north, Braganza and Vizeu have surrendered, leaving Oporto practically isolated. Yesterday was the decisive day. The cannon thundered from 8 A.M. until 3 P.M. The firing was intense, a government destroyer on the Tagus joining in with its nine-inch guns. The cold wind that arose during the night must have made bivouacking on the hills of Monsanto anything but a joy, and perhaps hastened the end! The minister ordered all our officers and men to stay on board, as there was considerable sniping on the streets and we don't want complications. The excitement was much less, the crowds having yelled themselves tired and hoarse the day before. An airplane dropped silvery proclamations on the town. It was rumored during the morning that the Monarchists had wiped out many Republicans by hoisting the white flag and turning on machine-guns. At four o'clock, the French Legation called me up to ask about the report that the Monarchists were in retreat; but the official confirmation came only later. Toward evening, bodies of troops began to return amid cheers; then came straggling, weary, mud-covered individuals, their red faces streaked with sweat, each surrounded by a chattering group of admirers. There was joy-firing, off and on, throughout the night, but otherwise no great celebration.

At the hotel I ran across Albuquerque, who was Sidonio Paes's aide and confidant. He was extremely despondent, and told me he had just resigned his post as aide to the Provisional President, as well as his commission in the army, because 'he did not want to be associated with the murderers of the President who would now surely come to power.' All around us I noticed many uneasy and gloomy faces. 'Monarchist sympathizers,' said Albuquerque, adding that he himself was one, and expected to be arrested soon, but did n't care anyway.

I got further light on the murky political situation. President Paes, a Republican, was in alliance with the Monarchists, forming the Conservative party. He was murdered by the Democrats, who, according to Albuquerque, are rowdies, the dregs of the population, led by demagogues and clever crooks. Fearing their return to power, the Monarchists started the present revolt, with the tacit approval of the Republicans. All the Lisbon troops had pledged their support, and success seemed so certain that the Monarchists did not even trouble to take ordinary precautions, and started

out with only two days' provisions and scanty ammunition. Three regiments, however, went back on their word and refused to move for either side! Imagine! Government troops remaining neutral with the existence of the Republic in the balance! The government was thus left practically without troops, and had to raise a volunteer army, some ten thousand men.

The Monarchists, who had all the regulars, officers, and men, were most contemptuous of the low rabble — 'that made them run!' I said.

'No,' answered Albuquerque, 'it's only that they were out of food and ammunition!'

I told him my opinion of men who start to upset a government with no more preparation than for a picnic! And as for the Democrats, they might be the scum of the population, but I had more respect for poor devils who, out of pure patriotism, took up their rifles and rushed to the defense of their country, than for the noble élite, who, while posing as defenders of law and order, went out to slaughter their fellow countrymen. And if the rabble should commit excesses later, from the lack of decent leaders, whose fault would it be? Where were those leaders?

Albuquerque said he had begged his friends not to start the revolt; but there was no stopping them, and, as they stood for the principles he believed in, he could not but wish them success. He had been sorely tempted, he said, on Thursday night, to bring out the 'neutral' regiments. They knew and trusted him and would have obeyed. He walked as far as the barracks of the Fort São Jorge, and then turned back, feeling he could not do it.

I felt sorry for the poor chap, he was so evidently sincere, and all broken up. But it's a queer mentality these people have! Politics and party above patriotism and country. Aerts told them they'd cut a pretty figure at the Peace Conference! What the government, whatever it is, ought to do now, is to line up the ringleaders against a wall. But it won't; it prefers to give them a chance to live — to fight another day.

The two colonels and I — Stone has been promoted — strolled over the ground about the Rotunda this afternoon. The damage did n't seem very great; the rebels had good direction, but overshot the fort. There were a few abandoned gun-carriages and ammunition-vans here and there, and large dark stains indicating casualties among the mule-train. People were prying into shell-holes, hunting for fragments. We wandered on, to see how that part of the town had fared. Houses were all somewhat scarred, and a few had gaping shell-holes.

Unconsciously we joined in with the stream of people, and presently found ourselves in sight of Monsanto. A wavering black line, cut by the great white aqueduct at the bottom, was winding up the hill, ant-like, toward the rebel positions. I urged my colonels on, and we soon got to the top. The view over the city and the wide Tagus is magnificent. Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and the deep ravines between some of them form natural boulevards. The ground was pitted and furrowed, especially around an abandoned battery of Krupps, attesting the excellent marksmanship of the 'rabble.' The wireless tower had been hit, and what remained of the wreck of the station looked like a sieve. We found two guileless youths, at the back, slyly cutting out of the plaster two unexploded shells! A smell of powder clung to the place, but the only signs of carnage were variegated chicken feathers blowing about in the wind. We met many friends, among them General and Mrs. Brainard, on top, and got home at sunset.

GERMAN REFLECTIONS

BY PAUL ROHRBACH

I

THREE years ago the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* wrote me a courteous letter, inquiring what objects Germany had in the war. This letter did not reach me until six months ago. Germany's war aims in 1916 no longer have practical importance. But a person who wishes to understand the present condition of Germany will find it very essential to know what influence the war aims of 1914–1918 exercised upon the public mind of that country. No one will find the key to the revolution and to the present condition of Germany unless he knows that the German people entered the war in August, 1914, an absolute unit, but that, in the course of the four years, clear-cut divisions of opinion and sentiment destroyed this unity.

It is by no means easy to understand German conditions from a distance. We must start with the sentiment that prevailed in that country when the war broke out. The whole nation was convinced that Germany had been attacked. For more than ten years it had watched a ring of hostile nations closing around it. It is popularly believed abroad that the Germans cherished plans of conquest and dreams of world-empire before the war. This opinion of Germany is false, but it is very natural that it should exist to-day among non-German nations, because a powerful propaganda has cultivated it during the war. It finds apparent corroboration in the writings of the Pan-Germans and a few military men like General von Bernhardi. Bernhardi's books were unknown before the war outside of a narrow military circle. I do not think that the number of copies in all Germany exceeded a few thousand. Your rarely saw them in bookshops; I never saw them in a private house. Very few German civilians even knew the general by name. The Pan-Germans were a small but noisy group, without official influence. They had so little effect upon international policies that the warning by those persons who considered Pan-German speeches and writings a source of national peril remained unheeded. It is easily comprehensible why propagandists should seize upon such material. But the idea that German public opinion before the war, and the classes which controlled the public policy of the empire, were Pan-German, is absolutely false. The world-war was for Germany a people's war in the real sense.

What was the reason for this unanimity of public sentiment in regard to the war? It was due solely and entirely to the conviction that the war was a defensive one on Germany's part. This conviction will perhaps seem strange to a non-German, especially to a man who has been fighting Germany for years and has been completely under the influence of the war propaganda against that country. However, it is absolutely necessary, if one is to understand the events that followed in Germany, to

realize that in the summer of 1914 the nation was absolutely convinced that it had been attacked without reason by a group of hostile and encircling powers.

At the moment when the war broke out, and Italy refused to fulfill its engagements to the Triple Alliance, and Great Britain entered the ranks of Germany's enemies, public opinion in our country was far from confident of a great triumph. The common people, the heads of the government, and the General Staff contemplated little more than a successful defense. The tremendous solicitude and tension of the first weeks were suddenly relieved by the important victories in Belgium, France, and East Prussia. The military authorities had promised that their reports would be frank and veracious, whether we were victorious or defeated. They fulfilled their promise up to the battle of the Marne. Our utter defeat in that battle, which represented the complete failure of the General Staff's plan of campaign, was not made known to the people. We were told only that a different kind of war must now begin: that there would be no more brilliant victories, but a long-continued struggle against superior forces.

Notwithstanding our defeat on the Marne, the army leaders had tested the mighty power of their war-machine; but they underestimated the possibilities of growth in the forces of the enemy, and hoped ultimately to win a decisive victory. However, the people at large began to experience a reaction from their solicitude at the outbreak of the war, and the bitter feeling became general that Germany had been encircled and gratuitously attacked in the midst of its industrious and successful pursuit of the ways of peace. We began to hear the statement: 'We must have guaranties that such an outrage shall not befall us again; and we now see that our army is strong enough to gain us such guaranties.'

Everything depended upon what was understood by guaranties. To Germany's undoing, it was a false conception that thereupon mastered public thought — guaranties by direct or indirect annexation on the borders, especially in Belgium. That afforded an opportunity for the Pan-Germans. From this time dates the beginning of their influence in the press and among the educated classes.

The Pan-German war aim, of safety by annexation, captured part of the nation. Among the remainder there was growing resistance to the protraction of the war in order to gain new territories. This is the point where a clear division first showed itself in the unity of the German nation, and from this point began our descent into our present misfortune.

The longer the war continued, the greater the sacrifices. The more effective the famine blockade, the more urgent became the demand from the masses for some way of restoring peace. Gradually an opinion gained ground among a majority of the common people, who were suffering most from the war, that it would be possible to end the conflict, but that generals, princes, and war profiteers wanted to gain new conquests, and would not stop the struggle. This bitter opposition first manifested itself in 1917. It became stronger in 1918; and it was only temporarily weakened by the preparations and the initial success of the great offensive of the latter year. In July, 1918, it surged back with full force. It was much more powerful among the people at large than in Parliament. The feeling of the people at large was: 'You people above could have relieved us of the calamity of the war long since if you would only have renounced your plans of conquest. You

have not done so. You have prolonged our misery from year to year. You are guilty.'

This sentiment did not find full expression, on account of the censorship; but it was a decisive factor in causing the German revolution. The other factor was the complete prostration and unnerving of the nation by the famine blockade. The effect of years of insufficient nourishment upon the mass of the people was not only physical, but, above all, psychological. The only effective and salutary measure for warding off the impending catastrophe would have been to remember the old truth that Germany could not fight a war which was not supported by the united public opinion of the nation, and that no war could have this support, in view of the national character and the influence of universal service, unless it were a war of defense.

Over and above this there was a third factor in the revolution — the promise of President Wilson that, if Germany made peace, she would be dealt with in accordance with the Fourteen Points; and, in addition, America's official attitude, which created the impression in Germany that the abolition of an autocratic form of government in general, and the removal of the House of Hohenzollern in particular, would make the peace terms easier for Germany. If the German people had not had faith in the Fourteen Points and in the assured alleviation of the peace conditions as compensation for renouncing the dynasty, it is probable that the revolution would not have taken the form of self-disarmament, and the enforced abdication of the Kaiser and of the other royal houses. Both moral and physical resistance to the revolution were crippled by the fearful exhaustion due to the famine blockade, and by the idea that it was a revolution for, first, a peace of goodwill and reconciliation, second, for freedom, and third, for bread.

Prince Max of Baden, who had become Imperial Chancellor, made a generous but vain attempt to salvage the monarchical idea in Germany, and to keep both the political and social revolution within peaceful limits. He exerted himself to the utmost to induce the Kaiser and the Crown Prince to abdicate voluntarily, and to leave to a constitutional convention, to be summoned immediately, the decision as to Germany's future form of government. But the Kaiser was ill-advised. He withdrew himself from the influence of his Chancellor by a sort of flight to military headquarters; and when he was informed there, on the morning of November 9, by his own generals, that the army would not defend him, it was too late to have the announcement of his abdication stop the violent course of revolution in Berlin.

II

The most terrible misfortune which befell Germany, and which exhausted the remnant of her strength and power of recuperation, was the continuance of the blockade after the Armistice. The country was completely unprepared for the moral shock which this produced; for no one except the absolute pessimists, whose number was small, doubted that, after Mr. Wilson's promise, Germany would be dealt with in accordance with the Fourteen Points. Naturally they expected nothing like the continuance of the blockade. At once it was evident that both economical and social ruin threatened. The physical exhaustion of the nation, its moral prostration by the famine blockade, and its disarmament, which involved the delivery of its heavy artillery, its aviation equipment, and other war materials, the greater part of its

fleet, and all German territories on the left bank of the Rhine, to the victorious powers, made it absolutely impossible to resume the war. The whole nation realized that under no circumstances could it continue the struggle. It was so conscious of its own powerlessness that it could not interpret the continuation of the blockade except as the result of premeditated hostile malice, designed to cripple Germany for generations, if not for all time to come.

Whatever the true reasons for prolonging the blockade may have been, its effect was extremely cruel. In September, 1918, Dr. Saleeby, one of the most distinguished medical men and physiological experts in England reported: 'The blockade is primarily responsible for Germany's present frightful food-crisis, and consequently for the permanent effects which will follow in its wake.'

The German government did not completely suppress discussion as to the effect of the famine blockade during the war, but it discouraged references likely to depress the people. The results began to be serious after 1916. People residing in the country and the well-to-do in the cities were able to get along, but the poorer classes already suffered. The insufficiency of the official rations was demonstrated in institutions for the insane, public hospitals, and many prisons where the inmates were not able to procure additional food by indirect means.

The three most serious effects of the famine blockade upon Germany are: first, an increase in tuberculosis, according to the physicians, of between two and three hundred per cent, and inability to combat the disease, when once contracted, by scientific feeding. Second, several hundred children afflicted with rachitis. In the third place, undernourishment has permanently affected the health of thousands of parents, whose weakness will be transmitted to their descendants.

Germany was at war for four years and three months, and lost about two millions by death upon the battlefields and in hospitals. That amounts to an average of nearly thirteen hundred for every day of the war. Add to this another sixty per cent, or an average of eight hundred people who, since 1916, have died daily as a direct or indirect result of the famine blockade. This extra death-rate continued after the Armistice, on account of the prolongation of the blockade. We were not even permitted to carry on our coastal fisheries, and were prohibited from importing condensed milk from America for our suffering children.

Even had the famine blockade ended with the war itself, and had the same conditions that prevailed in the summer months of 1919 with respect to food-supplies existed in November and December, 1918, more than 100,000 lives would have been saved, and the moral recuperation of Germany would have already begun.

There is a limit to the resistance of any nation to suffering. So long as this limit is not exceeded, the average man retains his morale. The exaltation of national sentiment in war-time is an added resource. But if you exceed that limit, resistance speedily breaks down. With the Germans so exhausted in November, 1918, the sufferings imposed upon the people after that date, through the continuance of the famine blockade, fell upon a mass of human beings bereft of both physical and moral powers of resistance. The war has wrought moral ruin in every country of Europe. Its effects were obvious enough in Germany by the beginning of the fifth year of fighting. But what occurred during the famine months of the Armistice was the worst of all. The results of those months were more

disastrous to Germany's morale than those of all the four years of combat.

However, we have not exhausted the subject with the food question. The embargo upon raw materials was likewise disastrous. German factories were kept busy during the war making munitions and other military supplies, although many raw materials were not to be had. This war-business stopped. The labors of peace could not take its place except in some branches of the metal industry and a few other lines of minor importance. Following the revolution the working people became more exacting. That was no misfortune in itself. Everyone recognizes that social conditions in Germany, as well as in the rest of the world, have been profoundly affected by the war, and that the economic and political demands of the working classes will be quite different from what they were formerly.

But the situation in Germany would have been far sounder if a great section of the country's industrial plant had not been condemned to idleness after the Armistice. It was like a machine that overheats itself running without a burden. As a result of the revolution, wages and salaries were doubled at a stroke, and continued to increase subsequently. This applied to every laborer, every street-car employee, every clerk, every official. This sudden assault upon the revenues of the state and of private corporations could be met, in view of Germany's complete isolation from the rest of the world, only by increasing the issues of paper money, and adding immense sums to our national indebtedness.

Such a palliative was of only transient effect. As the result of paper inflation, prices rapidly rose, and the rise of prices led to renewed demands for higher salaries and wages. The German government committed many errors, especially immediately after the Armistice, which had a depressing effect upon German exchange; but the beginning of the evil lay in the desperate conditions created by the Armistice. The revolution guaranteed every workingman his right to strike. That situation lasted about a year before the government recovered sufficient authority to justify an endeavor to protect from complete stoppage by striking employees at least those industries which were necessary to national existence, and to prevent striking laboring men from forcing their employers to pay their wages during the days and weeks they were on strike.

If it had been possible immediately after the conclusion of the Armistice to supply German manufacturers with enough raw materials to enable them to resume operations, and to furnish the population with food, for which our exchange — then about a third below par — would have enabled us to pay, the economic demands of the workers and employees could have been met by exporting manufactures instead of by issuing paper money and adding to our floating indebtedness. The high price-level in foreign markets would have made it possible to increase wages in Germany as soon as contact was established between the business world of that country and that of other lands. But as the situation actually developed, this was not possible. The increase of wages became a fearful calamity for Germany.

The greatest hardship falls upon the middle classes and small capitalists, who cannot increase their income by striking, and whose revenues are limited because they are unable to add to the price they charge for their services. These social groups are now gradually becoming part of the proletariat. They are being forced to relinquish one comfort and refinement of life after another. The purchasing power of money has

fallen so that clothing and shoes cost at least six times as much as they did before the war, and ordinary provisions cost from three to ten times as much. Books are three times as expensive as formerly. Even the simplest luxuries are too costly to be considered. Therefore there is no opportunity to gratify artistic tastes or to take vacations and travel. For the same reason young people, unless they are wealthy, are practically prohibited from marrying.

Another great hardship is the lack of dwellings. During the war very few houses were built, and the cost of construction is at least six times what it was formerly. Everyone is waiting until prices fall. To-day it is impossible to get a fair interest on money invested in new buildings, so there is no construction whatever under way. We have planned small-farm colonies for returning soldiers. It has been decided to parcel out the extensive estates, especially in eastern Germany, so as to provide the largest possible number of farms for soldiers — in particular those who were slightly wounded. Still, it is necessary to build houses and barns on these small tracts — something which cannot be thought of at prevailing prices. So our splendid scheme for colonizing people on the land is at a standstill, and this in turn is contributing a great deal to the prevailing political unrest and discontent.

III

It is hard to say how Germany can work itself out of its present calamitous condition. The evils of the situation have made such headway that they cannot be overcome except with foreign help. The only country in a position to extend a large credit to Germany is America. Of course, I cannot discuss here whether American statesmen would consider such a measure, and what attitude they would take toward Germany in principle and practice. Everything would have been different and better if the blockade had been lifted with the Armistice, and raw materials permitted to reach us. The eight-months' Armistice blockade is what crushed Germany beyond hope. Even to-day the question of raw materials is a vital one. Until Germany secures such materials, more than half of her industrial workers cannot be fully employed, and our exports will not be sufficient to pay for our subsistence.

As a counsel of desperation, we have begun to sacrifice abroad German securities and goods. The excessive fall in German exchange enables foreign countries to buy at very low prices anything that Germany has to offer — things that our own population cannot buy because they are too dear in our currency, although our people at home are in bitter need of them. Only a very few of our industries are operating at a profit, and those few are threatened with disaster in case the rich iron and coal resources in Upper Silesia should, as a result of the popular vote, be lost to Germany. If we can retain Upper Silesia, and procure a loan which will enable us to obtain on long credit raw materials for German manufacturers,— such as cotton, wool, and other textile fibres, hides and skins for our leather manufacturers, copper and tin, rubber and mineral oil, — then slow recovery is possible. Unless we do get these things, the situation in Germany will be just as desperate within a year at the utmost as it is now in Vienna, and in the German territories of the former Austrian monarchy.

The Bolsheviki, who are known in Germany as Spartacans (after Spartacus, the leader of the slave revolt in Ancient Rome), the Communists, and the Independent Social Democrats, are intent upon the complete overthrow of

the government and the existing social order, upon abolishing all national boundaries and differences, upon annihilating private property, and upon the dictatorship of the proletariat. With the moderate Social Democrats, who up to the present retain the support of a great majority of the Socialists in Germany, we reach the group of parties which recognize the present form of government as desirable, and would continue in some form or other the present social order. Some would retain the latter as it is; some would transform it methodically and gradually into a Socialist organization. The radical parties I have mentioned are weak in the German National Assembly. But among the mass of voters, men and women alike, *they have gained decidedly in strength since the election to the National Assembly in January, 1919, for the very reason that the economic situation has become so hopeless.*

The Independent Socialists and their allies counted upon stopping the factories and railways during the present winter by creating a coal-famine, and thus preventing the payment of wages. Thereupon they proposed to demand that the government should pay unemployment relief to all the idle, who would number several millions. If the government refused, they would inaugurate a new revolution, confiscate all private property, and establish a dictatorship of the proletariat. Their plan has been defeated up to the present by our ability to keep coal-production at a point which enabled our factories to continue in partial operation. Whether we shall succeed in doing this through the winter is yet a question. Our hope that this may be so is greatly strengthened, especially by the fact that the recent strikes showed that the government troops are loyal, that they will apparently protect the men who want to work, and will prevent the plundering of the safes of the companies.

The critical factor is coal. Our production would be adequate if so much of the coal we mine did not have to be turned over to the Entente under the Peace Treaty, instead of to Germany. If the Entente would postpone its demand for deliveries from Germany for a period, this temporary relief would help us to keep control of the situation.

In a sense our extreme reactionaries are related to our radicals. Their objects are diametrically opposed, but their policy is the same, so far as utilizing the existing discontent and unrest is concerned. These reactionaries are the people who throughout the war insisted upon the so-called 'guaranties' for Germany. By this they meant the annexation of Belgium and certain French border districts. Only a few of these men contemplated the actual incorporation of Belgium into Germany. Most of them favored making that country a political dependency, with close military and economic ties with the Empire. These were the same people who failed to recognize how deep was the cleavage of opinion in the nation over the question whether our war was a defensive war or a war of conquest. These were the people who failed to comprehend the serious danger which the Kaiser's throne and the monarchical idea had incurred through the excessive strain it had placed upon the nation, and our resulting moral disintegration. Among the most active and determined adherents of this party are the old Prussian Conservatives, the owners of large estates, old army officers, bureaucrats of the military school, and part of the academic circles, including clergymen, professors, and teachers. These elements alone are not numerous enough to form a party of significant proportions.

These reactionaries cannot hope to become a powerful political influence except by securing aid from the mass of voters. In old days they were able to use physical pressure on their dependents, the rural laborers, and on the petty bourgeoisie of the small country towns in Eastern Germany, to assure their supremacy. These two resources were taken away from them by the revolution. The one resource they still have may prove very effective under certain conditions. It is the dissatisfaction of all those classes of society which, by habit of thought, are unable to see any prospect of bettering their condition through radical Socialism, but would prefer to that a return of the earlier political régime. These people do not bethink themselves that their proposal is absolutely Utopian, and that the monarchy, if restored, could bring no relief to Germany in its present desperate situation. They have no regard for the fact that a monarchy could be restored against the resolute resistance of the workers only by civil war.

The tactics of these Conservatives are very simple. They are careful not to recall that they themselves are the ones who destroyed the unity of the nation by their insistence on annexations, and thus incurred the responsibility for Germany's collapse. Of all the memories of the war, these Conservatives hate and abjure most the recollection that it would have been possible by timely political reforms at home, and by a policy hostile to annexations, to have brought into power in the enemy countries the parties favorable to peace. One of the greatest mistakes made by the present democratic government in Germany is that it has not forced the Conservatives to debate this question continuously.

The second item in the tactics of the reactionaries is to continue insisting, with skillful variations of phrase, with all the measures of propaganda that their wealth and their control of an important section of the press place in their hands, that formerly Germany had a monarchy, government authority, prosperity, order, and respect abroad; whereas to-day the country has no monarchy; the former discipline and obedience to law have disappeared; and dissatisfaction and misery prevail everywhere. They imply that, if you restore the monarchy, you will restore all the blessings of the past.

In judging what prospects of success this agitation has, we must first make clear to ourselves that a great majority of the German people have thoroughly discarded all thought of restoring a monarchy for a long time. Whether they will change this opinion in the future is hard to say. Everyone knows that the Kaiser cannot be restored, and that the Crown Prince is an impossibility. It is generally recognized that there is scarcely a man of the royal family who possesses the character and capacity to rule Germany. The only exception perhaps would be Prince Max of Baden. He might have rescued Germany if the Kaiser had made him Chancellor immediately after the retirement of Bethmann-Hollweg. The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria is also highly esteemed. He is a valiant, frank man, and has been unjustly stigmatized in the Entente press as responsible for many atrocities during the war. However, neither of these men is a candidate for the throne of Germany. They are, both of them, too wise and patriotic to seek that honor at the expense of a civil war.

The opinion seems to be widely held abroad that the old military system still has large support in Germany. This opinion is false. It probably owes its existence to the fact that our extreme conservative parties are our

most vehement and noisy political debaters. They control a number of very able journalists, and possess a certain talent for making themselves conspicuous, especially on such occasions as Hindenburg's recent visit to Berlin, to appear before the Parliamentary investigating committee. Incidents like the resistance offered by the German volunteers to their retirement from the Baltic Provinces, whither they had been invited previously by the Lett government, with promises of land for settlement, go to confirm this belief. The situation, however, is not what these people think. The troops refused to obey because they had been promised land.

A third influence has been brought to bear upon foreign opinion regarding Germany. Most of the journalists who have visited us from other countries have fallen into the hands of the most radical of our public men, and have been worked upon by them to believe that reaction is a serious danger in Germany. Now these German radicals consider any sort of patriotism a reaction. The man they hate and attack with the most bitterness is the Social Democrat War Minister, Herr Noske. Germany has him to thank for the fact that it did not become a scene of chaos, arson, and destruction during the first two months of the revolution. It is completely contrary to the truth to consider him a suspicious champion of militarism, such as he is represented abroad to be by our radical extremists.

Militarism in Germany is a thing of the past. I mean by this that the sentiment which we called by that name is limited to a small group of old reactionaries whom the people do not trust or support. Only one thing can make this spirit again a danger. That would be a situation that would render those citizens who are not committed to strikes and socialist uprisings so desperate in their struggle for survival that they would lose their poise, and as a counsel of despair might give heed to the reactionary promises of the counter-revolutionists. The tragedy of this is that there are really fanatics among the extreme Conservatives who believe that a counter-revolution is possible, and are ready to employ force the moment the situation is favorable. There is not the slightest probability that a counter-revolution would succeed, for the supporters of monarchy have no forces behind them for an armed struggle. The common soldiers, most of the non-commissioned officers, and no small portion of the commissioned officers, came out of the war hostile to the monarchy; and it makes no practical difference so far as Germany is concerned whether this hatred is directed against the person of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, or against monarchy in principle. An overwhelming majority of the old army would fight to prevent the restoration of the monarchy, but under no circumstances would they fight to restore it. The soldiers, moreover, are still deeply impressed with the idea that, if the Kaiser and his clique and the General Staff had not prolonged the war by their impracticable demands, we might have escaped the military disaster and political collapse that actually occurred.

Healthy democratic progress is, accordingly, dependent in Germany upon a recovery of economic health. There is an alliance between the Democrats and the modern Socialist party, which the Catholic or Centre party has joined, on the condition that its demands in regard to church- and school-legislation be considered. Among the Democrats in Germany the principal difference in opinion is in regard to the extent to which socialization is desirable and practicable, and how far it is necessary,

to preserve individualism and private enterprise. It will not be difficult to reconcile these two groups on a basis of actual experience, just as soon as we can get back to normal working conditions. To restore the latter *we must have raw materials and credit. Unless we do obtain them we are in constant danger of Bolshevism on the one hand and of counter-revolution on the other.* Either of these would precipitate the final and complete ruin of Germany and constitute a common peril for all Europe; for the counter-revolution would ultimately result in Bolshevism.

Credit and raw materials are necessary, but they are not the only essentials. If they are to be effective, those points of the Peace Treaty must be revised which aim permanently to destroy Germany's economic existence. My country is willing and anxious to restore Belgium and northern France, and to pay as much as she can in addition, if she is able to arrive at an understanding with her previous opponents that will permit a recovery of her economic vigor.

Up to the present, we see no prospect of the Entente meeting us here. After all that has occurred, we can easily understand that our enemies may distrust us. But there is a simple way of removing this distrust. Send sensible, fair-minded people to Germany, to investigate the situation, and they will learn that the Germans who have practical influence honestly desire to perform their obligations. The worst thing for Germany is to encounter, not only distrust, but also permanent hostility and a design to ruin the country. Such a design appears in many paragraphs of the Versailles treaty, although the public men of the Allied countries and the United States may quite well be unaware of the fact.

With such peace conditions enforced, it will not be possible to revive permanently Germany's economic vigor. Our newspapers report an interview between Premier Clemenceau and a French statesman, which ended with: 'There are twenty million Germans too many' (*vingt million de trop*). These words appear to be well substantiated. There is general fear in Germany that peace will not be possible for our people, but that we still face a moral prolongation of the war, only conducted by a different method. This fear lies like a weight of lead upon every German heart, and will continue to do so until some of the most oppressive conditions imposed by the treaty have been revised. Until that happens, and so long as Germany's economic life is rendered insecure by those conditions, and the whole situation is thus imperiled, the possibility of a desperate revolt continues. The German people understands full well that, for a long period to come, it is doomed, not only to the hardest toil, but also to a meagre and impoverished way of living. It is resigned to this, and feels that it is able to survive such conditions, thanks to its new democratic and social organization, but only if its obligations are made endurable, and are clearly defined, and are fundamentally just. Should it be otherwise, even democracy has no future in Germany; for a healthy plant can grow only in healthy soil and healthy air.

IV

I do not know whether I have succeeded in making myself perfectly clear to foreign readers. There are certain fields in which the members of different nations easily understand each other. Such, for instance, are those of pure science and commerce. But it is much more difficult for us to understand each other in matters of public policy. In commerce and science

we do not encounter national prejudices. In matters of public policy we are constantly encountering such national sentiment. There are German prejudices against America and American prejudices against Germany. Germans know all too little of the power of political and moral ideals among the Americans, and the Americans are disposed to look upon every German as a militarist.

In 1913 I was in the United States, and was much interested in observing in the normal schools the method of teaching history, geography, politics (civics), and social science. In a city in Oklahoma, where relatives of mine reside, I bought a number of schoolbooks in one of the shops. They were the books 'adopted for the high schools in Oklahoma.' Among them was a book by the professor of history in the University of Minnesota, Willis West, entitled *Modern History of Europe from Charlemagne to the Present Time*, and a special edition of the *Natural Advanced Geography*, by J. W. Redway and Russell Hinman. Both were modern editions recently published. I assume that millions of young people in America derive their impressions of Germany from them.

In Professor West's book I read, on pages 481 and 482, these two sentences: 'Prussia is almost as autocratic as Russia'; and 'in Germany a policeman's evidence is equal to that of five independent witnesses.' I spent the first twenty years of my life in the Baltic Provinces under Russian rule, and most of the following thirty years in Prussia. Since my change of residence I have frequently been in Russia for considerable periods. I know the faults of the Prussian system, and opposed them vigorously even before the war. American readers can verify this from a translation of a book of mine, published by the Macmillan Company, in 1915, under the title *German World-Policies*. To compare Prussia with Russia, even allowing for all the evils of Prussian militarism, would be like comparing Boston and Seattle! The sentence regarding the testimony of policemen in court is absolutely false — as false of Germany before the war as it would have been if applied to the United States. German prosecutors were accustomed to discount the testimony of policemen in court precisely because they were policemen.

Now, when the author of this textbook of modern history criticizes Germany and German conditions in other matters, what authority does he possess for a reader who knows at first hand the blunders he has fallen into upon the points I have just mentioned? If a person were in doubt, he would be apt to assume that the author was in error in every case, and was merely wildly prejudiced against everything German.

The geography textbook has 152 large pages and many good maps. In most respects it is excellent. I am able to criticize it intelligently because geography is a subject of which I have made a scientific study. A little over half a page is devoted to Germany. The geographical description of Germany reads as follows: 'The southern half of the German Empire lies on the Alpine plateau, from which rise several groups of low and much-worn volcanic mountains. The sandy lowlands of the north are covered with the drift of the old Scandinavian glacier.'

From this account it would be quite impossible to recognize either northern or southern Germany. The only volcanic mountains in our country are a couple of isolated and extinct mounds in southern Germany, and it is impossible to imagine what the author means by 'Alpine plateau.' I will cite only one more sentence: 'Breslau and

Cologne are great cotton-manufacturing centres.' It would be just as accurate for an author writing about the United States to say, 'Los Angeles and Buffalo are the centres of the American textile industry.'

I quote these examples merely to show that false statements regarding Germany are frequently published in America and taught there, and become part of public opinion regarding my country. Where errors of this kind are possible in respect to geography, history, and social conditions, errors regarding political conditions are quite as likely to get abroad.

One of the greatest untruths under which the German nation is now suffering is that Germany has incurred the guilt for atrocities and reprehensible acts in connection with the origin and conduct of the war, and that every German citizen is responsible for the invasion of Belgium, the devastation of northern France, and the campaign for annexation. This is not true. The German people and the German government would in my opinion do wisely to insist and to continue insisting that all questions regarding the guilt for the war be heard before a neutral tribunal, a tribunal which should have the right to require the presentation, not only of German evidence, but also of documents and sworn statements from Germany's opponents.

Germany is criticized for the manifesto issued by a group of professors early in the war, which denied the atrocities alleged in Belgium. This manifesto has been bandied about in the newspapers of the world for five years. However, on July 27, 1915, a declaration signed by ninety high officials, leading statesmen, professors, and publicists, was presented to the Imperial Chancellor, and later published, protesting against annexation, and demanding that any peace should be accepted which left Germany's pre-war status unimpaired. This document, which I personally signed, has remained practically unknown.

Before Germany is judged by foreign countries, their peoples must be made to understand that, even before the war and throughout the war, there were two Germanys — a military Germany and a democratic Germany. Military Germany is crushed and will not revive. A person who is intimidated by the spectre of its threatened resurrection either does not know the present conditions in Germany, or he wishes to utilize the peace in Germany to continue war against that country. Democratic Germany, however, will not be able to survive unless her former opponents, who were able to win complete success in the war only after the United States joined their coalition, grant her the material and moral conditions that make such survival possible. These conditions are raw materials, credit, and the removal of those provisions of the Versailles Treaty that stifle every hope of Germany's recovery.

THE CRISIS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

I PASSED the months of March and April, 1919, in Paris. Can you guess by what remote symbol my imagination was obsessed during those two months? — the Tower of Babel! For the first time it seemed to me that I understood the profound significance of that passage in the Bible, which had always left an impression of enigmatic and slightly bizarre obscurity in my mind. I am almost tempted to say that during those two months I saw with my own eyes the confusion of tongues and dispersion of peoples actually come to pass in the very heart of Paris. Not until some later day shall we learn how many mistakes were made and how much time was lost by the representatives of all mankind at Paris, because they had not one, and only one, language with which all were familiar.

But a more serious matter than the confusion of speech was the confusion of mind. What a chaos! Those things which, to some, were good and righteous and just, were to others evil and vengeful and oppressive. The doctrines which during the war had been anathematized most vehemently, which had been made synonymous with Germany and her cause, reappeared, scarcely disguised, at the Congress, in the train of the victors, like official advisers of the policies to be followed in the reorganization of Europe and Asia. President Wilson's Fourteen Points, accepted on the conclusion of the Armistice, by victors and vanquished alike, as the basis of the peace to be arrived at by mutual consent, proved three months later to be nothing more than an immense misunderstanding. Being a little vague in their author's mind and in the original draft, they were, day after day, ridiculed, discredited, distorted, sometimes applied in part, sometimes laid aside, now interpreted in one sense, and the next day in a sense directly contrary — and most frequently adopted with compromises which changed their meaning or reduced them to mere ironical plays upon words.

In this endless confusion, discussion, instead of allaying discord, aroused it by inflaming men's passions. From day to day one felt that the peoples concerned, whose unity the peace was supposed to reconstruct, were becoming disgusted with one another, and asked nothing more than to be left to themselves, each with its selfishness and its animosities. (I have often wondered what the capital of France would have been if the enemy's representatives had been admitted to the Congress, as they were to the Congress of Vienna, a hundred and five years ago.) After the confusion of tongues followed the dispersion of men. The nations turned their backs on one another, and departed, each to its solitary fate.

Such seems to be the tragic epilogue of the most tragic of wars. And yet, only six years since, in the early months

of 1914, Western civilization seemed to be a unit. We believed that we knew what we meant when we spoke of 'good and evil,' 'right and violence,' 'justice and oppression,' 'liberty and despotism.' And when Germany, in a frenzied outburst of pride and ambition, shattered that unity, we believed that we were in accord. But that was, again, a delusion. No sooner was the Armistice signed than the confusion of tongues became universal.

How did it happen? Why? What is this new Tower of Babel, which sees the ancient miracle reënacted at its feet? Such is the fateful question of life or death with which Western civilization is confronted. Let us try to solve it without fear and without shrinking; for it is a problem the solution of which demands, not only profound thought, but a fearless spirit.

II

Numerous are they who lay the blame for this confusion of tongues upon Mr. Wilson and the idealists, of whom, in Europe, at least, Mr. Wilson was momentarily the idol. Some have essayed to represent the world-war as a war of principle; but all those pleasing doctrines, more or less celebrated, for whose advancement the war was supposed to have been fought, could have no other result, according to this school of thought, than endless confusion, when imported into a discussion of things political and military, in which it was necessary to grasp realities and not to go hunting phantoms. And the realities were the inevitable conflict of ambitions and interests, the unconquerable selfishness of nations and states, the supreme and final judgment of force. On the other hand, right, justice, the principle of nationality, the liberty of the peoples are the phantoms: mere words, when it comes to the great conflicts of history which force, and force only, can decide.

This current was much stronger at the Congress than one would have said, judging by appearances alone. It was concealed; but it was functioning vigorously beneath the official phraseology, which was more or less courteous to the Fourteen Points and their author, but quite out of tune with opinions of the American President and his activity expressed in private conversations. But the strength of the current appears in the decisions of the Congress. The peace is the more or less harmonious result of divergent predispositions and ideas. But among these predispositions and ideas the most manifest of all — the one which has exerted the greatest influence and which has imparted its character to the various treaties concluded down to the present time — is that which might be called the 'Napoleonic' idea.

The peace concluded at Paris in 1919 did not, like that concluded at Vienna in 1815, undertake to reorganize Europe, according to a plan mutually agreed upon by victors and vanquished: it attempted to reduce to impotence the enemies of the victorious alliance by territorial amputations, by imposing disarmament upon the vanquished, by the creation of a certain number of new states, whose duty it shall be to hold in check the powers which were responsible for the world-war, and especially the most dangerous of them — Germany. This peace resembles those which were made by Napoleon during the last years of his reign (and which lasted so short a time) far more closely than it resembles the peace of Vienna, which was based on the principle of legitimate sovereignty. It is no exaggeration to say that the treaties signed at Versailles and at Saint-Germain are pure Bonaparte, tempered by a certain respect for the principle of nationality.

Whenever it was possible to take advantage of that principle, to create new states or strengthen old ones, it was done.

It is clear that such a peace, however excellent it may be in itself, bears very little resemblance to a peace based upon such principles as President Wilson and the idealists had in mind. It is clear, also, that the attempt to conclude a 'Napoleonic' peace, under cover of a discussion of principles which are its very antithesis, was certain to cause great confusion. The opponents of President Wilson are right, in a certain degree, when they say that, if the question of principles had not been raised; if the peoples had not been led to believe that 'justice' and 'right' could decide such a conflict; if everybody had boldly faced the 'realities,' the confusion of tongues would not have come to pass, and the treaty of peace would have been more coherent. But it remains to be seen if it was possible not to raise the question of principles, and if, as many people in Europe seem to think, justice and right, self-determination of peoples, the principle of nationality, the League of Nations, are all an invention of Mr. Wilson and the small knot of dreaming idealists, or something more profound. There lies the whole question.

III

There is no doubt that, if Western civilization were disposed, following the example of certain periods and certain nations, to bow, always without discussion, to the decrees of the God of Battle, as being just in themselves, President Wilson and all the other idealists would have been embarrassingly in the way. Their action could not fail to put bounds to the sovereign and absolute rights which victory conferred over the political map of the world. But such a conception of war and of victory is possible only in civilizations completely under the domination of the military element. Only men of war can look upon war as a game, the result of which is accepted beforehand as just, without discussion, and by a sort of professional convention. According to this theory, winning a war is the same thing as winning a game of cards. The victor is entitled to enjoy his victory in the same measure in which his adversary would have enjoyed it if the war god had pronounced in his favor; just as the lucky gambler is entitled to pocket the cash of the opponent, who, had fortune been different, would have taken his. That is why Napoleon, who was a great soldier, but a soldier pure and simple, thought himself entitled to destroy and remake enemy states, just as his adversaries would have utterly destroyed his Empire if they had beaten him.

But this theory of war can no longer be entertained by the people, the masses, the civil elements, in an ancient civilization like that of Western Europe. Nations cannot be interested in war as a game forming an end in itself, but must look upon it as a means of gratifying certain passions or of defending certain interests. Now, among these passions justice must have its place, for the very reason that war may readily do violence to it. Victory is capricious: it passes from one combatant to the other while, in most cases, the human intellect cannot grasp very clearly the reason for the change. Professional soldiers may accept these freaks of fortune; but peoples, on the contrary, will never agree that their property, their independence, their liberty, their existence hang on the result of a battle or a war; that is to say, of events to which no one possesses the mysterious key.

One understands, too, why the whole

history of civilization is an effort to erect for states and peoples, under varying forms, guaranties against the caprices of the god of war, and to withdraw them from the blind régime of omnipotent force. The solutions of this problem which have been put forward, while differing widely in form, can all, in substance, be reduced to two: either to limit the development of force itself, in such wise that one can regard with indifference the justice or injustice of these solutions because they can never seriously threaten the essential well-being of the vanquished; or to allow force to develop freely, but to subject it to a moral discipline which will prevent it from violating right and justice.

The first solution is the easier. To it many civilized peoples have had recourse in the past — in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for example. The great writers on international law of the eighteenth century — Vattel, for instance — maintain that, if there be just and unjust wars, the justice or injustice of war is a question which concerns only natural law, that is to say, the conscience of sovereigns, and their responsibility at the bar of history and of God. In practice and in reality, these writers advised each belligerent, as a matter of convention, to regard the adversary's cause as no less than his own, and never to claim to be the representative of righteousness against force and violence.

This doctrine, superficially considered, may well seem to us absurd and almost immoral; but by what arguments did these authors justify it? They said that, without this convention, there was neither code of law nor authority to decide the question of right and wrong as between the belligerent states; that each people would be the judge of its own cause; and so each would be convinced that it alone was in the right, and that all the offenses were the adversary's. Consequently wars would come to be endless and universal. They would be endless because neither party would yield until its powers were exhausted; and the one that did yield would yield only to begin again as soon as it was in a position to do so; for justice demands that all wrongs be redressed. They would become universal, because every people, being convinced that it was defending no mere political interest but the supreme blessings of life, would seek to make sure of every prop it could find.

Thus conceived and justified, we cannot deny that this doctrine is profoundly and humanly true, but only on one condition: that the war does not threaten the essential well-being of the belligerents. It would be absurd to ask a state to admit that its enemy's cause is as just as its own, when it is called upon to fight for its existence against an adversary who is determined, if victorious, to annihilate it.

Thus it was in the eighteenth century. The monarchies of that day waged a limited, conventionalized warfare which the strategists of the nineteenth century held in great contempt. But this conventional warfare was simply one method of making force less dangerous even in its most unjust caprices, by limiting the resources at its disposal; and of rendering useless the dangerous discussions concerning the justice of wars and of their results.

The nineteenth century shattered this limited, conventionalized conception of war: the French Revolution and Napoleon substituted for it what Marshal Foch calls 'absolute' — that is to say, unlimited — war, which recognizes as legitimate all possible methods of annihilating the enemy as rapidly as may be. This is a purely technical conception of war, evolved by military

circles, which succeeded in imposing itself temporarily upon the world, thanks to the upheaval of Europe caused by the French Revolution.

But the conscience of the nations was not slow to react, at the Congress of Vienna. That Congress was, despite certain errors, — as with respect to Belgium, — a very serious attempt to make the states of Europe and their relations subject to a body of principles which would have the effect of immunizing them from the most dangerous caprices of force. We forgot this too readily in the midst of the civil wars which rent Europe asunder during the nineteenth century. Indeed, people came finally to believe that the principle of nationality was invented by the Prince de Talleyrand, the better to deceive all the world. But the Prince de Talleyrand was a more profound intellect than his futile detractors imagine; he was, in truth, one of the most profound intellects in the political history of the century; and posterity has thus far failed to realize the immense service he rendered to Europe, by finding this principle of unity still living in European monarchy, and adapting it, by an ingenious generalization, to the needs of a period which had taken from monarchy a part of its consecrated character and created other forms of government. Legitimate sovereignty, conceived as the consecration of governments by lapse of time, was to the Congress of Vienna a sacrosanct principle before which force, even victory itself, must of necessity bend the knee. At that Congress it played the part which the Fourteen Points should have played at Paris. By accepting it as the basis of the new order of things, the Congress of Vienna avowed, much more frankly and definitely than the Congress of Paris, that force alone, as Talleyrand said, creates no right.

IV

After the French Revolution, then, Europe adopted the second solution of the great problem of force and justice in the world. Powerless to revert to the limited, conventional type of warfare, it subjected force to a principle destined to prevent it from committing excesses. This principle, derived from the past and adapted to the present, was strong enough and vital enough to ensure thirty years of peace to Europe. But it was not strong enough to control completely, and unaided, the life and history of Europe.

The Revolution of 1848 gave birth to a new principle, or, to be more exact, to several new principles, which had germinated in obscurity during the thirty-three years of peace, safeguarded by the principle of legitimacy. They were the principle of nationality, the right of peoples to be free, and the obligation to respect their will. These principles had their birth in a noble sentiment, but they were all very vague, and had not, like the principle of legitimacy, a solid foundation in tradition and reason. By setting themselves up in opposition to the principle of legitimacy, as the representatives of a new and better world, they succeeded in weakening it, without the power to take its place and perform its functions with equal force.

More and more, as these new principles permeated the universal conscience, Western civilization came to regard as essential to its happiness a social order in which force should respect certain principles of right and justice. But it did not know how to formulate these principles with the clarity and definiteness which they required in order to govern the world; it could not recognize any authority charged with the duty of deciding doubtful questions, and of imposing

respect for these principles upon the passions and selfish interests which might have sought to violate them. In its eyes justice and right were not empty words: they were, on the contary, living, but still sadly confused, realities, which it ardently desired, but knew not how or where to obtain.

As the principles capable of imposing respect for right and justice grew weaker, the material resources which the states had at their disposal increased to a fabulous degree. The doctrine of 'unconditional' war, the military institutions of the French Revolution, the development of industry and of wealth, created gradually the most gigantic armies that the world had yet seen.

Thereupon a terrible tragedy began in the history of Western civilization — a tragedy which the great writers on international law of the eighteenth century, unconscious prophets, had predicted to their heedless grandsons. The first act of this tragedy was 1870, the last and greatest of the wars growing out of the turmoil in which the Revolution of 1848 had involved Europe. For the first time a great power declared that it considered as of no effect a treaty imposed upon it by force, at the end of an unsuccessful war, because it violated an indefeasible right of the people of Alsace and Lorraine. For the first time the doctrine that there are such things as rights of populations, superior to force, of which governments cannot dispose, issued from men's lips and in revolutionary speeches and programmes, to become the guiding principle of the politics of one of the great states of Europe.

It was a tremendous revolution in the history of Western civilization; but, like all revolutions, it should have been carried to its extremest consequences. A new body of international law should have been created, with its doctrines and its organs, which should have defined the rights of peoples before which force must lay down its arms. If we admit that a treaty is invalid when it violates these principles, and if we permit a people to define its own rights in its own way, then will come to pass what was foreseen by the great writers on international law in the eighteenth century: no treaty will have any value whatsoever, and a state of war will become permanent and peace an absolute impossibility. Every state will declare to be of no effect, as contrary to right and justice, all treaties which do not happen to suit it. It will simply have to adopt the definition of 'right' and 'justice' which its own desires and ambitions demand at any given time.

Europe did not realize the perilous situation which was destined to develop gradually as a result of this great incomplete revolution. France maintained as against Germany, arrogant in her ever-increasing strength, the principle that the right of the peoples is to be regarded as sacred; but she dared not go further and lay the foundation of the new international law which would have justified her protest by making it more definite. Weakened by the violence which she had undergone, by internal disturbances, by the distrust which encompassed her, by the ineradicable contradiction between the tendencies which had rent her for three centuries, she retired within herself, in an attitude of immutable but passive protest.

Europe looked on at this species of inactive duel between right and force, with a curiosity not exempt from a sort of malevolent irony, as if it were a matter which concerned Germany and France alone. But gradually an increasing sense of discomfort spread throughout Europe. Cast a glance at the forty-three years between the treaty of Frankfort and the world-war; how deep-seated was the universal distrust

pervading those years, which should by rights have been among the most brilliant in history! Why was it that the vast riches accumulated in that long period of peace gave to the world neither tranquillity nor happiness? It was because during that period Europe enjoyed only an apparent peace. The war declared on July 18, 1870, really continued without remission. The treaty of Frankfort was no more than an armistice. A peace which, in the eyes of the vanquished, is but an iniquitous imposition of violence, is a mere truce so long as the vanquished has some chance of shaking off the yoke and of making an attempt to wreak vengeance, either alone or with allies. The sole guaranty of the treaty is the force which imposed it. In fact, from the treaty of Frankfort sprang the unlimited rivalry in armaments and the diplomatic contest for alliances which resulted in the world-war; both were simply desperate efforts to preserve by force a situation which force had created by imposing that treaty upon the vanquished.

And the tragedy has not come to an end with the world-war — far from it. We must have the courage to see and to speak the truth. That war, waged for the triumph of justice, threatens to extend this tragic situation throughout Europe. It has shown us how strong, even in their lack of definiteness, are the sentiments which we express by the words justice, right, liberty of the people. Except for these vague phrases, and except for the emotion they have the power to awaken, no state would have been capable of arousing the various peoples to the enormous effort of the war. The strength of these sentiments was so great that even the aggressors tried to utilize it. They did all they could — in part successfully — to make their people believe that they too were fighting for justice and for liberty. The very enormity of the act of violence of which the world was a victim for four years, and the extent of the danger incurred by all the belligerent states, were sure to carry to extremes in men's minds the sentiments of justice and right. But the exaltation of sentiment was not accompanied, either during the war or afterward, by any serious effort to give precision to the meaning of the words. In what sense should we understand the right of peoples to dispose of themselves? What must we understand by 'nationality' and by 'self-determination'? And what are to be the principles and the instruments of the international law of the future? These are the points upon which no one has sought to acquire precise information. All the peoples are left at liberty to define right and justice as they please; consequently they have found in their consciences only a very weak resistance to the dangerous passion which victory was fatally certain to arouse in them. This passion, most dangerous in itself, and by reason of the paroxysmal heights to which victory has excited it, is the one which seemed to be a great force, whereas it is in reality a great weakness, of the Western world — its bland and artless confidence in its own omnipotence.

V

This point is so important for a true comprehension of the terrible crisis in which Europe is now struggling, that I shall dwell upon it for a moment, at the cost of making a slight digression. Western civilization has made great strides in the past century: its learning, its wealth, the power which it has achieved with the aid of its discoveries and its inventions, have intoxicated it. At the same time that it called upon justice to regulate the relations between nations and to reign over the

world, it gradually lost all idea of what was possible, and of the limitation of its powers in all spheres of activity. The world-war, a ghastly mirror wherein Western civilization might detect all its deformities, was a decisive proof of this tragic contradiction. It was to the powers attacked a war of right and justice; but it was also, for everybody involved, a series of frenzied assaults upon human nature, in order to obtain from it the impossible; as if the impossible had become the simplest and most natural thing in the world.

How amazed future historians will be at this amazing blindness! We took millions of men, educated in peace and for peace; we tore them, day by day, from their homes, from their families, from their private affairs, and, after a few weeks of instruction, we hurled them into the horrors and terrors of the bloodiest war that has ever ravished the earth; we subjected societies accustomed for three or four generations to the enjoyment of full political and economic freedom to the most arbitrary despotism. Certain men, all of them raised to power during this period by the hazard of the most trivial parliamentary combinations, disposed, during three or four years, of the property and the liberty and lives of millions of other men, with the boundless power wielded by Louis the Fourteenth or Diocletian; yet no one was surprised.

Day by day it was necessary, in order to carry on the war, to consume the wealth accumulated by three generations. In four years Europe destroyed the ingenious system by which it drew raw materials and harvests from other continents and supported a dense population; it converted the credits which it possessed all over the world into debts; it lost a part of the clientele which throughout the world fed its industries and kept its agriculture alive; it condemned itself to depopulation and to prolonged destitution. But the masses went through the crisis, being fully persuaded that the world was the richer for it, and that Western civilization was capable of causing wealth to flow even from destruction. Victory carried to the point of frenzy this blind confidence in the possibility of the impossible. The war came to an end with the complete destruction of two empires and the almost complete destruction of a third. A fourth empire had already disappeared during the war. These four countries governed almost one half of Europe and Asia. Nothing takes longer and is more difficult to create than a government; but how many people have seen and measured with their eyes the enormous abyss which is yawning in Europe and Asia? The great majority regarded all these occurrences as perfectly natural; and, especially since the victory, has had no fear that the consequences of this catastrophe would affect the whole world. It was well acquainted with the ministers and diplomatists who were to meet in Paris; it knew that they were men, because it had spewed them out and assailed them with insults, like servants, a hundred times before that day; yet it expected, and still expects, from these men, with naïve confidence, a miracle which only gods could bring to pass. The peoples have believed, and still believe, that a few ministers and diplomats, assembled in Paris, pen in hand, before a map, could in a few weeks reconstruct the work of centuries, create a new order out of the chaos and void left by the crumbling of four empires, and restore peace and prosperity to the world after such horrifying destruction!

VI

Everybody recalls this frenzied excitement of the nations after the vic-

tory, because everybody took part in it, more or less. The craving for peace and justice was not extinct in men's hearts; but the principles which were to have bestowed that peace upon the world were sorely vague and ill-defined, and they became still more confused through the action of the passions roused by victory, especially through the action of that exalted confidence in their own omnipotence which victory inspired in the various governments. It was so easy for each people to persuade itself that whatever it desired — even vengeance and oppression of the vanquished — was right and justice! The statesmen, skeptics by profession, had never had a very lively faith in the principles of liberty and justice about which they had prated so much during the war; they believed in the superior rights of force, all the more strongly because they imagined that they possessed it; and because they were subjected, after victory, to the influence of the military element.

In fine, the confidence of the peoples in their omnipotence — the prevailing malady of the age — being over-stimulated by victory, was destined inevitably to infect them. Napoleon did not believe in the boundless power of his will until after the legendary triumphs of a unique career. But he was of an epoch when men were more distrustful of themselves than we are. Nothing on earth could have made the men who negotiated treaties in those days believe that there would come a day, toward the end of a war, when they would be as gods, creating states and nations by a frown. And yet not one of them had the slightest difficulty in deeming himself a god, for at least a year of his life.

Thus it is that the peace of Paris, in the end, contrary to all preconceived ideas, bears a much greater resemblance to Napoleon's great treaties than to the peace of Vienna. The subtle, ingenious, and sometimes chimerical schemes of force had much more weight therein than the application of any moral principle. We cannot say that the principle of nationality, which should have played in the Congress of Paris the rôle played at Vienna by the principle of legitimacy, was altogether neglected. But the attempt was made to combine it with the self-seeking designs of force by creating, in the name of the principle of nationality, great states too often composed of divergent and more or less hostile national elements. The peoples looked on at what was being done because they had no comprehension of it; indeed, they could have none, for they themselves had no precise conception of what they demanded in the name of right and justice.

But the sentiment which they meant to express by those words still exists, and is beginning already to manifest itself anew. The tragedy predicted by the great writers of the eighteenth century is bound to continue, spreading now from France and Germany to the whole of Europe. There is no room for illusions: the Germans will adopt toward the treaty of Versailles the same attitude that the French adopted toward the treaty of Frankfort. They will say that it violates the principles of President Wilson, and the rights of free peoples, as they define those rights to suit the necessities of their cause; that it is, therefore, null and void, and that they submit to it simply because it is imposed upon them by force.

All the peoples who are dissatisfied, for any reason, with the treaties which have reconstituted Europe will do the same; so that there will be no other guaranty of public order than force.

The consequences of such a situation it is easy to foresee, at least in their general tenor; and they seem likely to be especially serious in the states which the treaties of Versailles and Saint-

Germain have built upon the ruins of the former Austrian Empire. In the construction of these new states the mixture of the principle of nationality with the crafty schemings of force is more evident than in the mere transformations of former states. There have been constituted states which are half-national, like the great states of the West, and half-imperialistic, as were the former Austrian and Russian empires, in the hope that they will checkmate the expansion of Germanism.

The future will tell us in what measure this hope can be fulfilled; but without seeking to assume the mantle of the prophet, one may for the moment wonder what authority these states will possess over the peoples which belong to other nationalities. Ancient states may be able with comparative ease to impose their sway upon a different race, because they have the prestige and authority born of lapse of time — according to Talleyrand, the most potent source of legitimacy. Although the awakening of the spirit of nationality in the Austrian Empire began in the first half of the nineteenth century, the prestige of the crown of the Hapsburgs was able to hold together until 1914 Slavs, Hungarians, and Germans, in a single state. But it would be rash to believe, for example, that Professor Masaryk's republic will enjoy the same prestige in the eyes of Hungarians and Germans that the Conference of Paris has ascribed to it; that the Hungarians and Germans will regard it as their legitimate government and will hold themselves bound to obey it. Sacred in the eyes of the Czechs, as the expression of their nationality, and therefore legitimate, the new republic will be, in the eyes of the other nationalities, a foreign government, imposed upon them by force, without a single element of legitimacy.

Every people will consider itself at liberty to rebel whenever it has the power. Thus the foundation of these new states, so far as their non-national subjects are concerned, will be mere brute force, unless they discover some means of satisfying the national consciences of all the nationalities included within their boundaries, as Switzerland has succeeded in doing. Aside from this possibility, which at this moment seems most problematical, these states will be compelled to apply to their non-national subjects a system of government much more harsh and oppressive than that of Austria. And this will be still another paradoxical result of a war in which so much blood has been shed in the cause of liberty of the peoples!

VII

So, then, the confusion of tongues which has come about at Paris is the consequence of a deep-seated and serious disease which is undermining Western civilization. This disease is manifested in an impotent aspiration toward a world-order based upon justice. This aspiration is vigorous and sincere, for it has sprung, not from a morbid degeneracy of sentiment, but from a vital necessity. But for it, Western civilization would be enslaved, and would in time be destroyed by the most monstrous aggregation of the elements of force which the genius of man has ever been able to create. But this aspiration is impossible of fulfillment, for the doctrines and institutions essential to such fulfillment are lacking. The Congress of Vienna discovered one principle which was capable of bringing a little order into war-ravaged Europe. The Congress of Paris has not discovered such an one, because all those of which it tried to make use were vague expedients of the moment.

The crisis is serious, and cannot be averted unless Western civilization

shall find some principle of union — a common language, an Esperanto of the spirit if not of the flesh. Now such a principle can be found only in the principle of nationality, understood and loyally applied in its strict, definite signification, as a principle of right, after the style of the principle of legitimacy; or in universally accepted doctrines — supra-natural, so to speak — which will make it possible, and even desirable, for different races and peoples to live under the same government.

This is what the Bolsheviki are trying to do in Russia, when they seek to maintain the unity of the Empire by substituting for the dynastic principle the idea of the fraternity of the proletarian masses; that is to say, by substituting one universal idea for another. The attempt will probably fail; but it is not, in itself, so mad as people seem to think, especially from the standpoint of the Russians, who rushed to save the Empire from dismemberment after the overthrow of the dynastic idea, which, down to the world-war, held in check all separatist and nationalist tendencies. In this way we can understand why so many of the Tsar's generals have taken service with the new government.

I shall not try to draw aside the veil of the future and guess which of the two solutions has the better chance of success. But I do not consider that I am putting forward too bold a hypothesis if I say that neither will be able to bestow upon Western civilization the peace and good order of which it stands in need, so long as men's minds shall continue to be swayed by this overweening confidence in the omnipotence of the modern man, and by the intellectual confusion to which such confidence gives birth. So long as this confidence and this confusion shall endure, the tongues of men will become more and more confounded upon earth, and the generous doctrines of universal fraternity will serve only to kindle anew the flames of war.

Such has been the tragic destiny of Europe from the French Revolution to the Russian Revolution: as soon as an idea of fraternity among men appears, wars, within and without, break forth anew, implacable and never-ending. How is this contradiction to be explained? Did not the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries derive this inspiring idea from Christianity, which inundated the world with love and benevolence? Aye; but they modified it by taking from it the profound pessimism which characterizes it in Christian doctrine, and substituting therefor an exalted confidence in human nature and in the unlimited power of its genius.

Therein lies the whole danger. Men have never felt themselves to be brothers in good-fortune, in pride, in ambition, in success, in the emotion born of conquest and of enjoyment of earthly blessings; but in the face of danger, in misfortune, in times of trial. Christianity could bid men to regard one another and to treat one another as brothers, because at the same time it told them that they were weak and imperfect creatures, needing to assist one another and always menaced by the enemy they held concealed within themselves. The nineteenth century, on the contrary, told men that they were brothers, but told them at the same time that they were destined, one and all, to be monarchs of the universe. And in order to be monarchs of the universe, men and nations, instead of embracing like brothers, threw themselves upon one another, arms in hand.

But the crucial days are drawing near; the peoples which make up Western civilization may to-day rediscover a deep-rooted sentiment of brotherhood in the consciousness of the common

misery into which they have fallen. This is not the material poverty, dire as it is, which threatens directly the less wealthy peoples of Europe, and indirectly those most favored by fortune: it is the slavery to mere matter, which lies, an intolerable burden, upon us all. In order to attain the summit of power, in order to become rulers of the universe, we have created, by fire and the sword, instruments of formidable strength. They were intended to serve us as slaves: to give us wealth, power, freedom of spirit, dominion over time and space, ubiquity. They have given us certain of these almost divine privileges; but they have become our masters. Created to serve us, they rule, as tyrannical despots, all of Western civilization, awaiting the moment to devour it, a living victim.

What was, in reality, the phenomenon of over-production before the war, which was one of the causes of the awful catastrophe? It was simply production and consumption over and above all needs, which had become obligatory for Western civilization, and was forced upon whole peoples, in order to keep their economic system in operation. It was not the machinery which functioned to satisfy our needs: it was we who were fain to work and increase our needs in such measure as was necessary to keep all the existing machinery at work.

The war broke out. It has been defined as a war of *matériel*. The definition is exact enough, — at least, in a certain sense, — because weapons played a greater part in it than in other wars, to the disadvantage of the human factor. As in peace men were slaves of their trade, — of the lathe or the locomotive, — so in war they were slaves of the trench and the cannon. The length of the war, the torrents of blood that were shed, the prodigious expenditure, the superhuman fatigue of the troops— these are other consequences of this tyranny which the instrument exerts over its creator.

And, the war being at an end, do we not believe that this despotism of matter will manifest itself in new and unanticipated shapes? The most brilliant of civilizations threatens to be wiped out for lack of coal; intellectual life is strangled by the price of paper! The masses are in revolt to-day against this shocking tyranny; indolence, strikes, the hope of obtaining higher wages for fewer hours of work, are simply frenzied attempts to break the chain of this new slavery. But to-day, as always, the slave who tries to break his fetters, in an outburst of rage, does no more than wound his bruised limbs.

The secret of the way to recover freedom lies deeper than this. It is necessary that the instruments turn about and serve the master who created them, instead of directing him; and they will not so turn until the day when the master shall cease to ask them to give him a power incompatible with the laws of life and of human nature.

The questions of peace within and of peace without lead to the same conclusion: the first essential condition of salvation is a return to a clearer and more precise consciousness of the limits set by nature and by actualities to the longings and ambitions of Western civilization.

The task is hard: all the spiritual energy of our age will scarcely suffice to accomplish it; for we must needs overcome many passions, selfish motives, and prejudices. Let religion, art, literature, science, and politics unite to accomplish this mission and to save Western civilization from the blood-soaked destruction which otherwise may well befall it anew.

Let the League of Nations organize speedily, and with the necessary force to conquer the distrust and hatred

which encompass it. Let it succeed, above all, in solving the capital question — that with which all others are connected: the question of armaments. It is in this matter of army organization that the frenzy of the unlimited, the disease of which Western civilization is dying, has manifested itself most violently and most menacingly. It is in the matter of army organization that the sense of what is possible, and of what I have called the human measure of our efforts, should first of all be born anew. If the unlimited rivalry in armaments between the great powers shall be renewed, at the present stage of economic exhaustion, political turmoil, and uncertainty between peace and war in which Europe is struggling, it is hard to see by what miracle we can avert a general war, which will bring the whole world, victors and vanquished, down to the same level of misery. The result of this policy will be bankruptcy, famine, and either a social revolution or a horrible despotism.

There is but one way to escape this danger: a general agreement between all the powers, Germany included. The principles which should underlie the agreement would seem to be two: an engagement on the part of the great European powers not to exceed a certain maximum of military and naval armaments, which should be the same for all, whatever the size of their population; and the creation of a code of maritime law, under the guaranty of all the powers, which will make the sea the common highway of mankind.

However great the obstacles in the way of reaching this agreement, they cannot be beyond the moral and intellectual powers of Western civilization; for we could not live on except on the condition that they are overcome. But if we do overcome them, the League of Nations will be the temple of justice, erected by wisdom, confronting the Tower of Babel, erected by pride; and in the shadow of that temple men will learn again to speak a common tongue.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SMALL BUT COSTLY CROWN

Possibly, like Mr. Salteena, I am 'not quite a gentleman.' I know that once Englishmen thought that no Americans were gentlemen, and there may have been some truth in the idea; though I know of no more dreadful confession to make than that of Mr. Salteena. At any rate, I used to look at 'royalty' and the nobility as Mr. Salteena did; and I used to pay rather particular attention to the 'small but costly crowns' upon their heads. Indeed, do not all of us Americans do the same? Do we not expect some outward sign of rank, and some obvious manifestation of nobility, on the part of a titled person?

But this was all before I lived a little in England. When I came back and was met with the query, 'How did the English aristocracy act in the war?' I was almost as much at a loss to reply as any true-born Englishman. 'Has anyone written a book about it?' they said to me. 'Is it not true that the noblemen showed up better than would have been expected; that they are not degenerate after all?'

Ah, Mr. Salteena, not only must he wear a costly crown, but it must indeed be a 'sinister son of Queen Victoria' who wears it. We will not allow to the English noble that similarity to all the rest of mankind which he has, and likes; he must not be insignificant, at least in the eyes of a foreign people.

I told my questioners that the aristocracy was just like the rest of England. That answer produced quiet, but not satisfaction. So my own curiosity was aroused, and I asked an English friend.

'Nobody here,' my friend replied, 'has been sufficiently interested in our aristocracy to write a book, or even an article, about them in connection with the war. I don't see why they should.' (My friend, I fear, is a bit of a Bolshevik.) 'It's an entirely American point of view to suppose that the aristocracy, whoever they may be, are peculiar persons whose conduct in war differs fundamentally from anyone else's. You must know from your own experiences that they were just caught up in it like all the rest of us, and, except for a certain outrageous lot who were "unwearied by war-work" in the *Sketch* and *Tatler* every week, behaved fairly well, and no differently from anyone else. Bretton's father [Bretton is the son of a nobleman who once held cabinet office] was a sergeant in the R——. That sort of thing was not usual, though. It savors too much of advertisement for the average Englishman. So generally they just got commissions and were killed off like the rest.'

Thus did my friend reply — a hopeless democrat he, not to call him anything unkinder. He is, I might say perhaps in partial extenuation, a member of an old county family.

I asked another Englishman, a rather close acquaintance of mine, and the son of a prominent manufacturer. His answer was altogether different. He rode to the rescue gallantly with a mention of the performances of Lord Beaverbrook as publicist, Lord Northcliffe as propagandist, Lord Ernle as grower of the nation's food, and Lord Rhondda as savior of the same food. But I was forced to point out to myself, though I forebore to remind him, that those four peers, all having been born commoners, and all having been ennobled presumably for distinguished governmental service, are an example merely of the soundness of the British common stock, and not at all of the achievements of the aristocracy.

'Do you remember,' said I finally to myself, 'the Duke of Omnium, whom you used to admire so much? Trollope, his creator, was a veracious gentleman. And do you remember how modest the Duke was, in spite of his great position? and how, when his wife, the Lady Glencora, complained of his humility, he asked if she would have him wear his coronet every day?

'Or do you remember his friend the Lady Rosina de Courcy, the only person in England who treated him as a friend and not as a great man; and how Lady Glencora asked what they talked about when they took long walks? (For the Lady Rosina was an old lady.)

'"Cork soles," answered the Duke. "We talk about cork soles. Lady Rosina has a favourite shoemaker in Silverbridge who makes most excellent cork soles for her half-worn boots. She has nearly persuaded me to try them."'

This is too sobering a draught for you, fellow American, who, like me, wish that the Duke of Omnium had worn his coronet every day, and that the inward grace of nobility (when it dwells in coroneted heads) should be supplemented at all times by the concrete sign of rank. What glamour it would add to life if one could recognize a countess by her coiffure and a Knight of the Garter by the blue ribbon on his

breast, when they stroll across Hyde Park! Who has heard the cottager's 'my lady' to the lady of the manor, or seen the curtsey that some little children are still taught to drop to their betters, without wishing that some visible token would give the ticket-collector on the railway a chance to show his passion for inequality, and would allow even you and me to forget our democratic simplicity and salute on the street 'my lord.'

Or do we fear (*O Postume, Postume!*) that nowadays the gateman is too full of social insubordination, and the consciousness of the incredible number of shillings he gets every week, to count any man his better? Or must we admit that there are titled heads that would not look worthy of a coronet? Surely the years since King Arthur made glorious the knighthood, or King James invented baronets, have not fled away to any such ill end.

Yet I remember meeting once a member of parliament, a wealthy and a very hearty man, who had made his money in gas-fixtures and who to this day lights his house with gas — sturdy sign of independence and lack of false shame. With a modicum of his fortune, presented judiciously in one large sum, he had saved his party in a lean year and had helped a dozen statesmen into parliament. He has become Sir Henry Burrell. He belongs to that same order of 'knights bachelor' to which Sir Uther Pendragon and Sir Philip Sidney belonged. In this age, one realizes, it is as splendid a service to His Majesty to light the realm by gas as it used to be to preserve it with the sword. But as I conversed with Sir Henry's wife, with Lady Burrell, I was so strongly reminded of a neighbor of my childhood, a Mrs. Brown, that I called her Mrs. Brown — twice.

No, I should not want to give the insignia of rank to Sir Henry Burrell.

A MAID IN THE HOUSE

'Don't go to the door, children! Let Katie.'

Thus early began my aversion. In her place Katie might have been all very well; but in our house, as all along our street, she was a spoil-sport. What child — who is allowed — but flies to answer the door-bell as his dearest prerogative, interviews tramps, scrapes with his tongue, as long as an ant-eater's, the cake-batter bowl and the ice-cream dasher — in short, is always under foot? Perhaps Katie would n't have minded his licking the dasher, either — unless, as he suspected, she saved it for herself; she might have given him a lump of dough to impregnate with rich grime; but his mother, so considerate of Katie at his expense, always called him away and whistled him down the wind. Nor could he, like a boy whose mother does her own work, recount at the dinner-table the news he had heard. Katie might repeat it to Annie, and Annie to the subject of it, her employer. It must not be mentioned that the Lutheran minister wore a wig, because Katie is a Lutheran. Patent medicines must not be laughed at, because Katie has a bottle of Pain-Bouncer on her bureau.

It is a ticklish matter for mother, too, to know whether or not to dust the living-room. If she does, it may seem a reproach to Katie's thoroughness; if she does not, it may seem to be throwing extra work on Katie; for dusting, whether pro or con, was not mentioned in the bond. It is the same with the desserts: to suggest that mother make her lovely charlotte russe may seem a reflection on the cottage pudding we had yesterday. Father, too, has learned to care, and eats what he does not like, lest silent aspersions be cast.

Maids are in the house, not of it. They are unnaturalized citizens. Their

dreaded air of censorship may be the unavoidable result of having never been consulted about the arrangements. 'I told Katie our meal hours, and how fond we are of griddle-cakes for lunch.' Why not, 'I asked Katie whether she likes griddle-cakes, and whether she thinks we 'd better have supper half an hour earlier'?

A partner would not be always tacitly contemning his enterprise, as so many maids, in what I believe to be subconscious protest against their humiliating lack of responsibility, incessantly and exasperatingly do. A co-worker, whose criticisms were invited and weighed, would not be muttering them with blackened brows behind the roller towel.

'The whole relation of master and servant,' says a California sage, 'is false.' Is this the reason that there is so frequently on the employer's side an unbecoming but not ungrounded fear of some causeless loud outbreak, some unseemly defiance? Though so sorely ill at ease, we stick to our hair-shirt; to our curiously prized little perquisites of being called 'Mrs.' and 'Miss,' while we address to a total stranger the 'Katie' of intimate friendship; to our privilege of sitting at a different table, with flowers on it, served with silver forks, while only plated ones are found in the pantry drawer; and of not introducing Katie to the friends she serves, as we would introduce the doctor or tutor, whose business is equally unrelated.

Is the sedentary leisure to grow bilious worth it? Is it worth while to have to walk three miles a day and do setting-up exercises as a substitute for housework? worth the stifling of that hospitable impulse to invite the two old ladies calling to stay to tea, because we've had all the company we dare that week? Or, if we ask them, is it worth the uneasy wonder whether that old back-ache of Katie's will be coming on again? Is it worth the enlarged grocer's bills, when we wish already that we had n't seen that picture in the *Survey* of the dark-eyed little Rumanian child starving on his hospital cot?

The operation for maidicitis is all but painless for all concerned. Few, indeed, are looking for the post; and many another career, less stunting and repressive, even though poorer in creature-comforts, lies open. Freedom lies in that quarter, privacy and individuality for the maid; freedom, too, for the household, to joke, to meddle, to be noisy, to have company; freedom to lock the house and with a clear conscience prolong the motoring trip and sup at an inn; freedom, above all, from the accustomed damper of continuous mild embarrassment, as we muddle along at the too-delicate task of perpetuating a worn anomaly in semi-human relations.

ASPARAGUS FOR DINNER

It is really a wonder that city people can get any pleasure out of eating. Yet in the spring they probably do hail the thought of asparagus for dinner with a degree of pleasurable anticipation. When the housekeeper realizes that this vegetable is in the market, she goes to the telephone and orders what will come to her marked 'S grass.' She goes through the hollow form of asking, 'Is it nice and fresh?' and the grocer goes through the equally hollow form of replying, 'Yes, madam.' Then she hangs up the receiver, conscious that if it is not nice and fresh, plenty of salt and pepper and butter will make it appear so when it comes to the table.

Or the housewife may go marketing for herself and see the bunches of asparagus standing in shallow trays of water, the stalks respectably tied together with fibre, and each the exact match of

its neighbor. She may break a stalk to see if it is tender, and the clerk may assure her that it is 'absolutely fresh, cut this morning.'

Having a purely commercial and gastronomical relation to the asparagus, neither is fired by that phrase; but never again can I be told that asparagus was cut this morning without in imagination seeing the bed from which it was cut. There is a romance about such a bed that is wholly lost upon the city dweller. It has been lost upon me for far too many years; but now, at the staid age of forty, I have come into an asparagus-bed.

One very early spring Sunday, strolling around our newly acquired farm, Paul and I discovered, sticking up through the winter mulch, the lilac-colored stalks, and we exclaimed in chorus, 'Asparagus for dinner to-morrow.' Even then I did not know all the rapture that phrase was to embody. 'From garden to skillet' is my motto; so, putting the water on to boil, I took a long thin knife made very sharp for the purpose, and a shallow basket, and went forth.

My asparagus bed lies 'eastward in Eden,' with several rows of pear and cherry trees to the west and the newly ploughed garden to the south. Off to the north stretches a valley, with an alluring road winding past red and yellow houses, good brown ploughed fields, and greening meadows. Beyond the valley hills rise, tier on tier, in ever-paling tints of purple and blue, till they merge into the dim outlines of the White Mountains, receding or advancing as the sun and the clouds play upon them. It is hard to keep my mind on even such enchanting things as asparagus-tips, invitingly pink and green.

Holding a tip lightly between the fingers of one hand, while with the long sharp knife deftly severing the stalk well underground, would be joy enough; but it is only a small part of the delight involved in the process. Over my head, so near as to make collision seem inevitable, skim lovely blue-satin swallows, their orange-pink breasts flashing as they dip; from the nearby garden fat robins pull luscious angle-worms, bracing themselves for the effort; on the peak of a shed-roof a song sparrow pours all the joy of life into a torrent of melody; while from the orchard comes the intimate, emotional song of bluebirds, house-hunting. One day a less familiar note drew my eyes to the pear tree at the end of the row, and there sat a scarlet tanager, making a most dramatic splash of color against the white blossoms. And over all comes the soft, sweet 'air from Hesperides blown thro' the cherry trees.' All this and much more — blue sky, ever-changing tints of budding spring, fragrance of a hundred growing things — is released by the phrase 'Asparagus for dinner' when one has one's own bed.

Yes, it is a wonder city people find any pleasure in eating.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The first of the four volumes of the great pheasant monograph of **William Beebe,** Honorary Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, has recently come from the press of Witherby & Company in London. This sumptuous volume was made possible by the generosity of Colonel Anthony R. Kuser and is illustrated by studies of unexampled merit, engraved in full color by the best European and American artists. William T. Hornaday, the well-known scientist, speaks of it in the Zoölogical Society Bulletin thus:—

> First of all, it is something new under the sun. It pulses with life and interest and with the charming personal touch of the author. . . . The science of ornithology is made fascinating to the general reader of Mr. Beebe's abundant text, demonstrating that when science is written by a superior hand it can be both interesting and delightful.

The monograph, which seems to us quite comparable with Audubon, is sold at $250 the set. The enterprise is not a commercial one; the great and varied expense of field-investigation, travel, and manufacture cannot be met by the sale of these books. But the set is incomparably worth having.

* * *

Sisley Huddleston is an English journalist of high professional standing. He represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference and his despatches attracted widespread attention. Mr. Arnold Bennett, quite as shrewd a judge of politics at large as in the appraisal of character in his Five Towns, writes that he considers Mr. Huddleston's reports the most useful which came from Paris during the whole period of the Conference. A number of our readers may care to draw from their libraries Mr. Huddleston's *Peace-Making in Paris*, which is well worth reading. **Reverend John Sheridan Zelie,** pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Troy, New York, in succession to another friend of the *Atlantic*, Reverend Joseph H. Odell, served for a year as a chaplain in the A.E.F. His article will be found especially interesting by anyone who is speculatively concerned with the effect of war on character. We need hardly add that his story is an accurate report of his attractive inquiry. **Mr. Grundy,** quite as discerning, and, perhaps, shrewder than his consort, desires, in this instance, to remain personally unidentified.

* * *

Owen Wister very rarely, nowadays, breaks his silence, but we are glad to say that he is at work upon a book of very special interest at this time. **Marianne Gauss** sends this, her first contribution, from Greeley, Colorado. The third American Portrait in **Gamaliel Bradford's** new series will be James McNeill Whistler, a subject worthy of the subtlety of the appraiser. **Edwin Bonta** is an architect of Syracuse who was engaged in relief work in Russia during the war. He traveled extensively through Russia, and had, moreover, the advantage of knowing the Russian language.

* * *

It was not to be expected that the 'Story of Opal' would be received without incredulity, and the general enjoyment of it has amply outweighed both the off-hand skepticism of people who are sure that at six or seven they could not have written nearly so well, and the careful and intelligent criticism of constitutional unbelievers. We do feel, however, that many of the arguments brought forward are quite beside the point. Nobody denies that it is natural for a child to imagine fanciful stories of its parentage. But those who maintain that Opal is the daughter of Mr. Whiteley, and speak of chance 'geographies' and 'primers' as the sources of her inspiration, are building a considerable superstructure on a very slender foundation. Opal's familiarity with names and dates in French and English history may be parrot knowledge, but it is none the less extensive, and her own explanation has at least the merit of adequacy. The occasional fragments of the ritual of the Roman Catholic church, entirely foreign to the camp where Opal lived, have also to be accounted for. Most of all, — and this is the real point of the

discussion, — how did a child of such parents, so brought up, come by her style of composition, distinctive by its amusing tags and quirks, but far more by its singular appropriateness and unspoiled charm? As a Californian correspondent truthfully and beautifully remarks: 'Who Opal's parents were, I don't pretend to know, but this I do know — that grapes are not gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles.'

In the *Atlantic* not half of the narrative can appear, but in the autumn we shall publish the diary complete, and then critics can bring the book to court, and lovers can take it home.

* * *

Nathaniel Horton Batchelder graduated from Harvard in 1901, and since its foundation has been head-master of Loomis Institute at Windsor, Connecticut.

Unlike many advocates of new ideas in education [he writes], I succeeded under the old régime at Hackley, and as department head at Hotchkiss; and Loomis practices what I preach, both as to content and course of study (we do not prepare for trades, however), and 'self-help.'

Olive Tilford Dargan returns to the verse which founded her reputation, from the pleasant stories of mountain-folk which the *Atlantic* has been printing with general commendation. 'My Bow Saves Egypt' is the last chapter which we are printing of **Robert Haven Schauffler's** interesting and amusing adventures. With the other *Atlantic* chapters it will form part of a volume soon to be presented by our neighbors, Houghton Mifflin Company, under the happy title 'Fiddlers' Luck.'

* * *

Howard S. Bliss, D.D., is head of the Protestant Syrian College in Beirût. To his energy, patience, and wisdom is due the remarkable record of the Protestant College, which was not molested by the Turks during the war, in spite of the fanatical religious prejudice by which it was constantly assailed. **Joseph Seronde,** Professor of French at the University of Pennsylvania, was commissioned lieutenant, senior grade, in the Naval Reserve and was ordered to Lisbon in May, 1918. Later he became Naval Attaché, Acting, and thus enjoyed exceptional opportunities during his stay for an intimate acquaintance with men and events. Many of the details he relates of the murder of the President and the attempt at the restoration of ex-King Manuel to the throne, etc., are quite unknown outside of Portugal. The *Atlantic* welcomes the opportunity to publish this agreeable paper from an observer whose systematic habits led him to jot down comments on people, scenes, and government under the freshness of first impressions. This material was intended for letters and not for publication, but it has since been put into form well adapted for a book. **Paul Rohrbach** is a German publicist and lecturer, and a member of the militant-Socialist party.

In 1915–1916 [he writes], I caused a comprehensive collection to be made of enemy propaganda, in which strong Pan-German ideas were used to demonstrate that the programme of Germany was a menace to the rest of the world. These emanated from England, France, Italy, America and from other countries. I appealed to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg to make a vigorous official announcement drawing a clear line between government sentiment in Germany and the programme of the Pan-German Nationalists. This he refused to do because he feared it would impair the sentiment of unity of the people.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the most distinguished of contemporary Italian historians, has contributed many illuminating papers to the *Atlantic*. He sends this contribution at our request, from Belgium, whither he went to take part in an important congress relating to European rehabilitation.

* * *

The mute inglorious lexicographers who, as long experience assures us, form a not inconsiderable portion of the *Atlantic's* audience, have taken the magazine to court on a nice question of orthography. The matter is put in a nutshell by Mr. H. K. Raymenton of Worcester, who kindly writes us:—

Dear Atlantic, —

In Mr. Root's article, 'The Virtue of Intolerance' in the March *Atlantic*, I find the expression, 'worth a tinker's damn.' Owing to a misconception as to its origin, the expression is used here, as elsewhere generally, incorrectly. It refers not to the supposedly traditional profanity of tinkers but to a technical operation of the trade. The old-time peripatetic tinker in mending a hole in a kettle or pan was accustomed to take a bit of the housewife's bread and mould of it about the hole a doughnut-shaped form, called a dam. Into this the molten solder was poured, the dam preventing its spread. The heat of the solidifying solder naturally reduced the bread to powder, which, after

the finish of the operation, was blown away as being of no further use. Hence the appositeness of the expression, 'not worth a tinker's dam,' referring to a thing that has completely outworn its usefulness.

It is a well-ordered attack, and we bring up our reserves at once. We quote the Oxford *New English Dictionary* as the ultimate authority. Under TINKER — 'not to care or be worth a tinker's curse or damn, with reference to the reputed addiction of tinkers to profane swearing.'

And then our most learned authority, referring to the derivation suggested by our critic, styles it 'an ingenious but baseless conjecture suggesting another origin.'

* * *

The invitation implied by R. S. V. P. to discuss the insistent question of boys has prompted a number of excellent comments. Where we should like to use a dozen, we select one, coming from a scientist who touches nothing which he does not illumine, Edward S. Morse of Salem, Massachusetts.

I have read with the keenest interest the article entitled 'Boys' in the March number of the *Atlantic*. The writer's observations and explanations of the boy's attitude toward the various problems that confront him, and the reactions that arise in meeting these problems, are admirable. Every thinking man recalls his own boyhood and realizes the truth of the various indictments as to his feelings and behaviors in his relation to family, friends, and the world at large.

The author politely invites responses, and so I venture to dissent from his statement that 'boys are not young savages.' The boy in his impulses and behaviors is rigidly sustaining the recapitulation theory of von Baer, so eloquently defended by Agassiz, namely, that the young of higher forms of life resemble the mature condition of lower forms of life in their respective groups. The embryo bird, with its wing fingers widely apart and in some terminating in claws, recalls certain reptilia lower down. The early stages of toads and frogs, with swimming tail and gills on the sides recalling the dominant character of fishes, may be mentioned as well-known illustrations. Of course everyone is familiar with the monkey characters of an infant: arms and legs of proportionally the same length, divergence of the big toe, soles of feet facing each other, absence of a frontal sinus, wide diverging wings of the nose, nostrils opening forward, powerful grasp of fingers, and later with his monkey stages of climbing, destructive instincts, mischievousness, biting for offense, all sustaining the recapitulation theory. By no chance is he ever called a rhinoceros, giraffe, or any other mammal, but always, 'You little monkey!'

If one connotes the dominant characteristics of a boy, he cannot fail to recognize the marks of a savage. The boy is lazy, cruel, superstitious; he loves a banging noise and makes it; he loves bright colors; he is indifferent to bodily cleanliness and has no regard for the property rights of others, raiding with other boys his own father's grapevines. His instincts are tribal. In the cities these tribes, or gangs, are led by boys who are the most valiant fighters, chiefs, in fact. These tribes have names usually derived from the streets or regions of the city; and in Portland, Maine, for example, when I was a boy, one was known as a Clay Cover, Brackett Streeter, Hog Ender, etc. At times it was dangerous for a boy to venture outside his stamping-ground. Fierce fights took place between these gangs, with missiles of snowballs, sticks, and stones. Hundreds of windows were broken, and the police often found difficulty in suppressing these fights.

The boy takes naturally to savage weapons, the stone, sling, lance, club, and especially to the bow and arrow; and curiously enough, in the use of the bow he invariably uses the lowest savage release of the arrow by using the thumb and finger and not the modern method of three fingers on the string. The neolithic people, whose remains are dug up in the peat bogs of Denmark, I discovered, used a knobbed arrow, proving the practice of the lowest savage release. The contemptuous treatment by the boy of the female of his kind points to a savage trait. His drawings of a man by single lines for body, arms, and legs, are absolutely identical with the drawings of Indians to-day, and to the petrographs and prehistoric rock-inscriptions of the man-child of ancient times. If he draws a face in profile, the eye is represented as seen in full face, again shown in the drawings of ancient Egyptians. He is a victim of subjective phenomena, and when he deliberately tells his mother that he saw a big bear in the garden, paining her by the first lie, her grief would be greatly assuaged if she realized that it was an ethnologic lie and perfectly innocent of any commandment-breaking.

It will be understood that to these generalizations there are profound exceptions. There are savage tribes in Africa and in New Guinea who are rigidly honest and truth-telling, as there are boys who are not cruel and do not lie. The Boy Scout movement, 'Our Dumb Animals,' and journals for boys, have accomplished much in modifying the savage traits of boyhood, but the principle remains the same.

* * *

The 'monstrous regiment of women' (as John Knox used to style the royal advance-guard of the present democratic army) which seeks to pull Mrs. Keyes off the fence seems to be nicely balanced by the serried cohorts who strive to hold her on.

From a lady in Providence: —

I regret to see you wasting your talents upon such an article. I should be ashamed to sit upon any fence, and am thankful that your husband voted right in spite of you. Thank God I was

brought up on the right principles — Temperance, Anti-Slavery, and Equal Suffrage. It is a pity that you have not kept more abreast with the times.

From the newly appointed State Chairman of the Woman's Democratic Committee in New Hampshire: —

I feel just the way we do when we say, 'The child is born and is a boy.' The article is a *corker*. You may well be proud of yourself, and the *Atlantic* of itself.

From a lady in San Francisco: —

The only good argument I have ever heard against suffrage is that so many nice women are against it; but if many nice women are as illogical as you are, Heaven help us!

From an Iowan reader, whose whole letter our readers would find very interesting, had we only space for it: —

The trouble seems to be that women do not sufficiently honor and respect themselves and their high opportunities. They look with contempt upon their so-called 'monotonous drudgery' and imagine that men's work is more interesting; though what could better deserve the term 'monotonous drudgery' than the occupation of the average man, it is hard to conceive. As law and custom now permit women to join men in every field except that of politics, it is the forbidden which is most attractive; a mysterious delightful region from which men exclude women for purely selfish reasons.

From a teacher — a man — in the high school at Santa Barbara, California: —

I was an anti-suffragist for years, and voted against suffrage in this state; but after women were given the ballot, I became president of a study club whose object it was to help women adapt themselves to their new duties. . . . I can't help writing you that your article is the most sensible one on the subject that I have ever read, and will, I believe, do immense good in the districts where suffrage is to be tried for the first time.

From a Massachusetts lady who devotes sixteen pages to the subject: —

It makes my blood boil with rage to read such an article. What kind of a man made the remark about women getting the bloom rubbed off? . . . You are utterly unfair when you talk about paregoric, and successful men do not neglect their children. I am surprised at such an opinion.

Poetically, from Rhode Island: —

You seem to have it all by rote,
Just why a woman ought to vote;
Do use a little sense!
I pity your adversity,
But think it's mere perversity
That keeps you on the fence!

* * *

Our poets are still our soothsayers, and we are proud to put forward Mr. Frank Parker Stockbridge as one who sees the *Atlantic's* world steadily and whole. He writes: —

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

(On the cover of the March, 1920, *Atlantic*, appears the startling legend, 'Present Edition 125,000 copies.')

One hundred and twenty-five thousand!
The figures leap out from the page.
This number gigantic *can't* mean the *Atlantic*?
What change has come over the age?

Yet it looks like the same old *Atlantic*,
The volume our infancy knew
(In the earlier eighties, we fancy, the date is,
It first met our juvenile view).

Skowhegan subscribed to a copy;
Through Old Town its sinuous track
Left a tenuous trail in the wake of the mail,
From Saco to 'Quoddy and back.

Like a seer of eld it stood, bridging
The gap between pulpit and pew —
Of Culture the preacher, the mentor and teacher
When Culture pertained to the few.

But — a hundred and twenty-five thousand!
By the ghost of great James Russell L.
We beseech you, explain to a reader from Maine
What it means, what these numerals tell.

Has Culture caught up with the census?
Or has the *Atlantic* emerged
From its ægis of class to appeal to the mass —
From its time-honored pathway diverged?

One eighth of a million subscribers!
It would n't surprise us from Hearst,
But when the *Atlantic* cuts up such an antic
Don't blame us for fearing the worst.

'*Of course*, you have seen the *Atlantic!*'
That once-deadly thrust of the snob
No longer may serve one who seeks to unnerve one
Too lately emerged from the mob.

When Dr. Jacks opens those club-rooms
Where coolies and Lascars and Kurds
With pundits pedantic all read the *Atlantic*
And weld a world's welfare with words,

We shall meet them and greet them as brothers,
For, whatever our station or caste,
Uncle Sam's sons and daughters between the broad waters
All read the *Atlantic*, at last!

* * *

The *Atlantic* was issued in 1857 at 25 cents a copy. In 1864 the price was increased to 35 cents. With regret, and after a year's serious consideration, we feel obliged to make a further increase to 40 cents — the annual subscription for the present, at any rate, remaining at $4.00.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1920

UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

ATTLEBOROUGH
PUBLIC LIBRARY,
JUN 1 1920
ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.

I

'He always maintained he was born on the battlefield, an' that's where I reckon he'd want his story to commence,' the postmaster said, as he hunched his lank young body up on a high stool, waving the reporter politely to the rocking-chair.

News of an old Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge, and of a vow that a whole countryside had taken, had got into the papers, and one of the big dailies sent a reporter down to the little village of Newton, tucked away among its Southern mountains, to see if there was a story in it for its Sunday edition. At the post-office, where the reporter made inquiries, the postmaster, Blair Rogers, looked out at him through his little window for a scrutinizing moment, and then invited him into the back office.

'I'm glad you came to me first,' he confided. 'I'd rather you got the story from me than anybody else, unless it would be Andrew Mason. The two of us, Andy an' me, knew our old Uncle Sam better'n anyone else, I reckon. We were particular friends of his boy, young Sam, an' when he left for the trainin'-camp, we promised to look out for the old man. But I reckon we both fell down on the job,' he added sorrowfully. 'Oh, doggone it!' he burst out, 'this is a damned lonesome world sometimes!'

He fell into a moody silence, staring unseeingly at the screen of letter-boxes that divided the post-office in two. It appeared to be a slack time, and except for a few people who came in now and then to ask for mail, or buy stamps, the two men had the little back office to themselves, with its safe, its desk cluttered with post-office paraphernalia, its big ugly stove, and its general smell of newspapers and stamping ink.

'I want to tell you Uncle Sam's story as near as I can from the way he'd look at it,' the postmaster resumed; 'an' I know he'd say it began with his father's bein' killed in the Civil War. That was the first *big* thing that happened to him, an' was what always made him say he was born on the battlefield. He was just a kid then, not near old enough to fight. But his father was fightin' on the Union side, an' he ran away an' got to him somehow, just before the battle of Cedar Creek, where his father was killed. Sometimes — not often — he'd tell us boys, young Sam an' Andy Mason an' me, about it: how when the fightin' was over, he got out on the battlefield lookin' for his father, an' how he found his dead body an' stayed by it all night.

He never forgot that night, him watchin' by his father, lonesome an' scared, cryin' off an' on, an' shiverin'; the big sky overhead, an' on the ground some men lyin' still forever, an' some alive an' sufferin', an' every now an' then lanterns winkin' by with a buryin' party.

'Well, along just before day, he was so tired out, he curled up like a little stray dog, I reckon, an' whimpered himself off to sleep with his head on his father's breast. An' when he woke up he was different. He never could exactly say what had happened to him, whether he'd had a kind of a vision or what, but he had a notion, sleepin' like that against his father's breast, that what was in that dead man's heart, what he'd volunteered for, an' died for, had been sort of passed on to him. When he woke up, he was n't just a little scared boy any more, he was a member of somethin' bigger, and that somethin' was his country. And it was all sort of mixed up with his religion. I don't b'lieve the old man ever *did* know where his country stopped an' his God began. He never exactly put into words what had come to him, but he did n't have to; the way he *looked* when he told about it was enough for us boys. His eyes would blaze, an' his face take on a kind of holy look, like it was lighted up from inside. It always kind of lighted us up to see him.

'Well, after the war, him an' his mother moved here to Newton, an' settled up there on what they named Freedom Ridge. You can see it from here,' he added, waving his hand toward a high ridge in the distance, standing out clear and sharp against the early spring sky. 'I've heard the old folks say he flew the United States flag up there when that flag was mighty unpopular round here, most of the Newton men havin' fought for the South, an' when he stood a right good show to be shot for doin' it. But he would n't have cared for that. I don't reckon there was ever a day in his life — young man or old one — when he would n't have been glad an' proud to die for that flag.

'Well,' the postmaster paused reflectively, 'I guess he'd say the next big thing that happened to him was the birth of young Sam, and the death of his wife. He did n't marry until right late in life, an' his wife died the second year and left him with a little young baby. All the folks thought he ought to put the baby with some woman to raise. But he did n't. He raised him himself, right up there on the Ridge, an' I reckon everybody round here would say he did the job all right. We never had a finer, straighter young feller to grow up in this county. Him an' Andy Mason an' me were all of an age, an' extra special friends. Why some of the best times I ever had were out there on the Ridge, squirrel an' rabbit huntin' in the fall, an' helpin' with the sugar in the spring. An' there never was a kinder old man. He had a sort of understandin' way that would make a boy go to him if he was in trouble almost as quick as he'd go to his own mother.

'I can't remember when everybody did n't call him Uncle Sam. His first name *was* Sam, but that was n't the reason. It was because he looked just exactly like Uncle Sam. His hair was white and kind of long, an' he had the same little chin beard, an' a lean jaw, an' eyes right far back in his head, that usually looked pleasant and friendly, but could look mighty stern if he caught anybody bein' mean or tricky. Why, he looked so like Uncle Sam, that when I was real little I always thought the pictures in the papers was just photographs of our Uncle Sam.

II

'Well, then the Big War came, an' the day after America went in, young

Sam volunteered. Anybody would 've known he would, raised like he'd been. Andy Mason an' me tried to get in, too, but they turned us both down — him on account of his eyes, an' me for flat-foot, doggone it!

'There was a big crowd of us up at the station when young Sam left for camp. An' you never saw anybody look so lifted up an' proud as the old man did. He kept it up, too, right to the moment that the train pulled out of sight round the bend; an' then all of a sudden somethin' seemed to snap in him, all the lights went out, an' he got out of the crowd in a hurry. That boy was all he had in the world, an' they'd never spent a night away from each other in all his life.

'Andy an' me followed the old man, an' unhitched his team for him; an' when he got up on the drivin'-seat, we both tumbled into the wagon-bed behind, plannin' to go up an' spend the evenin' with him, an' sort of jolly him along. But at the forks where the left-hand turn of the road goes up to Freedom Ridge, he pulled up, and says, "I'll let you boys out here"; an' of course there was n't anythin' for us to do but to get out. He was up against somethin' bigger than we had anythin' to do with. He set his jaw, an' drove on, not lookin' to either side; but I can see the straight, lonesome look of his old back now.

'He faced it out all by himself up there on the Ridge that night. The next day he came down to the village as usual, an' though he looked like he'd had a spell of sickness, he was perfectly satisfied an' calm. I reckon the love of his country an' of his boy had sort of melted together in his heart, an' so he'd found himself all right. Some folks tried to sympathize with him, but he would n't stand for any pity. 'He's the best I've got,' he'd say, 'but he's none too good if his country wants him, an' he's fightin' to end war, an' bring the nations together once for all; an' that's the finest cause ever a man put gun to shoulder for.

'An' he believed that, too. He believed America went into the war with the highest motives, an' he never doubted but that she'd carry 'em on right to the end. His country answered to the highest thing that was in him; an' when he saw her kind of consecrated, an' goin' the high way she did go in 1917 and 1918, why, his old heart was right down on its knees to her all the time. An' I wish you could have seen him when the different drives for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loans an' all began. He was in every parade we had, an' always dressed as a regular Uncle Sam. The ladies of the Red Cross rigged him up that way for their first drive, an' he made such a tearin' down hit, folks got him to do it for every drive afterwards. He was the most wonderful Uncle Sam you ever saw — nothin' funny or cheap about *him*. He might be goin' around in his overalls and shirt-sleeves, lookin' ordinary enough; but the minute he put on his Uncle Sam outfit, he was more than himself, he was the noblest spirit of his country, solemn an' dignified, an' lifted up, with a kind of holy look on his face. It was owin' to him that our district was always the first in the county, an' right often in the state, too, to go over the top in every drive. They got into the way of borrowin' him to help out all over this county, an' into the next two counties as well. But we never loaned him till we were over the top ourselves.

'Well,' — the postmaster paused, staring away out of the window. 'Well, then young Sam was killed over in France — Château-Thierry,' he said. 'Andy Mason was up at the telegraph tower when the message came through from the War Office, and the telegraph

operator gave it to him to take out to Uncle Sam. Andy stopped by the post-office lookin' awful an' white, an' just as we were wonderin' how we were ever goin' to break it to the old man, we saw him comin' in. We were havin' a rally that day for one of the Liberty Loans, an' he was all dressed and proud-lookin' in his stars and stripes.

We hustled everybody out of the back part of the office, so when he came in there was n't anybody here but just Andy and me. But he saw quick enough somethin' was wrong.

'"What's the trouble, Buddies?" he says, lookin' so kind an' affectionate, an' concerned for us, an' callin' us Buddy, like he always did when we were kids an' had got hurt.

'Well,' said the postmaster, speaking with difficulty, 'well, that just made it so I could n't have spoken a word to save my life; but Andy — he's got more to him 'n I have — he put his arm round the old man, an' managed to get out what had happened.

'We thought he was goin' to faint, he turned so white an' shaky, an' we got him quick into that chair where you're sittin'. But he did n't; he just sat there lookin' like the world had dropped from under him, an' sayin' right soft to himself, "Sam's dead — my boy's dead." Andy gave him the telegram, an' he spread it out on his knee, an' looked an' looked at it. I don't believe he read it, but he kept spreadin' it out an' spreadin' it out with his shakin' old hands, an' looking at it. We could n't keep the tears back seein' him so lost like, an' anyhow, young Sam was just like a brother to us both.

'An' then, all at once, the old man caught sight of his red-an'-white-striped pants leg, an' a change came over him. That seemed to jerk him back to himself again. He took up a pinch of the stuff, an' looked at it like it was the only real thing left in the world to him. Then he says, sort of feelin' his way out of the dark, "Sam's dead — but *Uncle* Sam's alive." After that he bowed his head down on his hands an' shut his eyes, but I don't know whether he was praying to God or his country. And *then*, if you'll believe me, he got to his feet an' threw back his shoulders straight an' proud like, an' says, "Well, boys, I promised to help 'em with the Liberty Loan this afternoon, an' it's time I was over at the courthouse now." And with that he put his Uncle Sam's hat on, an' his head up in the air, an' marched on out of the post-office, an' — an' —' said the postmaster brokenly, 'if there was n't bugles blowin' somewhere for that old man then, why, there ought to have been.

'Well, of course, word had got about that young Sam was killed, an' nobody looked to see the old man at the meetin'; an' when he came marchin' in in all his regalia, an' took his place up on the platform, just as proud as ever, I tell you that meetin' pretty near came to an end. Judge Braxton, who was makin' the openin' address, could n't hardly finish. He got through somehow, though, an' then he called for the Star-Spangled Banner; an' when everybody stood up, the judge sort of pushed Uncle Sam to the front of the platform an' stood behind him with his hand on his shoulder, not sayin' anythin', just showin' him off to the crowd. The tears kept tricklin' down the judge's cheeks, but there was n't any tears on the old man's face. He just stood up there wrapped up in that proud *carried-away* look of his, and that was enough for the crowd. Nobody had to make any appeal; the folks just looked at Uncle Sam, with his boy dead over there in France, and our quota for that Liberty Loan went over the top like a scared rabbit.

'But the old man never dreamed it

was done for him. He always did sort of lose his own identity when he was Uncle Sam, an' he supposed, of course, they were payin' tribute to their country. He was too humble-minded ever to take anything to himself.

'But when it was all over, an' he could quit bein' Uncle Sam, an' be himself again, he turned round to Andrew Mason, an' says, "Take me home now, Andy," all broken up an' pitiful; and then he says, "Where's Blair?" So I got somebody to stay in the post-office, an' Andy an' me went up on the Ridge an' spent the night with him an' helped him through as best we could.

'But he never gave up. He kept on goin', an' if there was any call for a patriotic rally, he was always right there in his Uncle Sam clothes that might have looked so foolish on anybody else, but always looked so grand and dignified on him. An' if anybody condoled with him about his boy, he'd just say, "He died to end war, an' to bring a new fellowship into the world, an' it takes the best we've got for that, I reckon."

'Oh, those were the great days!' the postmaster sighed. 'I guess all of us were bigger then than we ever had been before or since. We sort of tapped into somethin' larger than our everyday selves, an' all pulled together for a big end. An' we were mighty proud of our country. We knew our men were doin' fine work over there an' holdin' up our end of the job, an' we were right behind 'em, backin' 'em up for all we were worth. It was the same, I reckon, all over the country; but here in Newton, 'most any day we could look at our old Uncle Sam an' see shinin' right on his face what the rest of us felt in our hearts. It was like havin' the finest spirit in the country an' the finest spirit in yourself, too, come to life an' go walkin' about right before you.

'An' so it kep' up to the grand climax of the Armistice. We had a big bonfire up on Freedom Ridge to celebrate it. It seemed the right place to have it, up there on Uncle Sam's ridge, where young Sam — the only one of our Newton men to be killed — was born an' raised. We had it fixed, too, that the old man was to touch the bonfire off. There was a big crowd of us up there, an' when it got good and dark, we made a kind of lane of people for him to come through, an' all began to sing "America." He came forward, his hat held against his star-covered vest with one hand, an' his lighted torch in the other, an' lookin' — well, I tell you, when he stuck his torch into that pile of brush, an' the sparks an' flames began to leap out, an' he turned his face up to the sky, if the heavens had broken open, an' a flight of angels come down, it would n't have surprised me — they'd just have matched what was on that old man's face. He was offerin' that bonfire up in celebration for what his boy an' all our men had died for over there; an' if he did n't actually see his son's spirit that night, he came so close to it that he did n't have to bother with any seein'.

'We were all kind of exalted, carried off our feet, an' I recollect feelin' that that was just the way I'd always like to think of America — a noble, consecrated Uncle Sam like that, his hat off, his face turned up to the sky, and a flamin' torch in his hand. The Episcopal minister was standin' next to me, an' I heard him say half out loud, to himself like, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."'

III

The postmaster got down to answer the demands of an inquirer at the window, and to say absently, 'No, nothin' for your folks to-day,' and then came back to the reporter, whose pencil had been rustling hastily over his pad.

'Well,' he resumed, 'that was just what the Lord did n't do. He did n't let that old man depart in peace. That night, I guess, was the high-water mark all over the country. After that the tide commenced to turn. We all said the Kaiser was licked all right now. America'd see to it that there'd be some sort of arrangement to put a stop to all this everlastin' foolishness of war; an' so we all settled back again into our ordinary ways of every man for himself. An' plenty of us was glad enough to get back to 'em.

'But the trouble with the old man was, he did n't turn with the tide. He stayed sort of stranded up there on the heights. I don't believe he had it in him to come down. It'd all meant more to him than to most of us, carin' about his country like he did, and losin' his boy. He just naturally *could n't* settle back into the little old ways. He could n't do it, I tell you. The war had raised up somethin' too big in him to be squeezed back again into the everyday kind of mean times. Bein' Uncle Sam like that so often, I just b'lieve, 'pon my soul, he'd kind of melted into the spirit of his country, — its highest spirit, you know, — an' when the rest of us hustled on down to the low grounds again, he stayed, like I said, up there on the heights like the Ark on Ararat when the waters receded.

'Still, everythin' went along well enough with him till the Senate threw down the treaty in November. For all their talk he'd just never dreamed such a thing *could* happen. An' when it did — well, it just about destroyed him. He could n't believe it. It seemed to cut the ground right from under him, an' leave him all sort of bewildered. He looked to see the whole country fly up in a tearin' rage over it. An' when it did n't, when folks just wrote letters to the papers, an' signed a few protests, instead of stampedin' on Washington in a body an' yankin' the Senate up to stand by our allies, an' what our men had died for, why, somethin' died in that old man, an' it was *then* — not when he was killed, mind you, but then — that his heart broke over Sam's death.

'After that he began to act kind of queer. All the light went out of his face, an' you'd catch him mumblin' things over to himself — and his eyes always lookin' so shamed. People commenced to say they b'lieved Uncle Sam was losin' his mind, and they did n't want him about. But I don't b'lieve it was really because they thought he was goin' crazy that they did n't like to see him: I b'lieve it was because he made them uncomfortable an' kind of pricked their consciences. He was a kind of left-over from the war, an' from the big way we'd all felt, but wanted to forget now, an' get on back to our little old jobs of makin' money, an' gettin' ahead. Oh! you know how you want to kick a dog if he sits an' looks at you too trustin'? It makes you mad with yourself to have him think so much of you when you know how no-account you are. In the same way, it irritated folks to have that old man around lookin' so hurt an' reproachful, an' remindin' 'em of all the big things we'd stood for. We were n't big any longer. An' it made us kind of sick to remember, an' it was n't just that somethin' fine in the country was gone — it was worse 'n that; somethin' fine was gone right out of your own self, an' you were ashamed to think of it. An' so, instead of lookin' at him, we were satisfied to listen to all the rotten talk in Washington, that kind of got us balled up an' confused, an' rocked our ideals to sleep, so 's we got to thinkin' maybe it was all right, after all, to go back on our friends and let the rest of the world go to hell so long as *we* were tucked safe into our little home bed, with the Atlantic Ocean pulled over our ears. That is, it

was all right if the Republican or Democratic party — whichever one you happened to belong to — did n't get blamed for it. Good God! what was the matter with us!

'But you could n't rock Uncle Sam to sleep with any now-I-lay-me like that. He showed us how *he* felt plain enough when they asked him to be Uncle Sam in some tableaux they was gettin' up for a church benefit. He said first he would n't, an' then all at once he said, "All right, I'll be there." A crowd of us was over at the hall havin' a dress rehearsal when in walked the old man. He was dressed as Uncle Sam, all right, but he held his hands like they was tied behind his back, an' a dirty old rope was twisted round his neck an' arms; his head was bowed on his breast, an' he would n't look anybody in the eye.

'Well, at first some of the crowd started in to laugh; but he did n't say a word, but just stood there; an' after they 'd looked at him a spell, all the laugh dried up. Well, of course, the committee would n't stand for an Uncle Sam in the tableaux like that, an' so they told him.

'He jerked his head up quick enough then, his old eyes blazin'. "No!" he cried. "No, you're ashamed to show Uncle Sam like this here in this little lost place, but you're willin' enough to have him stand disgraced and dishonored in the face of the whole world! Bound hand and foot with a rope of everlastin' talk; desertin' his Allies who looked to him, an' betrayin' everythin' our sons have died for!"

'There he stopped dead, like his own words had hit him slap in the face. "What our sons have died for," he said over again; an' then like that had pulled the cork right out of his heart, and let all his grief loose, he did somethin' I never looked to see *him* do — he — he just burst right out cryin' before us all. "O my boys! my boys! My sons, who are dead!" He kept sobbin', and chokin' over an' over. It made you feel awful to see him, kind of sick an' ashamed, an' you hated yourself for bein' glad when he turned an' stumbled out of the door.

'An' if you'll notice, he did n't say "*my son*," like you 'd expect, but "my *sons*." An' I b'lieve, upon my soul, he thought then he was Uncle Sam himself.

'Oh, damn it all! It 's been a *rotten* winter!' the postmaster burst out. 'What with the old man bein' killed by inches, an' all the high-mindedness an' good-will of the country overlaid, an' the two parties manœuvrin' round, watchin' each other an' ready to spring like a couple of wild cats. — No!' he corrected himself bitterly, 'no wild cats about them — dirty alley cats, spittin' at each other on a back fence, and the country's honor on the dump-heap!

'An' as if there was n't enough mean political work goin' on, Andy Mason and me had to have a fight. Oh, yes, we did!' he affirmed in response to the reporter's look of surprise. 'An' about nothin' better than this measly old post-office. He 's a Republican an' I 'm Democrat, an' some of his party friends put him up to thinkin' he 'd make a good postmaster if the Republicans came in next fall. An' he began to look ahead, an' sort of get things fixed up, in a way I did n't think was on the level. I told him so straight, an' with that he called me — Well, it ended in our jumpin' on one another right here in the post-office, an' the other fellers havin' to pry us apart. Good Lord! *Andy an' me!*

'Well, the old man got to stayin' more an' more to himself, an' not comin' down off the Ridge oftener 'n once or twice a week for supplies. Every time he did, he 'd come into the post-office after the daily papers was in, an' he 'd say, "Have they ratified yet, Blair?" An' every time, of course, I had to tell

him no; an' he'd turn round without a word an' go on back to the Ridge. An' I will say, he did get to look right crazy.

IV

'An' that was the way things went until the 20th of March, when there was a right big crowd here in the post-office waiting for the Eastern mail to see what the Senate had done about the treaty, knowin' they were to vote on it the day before. The old man was here, too, not sayin' anythin' to anybody, just sittin' there with that burnin' miserable look in his eyes. He was all muffled up in an old coat that had belonged to young Sam an' was so big for him, it covered him down to the heels. An' for some reason he would n't take it off, though I tried to get him to.

'Well, while we were waitin', we all got to laughin' about a letter from some crazy feller — at least we said he must be crazy — that had come out in the papers a week or so before. Maybe you saw it at the time. It was n't signed, an' it was written to several of the Senators on both sides. The writer threatened to kill himself if the treaty was n't ratified. He seemed to have some wild notion about what he called an atonement, an' he said if the treaty was thrown down, it would be such an everlastin' stain on the country's honor that only a blood sacrifice could wash it out. It was a crazy enough letter, an' of course the papers made a good deal of fun of it, an' so did we.

'Well, then the mail came in, an' I unlocked the bag, an' emptyin' it on to the sortin'-shelf, grabbed out the first paper came to hand. "What's the news, Blair?" they all shouted, an' I just turned round an' held the paper up in front of 'em with its black headlines, —

SENATE KILLS TREATY

'The old man jumped to his feet to look, an' then fell back in his chair with a kind of groan, an' put his face down in his hands. Nobody paid much attention to him, — because we all knew that was the way he'd take it, — but went on discussin' the news, an' wonderin' what they'd do next in Washington. An' after a little bit the crowd thinned out. Just before he left, Tom Willis laughed an' says, "Well, that crazy old fool that said he'd kill himself if the treaty was killed did n't do much good, did he?" An' Ed Lamson says, "Of course he did n't. He might 've known they ain't lookin' at anythin' in Washington beyond their political fences. An' anyhow, he's a darned fool to think any treaty's worth dyin' for. An' what did he mean by an atonement?" he says.

'An so him and Tom went off together, tryin' to fix in their minds what an atonement was. An' then there was n't anybody in the back office here but just me and the old man.

'He got up an' came over an' stood beside me for a long time, not sayin' anything, just standin' there, while I sorted the mail an' stamped the letters. It kind of set me wild to have him stand there, like that, me knowin' how hurt he was; but I did n't say anythin'. I just kep' on pullin' down letters out of the pile with one hand, an' stampin' 'em with the other. An' at last he said, kind of low an' wistful, "Buddy, do *you* think the man who wrote that letter's a fool?"

The look on his face made me want to cry; an' just because it did, I answered sharp an' crosslike. "Of course he's a fool," I said. "Anybody's a darned fool who thinks this rotten country 's got any ideals worth dyin' for."

'An' then I could have bitten my tongue out, thinkin' of young Sam an' how *he'd* died. I wanted to turn round an' take that ol' man in my arms, an'

say that of course the United States was worth his boy's death; that the country was all right underneath; she'd just got balled up an' led astray by too much talk; but of *course* she'd pull out all right in the end, an' see straight an' take her place where she belonged. Maybe if I'd been a woman I could 've said it; but as it was, I just went on sortin' out the mail. Oh, it's a lonesome world, all right!

'He stood an' looked at me a while longer, an' then he turned away. "Well, good-bye, Buddy," he said, kind of quiet an' affectionate. I b'lieve he knew all right I did n't mean what I said. An' then he went on out. An' when he went past the window, I was surprised to see he was walkin' with that kind of holy look he used to have. I could n't think what he had to look like that for *now*, but it made me feel good to see him. It made you feel as though out of all his confusion an' misery he'd come into harbor at last. It took some of the bitterness out of of me, too, an' I said to myself, "Well, it can't be such a rotten country if the old men can look like that."

'An' just then, the wind blew his long coat open, an' I saw he had on his Uncle Sam clothes. I reckon it was because I was busy givin' out the mail that that did n't get right home to me until just as I was lockin' up to go to supper, an' then the remembrance of it jumped at me an' scared me. What in thunder was he dressed like Uncle Sam for now? I tell you I slammed the safe shut, an' locked the door in a hurry.

'Just outside the post-office I found Andy Mason. Him an' me were n't speakin' to one another, but he was the only man I wanted then, an' I broke through an' said, "Come on up to the Ridge. I'm scared about Uncle Sam."

'He did n't ask any questions, — I reckon it was as hard for him to speak to me as it was for me to speak to him, — but he turned right quick and came with me. The more I thought things over, the more scared I got and the faster I walked. An' when I struck the level of the ridge top, and caught sight of the old man's cabin all lighted up, I broke into a run, an' Andy ran too. But — but we got there too late. When we burst into the cabin all I could see at first was a heap of red-and-white bunting, — stars an' stripes piled up there on the floor, — an' then like a flash I made out Uncle Sam all tangled up in the flag, an' dead, with a bullet-hole in his breast.

'The room was all swept out nice an' clean an' lighted up with every lamp he had, like for a festival. Young Sam's picture — the one in his uniform — was on the mantelshelf, an' that old man had got out his big flag, an' holding it in his left hand, an' standin' before his boy's picture, he'd put a pistol ball through his heart — the place where his grief an' shame for his country hurt him most, I reckon. An' — an',' — the postmaster's voice faltered, — 'he *thought* he was offerin' himself up as an atonement for his country, an' for what he thought was the dishonor to his son — an' not just for his own boy — but for all our men killed in the war. It was like I said: there were times when he'd get confused an' think he really was Uncle Sam. That was one of the times, I reckon, for we found a scrap of paper where he'd written, "Accept, O Lord, I beseech Thee, the blood of Uncle Sam for the washing-away of the country's sins, and for an atonement to my dead sons." And, of course, it was him, too, — if we had n't all been fools we'd have known it, — who'd written that letter to the senators — the one we all laughed at, God forgive us! We found a copy of it among his papers.

'Oh, maybe he was cracked all right, him thinkin' he was really Uncle Sam,

an' makin' his blood sacrifice; but — but it would n't be a bad thing if there was more of us cracked the same way. And he did n't *look* crazy. When Andy an' me had lifted him up an' laid him on his cot bed, closin' his eyes, an' foldin' his hands over the place in his breast, he did n't look like anythin' I'd ever seen before. He did n't scarcely look human; he looked — he *looked* like the highest thing you've ever *felt* — like — like the way a man *feels* when he gets religion, I guess. He just lay there so dignified an' beautiful, an' so sort of *complete*, havin' surrendered up all he had because his heart was broken for his country.

'Andy an' me stood a long time, on either side of the bed, just lookin' down at him, an' not sayin' anythin'. You could sort of feel yourself shiftin' into deeper an' deeper levels. An' I felt like all that was mean an' little in me had been taken out an' hung up right there before my eyes. An' that mean self had killed the best that was in me. There was old Uncle Sam lyin' there, dead and beautiful. An' there was Andy an' me fightin' over politics an' a dirty little post-office. An' then I looked across at him, an' I says, "Andy —"

'Well, with that he just broke all to pieces. "Don't say it, Blair! for God's sake, don't say it — I understand," he cried. An' he reached out to me, an' we caught hands over that old dead Uncle Sam. An' then Andy knelt down an' just cried like a child. You — you could n't look at that old man an' not — an' not —'

The postmaster slipped abruptly off his stool, and turning his back, went over to his little window, through which he stared, though there was no one in the outer office.

'Well,' he resumed, coming back in a moment, 'it was then Andy took his vow. He got up off his knees, an' speakin' like he was speakin' right to the old man, he said, —

'"Uncle Sam, I've been playin' a dirty game, God forgive me! But after this I'll live as straight an' clean and as high-minded to my country as — as *you'd* have every American live, so help me God." And then he kissed the old man's hands where they were folded over the bullet-hole in his breast.

'The words sounded good to me, an' were what I needed, an' so I took the vow too.

'After that I went down an' fetched Judge Braxton. An' when we'd told him everythin', — about the old man's atonement an' all, — an' after he'd looked at him a spell, he said, all broken up, "Boys, we've killed him. We've all helped to murder the noblest spirit we've ever seen. Uncle Sam is dead. We must take him down to the courthouse so that people can see what they 've done — An' God forgive *me* for what *I've* done!" he said sort of low to himself.

'I don't know what was hurtin' the judge, but he's been a dyed-in-the-wool party man, an' people have said he'd throw down the country's honor every time so long as the party was saved.

'So we took him down to the courthouse, an' the boys that had been overseas put on their uniforms again an' took turns standin' guard over him. But Andy, — he was pretty near distracted over Uncle Sam's death, — he swore there should n't a one of 'em come near the old man, who would n't take the vow him an' me had taken. But the men were hot enough to take it. You could n't see that old man's face, with that look on it, an' not want to take some sort of a pledge an' make a fresh start with your country, and yourself.

'So, with his guard of honor, Uncle Sam laid in state at the courthouse, all dressed up in his stars an' stripes, his hands folded an' done with the world,

an' his face turned up to bigger things than we knew. An' word went out how Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge had died, an' that he was layin' in state at Newton courthouse; an' folks who remembered what he'd been in the war, came by train, an' by automobile from all over the three counties. It got to be like a kind of a pilgrimage. An' there was mighty few who could look at him any time, an' not come face to face with their own meanness. He *looked* just like Uncle Sam, an' I tell you he *was* Uncle Sam — the country's noblest an' highest spirit — an' he was dead.

'It was more too than just him bein' dead — it was somethin' high and fine that had died right in your own heart — an' you'd killed it yourself. An' it was a funny thing — there was a curious kind of password got started, nobody knew how it commenced, but the first thing we knew, we was all sayin' it. One person'd meet another an' say, "Uncle Sam is dead," an' the other'd answer, "Yes, an' I killed him." Oh, it was a sight what that old man made people feel! *He* did n't accuse anybody, nor demand anythin' — he did n't even ask it. He just lay there dead, an' folks wanted to take their hearts out, an' give 'em over to him.

'An' when the day of the funeral came, the crowd was so big there was n't any church here could hold 'em all, so we just had it right out of doors in the open. Judge Braxton made the address. He's used to public speakin' all right an' got a good nerve, but all the same that day there were times when he could n't hardly keep his voice steady. An' when he went back over Uncle Sam's life, an' reminded us of what he'd always stood for, an' how proud an' carried away it had always made us feel just to look at him durin' the war; an' then how he'd acted when young Sam was killed, why, hardly anybody could keep the tears back.

'An' then he says right solemn an' slow, "But now that noble old man is dead — crazy and heartbroken by what has happened. Oh, don't blame Washington for it!" he cries out. "Blame yourself! Let us take the fact right home into our own hearts, an' lay the responsibility there, where it belongs — for it is our own smug selfishness an' indifference to our country's honor that has brought about this great tragedy — the death of Uncle Sam. But, my friends," he went on again presently, "when that broken-hearted old man put the pistol ball through his breast, I solemnly believe that all the love and loyalty to his country, an' all the agony of shame that was stored there, spilled itself out an' has run like the gospel Pentecost into the hearts of all his friends. His atonement has not been in vain. There are some already," he says, "who have taken a vow; an' I ask all of you here present, who knew an' gloried in Uncle Sam durin' the war, an' who desire a rebirth of that consecrated spirit in their own hearts, an' in the heart of the nation, to repeat these words with me."

'And with that he put his hand up very solemn, an' said over Andy's vow — only he'd dressed it up and changed it a little bit.

'Well, I don't know where the old man's spirit was, but I hope it was n't too far off to see those hands go up an' read the look on folks' faces when they dedicated themselves to that vow.

'Oh, maybe it won't make any difference to the rest of the country that Uncle Sam is dead, but it made a difference to *us!* An' right down here in Newton he's had his resurrection all right. I tell you,' he said, his voice falling to awed tones, 'it was just like I said: he did n't look *human.* It was like — like *God Almighty* lookin' out of that old man's face an' starin' straight at every one of us.'

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I. THE BOY AND THE BAWBEE

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE old gentleman claims that many years ago his name was Rubie. And that this was not at all a romantic name, but just a nickname. And that he, who dresses like any other decent body nowadays, did the same in the fifties. He wore a kilt, a wee bit shirt, a velveteen jacket, and a Glengarry bonnet. His galluses were latched to his kilts with a wooden pin. There were pockets to his jacket, and into one of these he put a bawbee when he had one. And the first bawbee ever he had, he found in the dust of a long summer day.

You would never guess, unless the old gentleman told you, how the Highlands of Scotland are continually bathed in summer. They are like those happy countries you may see from the peep end of an Easter egg. And more than anywhere the long summer day hangs upon the coast of the North Sea and about the neighborhood of the Moray Firth. Yes, that is the sort of day they have, and in the last light of any one of them you may see little boys drifting home from golden adventures to their beds in the villages of Ross and Cromarty.

On a Saturday afternoon the boys have been, as like as not, to Jerry's Den. It was there that the bawbee of which we are told was found in the dust. A bawbee is a halfpenny, so called because, when Mary Queen of Scots came to the throne as a baby, — or what the Scotch in their own tongue call a 'bawbee,' — a coin of that value was struck with her image. And between a little Scotch boy and a bawbee there is to this day a thrilling affinity. There is in this matter a permanent devotion, a quest and a recurrent adventure. Some little boys achieve bawbees and some have these thrust upon them, but I will tell you at once that the best bawbees are found. If on the coach road, says the old gentleman, you find a snail's trail in the dust, you follow that silver lead into the grass where you find the snail, and then you twirl it three times about your head. This is a charm with intent to find presently a bawbee.

But on this long summer day the bawbee just came to hand without aid of snail or other magic. And it did not at first seem, says the old gentleman, to be his own. He put it in the pocket of his jacket, provisionally, and not meaning to use it; but — in tumbling — out it fell upon the ground, and there was another boy shouting that 'Rubie has a bawbee and will buy the sweeties'; which he then did. This was the beginning of a beneficent custom always encouraged by his hangers-on, and instituted, as I now see, with his first fortune.

His second fortune was earned, and in foreign parts. A sister took him across the Cromarty Firth to see his granny. The most gilded climate is not flawless, and there came a storm upon

that little boat in that narrow sea-way. The old gentleman remembers that he then made his first prayer: 'O Lord God of Israel!' he prayed, — neither more nor less, — and came safe to the other side.

Here among the hills was a sheiling where his granny lived. There were three rooms in this cabin, — a bit and a ben and a room atween, — and oh, such cosy windows! Very wee they were, because windows were taxed; but the chimney was not taxed at all, and that was big and with an ingle.

His granny was in bed; she wore a white mutch, and if you will believe it, she did not know his name! He could read, which she could not. She asked her daughter in Gaelic, could he repeat the Twenty-third Psalm; and this he did for her in the English tongue. Whereupon from under her pillow she took a knotted handkerchief, and from this with her old hands she took a white shilling.

Lord God of Israel! A fortune, and all earned in the high way of Religion. But there is this sad difference between a bawbee and a shilling: you buy sweeties with the one, but you take the other to your mither.

Rubie's mother was from Forres way. She taught her little boy to write with the sharpened handle of a pewter spoon, and this she did that he might write her letters to his father, who was away at work in the North. He was a millwright. This was the time of the Corn Laws and the Irish Famine and Richard Cobden. The old gentleman tends to wander from Rubie at this point; he grows historical and geographical and pedantic, until we drag him back to the day when there was no dinner. We remind him that once he came home from the Dame's school and 'there'll be no dinner the day,' says his mother. Rubie takes what measures he may — he lies face down across a chair, on the principle and for the reason that a hungry man tightens his belt. The clock strikes two and Rubie looks it in the face. 'What's the use of striking two,' he asks of that mechanical perfection, 'when there is no dinner?' And I suppose he wrote his father on that day with a clean, clean pewter spoon.

Other letters he wrote, coming on to be eight years old, for other women to other men, and for each he was paid tuppence. The serving maids in the farms round about would send for little Rubie, and on a Saturday — a lang simmer day — he would be writing letters for one and another in garret rooms under the eaves. The service-bell would ring, and the maid would run to answer; the scribe would be left to wait, and to look about that little room. I fear he fingered what he saw, for he has a most exact remembrance of a maid who had a pot of pomatum on her dresser, — 'Cream of Roses,' it was, — and the scent of it, the first scent ever he savored, was as fine as the name. There was, besides, a bottle of hair-oil, scented too. Tuppence he was paid for the letter he wrote on that day, and he claims that he can see the young girl speaking, after these more than sixty years, and that he can feel himself writing: 'I send you my love and if I was writing myself I would say much more.'

He claims further that his next job brought him in sixpence a day, his board, and a pair of rubber boots. In those lang simmer days he herded cattle and silly sheep on the flanks of the Soutars of Cromarty, among the prickles of the whins where a little lad might well prize his rubber boots. A sixpence a day we think to have been an excessive wage, but he holds to it and pretends to have had butter to his bread — that was an oat-cake or a disk of barley baked and rolled up. Some days there would be a Swedish turnip,

and, in their season, wild berries, and — oh, sweetest bite! — a potato baked in the embers of a little fire among the whins or the heather, and none the worse for the ashes.

The luck of some folk is too much for lesser folk to bear, and this little boy with his bit fire and his spud in the ashes and his buttered oat-cake, and his wild honey from the ground and his whistle that he made from willow, — and all among the golden whins of the lang simmer day, — how we envy him! We cannot rob him of one hour but we take away the sixpence. Sixpence, we say, can never have been paid to a silly little shepherd in rubber boots, so long ago and so far away. The wage, we say, is excessive. The buttered cake, the whistle he brags of, and the honey stolen from the ground — who are we to know the makings of these? But a sixpence we know, and how it is made. A sixpence a week we will allow him, and no more. That is silver enough for a lad who, by his own count, has every other sort of fortune.

But, he argues, all the other shepherds get the sixpence! For there are more little shepherds lolling about in the heather on the hillsides — a whole union of them — who will not work for less than sixpence, who will not work indeed at all, but who eat their honey and pipe upon their whistles and read the *Leather-Stocking Tales* and *The King's Own* — and some of whom will come, long after, to fall from the ranks of that same regiment into Egyptian graves.

Yet here they all are in the lang simmer day, at a sixpence apiece! For a drink of milk they will bless you: 'God bless your cows, goodwife, and would you be giving us a drink of water?' 'Bide a wee,' says the goodwife; and they bide a wee, the rascals, till she comes from ben the house with a pitcher of milk.

The old gentleman claims to have invented this blessing himself, so you see how clever he was at a sixpence a day.

Yes, he was clever, terrible clever; do not think to keep up with him, for now he is a tutor. From being a piping shepherd, he has become a tutor and has the Latin. That's him, with the Latin, going through the snow to the shepherd's cabin in the hills. Thirteen years he is now, and terrible wee he is, too, but there is no help for that. He must just face the driving snow in the morning moonlight, and keep close on the heels of the old shepherd, whose body is a wall against the stour, until they come to the sheiling where the children are just longing for their tutor with the Latin.

There were four of these, and a great girl who had for her own the wisest of collies. Aye, after many a year we remember that girl and that dog — the one whistling her orders from her father's door to the other across the valley, where he stood upon a rock among the heather — whence he sprang away to herd the straying sheep he could not see. Wise as Solomon, he was, that dog!

They were great dancers in that house. By the firelight and the light of a little pear-shaped iron lamp that hung from the lintel of the fireplace, its wick of rushes fed with whale oil, they danced to the piping of one of themselves. And all those nights of dancing — there were three winter months of them — were embittered for the little tutor by this: there was a tear in his jacket. A many a time in my life he has told me of this tear; that it ran down the front of his coat; that he was always mending it with a pin he had; that whenever he swung about in the fling of the dance the rent part of the coat stood out at right angles. He was never so ashamed in his life, he says. There is nothing for

it now, I know, but to let it go at that; but I ask about the big young shepherdess and the other women of that family — could they not have mended up their little tutor and so have saved his freckled face? 'They were ungracious,' says the old gentleman with reluctance, and upon revisiting in his mind that group under the whale-oil lamp.

And presently, he tells me, they would have prayers after the dancing, in Gaelic, each child reading in turn his verse. And then to bed in bunks under the eaves, with warm blankets and feather pillows. So the torn jacket is forgotten until another evening. And never to be forgotten, as you see for yourself; always to be hanging where we would come upon it now and again, and remember the piping and the dancing and the 'Hieland pride' of a little homesick boy.

Fifteen shillings were the three-months' wage, and the little tutor took them to his father. He came down from the hills to the village where his father was working at his trade. There was himself at the bench, in his long linen apron. I know that his nickname was Winter, but it was not his children who gave him that name. On this day when he saw the fortune of white shillings in that little fist, he met the unique hour with an uncommon grace. Deliberately he sat himself upon his bench; he threw his apron over his shoulder that he might come the more easily at the pocket in his waistcoat; he thrust his fingers into that pocket, and he brought out his snuff-box. A pinch of snuff he took himself and then, as man to man, he offered the box and the quill to his boy. As if that little tutor were Hugh Miller or any other of his father's honored cronies. This incredible condescension was not marred by any words.

And I will tell you about the son of wise old Winter, that he ripened more in that silence than in a month of summers. Not a long silence it was, with fifteen shillings on the bench between them, needing care. A sixpence was for Rubie, and 'the rest you 'll take to your mither.'

Which he did. And many a bawbee of his own earning has slipped through his fingers since then. An inveterate giver-away he is, in the manner of old Lear. But the snuff-box he has not given away; no beggar of all his begging children has begged of him the snuff-box. It is on the chimneypiece of his house; and I think it is for him and for them a kind of symbol of a happy sacramental hour, or the instrument of a humble accolade.

(*To be continued*)

THE SOULFUL SEX

BY WILSON FOLLETT

[SOUL, *n.* A spiritual entity concerning which there hath been brave disputation. Plato held that those souls which in a previous state of existence (antedating Athens) had obtained the clearest glimpses of eternal truth entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers. Plato was himself a philosopher. The souls that had least contemplated divine truth animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. Dionysius I, who had threatened to decapitate the broad-browed philosopher, was a usurper and despot. Plato, doubtless, was not the first to construct a system of philosophy that could be quoted against his enemies; certainly he was not the last. — *The Devil's Dictionary.*]

I

'I EXPECT that woman will be the last thing civilized by man,' wrote Sir Austin Feverel, in the most brilliant of the imaginary books in our language. It is an utterance with which there are sundry ways of agreeing, from the complacent egoistic way of the sex represented by Sir Austin, to the amusedly scornful way of the newest New Woman, who turns her critic's weapon upon himself as, with supercilious brows, she murmurs, 'Indeed, I should hope and suppose so!' By which she means that to submit to man's administration of the civilizing process were a reversion toward barbarism.

Meanwhile, it is certain that any tolerably wide reader will have seen the remark attributed, from a dozen to fifty times, to Meredith, the author of Sir Austin, instead of to its actual originator, Sir Austin, the author of *The Pilgrim's Scrip.* It occurs on the first page of the first chapter of Meredith's first considerable book. This is a disheartening, yet not grossly unrepresentative, example of how readers read.

For the epigram is, of course, a starkly anti-Meredithian utterance. Sir Austin, a cynic and misogynist self-confessed, exists to represent cynicism and misogyny. He embodies the reactions of the disillusioned, embittered male of the species — of the lover and father who has given hostages to life, has been made to suffer through having done so, and thereafter has withdrawn behind the rampart of pessimism which he has thrown up as a safeguard against ever being hurt again in the same way. Now, that is an essentially immature pessimism, declarative at best of the burnt child's timidity. It is sustained and nourished by such lean fodder as Sir Austin's aloofness from life and his assumption — a dry husk, even as logic — that as one woman was, so all women probably are. Meredith created the point of view, and the famous system which Sir Austin evolved from it, expressly that both might in the upshot be broken upon the great rock of some facts of human nature — including, as the most momentous part of the exhibit, the fact of one woman's nobility. Meredith's answer to Sir Austin is, in short, that man is going to be the last thing civilized by woman, and that his ultimate well-being rests on his consenting so to be civilized.

What is the matter with woman? is of course the burning question of the ages, at least so far as men are concerned; and will continue to be, so long as the difference of the sexes persists. For each sex unconsciously standardizes its own limitations, and bedevils

the other for not having the will or the wit to measure down to them. And since this myopic egotism works in individual human nature as truly as in the group, it may fairly be supposed capable of surviving any conceivable breakdown of such differentiations as nationality, class, and sex itself. The differentiation of sex, at least, would seem to be fairly permanent; yet — so great is what we may call the dynamic inertia of human nature — if some unforeseen biological tendency of the future should entirely reverse the functions of the sexes, leaving each precisely as the other now is, we should hear that part of the population which considered itself masculine still chanting the immemorial question, What is the matter with woman?

As a fact, it is my present wish to suggest in all seriousness that almost exactly this reversal of traditionary functions has already taken place, or is now taking place, in the moral and intellectual attributes of the sexes and in the social forms and movements whereby those attributes express themselves. As women were, men are; as men were, so women are in process of becoming. The New Eve — she is a fulfilled fact or a future certainty, according as you regard her advent with self-congratulation or dread — is to an amazing extent simply the Old Adam (this in a purely social and historical sense, not the old theological one).

Man does not, to be sure, recognize her as the reincarnation, with modern improvements, of his former self. He does not recognize her, because he has evolved away from his former self too far to remember it very clearly. He has evolved into the woman of yesterday, and remains the world's most distressing case of arrested development. Against the portent of the New Woman he rebels as old-fashioned woman herself does, and for the same reasons. He *is* old-fashioned woman.

The question, What is the matter with woman? is now most intelligibly studied and answered, then, as a question about what woman everywhere in the world is rapidly ceasing to be, which is the same thing that man has lately become — whether curably or no, it is not within the province of this essay to unriddle.

If these be dark sayings, it is not difficult to shed a gentle lucency upon them from some angles of social history; as indeed it is hereinafter attempted to do.

II

Trace, from its genesis through most of its stages, the world's adverse criticism of woman, and you find that, from a prehistoric era straight down to the Early Victorian time of Sir Austin Feverel, such criticism has always related itself to woman's lack, or supposed lack, of anything approximating a soul. The great historic religions have pretty thoroughly integrated themselves with the notion that a woman is not a person at all, and that she can become one only by merging her destiny in that of some masculine being through whom she wins a reflected, incidental salvation. It is an idea of which every great cultus has probably contained, at one period or another, more than a suspicion. There exists a vestigial remnant of it in the present attitude of Christian society, and in the very recent attitude of Christian common law, toward the unwedded mother and the illegitimate by birth.

It would be slightly more accurate to say that the assumption of woman's soullessness has taken two historic forms, a positive and a negative. It has taken them, not only in different periods and differently constituted societies, but sometimes even in the

same society at the same period. The negative view, that woman perfectly lacks the vital spark and, lacking it, is on a parity with the beasts that perish, impels straight toward polygamy and concubinage. The positive view endows woman with the opposite of a vital spark, — a lethal and phosphorescent flame kindled in hell, — in short, an anti-soul. This version puts woman on a parity with the evil angels. It is the theory of woman as a witch or a vampire. It survives in the usage which refers to a coquette as 'soulless' (the truth being, as ever, remote from the catchword for it: a coquette is a woman who has too much soul, or too many), and also in many a trite joke about the innate diabolism of the sex. Just as the negative view leads to the institution of plural marriage in one form or another, so the positive view leads to asceticism. Or, if not that, then — by perversion in some pagan and mediæval societies — to the esoteric cults of devil-worship and phallic ceremonial. It can also lead, of course, in an individual case here and there, even during the most scientific age of steam or electricity, to the supreme beauties and despairs of eroticism in the arts. But all such by-products are in some sort logical enough inversions of asceticism.

A study of the periods in which woman passed for a creature without a soul, whether by the negative interpretation or the positive, is slightly disconcerting to one's reverence for the fathers, the prophets, and the sages, and tends to drive one into a cynical determinism in one's reading of religious and social history. For one finds a truly noteworthy coincidence between two sets of facts: on the one side, contempt for woman as woman and universal esteem of her as wife or concubine and mother; on the other side, the economic and military need for rapid expansion by small and threatened nationalities or sects. The instinct of self-preservation by defense, or the similar instinct of self-development by conquest, leads races and religions to exploit woman as a breeder.

With extraordinary uniformity, it should be added, she seems to have been held lightly wherever she outnumbered man, and reverently wherever she was herself outnumbered. Whether woman were construed as a soulless animal or as a bodiless angel would seem, almost literally, to have depended on the numbers in which she happened to be extant. This is a truth which lends itself readily enough to the flippant conclusion that — if woman is idealized only when she is rare and hence little known — the reality of her nature must be somewhat discouraging to idealism. It also lends itself fully as well to the conclusion that man's idealizing apparatus is woefully infirm and at the disposal of mere accidents of supply and demand. Whatever the conclusion proper to be drawn, there remains the bare fact, as an interesting footnote to the general law by which the exigencies of self-preservation dictate the attitude of either sex toward the other and toward itself. Woman has been conceded the possession of a soul in her own right only when her having one was not seriously prejudicial to any masculine self-interest.

The self-preserving instincts of ascetic and artist are more subtle in their behavior, but they remain none the less self-preserving instincts. He who mortifies the flesh has identified himself with a spiritual good which, for its own continuity, dares admit no compromise with a material and fleshly evil. His own soul must not enter into contact with woman's anti-soul; the union which is creative of life through the body would be the death of his sainthood.

In a way recognizably akin to this of asceticism, the strange obscene cults of the East hinged on the will to self-preservation. The evil nature of woman was assumed as a matter of course, but at the same time it was perceived that her loveliness and seductiveness were irresistible. This perception led naturally to an inverted theology in which the powers of evil, being stronger than those of good, — for was not woman there to prove it? — became the logical object of propitiation.

And the artist, of course, has always known that his self-preservation — as an artist — depends on his consenting to let himself be ravaged, perhaps destroyed in the end, by the fatal gift of beauty to which he humbly dedicates himself. His fate is one more secular fulfillment of the ancient paradox which decrees that whosoever will lose his life for the sake of some extra-personal reality, the same shall find his life and live it more abundantly.

III

Thus some few vagaries of man's age-old insistence on woman's chief lack. No more is needed to signify that the point of departure in man's past reasoning about woman has been his assumption that she was constitutionally deprived of an important organ which man himself possessed — to wit, a soul. Sir Austin quite earnestly meant that women do not have souls, that it will be a long time before they acquire them, and that their lack of souls is chiefly what is the matter with them.

But Sir Austin was less numerously agreed with in his own generation than in any preceding it. For during the short century after 'sensibility' came, first as an experience and then as a cult, denial of the feminine soul began to have a rather reactionary sound. Women were exposing their souls with a vengeance; even everybody's everyday parlance was aware of it. It took courage to deny the feminine soul when the years of Victoria's reign were few!

And now — it is universally conceded at last that woman has a soul, that she is a person. Whatever is the matter with her, it is not her non-possession of a soul. To the old question various answers are propounded; for it is still widely credited that, of all organisms, woman is the most obdurate against the civilizing process. But most of the answers are a generation wide of the mark now. The true answer is of so astounding a simplicity that hardly anyone sees it at all, or, seeing it, will say so.

The matter with woman — only she is at long last getting over it — is not that she lacks a soul: it is merely that she *has* one. She has had it for a long time, far longer than man has; she is its originator and first possessor.

The fable of the garden, the woman, the serpent, the tree, and the man has been persistently misread throughout these several millennia past. The fable is really, of course, not history, but prophecy, as we can readily enough see now that the prophecy is by way of being fulfilled. It is a fable of the origin of souls. The serpent, whose name is Sentimentalism, accosts the woman — because she is the more curious, the more daring, and vastly the stronger underneath her disarming show of weakness — and seduces her with the promise of a strange new power: the power to have, to do, and to be whatever she wills, by the simple expedient of perfectly believing in her heart that she already has it or does it or is it. In other words, he offers her a soul. Being after all but human, even though woman, she cannot resist such a lure. She partakes of the fruit of the tree, enjoys it in secret, and wields to

her heart's content the extraordinary power which it gives her. Perfect belief in herself has made her omnipotent. Astutely, she never allows her omnipotence to become manifest: she simply uses it.

But — here the curtain falls on a lapse of ages — there comes at length the whisper of another voice in her ear; a voice more subtle than that of Sentimentalism itself. 'Don't you think,' says Irony, 'that all this omnipotence is getting to be a trifle wearisome? Really, now, don't you confess to being the least bit bored with this constant monotony of power? Don't you, sometimes, begin to feel envious of man and wish you could be in his place, instead of having your own way all the time? Consider, now, what a novel and thrilling experience it might be, for a change, to feel yourself weak and helpless, as man is!'

Again she listens, is tempted, and yields. The outcome is of the simplest possible inevitability. She rids herself of her superior power, her ability to make anything whatever true just by believing it — her soul, in fine. She rids herself of it by wishing it upon man. Henceforth it is he who complacently suffers the affliction of a soul, while she becomes as innocent and soulless as when she had just come from the hands of her Maker.

Her first notable attempt to make man a present of the soul of which she had grown weary came about the age of chivalry. It was only a half-hearted attempt: even the timid masculine resistance which followed, in the age of gallantry, sufficed to postpone her success.[1] Her next expedient was more subtly dangerous than the first. It took the form of 'sensibility,' which was at bottom simply an attempt, by parading her soul, exhibiting it in excess, to make man enviously wish to get it away from her. The rise of science spoiled her game this time, as the reaction of gallantry had done before. But there will be no withstanding her third and final attempt — the process of whose triumph the world is now witnessing. For there is nothing subtle about this latest attempt. It has the merit of absolute frankness — as its enemies say, of brazen frankness. Woman has served notice that she is done with souls and illicit powers, and that she purposes henceforth to make a brave and hearty adventure of life, as only the weak can do. She flatly renounces her old omnipotence. If man chooses to take up with souls, that is man's affair; but she will have nothing more to do with them.

Well — our revised version has the merit of reaffirming some notorious facts, besides that of challenging some notorious delusions. Sentimentalism, it justly appears, is the father of all devils. Souls are original and ultimate sin. The time-honored instinct which identifies woman, not man, with the deepest depths of depravity has thus a historic sanction, — woman really was the original sentimentalist, — only the notion has persisted in survival of the facts which justified it. The ancient superstition that woman lacked a soul, whereas man possessed one, appears as the hollow make-believe it really was. Modern woman, as is now generally conceded, is developing the trenchant gift of irony. These considerations are all implicit in the fable.

Finally, our revised version disposes of the shallow guess that modern woman's revolt is a revolt for power. It is a revolt *from* power, and to weakness. The New Eve does not want to rule

[1] The argument here confesses that it owes something to Mr. James Branch Cabell, whose various books — notably *Chivalry, Gallantry, The Line of Love, The Certain Hour,* and *Beyond Life* — would still be worth consulting as social philosophy, even if they had much less to do with literature. — THE AUTHOR.

the world: that is what she has just become tired of doing. She wants, not to succeed, but to strive; to be the power behind her own actions instead of the power behind the throne. She is simply going to be as man lately was: that is, an ineffectual weak being, playing against enormous odds a game of some seeming importance — and playing it, not with loaded dice or stacked cards, but with a candid recognition of all the hazards incident to it.

Souls are, then, not good things, but evil; in their net effect on modern civilization, the most evil of all possible things. Whatever fosters and encourages them merits destruction. Whatever tends to check their ravages or curtail their power ought to be applauded, hymned in art, subsidized by the state.

Certain of us, even otherwise moderately sane persons, have gone into a panic about Bolshevism. Is there any Bolshevism? Much of the red radicalism, we know, is nothing but yellow journalism. Nearly all of the Bolshevist terrors in America, and a great proportion of those in Europe, exist only in the columns of daily journals, and their sole sustenance is printers' ink and popular timidity. Perhaps — it is a sobering thought — there is no such thing as Bolshevism! The fact is, we squander our time and nervous energy ranting against Bolsheviki when we ought to be ranting against souls.

For no one has any doubt of *their* existence. They are assuredly no figment of newspaperdom. They and their works we have always with us. They swarm about us unchecked and unrebuked, with all their scarlet sins upon them. There is no deliverance save downright annihilation of them — and that can be only through a long, slow growth. Before any such consummation of well-being can have occurred, they may have wrought even greater disasters than their masterpiece of the years just gone. For souls, whatever their incidental usefulness may have been in times past, are now the great menace. If we as a race want to be saved, the first thing for us to do — this I would not say irreverently — is to pray destruction upon our own souls.

IV

Before we proceed, it is as well to attempt some definition of this primitive organ evolved by womankind, discarded by her at length in the prosecution of her greatest experiment, and now adopted, fatuously, by man.

Its central principle will have been suggested pretty explicitly in the foregoing. A soul is the power to substitute one's own hopes and wishes for objective fact; to live among them and work with them and make them produce substantial consequences just as if they *were* objective fact. It has a kinship with the hypocrisy which deceives, not others, but one's self; it has likewise a kinship with mere emotionalism, as contrasted with honest emotion and sentiment. But it is more than these, as the whole is more than any of its parts. Soul is the offspring of sentimentalism by egoism; its moral cousins are smugness and sham and platitude and cant, the officious zeal of the uplifter and the self-righteousness of the Pharisee; its legitimate children — and these are what most crushingly condemn it — are such things as parental tyranny and political muddle and the persecution of minorities, the denial of reality and the denial of liberty. For the only reality which the soul knows is that of its own desires, which it propounds as immutable laws; and the only liberty which it knows is the liberty of all and sundry to conform to its dictates or suffer the consequences of not conforming. It speaks

with the voices of tradition and convention, using these as a censorship, and never comprehending the true utility of either. It is the deadly antithesis of humor, as of irony — which is only humor in fighting accoutrements and with its back to the wall. And the last word of the soul's wisdom is the hatefulness and immorality of change.

Must we not confess that it is this very spirit which seems, latterly, to rule the affairs of man and of man's world? The masculine part of the race has indeed come into its soulage. Listen where you will, among the discussed affairs of significant individuals, parties, sects, societies, nations, alliances, ententes: in every single representative voice, the deepest note heard, the fundamental at the very base of whatever complexity of overtones, is this unctuous note of soulfulness. Morally speaking, the comings and goings of all officialdom carry, for herald and valediction, a silken rustle of petticoats.

It seems an ungracious attitude, this imputation that our lives, our destinies, our makings of war and peace, our daily bread, and our eternal well-being, are in the hands and at the mercy of creatures who, esteeming themselves men, show nevertheless in their actual behavior a consummation of all the qualities lately attributed to maiden aunts. That emperors, kings, regents, presidents, governors, cabinet ministers, mayors, judges, legislators, educators, deans, and superintendents are at bottom simply a powerful ruling class composed of elderly women, not to say old maids — it is a dismaying thought, not to be faced by the boldest without a shudder. Besides, one has the feeling that in a world which still pretends to esteem virility, all these trousered effeminates may not just exactly like to be so thought of.

And yet, to see the truth about the mighty ones, recognizing their exact resemblances to our poor selves, is a most salutary and necessary move in the war against souls. For, mark you, it is nothing other than the soul in ourselves which bids us be awed by dignities and dignitaries. If we allow ourselves to be imposed upon by the soulful great, we simply spread the corrosion. The soul in us would eagerly shield us from the dire perception that these great ones of earth are made of the very stuff of our own acknowledged littleness. We must see that pretentious notables belong to the soulful sex, on pain of demonstrating by our blindness that we belong to it ourselves.

When we look about among present realities for illustration, the difficulty is merely what to choose from the throng. But suppose we begin, quite arbitrarily, with Germany.

Professor L. P. Jacks has made an analytic study of the German disposition and decided that its central impulse is cruelty. With all deference to this high authority, whose judgments elsewhere it is nearly always possible to hear with enthusiasm, a more searching analysis, while verifying the cruelty, denies that it is central. What is really so, and has been ever since the youthful Schiller thought he was writing 'philosophical' poems, is the German sentimentalism, sentimental egoism, egoistic emotionalism — in a word, soul. The staggering horrors committed in Belgium are an awful indictment of the German, but not a basic indictment. The basic indictment of the German, and the ultimate explanation of his cruelty, is that he weeps over nothing in partciular when he is drunk. And, of course, what he expresses then, he feels at other times. He is susceptible to emotions, and in love with his own susceptibility. Behind all his pretended application of science and merciless logic, he commits certain acts simply that certain emotions may follow. He

is a betrayer in love, that he may wallow in remorse and admire himself for feeling it. He is a tyrant in marriage and paternity, that he may intensify the worship of his own power or magnanimity.

It is high time to point out that his abominations in Flanders must have resulted from a skein of motives, the very least thread of which was the primitive savagery of, say, the Cossacks in East Prussia. There was pure self-hatred in it, for one thing. Many a man has kicked a dog — but it was always himself, not the dog, that he hated. He did it to make himself more hateful, that he might hate himself the more. The Germans murdered babies and old men to prove to themselves that in their capacity for fiendishness they were superhuman. And of course, having such a motive for frightfulness, they could succeed only in proving themselves pitifully and shockingly human. They committed horrors because they drew the sustenance of self-flattery from their consequent self-hatred and remorse and — actually — pity for the victim. All these perverted emotions are by-products of inordinate self-worship. The moral effect of ruthlessness on the enemy was a nominal excuse. The genuine reason, however unconsciously, could have been nothing other than the moral effect on the Germans themselves. There are a thousand captured documents to prove all this. Moreover, the modern history of Germany, the whole cultus of Prussianism and Junkerdom, is a product, not of cruelty, not even of unscrupulous greed, — these are merely the betraying symptoms, — but of sentimental bathos. Germany is a nation of souls.

If anyone imagines that this is a less damning charge than cruelty, his is to a nicety the Prussian point of view of the matter, and he needs to beware of his own soul.

V

But it is not too helpful to dwell long on the shortcomings of our late enemies. To specialize in denunciation of others and spare ourselves the scourge is, in fact, one of the chief temptations to which the possession of souls exposes us. There is, after all, nothing dutiable about the Prussian faults, and no candid person really supposes that the Prussian soul and its fruits are delimited by a territorial frontier.

He who is sincerely willing to document the soul and its ardors may well pause to study the still unfinished machinations of the Peace Conference. He will patiently contrast the promises of the Armistice with the performance of the Treaty. He will trace the vicissitudes of the Fourteen Points, — 'four more than the Lord Himself was able to think of,' as M. Clemenceau is rumored, no doubt apocryphally, to have remarked, — and observe how those famous dicta 'vanished in the final League of Nations,' as Mr. William Dean Howells has lately put it. He will also admire the dexterity of our choice among the Fourteen whenever the limpid moral principle tried to crowd into the same channel with the muddy material interest. Especially will he note the exquisite deftness of our juggling with the two principles of self-determination and reparation. He will review the exalted idealism of our professions the while we girded ourselves for the struggle, and match it against the outcome, including the indeterminate but considerable number of wars now raging, the multiplicity of territorial squabbles, the absence of real peace anywhere, the perceptible diminishment of that democracy whose safety was guaranteed by the shedding of blood, the capitalization by narrow and self-seeking parties of some great social and political issues arising out

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of the war, the hopeless bafflement of our dealings with Russia and the quibblings and evasions resorted to for disguise of that bafflement — all these and many another perturbing aspect of the Great War and its outcome.

And, picking his way through the mist of discrepancies, ideals paltered with, high hopes thwarted or relinquished, heartening dreams proved illusory, he will come in the end to a square reckoning with just two realities, the cardinal realities of the present situation. The first is the aura of idealism and noble moralistic fervor which has been thrown round every one of these transactions, from least to greatest; the tapestry of splendid and godlike speech which has been woven to cover even the most barren square rod of soil ignobly bartered. The second is the absolute honesty with which all this idealism has been promulgated, by strictly representative men who had a burning and high-hearted faith in every word they said or signed, and who never once suspected that they were using faith and charity and justice and all the nobler aspirations of mankind as mere levers for helping themselves and their constituents to exactly what was wanted.

It would require no very cynical spectator to define political idealism as a handy weapon for diplomacy when no better serves, and political justice as an effective trick of propaganda. But there was no such cynicism in the minds of these men. They were enabled to accomplish what they would, because they believed in their own justice as unequivocally as they believed in their own astuteness, or the wickedness of their enemies.

That, you see, is what souls do. They enable you, through perfect belief in yourself, to erect the figments of your own desire into achievements just as tangible as though built on solid reality. They work, they are the most feasible and frictionless way to get what you have made up your mind to have, regardless. And if they exist in sufficient numbers, there is nobody left — or, at any rate, nobody very well worth hearing — to plead the cause of reality at all.

But there is little room here to continue the chronicle of souls and their sinister operations. The nimble-witted reader will go on piecing it out in his own mind, almost literally to infinity, joining on bits from the most portentous public affairs and the most insignificant private ones, until he has reduced himself to the dismal conclusion that soul is the final arbiter of well-nigh everything that goes on. His quest will lead him behind a variety of hedges and into some odd by-paths. He will discover, for instance, that a whole volume could be written on how the souls of perfectly upright editorial staffs falsify the news in perfectly reputable daily journals — not on the editorial pages, but in the very news columns. Why, a whole essay could be written on how the news is every day partisanly edited by the skilled use of quotation marks that jeer and sting and insult and damn. The research cannot be prolonged without leading to a quaint disclosure about our courts of law, including some of the most eminent: namely, the innocent candor with which they apply their own prejudices to the adjudication of cases heard on appeal. If the previous finding be deemed subversive of some dearly regarded prejudice, it is promptly reversed on a broad foundation of principle. If, on the other hand, it appear as a reassertion of those prejudices, it is as promptly sustained on the ground that the process of reaching it was technically legal, no fundamental principle having been allowed to come within the jurisdiction of the

higher court. It will be further discovered that all political elections to office are won on terms which leave the losing two fifths or nine twentieths of the voting population in the position of anarchists, Bolsheviki, traitors, assassins of liberty, mortal enemies of law, order, and common decency — and that nobody is in the slightest degree perturbed, once the election is over, by this ostensible devotion to crime of something approaching one half the population.

Not the least interesting of these disclosures will be that those who, in ordinary business or statecraft, are always readiest to plead the virtue of the 'practical' compromise between principle and existing fact, those who are always promptest with a sneer for 'impractical' idealism — that these very persons are the first to take their unflinching stand on some bedrock of eternal principle as soon as there is any question of raising their taxes, or increasing their public responsibilities, or decreasing their private profits, or otherwise exposing them to material detriment. Nearly all of us are practical men when we stand to gain or win something, and men of unbending principle when we have to defend ourselves against the danger of loss. In fine, the soul will always contrive to eat its cake and have it too; it will always play the game on the time-honored feminine system of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'

We live in the heyday of the trousered female. In all the attitudes hereinbefore described, a subtle listener will detect the very vibration of certain familiar and time-worn feminine utterances, long become the property of joke-smiths and no longer heard, perhaps, on feminine lips. '*This is so sudden!*' How should *she* know that her real thought is, 'I have been expecting this momently for weeks: why are you so unaccountably tardy with your declaration?' '*It hurts me, my son, more than it does you,*' — or, in other words, 'I cannot help enjoying the exercise of my authority over you, and of my superior strength, and you shall find out that it does not pay to resist me.' '*I told you so!*' — that is to say, 'No one foresaw this, and it is as surprising to me as to anyone, but we *might* easily enough have foreseen it if we had not all been fools.'

The wife who proverbially censors her husband's mail and selects his stenographers is reincarnate in the spirit of diplomacy and in the national attitudes behind ententes and alliances. The hysteria of the feminine soul, its various nondescript abnormalities and 'delusions of persecution,' as the alienists call them, are exemplified again and again in the successive states of the public consciousness, and in the voices, newspapers, books, organizations which form and direct those states. Before these words are in print, the perfervidly patriotic souls of some few Americans — I add, absolutely without sarcasm, that their financial interests lie mostly south of the Rio Grande — may have got us embroiled in an idealistic war with Mexico. What an exhibit for the psychopathologist!

And invariably the theory that the female of the species is more deadly than the male finds its best illustration in the lately feminized male sex. For, it is worth while to reassert, representative man is becoming every bit as feminine as woman used to be, and much more conspicuously noxious in the employment of his feminine qualities, because the management of conspicuous affairs is still traditionally in his hands.

VI

Meanwhile, what of women?

It may as well be confessed at once

that no great change has so far taken place in the massed millions, the rank and file, of the sex. We continue to see them as one collective and rather inchoate lump. But the properties concededly latent in a very small amount of leaven are not to be overlooked. The leaven is actually at work, and in the only place where its functioning can avail: within the lump itself. As many women as ever may cling to their safe and soulful omnipotence, behind the walls of that peculiar domesticity in which nothing can ever happen to them except what happens in their imaginations; but there are more and always more women who find this ridiculous, insist on the opposite thing for themselves, and, within or without marriage, take life as a hazardous experiment, claiming no immunity from its hazards. Women writers may coo and gurgle as sentimentally as ever in the columns of those magazines which they edit, — magazines dedicated to marriage and motherhood, trousseaus and teething, — and which, one suspects, are subscribed to and read by the ever-increasing army of soulful males; but these women and their works are a butt of impish laughter to an impressive number of their unsouled sisters, and women become increasingly articulate in a new and non-sentimental vein made up of wit and energy and keenness — the masculine virtues of mind and style, applied in a feminine way.

It is, of course, among the possibilities that the great mass of women will lapse into hitherto undreamed-of abysms of soulfulness. If this occurs, it will be because the new tendencies at work among the sex will be counteracted by the disastrous spread of souls among men, for whom the old-fashioned woman admittedly exists and in whose approbation she basks. Men would prefer woman to remain a 'good soul,' as we say, with tacit recognition that there is a sort of derogatory force in the word 'soul.' But it is far likelier — all signs, indeed, pointing the same way — that the tendencies now at work will culminate in a strikingly different type of woman. She will possess the masculine qualities of mind and temper, but she will apply them, as I have just put it, in a purely feminine way. A rational creature, she will reason more quickly than man; not less accurately, but more nervously; not in the syllogisms of formal logic, but with the intuitive grasp of things which enables the artist, for example, to reach, across gaps and elisions of process, exactly the right conclusion. She is to be, this New Woman, the most perfect blend of sensibility and sense yet produced, and, as such, the goal and paragon of an evolutionary process which has already turned out a race of no mean spiritual and intellectual capacity.

Not strangely, it is in the craft of literature, and especially in fiction, that this creature — or, if you prefer, her shadowy prototype — has become most manifest. Not that she is confined to literature: one may instance, hurriedly and in passing, so able a scientific sociologist as Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons. And, astonishingly, the British House of Commons is lately invaded by a woman not unlikely, if report be truthful, to ask such inconvenient and realistic questions as threaten embarrassment and self-consciousness to the soul of British officialdom. However that may be, it is certain that the art of the novel has had accretions from the hands of a group of Englishwomen — some of them preposterously young in years, and all of them in spirit — who possess exactly our postulated blend of sensibility with discrimination. It suffices to mention the bare names of Rebecca West, E. M. Delafield, Sheila Kaye-

Smith, Dorothy Richardson, Elinor Mordaunt, Clemence Dane. Each of these has the air of being in conscious rebellion against a world of men and women which one can only describe as fetid with femaleness. It is not necessary here to estimate the appearance of this group in letters. But it seems quite certain that its appearance in society is a portent of magnitude.

The interesting question for the future is whether such women, once they have become as impressive in numbers as in dynamic qualities, are going to rule the world; in other words, whether the New Eve without a soul is to prove herself stronger than the Old Adam with his newly acquired soul. A soul is no negligible advantage in the struggle for supremacy. It is already shown to have given women whatever mastery they willed, in defiance of all reason and reality, and it is now doing the same for man, with disastrous consequences to the world at large. But are the sexes equal, barring this matter of the soul? Have not women always had, latently, a superior capacity for realism? In occasional startling flashes of illumination, between their long nights of sentimentality, have not women made shrewder appraisals of fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers, sons, than any mortal man has ever made of mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, daughters? It is a question to ask, not answer: the answer is the future's.

But it is a very momentous question. For on it hinges the whole problem whether, for the first time in the history of created things, reality is to prove itself stronger than illusion, and plain acceptance of the facts of life a more workable philosophy than the repeating of charms and catchwords and half-comprehended echoes. Perhaps, after all, romantic self-deception is the eternal law, and the only basis on which anything can ever substantially succeed. We do not know, for the reason that nothing else has ever been tried in competition with it. Perhaps the New Woman is only a sort of artist, existing for a moment's travail over a new beauty which can never be brought forth, or which, if it were brought forth, we should at once cast negligently aside, keeping all things just as they were before. Or perhaps she is not so much an artist as an object of art — an isolated and perverse masterpiece composed by the Author of Souls in order to mock the soulful (after the ironic fashion of gods) with tantalizing glimpses of that perfection which is not to be. Toward these matters, mere man must for the present make a virtue of neutral spectatorship. But it is his privilege to hope that the schedule of the universe involves the creation of a finer type of human being than has yet existed, somewhat according to the stages set forth in Meredith's poem of *Earth and Man;* and that the present changes which seem to be crystallizing in womankind are a groping progress toward this achievement.

Anyway, it is clear that Sir Austin Feverel was right, in a sense as remote as possible from his intention. The New Eve *will* be the last thing civilized by man. If you have any doubt of that, all you need do is ask her.

THE CHEERFUL CLAN

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

Now that the Great War is a thing of the past, there is no longer any need to be cheerful. For years a valorous gayety has been the rôle assigned us. For years we struck a hopeful note, whether it rang true or false. For years the plight of the world was so desperate that we dared not look straight ahead, lest the spectre of a triumphant Germany smite us blind. Confronted with a ruthlessness which threatened to extinguish the liberties and decencies of civilization, we simply had to cast about us for a wan smile to hide from apprehensive eyes the trouble of our souls.

Now the beast of militarism has been chained, and until it is strong enough to break its fetters (which should be a matter of years), we can breathe freely, and try to heal our hurt. True, there is trouble enough on every side to stock a dozen worlds. The beauty of France has been unspeakably defiled. The heart of Belgium has been pierced. The flower of British youth has perished. Italy's gaping wounds have festered under a grievous sense of wrong. Russia seethes with hatred and strife. In this country we see on the one hand a mad welter of lawlessness, idleness, and greed; and, on the other, official extravagance, administrative weakness, a heavy, ill-considered burden of taxation, and shameless profiteering. Our sense of proportion has been lost, and with it our power of adjustment. We are Lilliput and Brobdingnag jumbled up together, which is worse than anything Gulliver ever encountered.

But this displacement of balance, this unruly selfishness, is but the inevitable result of the world's great upheaval. It represents the human rebound from high emotions and heavy sacrifices. The emotions and the sacrifices have met their reward. Germany cannot — for some time to come — spring at our throat. If we fail to readjust our industries on a paying basis, we shall, of course, go under, and lose the leadership of the world. But we shall not be kicked under by the Prussian boot.

Therefore cheerfulness is no longer obligatory. We can shut the door in the faces of its professional purveyors — who have been making a good thing of it — and look with restful seriousness upon the mutability of life. Our intelligence, so long insulted by the sentimental inconsistencies which are the text of the Gospel of Gladness, can assert its right of rejection. The Sunshine School of writers has done its worst, and the fixed smile with which it regards the universe is as offensive as the fixed smile of chorus-girls and college presidents, of débutantes and high officials, who are photographed for the Sunday press, and who all look like advertisements of dentifrice.

Popular optimism — the kind which is hawked about like shoe-strings — is the apotheosis of superficiality. The obvious is its support, the inane is its ornament. Consider the mental atti-

tude of a writer who does not hesitate to say in a perfectly good periodical, — which does not hesitate to publish his words, — 'Nothing makes a man happier than to know that he is of use to his own time.' Only in a sunburst of cheerfulness could such a naked truism be shamelessly exposed. I can remember that, when I was a child, statements of this order were engraved in neat script on the top line of our copybooks. But it was understood that their value lay in their chirography, in the unapproachable perfection of every letter, not in the message they conveyed. Our infant minds were never outraged by seeing them in the authority of print. Those were serious and self-respecting days, when no one sent our mothers a calendar with three hundred and sixty-five words of cheer, designed to jack up the lowered morale of the family. The missionary spirit was at work then as now; but it mostly dropped tracts on our doorstep, reminding us that we might be in hell before to-morrow morning.

The gayety of life is a saving grace, and high spirits are more than the appanage of youth. They represent the rebound of the resilient soul from moods of dejection, and it is their transient character which makes them so infectious. Landor's line, —

> That word, that sad word, Joy, —

is manifestly unfair. Joy is a delightful, flashing little word, as brief as is the emotion it conveys. We all know what it means, but nobody dares to preach it, as they preach three-syllabled cheerfulness, and gladness, which once had a heroic sound, the 'gladness that hath favour with God,' but which is now perilously close to slang. The early Christians, who had on a large scale the courage of their convictions, found in their faith sufficient warrant for content. They seem to have lived and died with a serenity, a perfect good humor, which is the highest result of the best education. But when Mr. Shaw attempted to elucidate in *Androcles and the Lion* this difficult and delicate conception, he peopled his stage with Pollyannas, who voiced their cheerfulness so clamorously that they made persecution pardonable. No public could be expected to endure such talk when it had an easy method of getting rid of the talkers.

The leniency of the law now leaves us without escape. We cannot throw our smiling neighbors to the lions, and they override us in what seems to me a spirit of cowardly exultation. Female optimists write insufferable papers on 'Happy Hours for Old Ladies,' and male optimists write delusive papers on 'Happiness as a Business Asset.' Reforming optimists who, ten years ago, bade us rejoice over the elimination of war, — 'save on the outskirts of civilization,' — now bid us rejoice over the elimination of alcohol, — save on the tables of the rich. Old-fashioned optimists, like Mr. Horace Fletcher, put faith in the 'benevolent intentions' of nature — nature busy with the scorpion's tail. New-fashioned optimists like Professor Ralph Barton Perry (who may not know how optimistic he is) put faith in the mistrust of nature which has armed the hands of men. Sentimental optimists, the most pervasive of the tribe, blur the fine outlines of life, to see which clearly and valorously is the imperative business of man's soul.

For the world of thought is not one whit more tranquil than the world of action. The man whose 'mind to him a kingdom is' wears his crown with as much uneasiness as does a reigning monarch. Giordano Bruno, who had troubles of his own, and who knew by what road they came, commended ignorance as a safeguard from melancholy. If, disregarding this avenue of

escape, we look with understanding, and sometimes even with exhilaration, upon the portentous spectacle of life; if we have tempers so flawless that we can hold bad hands and still enjoy the game; then, with the sportsman's relish, will come the sportsman's reward, a reward, be it remembered, which is in the effort only, and has little to do with results.

The generous illusions which noble souls like Emerson's have cherished undismayed are ill-fitted for loose handling. Good may be the final goal of evil, but if we regard evil with a too sanguine eye, it is liable to be thrown out of perspective. In the spring of 1916, when the dark days of the war were upon us, and the toll of merchant ships grew heavier week by week with Germany's mounting contempt for admonitions, I heard a beaming gentleman point out to a large audience, which tried to beam responsively, that the 'wonderful' thing about the contest was the unselfish energy it had awakened in the breasts of American women. He dwelt unctuously upon their relief committees, upon the excellence of their hospital supplies, upon their noble response to the needs of humanity. He repeated a great many times how good it was for *us* to do these things. He implied, though he did not say it in rude words, that the agony of Europe was nicely balanced by the social regeneration of America. He was a sentimental Rochefoucauld, rejoicing, without a particle of guile, that the misfortunes of our friends had given us occasion to manifest our friendship.

II

It has often been asserted that unscrupulous optimism is an endearing trait; that the world loves it even when forced to discountenance it; and that 'radiant' people are personally and perennially attractive. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson said something of this kind, and his authority is invoked by sentimentalists who compile calendars, and birthday books, and texts to encumber our walls. They fail to distinguish the finely tempered spirit which carried Mr. Stevenson over the stony places of life, and which was beautiful beyond measure (the stones being many and hard), from the inconsequent cheerfulness which says that stones are soft. We cannot separate an author from his work, and nowhere in Stevenson's books does he guarantee anything more optimistic than courage. The triumph of evil in *Thrawn Janet*, the hopelessness of escape from heredity in *Olalla*, the shut door in *Markheim*, the stern contempt in *A Lodging for the Night*, the inextinguishable and unpardonable hatreds in *The Master of Ballantrae*, even the glorious contentiousness of *Virginibus Puerisque* — where in these masterful pages are we invited to smile at life? We go spinning through it, he admits, 'like a party for the Derby.' Yet 'the whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin.'

This is a call for courage, for the courage that lay as deep as pain in the souls of Stevenson, and Johnson, and Lamb. The combination of a sad heart and a gay temper, which is the most charming and the most lovable thing the world has got to show, gave to these men their hold upon the friends who knew them in life, and still wins for them the personal regard of readers. Lamb, the saddest and the gayest of the three, cultivated sedulously the little arts of happiness. He opened all the avenues of approach. He valued at their worth a good play, a good book, a good talk, and a good dinner. He lived in days when occasional drunkenness failed to stagger humanity, and when roast pig was within the income of an

East India clerk. He had a gift, subtle rather than robust, for enjoyment, and a sincere accessibility to grief. His words were unsparing, his actions kind. He binds us to him by his petulance as well as by his patience, by his entirely human revolt from dull people and tiresome happenings. He was not one of those who

> . . . lightly lose
> Their all, yet feel no aching void.
> Should aught annoy them, they refuse
> To be annoyed.

On the contrary, the whimsical expression of his repeated annoyance is balm to our fretted souls.

For the friend whom we love is the friend who gets wet when he is rained on, who is candid enough to admit failure, and courageous enough to mock at it. When Jane Austen wrote to her sister that she did not have a very good time at a party, because men were disposed not to ask her to dance until they could not help it, she did more than make Cassandra smile: she won her way into the hearts of readers for whom that letter was not meant. We know the 'radiant' people to whom all occasions are enjoyable, who intimate — with some skill, I confess — that they carry mirth and gayety in their wake. They are capable of describing a Thanksgiving family dinner as mirthful because they were participants. Not content with a general profession of pleasure in living, 'which is all,' says Mr. Henry Adams, 'that the highest rules of good breeding should ask,' they insist upon the delightfulness of a downcast world, and they offer their personal sentiments as proof.

Dr. Johnson's sputtering rage at the happy old lady is the most human thing recorded of his large and many-sided humanity. A great thinker who confronted life with courage and understanding was set at naught, and, to speak truth, routed, by an unthinking, but extremely solid, asseveration. And after all, the old lady was not calling for recruits, she was merely stating a case. Miss Helen Keller, in a book called *Optimism*, says very plainly that if she, a blind, deaf mute, can be happy, everyone can achieve happiness. Now there is not a decent man or woman in the country who will not be glad to know that Miss Keller is, as she says she is, happy; but this circumstance does not affect the conditions of life, as measured by all who meet them. The whole strength of the preaching world has gone into optimism, with the result that it has reached a high place in man's estimation, and is always spoken of with respect. Even the *Atlantic Monthly* gave us a Christmas sermon on the pursuit, and — if we can lightly pardon the unpardonable — the capture of happiness.

Are we then so sunk in dejection, so remote from the splendid and unconscious joy which the struggle for life gave to the centuries that are over? Time was when men needed the curb, and not the spur, in that valorous contention. 'How high the sea of human delight rose in the Middle Ages,' says Mr. Chesterton, 'we know only by the colossal walls they built to keep it within bounds.' Optimism was as superfluous as meliorism when the world was in love with living, when Christianity preached penance and atonement for sin, striving by golden promises and direful threats to wean man from that unblessed passion, to turn the strong tide of his nature back from the earth that nourished it. There was never but one thorough-going optimist among the Fathers of the Church, and that was Origen. He too preached pardon for the unpardonable, and looked forward confidently to the final conversion of Satan. His attitude was full of nobleness because he had suffered grievously at the heathen's

hands; but not even by the alchemy of kindness is evil transmutable to good.

The Stoics, who proposed that men should practise virtue without compensation, were logically unassailable, but not persuasive to the average mind. It does not take much perspicuity to distinguish between an agreeable and a disagreeable happening, and once the difference is perceived, no argument can make them equally acceptable. 'Playing at mummers is one thing,' says the sapient tanner in Kenneth Grahame's *Headswoman*, 'and being executed is another. Folks ought to keep them separate.' On the other hand, the assurance of the Epicureans that goodness and temperance were of value because they conduced to content was liable to be set aside by the man who found himself contented without them. 'The poor world, to do it justice,' says Mr. Gilbert Murray, 'has never lent itself to any such bare-faced deception as the optimism of the Stoics'; but neither are we disposed to recognize enlightened self-interest as a spiritual agency. It may perhaps be trusted to make a good husband or a good vestryman, but not a good human being.

A highly rational optimist, determined to be logical at any cost, observed recently in a British review that sympathy was an invasion of liberty. 'If I must sorrow because another is sorrowing, I am a slave to my feelings, and it is best that I shall be slave to nothing. Perfect freedom means that I am able to follow my own will, and my will is to be happy rather than to be sad. I love pleasure rather than pain. Therefore, if I am moved to sorrow against my will, I am enslaved by my sympathy.'

This is an impregnable position. It is the old, old philosophy of the cold heart and the warm stomach. I do not say that it is unwise. I say only that it is unlikable.

For our quarrel with Christian Science is, not that it prefers Mrs. Eddy to Æsculapius, or her practitioners to his practitioners; not that it sometimes puts us to shame by rising superbly above our froward nerves, and on less happy occasions denies the existence of a cold which is intruding itself grossly upon the senses; but that it exempts its followers from legitimate pity and grief. Only by refusing such exemption can we play our whole parts in the world. While there is a wrong done, we must admit some measure of defeat; while there is a pang suffered, we have no right to unflawed serenity. To cheat ourselves intellectually in order that we may save ourselves spiritually is unworthy of the creature that man is meant to be.

And to what end? Things are as they are, and no amount of self-deception makes them otherwise. The friend who is incapable of depression depresses us as surely as the friend who is incapable of boredom bores us. Somewhere in our hearts is a strong, though dimly understood, desire to face realities, and to measure consequences, to have done with the fatigue of pretending. It is not optimism to enjoy the view when we are treed by a bull: it is philosophy. The optimist would say that being treed was a valuable experience. The disciple of gladness would say it was a pleasurable sensation. The Christian Scientist would say there was no bull, though remaining — if he were wise — on the tree-top. The philosopher would make the best of a bad job, and seek what compensation he could find. He is of a class apart.

If, as scientists assert, fear is the note which runs through the universe, courage is the unconquerable beat of man's heart. A 'wise sad valor' won the war, at a cost we do well to remember; and from unnumbered graves comes a stern reminder that the world can hold

wrongs which call for such a righting. We for whom life has been made, not safe, but worth the living, can now afford *le bel sérieux* which befits the time and occasion. When preachers cease pointing out to us inaccessible routes to happiness, we may stop the chase long enough to let her softly overtake us. When the Gospelers of Gladness free us of their importunities, our exhausted spirits may yet revive to secret hours of mirth. When we frankly abandon an attitude of cheerfulness, our Malvolio smile may break into sudden peals of laughter.

What have we gained from the past six years if not zest for the difficulties and dangers ahead of us? What lesson have we learned but intrepidity? The noble Greek lines upon a drowned seaman sound in our ears, and steady us to action:—

> A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
> Bids you set sail.
> Full many a gallant bark, when he was lost,
> Weathered the gale.

'BEAUTY IS GATHERED LIKE THE RAIN ON HILLS'

BY DOROTHY LEONARD

Beauty is gathered like the rain on hills:
Here sinking into reservoirs of moss,
Whose beryl stars are guardians of loss,
And there a cowslip-hidden pool it fills.
Or if, uncisterned by the earth, it spills
In thin cascades where staircased ledges cross
A lonely hill-road, careless, cold winds toss
Its spray on granite fields that no man tills.

Diminish as it may, or disappear
From barren pastures, beauty cannot fail
While there are crevices to drink its dew.
Following, following down, like springs in shale
Or vanished old sea-sand, it filters through
Lost littorals of dream, and issues clear.

EDUCATION FOR INDIVIDUALITY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

THERE is a little bay in one of the rooms of our house, the width of a window, the depth of a child's crib, which, in the blue print, was for the baby. The young couple who built this house had right intentions in the blue print. They told the architect what to do, and he did it; but the young pair weakened and kept a bureau in the little bay instead. That couple belong to the passing generation. They built at a time when at least one window in a house of forty was still dedicated to the chance of children; whereas my generation has become altogether practical, clearly recognizing in the blue print the greater convenience of bureaus. If children come, as they do sometimes, it is quite by accident; and you build hospitals for accidents. In short, accidents ultimately are a charge on the general public, to be provided for out of the public funds.

The public machinery for saving parents from their children approaches perfection. When some mechanical contrivance is found for manufacturing babies, the public will then have assumed the entire child-responsibility. At the present time a public something or somebody,—crèche, or nurse, 'home'-kindergarten, cradle-roll, scoutmaster, camp, or school,—attends the babe from birth straight through to business, or début — where a public caterer provides the refreshment, a public orchestra the music, a public house the ballroom, and only the general public is lacking to complete what, since the christening, has been a public affair.

On my daily in-and-out-of Boston I pass the Y.M.C.A., the Huntington School, the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for school-children, the Children's Hospital, Miss Winsor's school for girls, the Boston School of Physical Education, Saint Joseph's Industrial School, the Blind Babies' Home, the Little Wanderers' Home, a great parochial school, the Milton Academy for boys, the same for girls, the Quincy Boy-Scout Headquarters, a public playground, two or three kindergartens, several Sunday schools, and public schools at every turn — signs of the public's determination to stand *in loco parentis;* some of it for necessary public ends, but much of it a poor public substitute for parents and private homes. Along the roads I dodge little groups of children forced into the edge of the honking swirl to play, father and mother forsaking them, and the courts and the A.L.A. taking them up.

Most parents provide for their children; some take personal care of their children; but few indeed are they who can be forced to take any part in the education of their children, education having become the business of schools, a factory process, turned over entirely to the public. Here and there is a sublime parent who plods doggedly over the alphabet and the algebra, getting an education for himself at this late

day; but such are rare, the run of parents putting their babes into the kindergarten or some other educational incubator, while they themselves slip off the educational nest like cuckoos and cowbirds.

Much in our education is conventional and universal, calling for drill, efficient school-drill; many of the movements of education are mechanical mass actions, which require training by squads and companies, like soldiers. All the social aspects of education, all the togetherness of it, can nowhere be had so well as in school. And this is a very essential part of education. The professional teacher is no hireling. He is a necessary member of society, an indispensable factor in general intelligence, and so holds in his (or her) hand the very fate of the world. No one can take the professional teacher's place, as no substitute can be found for the institution of the school. Parents and homes are not substitutes; nor, on the other hand, in a complete education, — an education for individuality, — are professional teachers and schools a real substitute for parents and homes.

If education for democracy is understanding based on common training and personal acquaintance in school, then education for individuality — a thing as elemental and personal as life itself — cannot possibly be the product of any school, but must begin, where individuality begins, in the cradle, finding its first and freest development in the home, the only institution of civilization devoted to the oneness of life as against life's many-ness. The class, the school, the group-idea, is a prime factor in education for democracy. Nothing better has been devised to this end than our common public schools.

But democracy is only a system of government, only a way of living, and not life itself. So here, in spite of my democracy, and the mingling multitude, here am I, 'lone-wandering,' in endless search of myself. For æons I have been searching, from star to star down the ages, until I chanced this way, upon this daring experiment in democracy, which deeply interests me, and for the time delays me in my ceaseless search. I love the idea of democracy. I believe in liberty, equality, fraternity. I believe also in the divine right of kings; and if any kings were born unto my royal parents, or if any have been born unto me (as I suspect four have), then they must have their divine rights: must leave this crowd, this good, this necessary, this commonplace crowd, and wandering on with me, must search until each of us comes to the kingdom of his solitary soul.

I AM. If I live with ordinary people, God also dwells among them, there being no other sort. I am one of them. All I have, they give me. All they give me, I would give them back, and more. But giving them all I have still leaves me all I am. I cannot give this; they cannot receive it. I am that I am; as God is. And this essential self, this eternal I, cannot go with anybody to *school.*

II

Whatever leads me out, deepens, quickens, strengthens the personal, the peculiar in me, the *bent* of my nature, educates the individual in me. The school can develop what I have in common with others; what I am in myself will often be repressed, discouraged, defeated by school, unless I am more powerful than the machine, or find freedom or help from without. The most natural and powerful of these individualizing forces should be the home.

One of the insistent charges brought against the public school is that it ignores personality, hinders the brilliant,

and is attended by terrible risks — all of this because it is a *public* school. But these faults are neither public nor private — they are just *school*, any school, an inherent fault in the machine. Moreover, they are inherent in human nature, too — the risks, I mean. God planted three risks in Eden: Adam, Eve, and the Tree; and Eve had no choice but to take two of them! Risks have to be taken; and the sooner certain of them are taken, the better — while still holding little Eve's hand in your own, you can show her how, without shying or sighing, she can safely meet them. I am afraid of life's risks; but I am giving my children all the varieties of them found in the public schools, knowing that the best private school in the land has quite as choice a selection.

Just so I give them night air to breathe at night, it being the only kind there is at night; and a child cannot stop breathing because it is night. Children need risks as chickens need grit in their gizzards. The only way to save a child from risks is to forestall its being born. Once conceived, a child is little else than a risk; and when he starts to school he must be told of the risks, must be taught how to meet the risks, how even to risk the risks and to take life's daring chance. If there is an individualizing force, and one better than another in the whole school programme, it is the *risks* at school.

And as for the other charge against the public school, of hindering the brilliant and making for mediocrity — that is the fault of all schools, so far as it is true. It is largely false, however — pure academic talk, indeed, and flatly contradicted by human nature. Neither principalities nor faculties can seriously thwart the brilliant mind; and if personality so feeble were,

> Heaven itself would stoop to her,

as Heaven has time and again, and as Heaven did in the original pattern of personality.

The public school does not recognize the brilliant mind as standard. But what other *school* does? Which is the All-Brilliant Boys' School? And does its headmaster still live? How I covet the headship of the All-Brilliant School, where nature breeds

> Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, —

the intellectually overdone, the physically underdone, the morally undone, — prenatal freaks in need of a surgical operation, or, it may be, a term in jail! The All-Brilliant School is a reform school. The public school (the private school, too) must specialize in the average. The school has a mass work to do, a national function to perform — to educate for democracy; the education for individuality must be given us elsewhere, but not in any school. The terms are paradoxical. You can school the individual, but you cannot school individuality, either in a public, or in the most select of private schools. Individuality can be educated, but it cannot go to school.

Clearly recognizing the social and the individual ends of life, we as clearly recognize two principles in education — one making for social solidarity, the other for individuality. A true American education must realize the highest individuality, as well as the widest democracy. Dedicating the school to the ends of democracy, we shall find the education for individuality wherever we can. And we find it everywhere, but nowhere so close at hand, so early at work, and so powerfully at work, — if it works at all, — as in the home. Here the poet is born, and here, not in school, he is educated for poetry.

The precious, personal thing —

> The soul that rises with us, our life's star, —

hath here, if anywhere, its rightful

place assigned it in the shining heavens. No school can do this. No school-teacher to the end of life's lessons has quite this celestial chance. Yet, beside the average home, the little red school-house, as an educational centre, looks like a university; and the average red-school-house teacher, poor as she is (and she is terribly poor), when put beside the average parent, is a teaching genius.

Life should be reconceived in terms of the child: our towns should be destroyed and built again for the child; houses torn out and made over for the child; home life reordered and adjusted to the child; marriage approached, and entered into, for the child; the very education of boys and girls to include the meaning of the child; and if it is a question which shall have the higher education, the boy or the girl, send the girl to college for the sake of the future child. I have said elsewhere that the hope of the race is in Eve — in her making the best she can of Adam; it would be truer to say, in her making the best she can of little Cain and Abel.

How small a learning, after all, it takes to teach the alphabet and the multiplication-table and the Bible! How much time it takes, though, and patience, and joy in your children, and love of learning! But not any more of love and joy and time than parents who take their children at par can afford to give them; nor more than we have actually given our children in our own home.

III

'Oh, your home is exceptional!' Our home is exceptional — it is servantless, and has been since the beginning of the war; it is so remote that I must rise at 5.30 A.M. to start the fire, in order to catch a train for Boston in time for my first lecture at 10 o'clock; and so exceptional is the place that, when I get home at night, I descend from my car, gaze out over the landscape, and exclaim, 'Mullein Hill, I am here!' Let no one tell me anything about this exceptional place or its exceptional inhabitants. I am tolerably well acquainted here; and I know that for glorious sunrises and inconveniences and ordinary folk this hilltop is positively unique.

Education never went forward under greater difficulties of this sort. Yet forward it has gone, steadily, the main thing of the day, the great circumstance of life. My part in it has been small: that of janitor, and school committee, and sometimes pupil, the teaching being largely done by the children's mother. Still, I am on the Faculty, and was present the day the systematic work was begun: the day the o'dest boy (he was five), seeing a picture of John Gilpin in the back of a magazine, asked who he was and where he was galloping. Down came the old leather-bound Cowper, and away went the five-year-old to Islington, to Edmonton and Ware, then short about, back over the road again, —

> Nor stopped till where he had got up,
> He once again got down.

Gilpin rode the Calender's horse that day. Neck and neck with him on Pegasus rode the boy, conscious for the first time in his small years of the swinging rhythm in the gait of the steed, and of the beat — the beat — of the golden hoofs.

Soon there was another five-year-old up behind his brother (now six); and with that we bought Pegasus, and gave him to the children — as good an investment as we ever made. None of our children lisped in numbers, and perhaps none of them will, but not for lack of poetry. Poets are born, of course, and are made after being born, too; but the real poet is something

more: he is, and was from the foundation, a preordained part of the divine scheme of things; but next to him, in the divine order, comes the lover of poetry. I agree with Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby, that, if I could teach my boys but one thing, that thing should be poetry — to strengthen their imagination, to chasten their sensibilities, to quicken and deepen their emotions, to give them their glorious mother-tongue, and the language of real life, and the significance of real things — which is all 'flub' and 'floating island' to the 'practical' man.

'John Gilpin' was followed by 'The First Snowfall,' 'To a Waterfowl,' 'The Death of the Flowers,' 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud,' Addison's Hymn, 'Sir Patrick Spens,' the First, Eighth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-fourth Psalms — all of them committed to memory; the Eighth Psalm, recited under the listening stars; 'The Death of the Flowers,' conned over and over as we tramped the naked woods in the gray melancholy of November.

All this time they were learning to read for themselves, chiefly with the fascinating pictures in the advertising ends of the magazines. Never was there a school primer that made words so compelling! The things to eat — cake all true to color, all cut and ready to pick off the plate; stuff to drink; things to wear; places to see; endless, wonderful! 'What do the words say?' was the constant duet. This was not 'learning to read' — it was eating and drinking, bathing, and climbing — living in words.

The teacher used any 'method,' and all methods (based on the phonetic), the eager minds grappling with the syllables in a catch-as-catch-can tussle for their tantalizing stories. That first reading lesson began with the pretty sounds, 'Coca-Cola — as Refreshing as a Summer Breeze or a Dip in the Sea'; and the next lesson was, 'Peter's Milk Chocolate, as High as the Alps in Quality'; and the delicious thing was done! They had learned to read, and were quickly at work with their new magic in 'The Water Babies,' their first reading-book. A few lines a day, reviewed the next day, with lines in advance, and soon the story was coming steadily, and faster and faster as the familiar word-faces multiplied toward the middle of the volume. What a delightful way to learn! And such a story! such a sermon! such a lot of fun! such sweet verses! such a truly great book, too! Then they did it over again; and later on, these two put the two younger boys through it, until Tom and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came and joined our family.

Next it was *Mother Goose*, then Æsop 'in the brave old seventeenth-century edition of Sir Roger L'Estrange,' then Alice, then Pilgrim, then — I have lost count; but I know that right soon they were reading the *Æneid* in Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard's fine metrical translation; and with that their reading *lessons* were done.

But the *Æneid* was a summer's work. Daily at ten they had their Virgil, reviewing the previous lesson, and reading ahead until the clock struck eleven. This, I think, has been one of their greatest educational experiences: the heroic story, the epic characters, the glorious poetry, the legend, the lore, the love of the past — all of it of incalculable worth.

Such reading is not for fact; it is for imagination and feeling. All great literature is simple enough for children, as easy to give them as *The Katzenjammer Kids*. Virgil is a noble book for children. A single incident from the reading will show the strong grip of the story.

Day after day, the reading had gone forward, and was now at the scene of

the fall of young Lausus, and the grief of his father Mezentius, who, staggering to his feet, mounted his strong steed, Rhœbus.

Round and round Æneas he rode, filling the shield of his enemy with a forest of lances, until the great Trojan, desperately pressed, suddenly burst from behind his shield upon Mezentius and —

'Deep in the hollow skull of the horse he buried a javelin, —

the steed, in its fall, pinning Mezentius to the earth, with Æneas, dagger drawn, triumphant over him. A mighty shout shakes all the battlefield. And then a hush! Mezentius is speaking: —

'Why, cruel enemy, standest thou here with threats and revilings?
I have no quarrel with death,' —

when a smothered cry breaks in on the reading. With cheeks flushed, eyes wide with pity, and breath hardly more than sobs, they heard the fallen warrior ask: —

'Grant that entombed by the side of my son, we may slumber together,' —

when a little hand crept out and covered the rest of the passage, a little head dropped weeping upon the table, while the other little listener, dry-eyed, slipped silently down from his seat and buried himself in the lap of his mother.

This was a deeply significant event in their education. They may not have been born poets; but the love of poetry was born in them with this experience, making them ready now for school, and even for college.

IV

I should like to name here many more of the things read in this creative fashion before the oldest boy was ten, when he and his brother began to go to school. Yet education is neither much nor little, but the *Æneid*, — in this case, — or whatever awakes the soul to an immortal love, or possesses the mind of an immortal power, or gives the spirit, to have and to hold, an immortal truth.

The reading went on, a little every day, after school was begun; and during the summer vacation the old order was entirely resumed — a quiet steady push through the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Tanglewood Tales*, the *Wonder Book*, Gayley's *Classic Myths*, *The Frogs* of Aristophanes (Murray's translation), and many, many books besides; while still such reading was utterly unsuspected of being less real joy and boy-excitement than outdoor work or play.

Here I must touch upon another aspect of this phase of their education, — the daily reading aloud, — which went on with what I have just described, and which, so far as the children can remember, had no beginning, so early was it started.

A nap at noon allowed the boys to sit up until eight o'clock in the evening for this hour of out-loud reading. Their mother usually held the book. With faces scrubbed, each in his 'bear-clothes' and bath-robe, ready for bed, the four would range themselves in small chairs before the fire, listening, night after night, year after year, to story, poetry, history, biography, essay, travel, the *Atlantic*, the news of the day, until that evening hour had become as studded with shining books as the clear sky last night was studded with shining stars.

This calls for a desperately simple sort of life. A child, however, is a desperately simple sort of creature; and life is a rather desperate sort of thing, with or without children. Still, a good book is a good thing; and a man's fireside in the country is a comfortable place; and four shiny-eyed

listeners, if they are little and chance to be your own, add a good deal to the book and the fragrant fire; while a good reader, if she loves reading aloud, and if she knows how to read aloud — I say that she also helps to rob the hour of its very desperate aspect.

It is impossible to catalogue here all these open-fire books — more poetry, story, history, biography, and nature than the children will get in college, or have time for after college, possibly. Yet it is not the many books, it is rather the kind of reading, that counts: for instance, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, with its trip around the Horn; then Lewis and Clark's *Journal*, with the overland adventure down the Columbia; then Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* — a more thrilling series for adventure than *Deadwood Dick, or The Bucket of Blood*, and for all that forms the vast and picturesque background of our American literature and history, a better course than they will ever have in college.

We no longer keep up the reading regularly; the cares of this world and college courses making short shift of that seven-to-eight hour; but the old habit is strong upon us, and all through this Christmas vacation we have nightly had the reading and the fire, and the same four boys, but bigger now, with tears of joy on their faces at the doings of Sam Weller and the Pickwickians.

Reading is not the whole of an education. You may not call it education at all, reserving that term for the 'prep'-school work! A love of such reading as is here indicated is something so vital, anyhow, that it will do for an education.

V

Early in education for individuality should come universal history. The child's mind is diagrammatic. It likes beginnings and ends. It draws a map. It wishes things related, and all brought home to Hingham. This only means that the child first feels out itself, and tries to explain the world in terms of self. The study of history with little children is imperative.

Nothing in our home education is so simple or so suggestive as our work in history, which, like the reading, began very early — with a revolving globe of the world for geography, and with Swinton's *Outlines of the World's History* for story and chronology.

Starting from Hingham as their geographical centre, the children would follow on the globe a steamship line to London for John Gilpin's ride. This became a habit. Whatever study was going forward about the step-ladder table, there, among the closely crowded heads, was sure to be the revolving globe, with the geography of the situation — poem, or whatever it might be — before them: steamship routes as real as mountain ranges, Peking as near as Provincetown — the world never a flat map as it was to me, but a whole round sphere in this one globe, and an unbroken human story in this single book of Swinton's.

This study of Swinton was the beginning of their historical and political interests, and of their sense of the sequence, of the relations, of the interactions, and of the unity of things, that has made history and literature a living thing to them, and life right here in Hingham a universal as well as a personal thing. Nothing wiser was ever done for them, nothing that has made them so free of the world, intellectually so free and unafraid, so variously interested in men and affairs, as this careful study of Swinton. They read the book through, then through again, and again, using up that copy, and thumbing wretchedly a second copy that I was obliged to get them.

This was the trunk-line of their educational travel. Everything went forward by this through route. The revolving globe on their table made all things right in space, the outline history made the same things right in time, and with time and space put to rights, this world, so full of a number of things, was quite set to rights in their young understandings. Take the Swinton yourself and, running the continuous thread of its story through your world of spilled and sprawling facts, see how neatly it strings them together! With the children it was magic. The picture of a ruined temple on the wall of their room belonged here or there in the history; the books of the house were searched, — poems, stories, lives of men, — because they enlarged the lessons in the history; the fixed stars in the skies became the firmer fixed because the little learners had come upon Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Galileo in their history. And so with everything in turn: the Pyramids in Egypt, the snowy peaks in Alaska, Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, and that other Abraham in Washington of the Americans — all came and took their proper places as the little torch-bearers went flaring with their history down the shadowy street of Time.

This experience was fundamental. Behind all the children's thinking, at the bottom of all their ranging interests, ordering and explaining all their opening world, was this history. Such study can hardly be started too early; nor can too great stress be laid upon it, either in the home education or in the study at school. History must be made the keystone in the study arch. It is both fact and story, the natural meat and drink of childhood; and this short universal history, without thinning or Rollo-ing or babying in any degree, will be, not only meat and drink, but a light down all their educational pathway.

VI

And now the Bible.

Why the Bible? A strange course of study, — poetry, history, Bible, — plenty of rhyme with little reason! Remember this is education for individuality, and necessarily an elective course. Besides the poetry, history, and Bible, there were science and nature and chores — which I shall treat in another paper. If I must justify the ways of Mullein Hill to my readers, I would say the poetry was for the beauty of things, the history for the logic of things, and the Bible for the ultimate values of things.

The Bible is the humanest book in the world; and the King James Version of it is not only the greatest book in English literature, but the very source and fountain-head of English literature. Without the Bible, English literature is so wholly unthinkable that it strikes the mind as absurd. And an English education without the Bible is quite as unthinkable — but it is far from absurd. It is a denial. Children nowadays go to Sunday school, but not with a Bible; nor do they read out of a Bible when they arrive. They read from a 'lesson leaf,' a prepared substitute.

We are a Bible-starved nation. There is positively no substitute for the King James Version of the Bible, nothing to take its place, no revised, modernized, storyized version, nothing yet devised or to be devised that will do at all for the old 'authorized' Bible.

Our own children never went to Sunday school — never '*studied*' the Bible. They learned about the Old and New Testaments, the various groups of the books, the books in each group; they committed many psalms and other selections to memory; they know Who's Who in the Bible, and they love the Book; but this they got by reading.

It is remarkable what you can get out of some books by reading them. We began the reading years ago, — none of us can remember when, — in a haphazard way (after the training I had had in Sunday school). This was soon changed to a regular, orderly way, which, starting with Genesis, went forward a chapter a day, until, by and by, it came to the end of Revelation. And the next morning we turned back and started in again with Genesis, which was as fresh as if we had not read it some two or three years before!

Each of us has his own Bible, and one of the boys is Bible-warden. He puts them on after breakfast, as the old servant in the Ruskin household put on the dessert. Every morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and while we are still at the table (it is fatal to rise), the Bibles are brought in and passed around, and beginning at the head of table, we read aloud in turn, dividing the chapter by verses equally among us. Seven mornings a week, D. V., we do this, and on Sunday morning, for years, those seven chapters were reviewed, discussed, and illustrated with a series of great Bible pictures. Besides this, we studied Toy's *History of the Religion of Israel*, and read a life of Christ which I had the temerity to write for one of our popular magazines when a theological student; we followed Paul in his wanderings; but the daily reading was and is the big thing — right along from day to day, dry places, hard places, and bad places, never missing a line — not even the numbering of the Tribes, the building of the Tabernacle, the Who-begat-Whom chapters, Ruth and Rahab and the Scarlet Woman: everybody, everything, just as it reads, without a quiver, and with endless joy and zest.

If it is a 'dry' place like the building of the Tabernacle, so much the better lesson in patience and concentration; if it is a 'bad' place (and there are some horrid spots in the Old Testament), the children had better have it frankly with us, than on the sly, and have it early while their only interest in it is the interest of fact. If it is a 'hard' place, as it was this morning in the fifteenth chapter of Joshua, we lick it up, to see who can do the cleanest job of pronunciation, who can best handle his tongue, and make most poetry out of the cities with their villages.

But there are the beautiful places, the thrilling places — the story, the poetry, the biography, the warning, the exhortation, the revelation, the priest, the prophet, the Great Teacher, the Twelve Disciples, kings and common people, and everywhere the presence of God.

I have not tried to shape the children's religious faith, that being a natural thing without need of shaping, unless, distorted by dogma, it must be *re*shaped till it again becomes a little child's. I have learned religion of them, not they of me, with my graduate degree in theology, which I would so gladly give in exchange for the heart of a little child!

We read the Bible as we read other books, for it is like other books, only better; and so we read it oftener — every morning after breakfast; we then say the Lord's Prayer together, and do the best we can to sing the Doxology, little Jersey, the dog, joining in. This makes a good beginning for the day; and a very good beginning, too, for language, and literature, and life.

ON THE LAGOON

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

I

We laid the heavy canoe on the beach, — my brother and I, — and sat down, panting, to rest. The smell of morning was in the air: a breath of dew on spicy sage, mingled with the aroma of salt creeks. The fantastic masses of the San Carlos Hills loomed in sharp definition against the dawn. The tide was almost at the ebb, slipping through a maze of channels to the lagoon, and on and out through the breachway to the Pacific; in the morning calm we could hear the rumble of the surf beyond the barrier.

A chaparral cock fluttered down from his roosting-place, regarded us for a moment without curiosity, lowered his head, erected his crest, and shook himself thoroughly awake. Then, with a brighter look in his eye, he smoothed his feathers and stepped off jauntily in search of breakfast. From the sedges beyond the creek a rail announced that day had begun for the dwellers in the marsh, his abrupt clattering cry echoed by others of his kind — a babel of mysterious voices. Next moment we saw him wedge his way through a fringe of reeds and emerge on the mud-flat at the water's edge. He walked slowly, with mincing steps, peering about in readiness for an instant retreat; his parody of a tail, cocked up like that of an adolescent rooster, jerking at each step with an absurdly nervous air. We watched with particular interest as he searched for crabs in the pools left by the tide; for among the pets at home, one of his kind (a light-footed rail) was not the least engaging.

I captured him one afternoon while wading through the marsh; there was a sudden splash, and I saw something dark, like a small black fish, swimming rapidly under water across the creek. Plunging in with a boy's instinct for pursuit, I brought up a downy rail-chick; sooty black, sharp-eyed, and resentful. In a packing-case covered with wire, with a sanded floor and plenty of air and sunlight, he throve amazingly — within a week he was tame to the point of impudence. Rice seemed the best substitute for the seeds of his natural diet; we were relieved to find that he gobbled it without hesitation. My brother and I had a theory that rails ate crabs; for we had seen dozens of neatly cleaned-out shells littering their haunts. So one day, with some misgivings, we caught half-a-dozen fiddlers and put them in the box. The baby rail, whose feathers were just beginning to sprout, stood for a moment regarding the strange visitors with bright-eyed interest, while his head, and the small pointed stern which would one day sport a tail, jerked spasmodically. The fiddlers sidled off to seek shelter, waving their formidable claws. Suddenly, with a sort of passionate impetuosity, the rail threw himself on the nearest crab. While he grasped it with one foot, two darting twists of his beak tore off the nippers.

The legs came next, and when the body, shorn of all means of locomotion, lay helpless, he turned at once to the next crab. Not until every fiddler was at his mercy did our marsh-chick begin to tear off the under shells and peck out the tender meat within. It was a pretty example of instinct or simple reasoning. 'It's not every day that one finds a lot of crabs,' I fancied him thinking; 'I must keep my head! I'm hungry, no doubt, but if I stop to make a meal of the first, the others will get away. Better make sure of them all.'

As time went on, the young rail grew to the size of a bantam hen — tame, impudent, and inquisitive. Though he seemed perfectly content with his quarters, we decided at last that he had outgrown the box, and transferred him to a large covered aviary where we kept our water-birds: a Hutchins goose, a pair of shovellers, a cock widgeon, three pintail, a green-winged teal, a couple of ruddies, and a fulvous tree duck. There was a shallow pool in this place, where the waterfowl loved to dabble and bathe; and the rail — a feathered gamin if ever there was one — made himself at home from the first. He was not lazy like his friends the ducks, who spent the warm hours of the day dozing in the sun on one leg, with half-closed eyes and bills buried in the feathers of their backs. The rail was always in motion, wading the shallows on the lookout for tadpoles, or walking jauntily through the shrubbery, head and tail jerking in unison with the steps. In one respect he puzzled me. Now and then, when hungry, irritated, or surprised, he uttered an abrupt grating cry; but though I listened eagerly, I never once heard him, while inhabiting the box or the aviary, give the long clattering call of his race.

In the spring, one of my friends trapped a number of valley quail; and as we were both interested in breeding them in captivity, he was good enough to give me a pair. I placed a pile of thick evergreen boughs in the quietest corner of the enclosure, and loosed my quail. To breed in captivity, wild birds must have absolute quiet; so it was not until several weeks later that I ventured a peep into the pile of brush. There, in a rough hollow of the earth, crudely lined with grass, lay a dozen or more brown-speckled eggs! One morning later on, when I came with cracked corn for the birds, I saw the mother quail slip into her shelter, followed by a brood of striped puffs of down, supported on twinkling legs. As they grew older, the quail began to bring her young into the open to feed, and I had opportunity to count the little ones and to observe that they were decreasing in a fatal and mysterious manner. Rats and weasels were almost unknown on our place, and nothing larger could gain admittance to the enclosure; the waterfowl were innocent neighbors — it never occurred to me that the rail might be a murderer. Then one day, the gardener, who loved our birds and spent many an hour watching them while he puffed his short clay pipe, came to me.

'Do you know what's killin' them quail?' he said; 'it's that long-legged sneaky rascal of a water-rail! I just seen him at it — he grabbed the poor little quail in his bill, run over to the water with him, and held him under till he was drowned. Next minute he was eatin' him!'

I went at once to the aviary, and there, sure enough, was the barbarian, finishing his unnatural meal. He had gone too far — we drove him from his Eden and closed the door forever behind his jerking tail, leaving him to pick up a living about the farmyard. The rail glanced right and left. There was half an acre of alfalfa, thick, green, and tall, close by; true to the genera-

tions behind him, he ran straight for this novel variety of sedge, disappearing in an instant among the leafy stems. Early next morning, as I walked out from the barn, I was thrilled to hear — rolling with a curious ventriloquistic quality from the midst of the clover — the sunrise call of the rail! Something had been lacking hitherto; in spite of his air of confidence, this dweller in the reed-beds had not been fully at his ease. Now, at last, in the shelter of the tall lucerne, he had found courage to announce his presence to the world about.

We saw him often after that — emerging at daybreak to feed among the chickens, or to peer in cynically at his old companions — treading delicately, with an air of wariness, always ready for a run or a flutter back to his green home. At length he ceased to appear. Living in the half-flooded alfalfa, through which his wedge of a body could move at uncanny speed, he was too cunning to have been caught by a prowling cat or skunk. I like to think that he fluttered off, some moonlit night of early summer, to seek a mate and build a nest in a marsh as pleasantly damp and malarial as the heart of rail could desire.

II

A weakness for the rearing and taming of wild birds (which does not lessen with the years) must serve as my excuse for digressing from the story of our day on the lagoon.

The sun was up and meadow larks were whistling when we arranged our gear in the canoe; a moment later we were gliding down the creek with the last of the ebb. The salt marshes are places of infinite and varied charm. One feels, in these flat expanses of the earth, traversed by a thousand arms of the sea, purified by the strong salt winds and refreshed by the ebb and flow of the tides, that one is in touch with the realities — very close, perhaps, to the sources of life itself. At dawn, when the sun dissipates the light mist rising from the creeks, the marshes are buoyantly alive: fish leap in the channels, shorebirds whistle from the flats, wildfowl speed overhead on singing wings. At midday, when the sun is bright and the trade-wind sweeps over miles of swaying reeds, the marshes glow with color: blues of water and sky, gold of the sunlight, the endless pale green of the sedge. At sunset, as the western sky flushes and fades to darkness, and the land breeze sighs mournfully among the reeds; when the voices of the birds are stilled and the salt creeks steal wearily out to sea, then the marshes bring a sense of melancholy age — a realization, at once saddening and indifferent, that life is a small thing before the enormous fact of time.

Gliding out with the tide, we passed the last point of reeds and entered the head of the lagoon, now a thousand-acre plain of mud, cut by deep channels leading to the sea. A few willet were feeding on the flats, probing the mud with their bills and running nimbly from pool to pool; most of their kind — with the plover and curlew — had flown north long since.

The flats at low tide provided us with bountiful and wholesome food; we knew their resources and loved to gather these salty harvests. At one place, where a spring of fresh water flowed from the shore, there were beds of small oysters, delicate and fat. On a certain low island we knew where to find great quantities of cockles — not unlike the cherry-stone clam, and delicious as they were abundant. In the deeper pools, scallops snapped and swam about with startling vivacity; beside them we often found a species of

giant clam, one of which made a meal for a hungry man. When the flood-tide filled the channels, the water was alive with fish: flounder, croaker, ladyfish, and dainty mullet. At night, when the air was still, and the fish passing beneath us were outlined in pale fire, we knew where to listen for the gasps of the green turtles, floating in with the current to graze on their pastures of eel-grass.

Stopping at the island to rake up a pail of cockles, we followed the channel down to where it joined the main artery of the lagoon, which turned at right angles as it met the barrier, ran three miles to the north, separated from the surf by a hundred yards of dunes and stunted vegetation, and turned abruptly west, through the breachway, to the Pacific. The mud of the upper reaches was here replaced by banks of white sand, shelving steeply to a depth of three or four fathoms. The waters of the lagoon, gathered into this single deep and narrow vent, raced out swiftly, scouring bottom and banks — carrying with them the impurities of the night. The ebb-tide was always murky; but we knew that in an hour the flood would begin, a flow of blue water from the sea, so clear that one could watch each passing fish or count the folds of the bottom's ruffled sand.

Close to the breachway, where breakers tumbled on the half-exposed bar, and hair seals galloped clumsily to the water's edge at our approach, we beached the canoe. The corbina bites on the turn of the tide, and we loved above all things to cast in the surf for this splendid fish. The sun was already warm overhead; we threw off our few clothes, rigged rods and reels, and strolled toward the outer beach, as naked and nearly as brown as any pair of savages. A covey of the valley quail which inhabit this waterless sandspit rose close ahead and drifted away like ghosts across the dunes. I wondered for the hundredth time how they could exist without fresh water, unless the fog, condensing in beads on every leaf and coarse blade of grass, gave them enough.

I looked ahead. My brother, like any healthy boy of eleven, was unable to travel in a straight line; led by the keenness of his senses and a fresh interest in everything about him, he advanced like a setter puppy quartering a field for partridge. Now he was off to one side, kneeling in the sand while he ate something with great speed and relish. 'Hey, come here,' he called with a full mouth; 'the sand figs are ripe!'

I was only sixteen; in a moment I was beside him, plucking and gobbling the delicious things. They grow on a creeping vine, with thick fleshy leaves, a vine which thrives only in the sand close to salt water. The fruit is pear-shaped, the size of a large strawberry, and turns red when ripe. One plucks it from the vine, puts the small end to one's lips, and squeezes. The result is a spoonful of juicy pulp which separates itself from the rind like the inside of a Concord grape; a pulp of delicate flavor, sweet, and unlike that of any other fruit. We postponed our fishing and ate until the red ones were exhausted.

The look of the surf at the breachway told us that the tide had turned: the ebb has a way of cutting the water from under a breaker, giving the surf a weak and baffled air. Once the flood sets in, on the other hand, the waves break with a smooth forward rush, each one outdistancing the one before. The tide was rising — it was time to begin a search for bait.

The corbina, like the coral polyp, is a dweller in troubled waters, passing his life in the frothy turmoil of the surf. For food, Nature has provided him with the sand-crab, a creature like an over-

grown woodlouse, inhabiting the zone of sand washed by the advancing and receding waves. It lies buried in the wet sand, its antennæ protruding a fraction of an inch above the surface, on the lookout for the minute organic particles on which it feeds. As a wave retreats, you can see where they hide by hundreds; the rush of water, parted by the tiny stiff antennæ, etching scores of little V's on the sand. A dozen or more are often left exposed, crawling and tumbling, in frantic haste to bury themselves. No creature I have seen — not even the armadillo in soft earth — can dig faster (in proportion to its size) than the sand-crab. One moment it lies tumbling and exposed, in manifest anxiety that the advancing wave may wash it forever from its colony. Down goes its head; the legs begin to dig, and next moment it sinks magically out of sight. From time to time the sand-crab sheds its armor — a tough shell, curved like the back of a beetle — and retires to grow a new and larger suit. At this period, enfeebled by the shock of change, it finds its strength inadequate to the boisterous life of the surf, and seeks refuge at the limit of damp sand, close to high-water mark, where there is moisture enough, without the wash and buffeting of the waves. Deeply buried for the sake of greater quiet, its hiding-place is marked by a tiny hole. At such times, if by mischance a wave at high tide exposes the unfortunate, it forms the chief delicacy of the corbina bill-of-fare.

I baited my hook with a *pièce de résistance* of this description, waded into the undertow, and cast out beyond the first line of breakers. Two hundred yards down the beach, my brother, ridiculously expert for his years, stood up to his waist in the surf — a small buff human creature, perfectly adequate and at home. The long Pacific swell, unimpeded in its thousand-league course, swung in to die on these lonely beaches, hissing as it withdrew from the firm rampart of the sands. Each glassy sea reared as the water shallowed beneath it, curved forward without a sound, seemed to hang for an instant, — a cool blue cavern, arched and motionless, — and broke with the splitting report of cannon. Several times, as a wave rose high above the surrounding sea, I caught glimpses of fish suspended in these walls of clear water, illuminated by light from before and behind — revealed as if frozen in masses of blue ice.

Unbalanced by the pull of the undertow, I raised my foot incautiously and set it down on something slippery and quivering with life. A thrill of pain — I had stepped on a sting-ray which had defended itself in the only way it knew. My foot came up streaming blood, but I had been fortunate; the bony weapon had only grazed me. This ray carries his spear lightly attached to a slender and muscular tail, whipped over his back like lightning when he strikes. The sting itself is sometimes six inches long (in the case of the big rat-tails), sharp, flattened, armed with a row of wicked barbs on either side. When the wound is deep and the fish lashes out to free himself, the sting is apt to break off in place. Then pity the victim. A painful amount of cutting is required to extract the barbed bone; not infrequently a kind of blood-poisoning results — probably from the slime adhering to the bone.

I bound a handkerchief about the scratch and went on with my fishing, taking care to shuffle my feet along the bottom. Presently there was a sharp tug at my line: the characteristic strike of the corbina. I had him — a powerful and dogged fighter. Ten minutes later he lay gleaming in the shallows. I shouted to my brother, who ceased

his sport and came toward me, with a brace of silver fish hanging from one hand.

The wind was rising. Out on the Bay of All Saints, the water, ruffled by a steady breeze from the northwest, changed to a brighter and deeper blue. The sand whispered as it began to move, moulding itself into new patterns for the day. We chose a hollow in the dunes for our camping-place. I gathered wood and built a fire, while my brother scaled and cleaned the fish, and dug a hole in the sand in which to bake them. Wrapped in layers of damp paper, laid over a bed of coals, and covered with heated sand, the largest of our corbina cooked while we ate a pailful of steamed cockles. Baked in this manner, which does not allow the juices to dry out, the corbina is a noble fish. We did him justice, for our appetites, like our digestions, might have been envied by a shark.

III

We lay on the warm slope of a dune, content to gaze in silence at the scene we loved. From cape to guardian cape not a sail dotted the fifteen-mile expanse of the bay; no sign of man or his handiwork marred the long curve of the shore. Gulls, with snowy breasts and backs of slate-blue, veered and tacked above the surf. Lines of brown pelicans, in close formation, traveled southward, returning from fishing, for a siesta on their rocky roosts. They manœuvred with the precision of troops at drill, each flock following a gray old leader, wise in the lore of the air. Flap, flap, flap, went their wings in perfect unison; then, as if a silent command had been given, the motion ceased — the flock sailed forward on rigid wings. Sometimes, when a young bird in the rear was a second late in catching the time, one fancied that the leader turned his head for a backward glance of disapproval.

My brother touched me, pointing to the sand between us. I saw a circular pit, in the shape of an inverted cone, the perfection of its form showing it to be the trap of an ant lion. This little creature, whose scientific name I do not know, has the air of a small heavily built spider; with a pair of strong nipping arms and powerful legs for digging. He lies at the bottom of his pit, loosely covered with sand, awaiting the prey which comes slipping and struggling down the steep slope. While we watched, a minute red ant, of the kind which inhabits the dunes, wandered to the edge of the trap, looked over, slipped, pawed frantically with his hind legs, and was lost. Down he went in a flurry of sliding grains; there were signs of life at the small end of the funnel — a sinister stir. The ant lost his footing entirely, and rolled head over heels to the bottom. A pair of horny nippers, emerging from the sand, seized him, and there ensued a small tragedy, over which it is best to draw the veil.

Lulled by the warmth, and drowsy with the salt air, we fell asleep. The sun was low over the Pacific when I awoke; the tide had turned long since, and the cool of evening was in the air. On the southern promontory the gorges were filling with mauve shadows, of the evasive quality named by the Chinese 'the color of distant nature.' The wind had died away, leaving the air marvelously clear; half-way out on the cape we could see every seam and cranny of the strange spires of rock called the Three Marys. They stood in the sea, encircled by rings of foam, at the base of black volcanic cliffs. Our cattle ranged on the rolling land above.

I knew the place well, for it had a bad name. Many years before, my father had built a road to the end of the

cape, passing close to the Three Marys. There was difficulty in getting by this place. One day, while the men were at work in broad daylight, a tall stooping man, dressed in black and with a black hat pulled down over his eyes, made his appearance, walking rapidly toward the sea. He passed close to the workers, who dropped their tools to stare after him, and shouted warningly as he neared the cliff. Without altering his stride or turning his head in answer to the shouts, he reached the brink, stepped off into space, and was gone. The incident caused a buzz of talk among the natives. The base of the cliffs was searched without result, and an examination of the summit proved that not a ledge existed capable of giving foothold to a squirrel. When the same thing occurred a few days later, at precisely the same place, a half-pleasant shudder thrilled the people; but the third visitation nearly stopped work on the road. Since that day, the haunts of the eccentric gentleman in black had been left severely alone; it was unthinkable that a native should pass that way by night; even by day, when a ride along the heights was not to be avoided, the rider might be observed to make furtively the sign of the Cross. There was, in fact, something eerie about the place, a vague malignancy, chilling even now as I gazed across miles of water at its forbidding cliffs, guarded by spires of black rock.

My brother sat up suddenly to stare at something behind us in the lagoon. I turned to look. Weaving back and forth in characteristic aimless fashion, the dorsal fin of a shark cut the still water of the channel.

'A whopper!' muttered my brother as we sprang to our feet. In a moment we had launched the canoe; I stood forward with the grains, a heavily barbed trident, fitted with a detachable haft and two hundred feet of line.

A second glance at where the fin tacked against the ebb showed that this was no ordinary visitor to the lagoon, but one of the great sea-going sharks which drift up from the tropics and seem usually to distrust the shoal water leading to inlets such as ours. He moved with an air of lazy insolence, propelled by slow and powerful strokes of the tail; his manner, and the sight of a formidable shadowy bulk beneath the fin, were not reassuring.

As we drew near, there was a gleam in the water beside us — a small bright fish, moving at a speed the eye could scarcely follow, flashed about for an instant and made off. A pilot-fish! I had often read of them, but this was the first time a shark important enough to maintain a personal courier had visited our waters. A number of reasons why we should give up the chase and return to the sandpit flashed through my mind. We were close to the breachway, and if struck, the shark would probably make for the broken water of the bar. He was capable of towing the canoe for miles, and I had no lance to finish him, even if we were able to get to close quarters. Above all, I felt a sudden desire to go ashore. I turned to my brother.

'No use, he's too big,' I remarked, in a voice that I hoped was casual.

The canoe swung around with a rapidity which proved that the steersman and I were in accord. I dropped the grains — our paddles bent as they dug into the water. The fin disappeared. Next moment I saw the shark range alongside, swimming easily about a fathom deep. Once he turned on his side and seemed to glance up at us; I fancied there was a twinkle of malice in his eye. Our canoe — a slap of his tail would have crushed it — was fourteen feet long. From my position forward, I could see the shark's head extending beyond the bow, and my brother de-

clares to this day that the tail swept back and forth several feet astern of us. The bulk of the fish was enormous — he weighed a thousand pounds at least. Probably he meant us no harm; perhaps neither shark nor pilot-fish had seen a small boat before, and mistook our canoe for the carcass of a large fish. I believe, however, that a swimmer would have been in considerable danger; as a rule, the long and slender shark is harmless enough, but this portly relative should be respected, particularly in the muddy water of estuaries or the mouths of rivers.

We raced to shore and sprang out on the beach, a little shamefaced at our retreat, but well content to see the fin reappear, tacking out toward the sea.

The tide was turning. The current in the channel slackened; for a time the motion of the waters almost ceased. Then the blue flood began to pour in through the breachway, heralded by streaks of clear water brightening the ebb. The turn of the tide at the inlet was not marked, as in other places, by a period of absolute slack. The sea began to rise on the outer beaches before the lagoon was entirely emptied; the waves beat in against the dying ebb, blue water over brown. At first the current was murky, moving gently seaward; next moment, streamers of blue appeared, advancing over a discolored background; an instant later, the unbridled flood took possession of the channel.

This daily cleansing and purification of the lagoon never failed to touch one's imagination. We lay in silence, watching the change while the sun set. A black head appeared in midstream, breathed a long sigh ending in a gasp, and disappeared. The turtle were coming in.

I rigged the turtle-peg while my brother loaded our gear into the canoe. My weapon was a small double barb of steel, shaped like an arrowhead and fitted with a socket into which the end of an eight-foot shaft was thrust. Lashed to the socket was one end of a heavy line which passed through a screw-eye on the shaft and terminated at a five-gallon keg, painted white, ready to throw overboard in case of emergency. When a turtle was struck, the keen little barb penetrated his shell, and the pole fell from the socket, leaving the line attached direct to the peg.

We stole in with the tide, my brother propelling the canoe in silence, sweeping his paddle forward without lifting it from the water. I stood in the bow, the spear poised in my right hand, the coiled line in my left. It was not yet dark enough for the sport; the turtle were traveling swiftly, but I made two casts before we reached the feeding-grounds. Each time the distance was too great; the big *chelone* slapped the water with his flippers as he dove for safety.

It was dark when we lay to off the spring; a moonless night, dead calm and warm — the lagoon aflame with phosphorescence. The turtle were feeding on the eel-grass in three fathoms of water; we heard their sighs all about us, and in the still air we could smell their breath, strangely like the breath of cattle. Now and then some huge old male rose from his pasture for a longer breathing-space, gasping and moving his flippers gently as he lay, half-awash, on the surface. Others passed beneath us, too deep to strike, outlined in broad paths of flame. We moved with the greatest caution, for the green turtle, in spite of his rheumy eyes, sees well, and his hearing is marvelously acute. The least unfamiliar splash or knock against the side of a boat will send him off in panic. Persecuted whenever he enters the inland waters in which he loves to feed, con-

stant pursuit has made him wary as an antelope.

We watched one broad-backed patriarch rise twice at the same spot to breathe; perhaps he was a sentinel, for he remained at the surface longer than any of the others, and moved his head continually as if on the lookout for danger. When at last he dove, my brother paddled softly toward the widening ripples. Minute after minute we waited, scarcely permitting ourselves to breathe. An oval of pale fire appeared beneath the canoe — the turtle broke water, gasping loudly, close ahead. I cast the spear, heard a clear *snick* as it penetrated the leathery carapace, and felt the line tauten in my fingers. The water boiled.

'We've got him!' I shouted. Next moment the bow of the canoe was jerked violently around and we started for the inlet at a pace which left a wake of foam.

The turtle made nothing of the canoe or the current against him; mile after mile we swept on at unabated speed — west to the main channel, and north (behind the beach), until we could see the surf flickering on the bar. No canoe could live in the wild water ahead, but he seemed determined to reach the open sea. As we neared the breachway I saw that there was no choice — we should be obliged to cast loose. It was a melancholy moment.

I raised the keg and let it slip overboard, blaming myself a second later for not having cut the line. The canoe lost headway and my brother muttered something unbecoming his tender years. We sat in gloomy silence while the tide swung us in toward home.

Then it was my brother's turn to shout. The keg, released at the very edge of the breakers, was passing us, glimmering in the starlight as it moved in with the flood. Perhaps the turtle had grown bewildered at the sudden relief from our canoe; at all events, here he was, and heading in the way we wished to go. The pace was moderate, and fearing to turn him again, we followed in his wake.

We beached him within a mile of our starting-point, at a place where the channel passed close inshore. I seized the keg and managed to haul up within a few yards of the exhausted turtle. Before he could run out with the slack, my brother turned the canoe sharply and I leaped out on land. Little by little we brought the monster in, till he lay thrashing in the shallows; then, grasping a flipper each, we turned him on his back, and a final effort pulled him safely beyond high-water mark. To-morrow we would come down with a wagon to fetch him; there would be rich steaks and a soup— the classic soup of the Lord Mayor — for everyone at the house.

Our day was finished. Too weary to take the canoe with us, we hid it in a thicket of sumac, and trudged up the long road to the ranch.

OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND THE CHRISTENING OF SOLOMON GRUNDY

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ of this Chapter of the Journal

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the gray horse.
BRAVE HORATIUS, the shepherd dog.
ISAIAH, a neighbor's dog.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a cow.
MATHILDE PLANTAGENET, a pet calf.
LARS PORSENA OF CLUSIUM, a crow.
THOMAS CHATTERTON JUPITER ZEUS, a most dear wood-rat.
LOUIS II, LE GRAND CONDÉ, a wood-mouse.
LUCIAN HORACE OVID VIRGIL, a toad.
APHRODITE, the mother-pig.
SOLOMON GRUNDY, a pet pig.
ANTHONYA MUNDY, his sister.
CLEMENTINE, the Plymouth Rock hen.
MINERVA, mother of a brood of chickens.
MENANDER EURIPIDES THEOCRITUS THUCYDIDES
PLUTARCH DEMOSTHENES
SOPHOCLES DIOGENES } lambs.
PLATO and PLINY, twin bats.

Seven Years Old

MORNING works is done — and some more already too. There is enough bark in for to-day and to-morrow. And many kindlings are now in on the floor by the big wood-box. I had my dinner at the noontime and I went into the barn. There were little sad sounds in the stall. It was the moos of Mathilde Plantagenet. Now I have thinks her moos were moos for some dinner at noontime. She has breakfast at morningtime and supper she has at gray-light-time. But when noontime is come Mathilde Plantagenet is here in the barn, and her mother, the gentle Jersey cow, is away out in the pasture. I have thinks there is needs for me to take Mathilde Plantagenet from the barn to the pasture at noontimes, so she may have her dinner. I go now to so do.

I did give the latch of the barn door a slip back. Then I led Mathilde Plantagenet out by the little rope I did use to use to lead Elizabeth Barrett Browning out by when she was a little calf. We went our way to the pasture-bars. I did give to one a push, and it made a drop down. Then I gave two more pushes and they went drop downs. We went on through in between. It took a more long time to fix up the pasture-bars. They have so heavy feels when I go to put them back again. When I did have them so put, we made a go on. We did not have goes far, for the gentle Jersey cow had sees of our coming and she came to meet us. We was glad to have it so. I have thinks Mathilde Plantagenet did have most joy feels about it. She did start to get her dinner from her mother in a quick way. Seeing her have her dinner from her mother a long time before supper-time did make me to have such a big amount of satisfaction feels.

The grandpa felt not so. There was disturbs on his temper. He was at our house when I was come home from leading Mathilde Plantagenet back to the barn. The mamma did spank me some and some more. Now I have

wonders why was it the grandpa felt not satisfaction feels at Mathilde Plantagenet having her dinner near noontime just like most all other children.

After the mamma did spank me, she told me more works to do, and she went with her father to the ranch-house to see her mother that was newly come back from the mill town where she did go early on this morning.

When the more works was done, I went in a quick soft way to the woods. I made little hops over the bushes — the little bushes — as I did go along. I went along the path until I came near unto the way that does lead to the big old log where is the moss-box. I hid behind a tree when I was almost come there. I so did to wait a wait to see if the fairies were near about. I had not seeing of one about the moss-box. I looked looks about. I looked looks about the old root by the log. I turned a big piece of bark over. Under it was something between two layers of moss, tied up with a pink ribbon. I felt glad feels. When I did untie the pink ribbon around the moss, there was lots more of pink ribbons. They did have little cards, and the little card on a nice long piece of pink ribbon said 'For Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.' Another card on a more long piece did say 'For William Shakespeare.' Another card on a more short piece did say 'For Lars Porsena of Clusium'; and there was a ribbon for Brave Horatius and Isaiah and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and for Mathilde Plantagenet; and there was more.

I did take them all in my arms, and I did go to the mill in the far woods. I so went to show all those pretty pink ribbons to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. I did show him all the cards that was on them. He was glad. I had seeing of the glad light in his eyes. He and I — we do believe in fairies. Near him to-day was working the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time. He is a man with an understanding soul. When Brave Horatius did get his leg hurt the other day, this man did wash it and mentholatum it and he wrapped his handkerchief in rounds around it. Brave Horatius has likes for him, too.

To-day when I did show to the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice all the pink ribbons the fairies did bring, he did say he thought the other man would like to see Brave Horatius's new pink ribbon that he was going to wear to cathedral service come a Sunday. And he did have likes to see it. When I told him how it was brought by the fairies to the moss-box by the old log, he said, 'By golly — that's fine.' And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice gave me pats on the head, and I brought the ribbons back to a box where I do keep things in the woods.

Now I go to talk with the willows where Nonette flows. I am going to tell them about this being the borning day of Queen Elizabeth of York in 1465. Then I am going goes to tell William Shakespeare and Lars Porsena of Clusium about it.

I got Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, and we went to the woods. Brave Horatius did come a-following after. And Louis II, le Grand Condé, did ride in the sleeve of my warm red dress. As we did go along, the leaves of salal did make little rustles. They were little askings. They had wants to know what day this was. I made stops along the way to tell them it was the going-away day of Gentile Bellini in 1507 and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1792 and John Keats in 1821, and the borning day of George Frederick Handel in 1685. I have thinks they and the tall fir trees were glad to know.

Brave Horatius barked a bark and

we went on. He looked a look back to see if we were coming. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did cuddle up more close in my arms. We saw six birds and I did sing to Brave Horatius the bird-song of grandpère of *roitelet* and *ortolan* and *bruant* and *étourneau* and *rossignol* and *tourterelle* and *draine* and *épeiche* and *cygne* and *hirondelle* and *aigle* and *ramier* and *tarin* and *rousserolle* and *émerillon* and *sittelle*. Brave Horatius and William Shakespeare do have likes for that song. Sometimes I do sing it to them four times a day.

We all did go on until we were come near to where were two men of the mill by the far woods. They were making divides of a very large log. They were making it to be many short logs. There was a big saw going moves between. One man did push it and one man did pull it. I went on. I did look a look back. I had sees there was a tall fern growing by the foot of one man, and he did have his new overalls cut off where they do meet the boots. I wonder why it is the lumber-camp folk do cut off their overalls where they do meet the boots. When they so cut them they get fringy — and such fringes are more long than other fringes. I wonder why it is they so cut them — it maybe is because they so want fringes about the edge of the legs of their overalls. I would have prefers for ruffles.

We did go on. We went a little way on and we had sees of more folks of the camp by the mill by the far woods. I did make a climb upon an old tree-root to have sees of them at work. Brave Horatius made a jump up, and he came in a walk over to where me and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus were sitting. We had seeing of them all working. I have thinks the folks that live in the lumber camps, they are kindly folks. When they come home from work at eventime, I do so like to sit on a stump and watch them go by. They come in twos and threes. They do carry their dinner-pails in their hands. And some do whistle as they come. And some do talk. And some that do see me sitting on the stump do come aside and give to me the scraps in their dinner-pails. Some have knowing of the needs I do have for scraps in the nursery and the hospital. And too, when they come home from work in the far woods, the men do bring bits of moss and nice velvet caterpillars and little rocks. Some do. And these they give to me for my nature collections. And I feel joy feels all over. Brave Horatius does bark joy barks. He does know and I do know, the folks that live in the lumber camps, they are kindly folks.

Most all this afternoon time I have been out in the field — the one that is nearest unto the woods. I have been having talks with William Shakespeare. To-day he is not working in the woods with the other horses. He is having a rest day. He was laying down near unto one of the altars I have builded for Saint Louis. He did lay there all of the afternoon. Tiredness was upon him. I gave his nose rubs — and his neck and ears, too. And I did tell him poems and sing him songs. He has likes for me to so do. After I did sing to him, more sleeps did come upon him. The breaths he did breathe while he was going to sleep — they were such long breaths. And I gave unto him more pats on the nose and pats on the neck. We are chums, William Shakespeare and me. This evening I will come again to wake him. I'll come just before supper-time, so he may go in with the other horses to eat his supper in the barn.

I did. Sleeps was yet upon him. He looked so tired lying there. I went up to pat his front leg, but it was stiff. I patted him on the nose — and his nose, it was so cold. I called him, but he did not answer. I said again, 'William

Shakespeare, don't you hear me calling?' but he did not answer. I have thinks he is having a long rest, so he will have ready feels to pull the heavy poles on to-morrow. I now go goes to tell the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice about William Shakespeare having all this rest day, and how he has sleeps in the field with the pink ribbon around his neck that the fairies did bring. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is going goes with me. We will wait on the stump by that path he does follow when he comes home from work at eventime.

We are come back. The man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice did go with us to see William Shakespeare having his long sleep there in the field by the altar of Saint Louis. Now I do have understanding. My dear William Shakespeare will no more have wake-ups again. Rob Ryder cannot give him whippings no more. He has gone to a long sleep — a very long sleep. He just had goes because tired feels was upon him. I have so lonesome feels for him, but I am glad that Rob Ryder cannot whip him now no more. I have covered him over with leaves. To find enough I went to the far end of the near woods. I gathered them into my apron. Sometimes I could hardly see my way because I just could not keep from crying. I have such lonesome feels. William Shakespeare did have an understanding soul. And I have knows his soul will not have forgets of the willows by the singing creek. Often I will leave a message there on a leaf for him. I have thinks his soul is not far gone away. There are little blue *fleurs* a-blooming where he did lay him down to sleep.

To-day we did christen Solomon Grundy. He was borned a week ago yesterday on Monday. That's why we did name him Solomon Grundy. And this being Tuesday, we did christen him, for in the rhyme, the grandpa does sing to the children about Solomon Grundy being christened on Tuesday. Yesterday I made him a christening robe out of a new dish-towel that was flapping in the wind. But the aunt had no appreciation of the great need of a christening robe for Solomon Grundy. And my ears were slapped until I thought my head would pop open, but it did n't. It just ached. Last night when I went to bed I prayed for the ache to go away. This morning, when I woke up, it had gone out the window. I did feel good feels from my nightcap to my toes. I thought about the christening, and early on this morning, before I yet did eat my breakfast, I went out the window that the ache went out in the night. I went from the window to the pig-pen.

I climbed into the pig-pen. I crawled on my hands and knees back under the shed where he and his sisters five and his little brother were all having breakfast from their mother. I gently did pull away by his hind legs, from among all those dear baby-pigs, him who had the most curl in his tail. I took him to the pump and pumped water on him to get every speck of dirt off. He squealed because the water was cold. So I took some of the warm water the mamma was going to wash the milkpans in, and I did give him a warm bath in the wash-pan. Then he was the pinkiest white pig you ever saw. I took the baby's talcum-powder can and I shook it lots of times all over him. When the powder sprinkled in his eyes he did object with a regular baby-pig squeak. And I climbed right out the bedroom window with him, because the mamma heard his squeak and she was coming fast. I did go to the barn in a hurry, for in the barn yesterday I did hide the christening robe. When I reached the top of the hay I stopped to put it on

Solomon Grundy. Then we proceeded to the cathedral.

A little ways we did go, and I remembered how on the borning day of him I did ask that grand fir tree, Good King Edward I, to be his god-father. And that smaller fir tree growing by his side — the lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile — I did ask to be his god-mother. We went aside from the path that leads unto the cathedral. We went another way. We went adown the lane to where dwell Good King Edward I and the lovely Queen Eleanor. And there beside them Solomon Grundy was christened. They who were present at the christening were these — Saint Louis and Charlemagne and Hugh Capet and King Alfred and Theodore Roosevelt and William Wordsworth and Homer and Cicero and Brave Horatius and Isaiah. These last two did arrive in a hurry in the midst of the service. Being dogs with understanding souls, they did realize the sacredness of the occasion, and they stood silent near Charlemagne. When we got most to the end of the service, just at that very solemn moment while I was waiting for Good King Edward and his lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile to bestow their blessing upon the white head of the babe, he gave a squeal — just the kind of a squeal all baby-pigs give when they are wanting their dinner. After the naming of him, I placed around his neck a little wreath that I made in the evening yesterday for him. Then I did sing softly a hymn to the morning and came again home to the pig-pen with Solomon Grundy.

When I got to the corner of the barn, I pulled off his christening robe. I did hide it again in the hay. Then I climbed into the pig-pen. I did say the Lord's prayer softly over the head of Solomon Grundy. After I said Amen I did poke him in among all his sisters and near unto his mother. Aphrodite gave a grunt of satisfaction; also did Solomon Grundy. I went to the house. I climbed in the window again. I took off my nightcap and my nightgown. I did get dressed in a quick way. The little girl was romping in the bed. I helped her to get her clothes on. Then we went to the kitchen for our breakfast.

The mamma was in the cellar. She did hear me come into the kitchen. She came in. With her came a kindling and a hazel switch. After she did spank me, she told me to get the mush for the little girl's breakfast. It was in a kettle. I spooned it out into a blue dish that came as premium in the box of mush when they brought it new from the mill town. After we did eat our mush and drink our milk, the mamma told me to clear the table and go tend chickens. I carried feed to them. I scattered it in shakes. The chickens came in a quick way. Fifteen of those chickens I did give names to, but it's hard to tell some of them apart. Most of them have about the same number of speckles on them.

I counted all the chickens that were there. There were n't as many there as ought to be there. Some came not. These were the hens setting in the chicken-house. I went in. I lifted them off. They were fidgety and fluffy and clucky. I did carry them out to the feed. While they were eating breakfast I counted their eggs. I made a discovery. Minerva had n't as many eggs as the others. That meant she would n't have as many children as the others would have. I did begin to feel sorry about that, because already I had picked out names for her fifteen children and there in her nest there were only twelve eggs. I did n't know what to do, and then I had a think what to do. I did it. I took an egg from each nest of the three other setting hens. That fixed things.

Then I thought I would go on an

exploration trip and to the nursery, and there I would give the folks a talk on geology. But then the mamma called me to scour the pots and pans. That is something I do not like to do at all. So all the time I'm scouring them I keep saying lovely verses — that helps so much — and by-and-by the pots and pans are all clean.

After that all day the mamma did have works for me to do. There was more wood to bring in. There was steps to scrub. There was cream to be shaked into butter. There was raking to do in the yard. There was carpet-strings to sew together. In-between times there was the baby to tend. And all the time all day long I did have longings to go on exploration trips. The fields were calling. The woods were calling. I heard the wind. He was making music in the forest. It was soft music; it was low. It was an echo of the songs the flowers were singing. Even if there was much works to do, hearing the voices helped me to get the works done in the way they ought to be done.

The most hurry time of all was the time near eventime, for there was going to be company to eat at the table. The mamma was in a hurry to get supper. So I helped her. She only had time to give one shake of salt to the potatoes, so I gave them three more. She did not have time to put sauce on the peas, so I flavored them with lemon extract, for the mamma is so fond of lemon flavoring in lemon pies. When she made the biscuits, she was in such a hurry she forgot to set them on a box back of the stove for an airing, as usual, before putting them in the oven. Being as she forgot to do it, while she was in the cellar to get the butter, I did take the pan of biscuits out of the oven and put them under the stove so they would not miss their usual airing. Then I did go to the wood-shed for more wood. When I did put it in the wood-box the mamma reached over for me. She shook me. She spanked me with her hand and the hair-brush and the pancake-turner. Then she shoved me out the door. She said for me to get out and stay out of her way.

I came here to the barn. I sit here printing. In-between times I stretch out on the hay. I feel tired and sore all over. I wonder for what it was the mamma gave me that spanking. I have tried so hard to help her to-day. Solomon Grundy is grunting here beside me. I went by and got him as I came along. Here on the hay I showed to him the writings in the two books my Angel Father and Angel Mother made for me. These books are such a comfort, and when I have them right along with me, Angel Father and Angel Mother do seem nearer. I did bow my head and ask my guardian angel to tell them there in heaven about Solomon Grundy being christened to-day. Then I drew him up closer to my gingham apron and I patted him often. And some of the pats I gave to him were for the lovely Peter Paul Rubens that used to be. And the more pats I gave Solomon Grundy the closer he snuggled up beside me. To-night I shall sing to him a lullaby song as I cuddle him up all snowy white in his christening robe before I take him out to his mother Aphrodite in the pig-pen.

I now have a bottle with a nipple on it for Solomon Grundy. But he won't pay much attention to it. He has prefers to get his dinner from his mother Aphrodite out in the pig-pen.

After he so did have his dinner to-day, and after my morning works were done and I did have that hen started on a set. That hen had wants to set so much, I did have an awful time getting her off the nest at feeding-time. I had thinks I would set her myself, being

as the mamma does n't want to bother about it. I had thinks I would put three eggs under her to-day and three more when comes to-morrow and three on the next day and three on the next. That will give her a good setting of eggs to start on.

To-day, after I so did have her started on a set with three eggs, then I went to visit Dear Love. I did cuddle up Solomon Grundy in one arm and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus in the other arm. And so we went to visit Dear Love. Solomon Grundy wore his christening robe and he looked very sweet in it. I gave him a nice warm bath before we did start so as to get all the pig-pen smells off. Sometimes smells do get in that pig-pen though I do give it brush-outs every day, and I do carry old leaves and bracken ferns and straws in for beds for Aphrodite. After I did give Solomon Grundy his bath I did dust talcum powder over him. I was real careful not to get any in his eyes. As we did go along I did sing to them a lullaby about Nonette and Saint Firmin, and more I did sing about Iraouaddy.

We went on. Then I did tell them about the beautiful love the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time does have for the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes. But he is afraid to tell her about it — Sadie McKinzie says he is. Sadie McKinzie says he is a very shy man. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus did go to sleeps while I was telling them about it, and Solomon Grundy did grunt a little grunt. It was a grunt for more songs. So I did sing to him, —

'Did he smile, his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?'

He had likes for that song and he grunted a grunt with a question in it. So I did sing him some more: 'Indeed he did, Solomon Grundy, indeed he did. And the hairs of thy baby head — they are numbered.' Soon I shall be counting them to see how many they are.

To-day was a very stormy day — more rainy than other stormy days. So we had cathedral service on the hay in the barn. Mathilde Plantagenet was below us in her stall, and she did moo moos while I did sing the choir service. Plato and Pliny, the two bats, hung on the rafters in a dark corner. Lars Porsena of Clusium perched on the back of Brave Horatius. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus sat at my feet and munched leaves while I said prayers. Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil was on my right shoulder, and Louis II, le Grande Condé, was on my left shoulder — part of the time. Then he did crawl in my sleeve to have a sleep. Solomon Grundy was asleep by my side in his christening robe — and a sweet picture he was in it. On my other side was his little sister Anthonya Mundy, who has not got as much curl in her tail as Solomon Grundy.

Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen, was late come to service. She came up from the stall of the gentle Jersey cow just when I was through singing 'Hosanna in excelsis.' She came and perched on the back of Brave Horatius — back of Lars Porsena of Clusium. Then I said more prayers and Brave Horatius did bark Amen. When he so did, Clementine tumbled off his back. She came over by me. I had thinks it would be nice if her pretty gray feathers was blue. I gave her a gentle pat and then I did begin the talk service. I did use for my text 'Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' And all of the time the raindrops did make little joy patters on the roof. They was coming down from the sky in a quick way.

To-day I went not to school. For a long time after breakfast the mamma did have me to cut potatoes into pieces.

To-night and to-morrow night the grown-ups will plant the pieces of potatoes I cut to-day. Then by-and-by — after some long time — the pieces of potato with eyes on them will have baby potatoes under the ground. Up above the ground they will be growing leaves and flowers. One must leave an eye on every piece of potato one plants in the ground to grow. It won't grow if you don't. It can't see how to grow without its eye. All day to-day I did be careful to leave an eye on every piece. And I did have meditations about what things the eyes of potatoes do see there in the ground. I have thinks they do have seeing of black velvet moles and large earthworms that do get short in a quick way. And potato flowers above the ground do see the doings of the field — and maybe they do look away and see the willows that grow by the singing creek. I do wonder if potato-plants do have longings to dabble their toes. I have supposes they do, just like I do. Being a potato must be interest — specially the having so many eyes. I have longings for more eyes. There is so much to see in this world all about. Every day I do see beautiful things everywhere I do go.

To-day it was near eventime — the time I did have all those potatoes ready for plants. Then I did go to see Solomon Grundy in the pig-pen. I did take a sugar-lump in my apron pocket for his dear mother, Aphrodite. She had appreciations and well looks. But the looks of Solomon Grundy — they were not well looks. He did lay so still in a quiet way. I gave to him three looks. I felt a lump come in my throat. His looks they were so different.

I made a run for the wood-box — the wood-box I did bring before for the getting-in of Brave Horatius to service in the pig-pen. I did step on it in getting Solomon Grundy out of the pig-pen. I did have fears if I did it in jumps as I always do, the jumps might bother the feelings of Solomon Grundy. So I did have needs for that box. It is such a help. Every time I do get a place fixed in the pig-pen so some of the pigs can get out to go to walks and to go to the cathedral service, the grown-ups at the ranch-house do always fix the boards back again. So a box is helps to get the little pigs that are n't too big over the top.

When I did have Solomon Grundy over the top, I did cuddle him up in my gray calico apron. I have thinks he does like the blue one best. But to-day he had not seeings it was n't the blue one I had on. He did not give his baby squeaks. He was only stillness. I did have fears that sickness was upon him. He has lost that piece of asafiditee I did tie around his neck the other day. That was the last piece I did have. It was the little piece that was left of the big piece that the mamma did tie around my neck, and I did make divides with my friends. But Solomon Grundy — he has lost his share both times. He does lose it in a quick way. And I did have no Castoria to give him, because the mamma has gone and put away the baby's bottle of Castoria where I cannot find it.

I did not have knowings what to do for him. But I did have thinks the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice would have knowings what to do for the sickness of Solomon Grundy. I made starts to the mill by the far woods. Brave Horatius was waiting at the barn. He gave his tail two wags and followed after. We went by Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. I did tell him the baby in my arms was sick. I said a little prayer over his head. We went along the lane. When we were come to Good King Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor, we made stops. I did tell them of the sickness of the baby. I said a little prayer for his get-

ting well. And I did hold him up for their blessing. Then we went on and Brave Horatius came a-following after. When we were come to the ending of the lane, I said another little prayer. When we were come near unto the altar of Good King Edward I, I said another little prayer. Then we went on. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was in the woods, and she went with us. She mostly does so. And we went on.

By-and-by my arms was getting tired. Solomon Grundy, now that he is older grown, does get a little heavy when I carry him quite a long ways. When I was come to the far end of the near woods I met the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He smiled the gentle smile he always does smile, and he took Solomon Grundy into his arms. I have thinks he did see the tiredness that was in my arms. When he sat down on a log with the dear pig I said I had fears Solomon Grundy was sick. He said he did too. But he smoothed my curls back and he said, 'Don't you worry; he will get well.'

Hearing him say that made me have better feels. Men are such a comfort — men that wear gray neckties and are kind to mice. One I know. He looks kind looks upon the forest and he does love the grand fir trees that do grow there. I have seen him stretch out his arms to them just like I do do in the cathedral. He does have kindness for the little folks that do live about the grand trees. His ways are ways of gentleness. All my friends have likes for him, and so has Solomon Grundy. To-day he said he would take Solomon Grundy back to camp by the mill to his bunkhouse. A warming he did need, so he said, and he said he would wrap him in his blanket and take care of him until morningtime was come. Then he did go the way that goes to the far woods and I did go the way that does go to the cathedral. I so went to have a little thank service for the getting well of Solomon Grundy. I do have knowings he will be well when morningtime is come. With me to the cathedral did go Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Brave Horatius.

My legs do feel some tired this eventime. I've been most everywhere today. I so have been going to tell the plant-folks and the flower-folks and the birds about this day being the going-away day of one William Shakespeare in 1616. Before yet breakfast-time was come I did go to the cathedral to say prayers of thanks for all the writings he did write. With me did go Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil. When we were come again to the house, they did wait waits while I did go to do the morning works.

After the morning works were done, I did put pieces of bread and butter in papers in my pockets for all of us. I put some milk in the bottle for Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides. He was waiting waits for me by the pasture-bars. He is a most woolly lamb. He was glad for his breakfast and he was glad to have knows about this day. While I was telling them all there what day this is, Plutarch Demosthenes made a little jump on to a little stump. He looked a look about and made a jump-off. Sophocles Diogenes came a-following after. They both did make some more jumps. Their ways are ways of playfulness. They are dear lambs. While I was telling them all, Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did in some way get the nipple off his bottle, and the rest of the milk did spill itself out the bottle. I hid the bottle away by a rock. Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides did follow after me. He does follow me many wheres I do go to.

We all went on. We saw fleurs, and I did stop moments to have talks with them. I looked for other fleurs that I had longs to see. Everywhere that we did go I did look looks for *teverin* and yellow *éclaire* and pink *mahonille* and *mauve* and *morgeline* and *herissone*. When Brave Horatius had askings in his eyes for what I was looking, I did give to him explanations. He looked looks back at me from his gentle eyes. In his looks he did say, they are not hereabout. We went on. We went to forêt d'Ermenonville and forêt de Chantilly. We went adown Lounette to where it flows into Nonette — and we went on. Everywhere there were little whisperings of earth-voices. They all did say of the writes of William Shakespeare. And there were more talkings. I laid my ear close to the earth where the grasses grew close together. I did listen. The wind made ripples on the grass as it went over. There were voices from out the earth. And the things of their saying were the things of gladness of growing. And there was music. And in the music there was sky twinkles and earth tinkles. That was come of the joy of living. I have thinks all the grasses growing there did feel glad feels from the tips of their green arms to their toe roots in the ground.

And Brave Horatius and the rest of us did n't get home until after suppertime. The folks was gone to the house of Elsie. I made a hunt for some supper for Brave Horatius. I found some and I put it in his special dish. Then I came again into the house to get some bread and milk. There was a jar of blackberry jam on the cook-table. It had interest looks. Just when I happened to be having all my fingers in the jar of blackberry jam, there was rumblings of distress come from the back yard. I climbed on to the flour-barrel and looked a look out the window. There near unto my chum's special supper-dish sat the pet crow with top-heavy appears. There was reasons for his forlorn looks, for Brave Horatius had advanced to the rear of Lars Porsena of Clusium and pulled out his tail-feathers.

I have had no case like this before. I felt disturbs. I had not knowings what to do for it. I had some bandages and some metholatum in my pocket. I took Lars Porsena of Clusium — all that was left of him with his tail-feathers gone — and I sat down on the steps. First I took some mentholatum and put it on a piece of bandage. I put the piece of bandage on to Lars Porsena of Clusium where his tail-feathers did come out. Then I did take the long white bandage in the middle, and I did wrap it about Lars Porsena of Clusium from back to front — in under his wings and twice on top, so the bandage would stay in place on the end of him where his tail-feathers came out.

Then I did make a start to the hospital. I did have wonders how long the needs would be for Lars Porsena of Clusium to be there before his tail would grow well again. I only did have going a little way when I did meet with the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice. He looked a look at me and he looked a look at Lars Porsena of Clusium in my arms. Then he did have askings why was it Lars Porsena was in bandages. I told him explanations all about it. He pondered on the matter. Then he picked me and Lars Porsena up and set us down on a stump. He told me there was no needs for me to have wonders about how long the need would be for Lars Porsena of Clusium to be in the hospital with bandages on him. He did talk on in his gentle way, of how it is birds that do lose their tail-feathers do grow them on again. He so said and I did have understanding. Then he did take up Lars

Porsena of Clusium in his arms. And he unwrapped him from front to back and back to front. When the bandage was all off him, Lars Porsena of Clusium did give himself a stretch and his wings a little shake. And I said a little prayer for his getting well and a new tail soon. And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice said Amen. Then we came home.

(To be continued)

OLD LEMUEL'S JOURNEY

BY ALICE BROWN

I

Old Lemuel Wood was stretched on his bed in the best bedroom. He was going to die. He was not really old, though his neighbors called him so, half in derision, half in pity; but he looked like death and age together, as he lay there, his eyes screwed up, his thin mouth tightly shut, and his whole wrinkled face somehow conveying the impression that it had gone out of business, so far as any evidence it might give, and that nobody was to find out anything of Lemuel Wood any more.

Lemuel was a miser. He had worked hard and pared thin, and his wife, a sweet, plump, blonde woman, had not been able to sway him an inch from the rigor of his ways. They were well to do, inheriting prosperity from the beginning, and yet they had always lived 'nigh the wind.' The neighbors said Lemuel even begrudged his wife's plumpness to her. He suspected she ate more than she'd a right to, or she never could have gained so persistently. He was thin as a rail, and so was Dan, their son, who took after his mother in every inner characteristic and went about from childhood with a seeking look because he never could have things the other boys had, never even time to play with them. Lemuel made it known in the boy's babyhood that he was not named Daniel, simply Dan, and the neighbors again opined that this was because it would take less ink to write it, if he had to sign a document; they furthermore asserted that his father, when he met a man named Ai, from a neighboring town, was heard to express regret that he had n't known there was a proper name of two letters instead of three.

Lemuel himself was never called by his actual name except in direct address. He had renamed himself by a shady transaction the neighborhood had not been slow at noting, and thenceforth he carried the label of it in every slightest allusion to him. A lawyer in Sudleigh had bought several cords of wood of him, to be delivered 'split and stove-wood length,' which, in this case, was twelve inches; and Lemuel had sawed and split the cord-wood sticks himself, with the result that all the lawyer's sticks were slightly short. From each four-foot stick Lemuel had thrown out a 'nubbins' from the end.

Little Dana West, who had come over to buy a peck of potatoes for his mother and tagged after Mrs. Wood when she ran down to the lower barn to ask her husband what bin she should get the potatoes from, stood by while she asked her question, and then saw her eye fall on the pile of nubbins thrown to one side.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'what are them little chunks?'

'You take some of 'em in your apron,' said Lemuel. 'They'll be good to brash up the fire with.'

'You don't mean,' said she, 'you're sawin' them off the ends o' Lawyer Trumbull's wood?'

''T ain't so easy as you might think to saw off twelve-inch wood by your eye,' said Lemuel. 'You take a handful of 'em with you when you go.'

But Mrs. Wood shut her mouth like a steel trap, Dana said, and went back to the house, and she carried no handful of chunks; and a few days after that, when Lemuel had gone to market and Dana came over to see if he could get Dan to go coltsfootin', he came on Mrs. Wood kneeling by the back veranda, a half-bushel basket of the nubbins beside her. And she had loosened a slat of the lattice, and was throwing the nubbins under, fast and furious. And again her mouth was like a steel trap.

No one ever knew what Lawyer Trumbull said, when the wood was delivered; but Dan and his mother knew that Lemuel came home 'mad as a hornet' and scarcely spoke for days. And there was no butter on the table for the period of his displeasure; and when Mrs. Wood brought it out, as she did three times a day, she was ordered to 'take that stuff away.' This continued until, as she and Dan judged, Lemuel concluded that the discount Lawyer Trumbull had caused him to accept on the wood had been worked out. But not here did Nemesis leniently pause. Dana had told his mother and his mother told her cronies, and Lemuel, whose middle name was Ingersoll and who signed himself, in a crabbed hand, 'L. I. Wood,' was known thereafter as 'old 'Leven-Inch Wood.' Did he know it? No one could say. Nobody would have taxed him with it, for he was, it was owned, a good-natured old cuss, after all, if you'd only give him the last cent.

And now old 'Leven-Inch was dying, and, against his will, in the best bedroom. The doctor had ordered him in there because the little dark room where he had slept all his life had scant air even for a man in health, and not a ray of sun. Lemuel was carried in protesting, and when he had been settled in the white sheets, he looked up at Mary, his wife, whose compassion for him made this crossing of his will even more terrible than death itself, and said, —

'Don't you s'pose you could have the bed moved whilst you take up the straw mattin'?'

'What you want the mattin' up for, dear?' she asked tenderly.

The little love word she had not used to him since the first year of their marriage. She had grown satirical, in a mild, hidden way, and she would have judged that he thought it wasted breath.

'That mattin' 's over forty years old,' said Lemuel, 'an' the doctor's boots are terrible heavy. Anyways, if Dan has to lift me, you make him come in in his stockin' feet.'

Two tears trickled out of his eyes, and his wife wiped them away. By long habit of living with him she knew exactly how he felt, and the things she had all their lives fought in him, with a bitter resolution, seemed to her now his terrible misfortune, the bruises and stabs self-inflicted on a suffering child.

One day, when he was feeling a little

stronger, he called her to sit down by the bed.

'Don't you hitch your chair when you git up,' he cautioned her. 'There's nothin' easier in the world than marrin' a mop-board, an' doctor alone's enough to call for a new coat o' paint. Now I want to tell you about my will.'

She begged him to settle down and take a nap. She did n't want to hear about a will. But he went on, —

'I've cut off Dan with a hunderd dollars. That's in case he marries the Tolman gal.'

'Why,' said his wife, 'what makes you think he wants to marry Lyddy Tolman?' She thought the secret had been well kept.

'I guess I found it out as soon as anybody,' said Lemuel shrewdly. 'There's that day I come from market 'fore you expected me, an' you was b'ilin' molasses candy over the stove. An' that night I see him slip out with that little checkered box in his hand, the one in the upper cupboard, and I says to myself, "That's candy," an' I walked a step or two arter him and see where he went.'

He ended in triumph, but Mary turned her eyes from him, she felt such shame.

'Next day I had it out with him,' said Lemuel. 'I told him she's no more fit for a farm like this than a chiny doll.'

'She's real strong, Lemuel,' his wife pleaded. 'She's slim-lookin', I know, but she can do her part.'

'Well,' said Lemuel, 'be that as it may, I ain't a-goin' to take the resk. But, in case he marries Isabel Flagg within two years after my demise, then the heft o' the property goes to him. You're provided for anyways. Seemed to me at your age you would n't start out squanderin' things right an' left as a younger woman might.'

'Why, Lemuel,' said his wife, 'Isabel Flagg 's no more idea o' marryin' our Dan than the man in the moon. She's all took up with Sam Towle. An' as for Dan, he would n't look at her if she's the last woman on earth — a great strammin' creatur' that can milk ten cows an' set down to her supper afterwards an' not wash her hands.'

'She's a good strong worker,' said Lemuel. 'Now you go off an' let me see 'f I can git me a wink o' sleep 'fore doctor comes. I've got suthin' to thrash out with him.'

Mary ventured one word more.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'about Isabel Flagg: if you put that in your will, same's you said, you'll make Dan a laughin'-stock all over the county, an' her, too. I should n't wonder if it got into the Boston papers. They're terrible smart pickin' things up.'

'Better laugh than cry,' said Lemuel, shutting his eyes so tight that he seemed to shut his whole face with them. 'I guess when Dan's as old as I be an' layin' here, — don't you set that tumbler on the table less 'n you put a piece o' newspaper under it, — I guess then he'll be glad he had a father that knew enough to provide for him, if he did n't know himself. You put that curtain up as fur 's 't will go. That kind o' green's terrible easy to fade.'

II

Lemuel had managed a comfortable nap before the doctor came. He seemed to know ways of saving his strength, Mary thought, in wonder at him, as unerringly as he knew the roads to hoarding money.

The doctor was an old man, a giant in size and still in strength, with heavy black eyebrows and thick white hair. He came stooping into the low bedroom and Lemuel snapped his eyes open and greeted him, —

'Now, doctor, I want to ask ye one

question, an' if it's yes you can look at my tongue an' feel my pulse. If it's no, ye can't. Be I goin' to git well?'

The doctor sat down and regarded him from under heavy brows.

'Well,' said he, 'not right off.'

'Don't you beat about the bush,' said Lemuel. 'I won't have it. I pay you for comin' here, an' I've got a right to see 't you earn your money. Now, be I goin' to git well or be I goin' to die?'

The doctor still regarded him. He was a merciful man, but old 'Leven-Inch was, he told himself, enough to try a saint.

'Come, come,' said Lemuel, 'don't you set there studyin' how you can screw two dollars more out o' me. Be I goin' to git well?'

'No,' said the doctor shortly. He rose to his feet. 'You're not.'

'Ah!' said Lemuel, as if he were supremely satisfied. 'That's the talk. Now how soon be I goin' to die?'

'I don't know,' said the doctor. 'It might be a matter of three weeks.'

'Ah!' said Lemuel again. 'Then you need n't come here no more. If I was goin' to git well, I'd let ye come to see if you could n't for'ard the v'y'ge an' git me up 'fore hayin'. But if I'm goin' to die, I guess I can die full as easy without a doctor as with one. No, no.' He put his hand under the sheet. The doctor had taken a step toward the bed. 'I ain't a-goin' to have my pulse felt nor no thermometers in my mouth. An' you see 't you don't charge this call up to me, for you ain't done an endurin' thing an' you know it.'

The doctor turned away from him, but at the door he stopped. He had to be sorry for the wretched bundle of mortality that could not take its riches with it.

'You poor old fool!' he said; 'you don't know what you're talking about. You'd better let me come in once in a while. I won't charge you for it.'

'Aha!' said Lemuel, with an actual crow of delighted laughter, he felt himself so clever. 'Mebbe ye would n't charge me whilst I'm here to chalk it up. You'd charge it to the estate. I know ye!'

And the doctor, being human, swore mildly at him and left. Mary followed him down to the gate. She had been listening and knew.

'O doctor!' she said; 'I don't see what under the sun I'm goin' to do if he won't have you no more. I never can go through with it in the world.'

'Don't you worry,' said the doctor. He lifted his weight into the carriage and then stepped back to shake hands with her. 'If he gets uneasy you just send round and I'll come in. Maybe I can take a look at him when he's asleep or something. I don't want to hound the poor old devil — Well, maybe we can do something for him when the time comes.'

He drove away rather wishing he had not called Lemuel a poor old devil to his wife. But Mary understood. To her, also, he was a poor old devil in the terms of compassion she knew how to translate. Mary understood Lemuel very well after these married years. She knew how he had been tangled in the snarl of his mortality, and she hardly saw how he was to undertake this journey into the mystery he seemed to regard as lightly as a trip to market: that is, she wished he need not prepare to enter on it so unfriended and alone.

Lemuel lay there for three weeks, demanding nothing but precautions against the wear and tear of house and furniture, and speaking seldom. Mary took care of him night and day, and Dan, the big, sad-faced son, lifted him and tried to take his turn with the nursing at night. But Lemuel fought this off with a terse authority of tone.

'I ain't goin' to have him lazin'

round in here, pullin' an' haulin',' he said to Mary, 'lettin' the farm work git all behindhand. Don't you fetch him in here less 'n I tell you to, in case I have to give him some orders about the stock.'

At the end of the three weeks, on a day when his breath had shortened more and more, until it seemed to Mary it was only a flutter in his throat, she told Dan the time had come. He could stay out in the sitting-room, not to worry father, but presently she would need him.

Dan sat there by the west window, looking out at the orchard where the birds were loud, and even he could not tell what he was thinking. Was he sad because his father was dying, or did some tightened spring inside him unroll with a great relief at the prospect of freedom after all his life of meagre living? He could not tell. All he knew was that it was a beautiful day, and his heart ached hard.

Suddenly, with a little swift rush, unlike her dragging step of the last weeks, his mother came, put a hand on his shoulder and supported herself by it. She was breathing fast. Dan turned under the touch and stared up at her. He had never seen his mother look like this, and a slow wonder came over him. Father had always been the grit in the wheels, the boulder in the path. Was it possible mother had forgotten all that because father was on his way to some other place, to stay forever? He was very like his mother, and suddenly, after that thought, to his renewed wonder he felt an unaccustomed choke in his own throat.

'He's gone,' said she, in the instant of getting her breath. 'You run right over to Ezra's an' tell him to come, quick's he can. Tell him you an' I'll help.'

Dan sprang to his feet. Death was new to him and he felt it was all hurry. But his mother, glancing from the window at the sound of wheels, cried out,—

'My Lord 'a' mercy! there's doctor. You run an' git him in.'

The doctor had drawn up at the gate, and now he got out and hitched his horse; and he came along the path and into the sitting-room, where Dan and Mary waited for him, the tale of Lemuel's going on their faces.

'He's gone, doctor,' said Mary. 'I'm terrible glad you've come.'

'When?' asked the doctor.

'Just now.'

He went on into the bedroom, and took up Lemuel's nerveless hand.

'Yes,' he said. And then, because he was on the point of adding, 'Poor old devil!' he checked himself and held the flaccid wrist, and suddenly a look of curiosity and eagerness came into his face. He made himself busy about the body, and Mary felt a sick anticipation that did not seem like hope, and Dan, with that overwhelming misery of realizing the piteousness of things mortal in decay, thought how horrible it all was. The doctor turned to them, hesitated a moment, and walked past them out of the bedroom, and they followed him. He was frowning so that his black brows met.

'He's given up the ghost,' he said, in a tone of unwilling conviction. 'But, by thunder!' he added, as if another conviction struck him full in the face, 'that man ain't dead!'

All day he stayed with them and fought against the forces of dissolution to bring Lemuel back to life. But the man resisted him. The ghost he had given up refused to come back, and at night the doctor went away for a necessary visit, disheartened.

'Don't you leave him,' he told them. 'Don't you get Ezra Hines over here, laying him out. If there's any change, you send for me.'

Old Lemuel, from being a poor old

devil, of no use to himself or anybody else, as the doctor had always characterized him in his own mind when he saw him about on his ant-like delvings, had become to him his dearest concern. The passion of the scientist enveloped the poor old body, and he would have welcomed him back as the sisters welcomed Lazarus.

III

On the morning of the third day, while Mary sat beside the bed and Dan continued his terrible watch in the next room, old Lemuel opened his eyes. Hour after hour, while Mary sat there, she had wondered at intervals what she should do if he really did open them. She thought it probable she should scream. But now she felt no impulse of amazement or of joy. She took the covered glass from the table at her side and poised the spoon.

'I guess,' she said, 'I'll give you a little mite o' this.' She had almost said, 'Doctor told me to'; but that she discarded as likely to annoy him in any state of mind he might have kept.

But Lemuel was looking directly at her with a strange glance of certainty and even brightness.

'Mary,' said he, 'where d'you s'pose I've been?'

Mary put back the spoon into the glass. She saw the contents trembling with her hand. But she answered him quietly with another question, —

'Where have you been?'

He screwed up his eyes and smiled a little.

'You take my keys out o' my trowsis pocket,' said he, 'an' go an' unlock the top left-hand little drawer o' my desk. My will 's in there. You bring it here to me.'

Mary set down the glass and went out of the room. As she passed Dan she said to him in a steady voice he wondered at, 'Your father 's come to. You run over an' tell doctor an' ask him to git here quick 's he can. Tell him to come in as if he happened to be goin' by.'

She went on to the sitting-room, unlocked the little drawer, took out the paper, and carried it back to Lemuel.

'You tear it,' said he, 'right through the middle. No, don't ye do it, neither. I dunno but the law could git hold o' ye if Lawyer Trumbull happened to tell ye old 'Leven-Inch left a will, an' ask ye where 't was. You give it here an' I'll fix it.'

Mary took up the tumbler and spoon again.

'You let me give you a little mite o' this,' she said; and he took it willingly, his busy hands tearing slowly at the will. It took him a long time to tear it into the fragments he judged small enough, and half way through the task he bade Mary bring a newspaper, so that he might know no fragments had escaped him. And there in a few minutes the doctor found him lying placidly on the pillows, a little heap of torn paper under his hovering palms.

Old Lemuel put out his hand. 'You can feel my pulse if you want to,' he said, 'an' then you can give me suthin' to keep me goin' a spell. I've got consid'able to do.'

'You've had a good long sleep,' said the doctor speciously. 'Feel stronger for it, don't you?'

'I ain't been asleep,' said Lemuel, with a queer little smile neither Mary nor the doctor had seen on his face before.

'Well, I s'pose,' said the doctor jocosely, his hand on the sinewy old wrist, 'I s'pose you'll be telling us next you've heard every word that's been said in this room, since you dropped off.'

'No,' said Lemuel. 'I ain't been here.'

'Where have you been?'

Again Lemuel smiled and screwed up his eyes. But he opened them at once.

'You bear witness, doctor,' said he, 'these here papers on my chist is what's left o' my will. I tore it up. I tore it up myself. There ain't nobody else had the leastest thing to do with it. Now, you take them papers an' go out an' put 'em in the kitchen stove.'

And the doctor, not being troubled by imaginative hypotheses of the legality of the act, did it. When Lemuel had been made comfortable, — and for the first time Mary could remember he accepted comfort with an alert responsiveness, objecting only to spoon victuals as not sustaining enough for a man with work before him, — the doctor went away, and Lemuel, who was supposed now to settle down to sleep, put his hand on Mary's wrist.

'You se' down here side o' me,' he bade her, 'an' we'll plan it all out. I've got consid'able to do.'

Mary sat down and he kept his hand on her wrist.

'What day's to-day?' he asked her.

'Sunday.'

'That's what I thought. Well, you can't do nothin' 'fore Monday. Now Tuesday arternoon I want you should give a party.'

'A party?' said Mary; and in her wonder she felt as if, though she had received him quietly when he came back, the moment was perhaps here when she must make some outcry from the strangeness of it all. 'What kind of a party?'

'A tea-party,' said Lemuel, smacking his lips. 'Ain't that 'bout the only kind there is this season o' the year?'

'Why,' said Mary, and then paused. She had been about to say, 'You never would let me have a party. It cost too much.' But she ended, 'I don't think it's any time for a party, you sick an' all.'

'What kind o' cake was that your mother used to stir up,' said Lemuel, 'an' we used to have it out on the front porch with lemonade when I come courtin' you?'

'One-two-three-four,' said Mary, 'with raisins in it an' citron.'

'Terrible nice cake that was,' said Lemuel. 'Monday you make up a lot of it; cookies, too, an' sugar gingerbread. Ain't you got mother's cooky-cutters, leaf-patterns an' hearts an' rounds?'

'But Lemuel,' said she, 'them things are terrible expensive, high as everything is now.' She saw no way of stopping him but appealing to his dearest vice.

'You can bile a ham,' said he, luxuriating in his flights. 'You do as I tell ye. If you don't help me out, I dunno how I shall git through with it.'

He looked worried now, and this frightened her.

'Course I'll help you out, Lemuel,' she said. 'Who do you want to your party?'

'Everybody in the neighborhood,' said Lemuel, 'old an' young. I'd ruther have the whole county, but there ain't no time. Plague take it all! why did n't I know sooner about there bein' no time. But the neighborhood I guess we can manage. You tell Dan to fix up some trestles an' boards on 'em out under the old elm. There'll be too many to eat indoor.'

'Lemuel,' said his wife, 'I dunno how I can. I don't b'lieve I could carry it through. An' if I could, I guess everybody 'd think I was out of my head, you sick an' all.'

Lemuel considered for a moment.

'Well, then,' said he, 'you might scare up some kind of a reason for 't. Dan could git married, if he felt like it, an' I kinder think he does. There's that gal he carried the candy to in the checkered box. You say she's a likely

gal. I dunno how long 't'll take him to git his license, as the law directs; but you tell him to harness up an' ask the gal, an' ride right off an' see to it this arternoon.'

Mary felt the sickness of apprehension born out of the unknown.

'But Lemuel,' she said, 'folks can't git married like that, all of a whew. Even if they've talked it over, — an' I s'pose they have, — she ain't begun to think o' gittin' her clo'es.'

'Then let her turn to an' git 'em now,' said Lemuel, ''fore she 's a day older. You gi' me my bank-book, out o' that same drawer, an' I'll sign an order so's Dan can draw out as much as he needs — the whole business, if he wants to. You take the gal over to Sudleigh an' fit her out. An' while you're about it, you git suthin' for yourself, too. Kind of a stiff silk, same 's your mother used to wear, the sort that'll stand alone.'

'I don't want —' said Mary; but her voice failed her and she went blindly out of the room.

Lemuel called after her, —

'An' you tell him to git his name se' down Dan'el, in the license, same as his gran'ther's. I al'ays mistrusted he never took to bein' called Dan.'

Mary hesitated there by the door, her face turned from him.

'Lemuel,' she said, 'it's jest as I told you; I ain't got the heart to set out makin' cake. I dunno 's I've got the strength, neither. I've been terrible worried about you, an' it's told on me. I never should ha' brought it up, never in the world, only I dunno how I can, Lemuel, I dunno how I can.'

'Course you can't,' said Lemuel, jovially. 'You hire Mis' Buell an' Nancy Towle to come in an' do the heft on 't. Lay the things out afore 'em, the eggs an' the butter an' the citron an' raisins,' — Mary never forgot the childlike delight of his tone while he enumerated these, — 'an' give 'em the receipts an' tell 'em to go ahead, an' then you come in here an' set with me. Mis' Buell 's a terrible extravagant cook. She uses tea by the handful, an' I heard the Thrashers say, that week she boarded 'em, her pie-crust'd melt in your mouth.'

Then something in Mary's bowed shoulders seemed to speak to him, and he added, in a softened tone she had not heard from him since the days of their courtship, 'But she can't hold a candle to you, Mary. Any woman can cook if you give 'em things enough to do with, but there's one or two that can git pie off a rock, as ye might say. I ain't seen but one, but mebbe there's another some'er's, same's there's more 'n one pea in a pod. They al'ays set out suthin' to make your mouth water, no matter 'f you do keep 'em sailin' nigh the wind.'

'Lemuel,' said his wife. She was troubled beyond measure by this incursion into the delights of the palate. 'Be you hungry?'

Lemuel laughed. 'Hungry?' said he. 'Lor', no, I guess I ain't. All I want is to have doctor see 't I have suthin' to keep me up, what time I'm here.'

IV

The doctor came in that afternoon and found him very much alive. Mary waylaid him at the gate and besought him to discourage the strange project of the party, or the wedding, as it might prove. He listened to her gravely, nodding from time to time, but when she asked him, 'Doctor, what'd he mean by sayin' to me, that first minute he opened his eyes, "Mary, where d'you s'pose I've been?"'

'Well,' said the doctor, looking up at her sharply, 'where d' you suppose he'd been? Did n't he tell you? I s'pose you asked him.'

'Oh, yes, I asked him, but he never said a word — only kinder screwed up his eyes an' laughed. No, he did n't really laugh, only looked as if he could if he'd a mind to. As if he knew suthin' he did n't think best to tell.'

'Mary,' said the doctor, and made it all the more serious by using her Christian name, 'I should n't worry him, if I were you, by going against his little fancies. If he wanted anything, I should let him have it. And if he says any more about where he's been, I hope you'll remember it just as it was, and, if you think you can't remember it, put it down on paper. I'd like mighty well to know where he's been.'

And it seemed as if the doctor had not only been fascinated by the problem of persuading old Lemuel back to this earth, but was doubly attracted, now he had him alive. He came in once, and sometimes twice, a day, and they talked, old Lemuel carrying on his side of it as if he were in health; only not as he would have done before he went away. The doctor reminded him at the outset that these were not professional visits: there would be no fee. But Lemuel smiled at him shrewdly and said, —

'Charge it up! charge it up! the estate's good for it.'

The doctor never questioned him about his mysterious going away, and Lemuel never once referred to it. Mary, dazed and unremonstrating, found herself putting the party through. She let Lemuel, lying there in his bed, plan the manner of it, and she and Dan carried it out. Mrs. Buell came and cooked, and Nancy helped her, and there was a rich odor of good things about the house.

Dan walked as one in a dream. He had obeyed his father implicitly, and Lydia Tolman had allowed herself to be caught up on the wings of their will, and her mother, dazed by the strangeness of it all, drove over to Sudleigh with her and bought her white garments and a wedding dress.

It was the day before the wedding, when the house was smelling of meats and spices and there was a vague air of excitement, not only through its rooms, but through all the neighborhood as well, that Lemuel demanded to be bolstered up in bed.

'I want to set up on end a spell,' said he. And Dan managed it without trouble. 'There,' said Lemuel, 'now you fetch me the Bible.'

Mary did it, wondering. She came back with the great family Bible in her hand.

'Don't you think,' she said, hesitatingly, because it was an implication of his extremity, 'you better let me read some out loud? It's kinder heavy to hold.'

'No,' said Lemuel briskly, 'I don't want no readin'. I ain't got time. I want to look up suthin'. You bring me a pencil.'

So she left him there, with the Bible propped against his knees, frowning through his spectacles, and peering while he turned page after page. This was in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he had found what he sought.

'Where's Dan?' he called to Mary, who was making herself busy in the next room, to be near him. 'You tell him to come here.'

In a few minutes Dan came slouching in. He was timid before his father, and especially since Lemuel had come back so strangely changed. As he went past his mother, through the outer room, she thought what a beautiful young man he was, with the strength and sadness of his face and his wonderful frame, made to work and also to beguile the eye with its ease and suppleness. He came in and stood looking down at his father in a pathetic dis-

trust and questioning, and with this a great compassion.

'What is it, father?' he asked.

'You listen to this,' said Lemuel, his lean forefinger on the page. 'I've had a terrible time findin' it, but I knew 't was some'r's here. Now you listen. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." ' He read it slowly with emphasis and a certain delight — either in the verse or in his own cleverness in finding it. Then he read it again. 'I've put a line under it,' he said, 'an' I'm goin' to put in a mark, too, so's you can turn to it. You hand me that piece o' newspaper there on the bureau. I'll lay that in.'

Dan gave him the paper, and he laid it carefully between the pages and closed the book.

'There,' said he, 'you can carry this off.'

'Don't you want I should leave it so 's you can have some read —'

Dan paused there. His father's bright eyes made him feel as if he had said something strangely beside the question.

'No,' said Lemuel alertly, 'I'm through with it. Look here,' he called when Dan, carrying the Bible, had reached the door, 'd'you buy yourself a weddin' suit?'

Dan turned and looked at him. His young face grew stern. Was his father going to take it all back?

'Yes,' he said, 'I did.'

'That's right,' said Lemuel, chuckling. 'That's right. What color?'

'Blue.'

'Ha! that's jest what I'd ha' picked out myself. Ye can't do better 'n blue.'

The day of the party, or the wedding, — they hardly knew which to call it, — was set for Thursday; not quite so soon as Lemuel had planned, because there was so much to do. But when the sun rose fresh from lightest morning clouds and shone divinely, the house was in holiday dress, and Lemuel, from his bedroom, gave out orders and emanated cheer. Mary wanted the ceremony in the front room so that he could look on from his open door and be in a manner present; but Lemuel forbade it, and ordered that it should be out under the old elm. And he was to be left alone, to rest, he said speciously, though with the gleam in his eye that made Mary and Dan suspect he was laughing at them, and after it they were to sing, — 'Coronation,' for one, — and then they were to dance. Ezra Hines was to play his fiddle.

It all fell out exactly as Lemuel had planned. There was merry-making and much eating, and everybody forgot how strange it all was, with old 'Leven-Inch lying in the house there, perhaps getting well and perhaps near his end, and let themselves go in a gay abandon. And when the party was over, the little bride came shyly in to let Lemuel see her in her white dress, and he said to her, —

'You 're as pretty as a picter in them frill-de-dills — though you ain't a mite handsomer — nor so handsome — as Mary was when she walked out a bride.'

Lydia was a little frightened, because this must, after all, be old 'Leven-Inch; but it looked like a man she had never seen, and she stepped up to him and laid her hand timidly on his and ran away.

The next morning Lemuel seemed quite strong and untired, but he said to Mary, when she came in at sunrise, —

'You tell Dan to kinder stay round this forenoon. He can be takin' down the tables an' rakin' up the clutter if there is any.'

'Don't you feel so well?' she asked. 'You think you better see doctor?'

'No,' said Lemuel, 'I don't want no

doctor. You have your breakfast an' then you se' down here side o' me an' stay a spell. 'T won't be long.'

Mary hurried through her breakfast and came back to him. She felt in haste, as if there was something to be asked him and she must ask it and make sure. Then she thought what it was.

'Lemuel,' said she, 'what was it you meant when you said, "Where do you s'pose I've been?"'

Lemuel turned his head on the pillow and smiled at her. He looked very secretive and knowing, but not at that moment, she thought with a kind of terror, old. The marks of his hard life and his penury had fallen away from him and he was young.

'You let me take hold o' your hand,' said he. 'So. There, that's right.'

He shut his eyes, and while she watched him his face seemed to her to grow more secretive and certainly more still. In an hour, perhaps, the doctor came in and she looked up at him.

'Why,' said he, without a pause to make sure of it, 'he's gone!'

'But, doctor,' said Mary, with a cry, 'you know before —'

'No,' said the doctor; 'this time he's gone for good.'

The week after his father was buried, Dan went into the front room by himself and opened the Bible where his father had put the mark. He thought he would do it every week while he lived, but he had not told anybody. His father was the only one he wished he could tell, and somehow he felt his father knew. And when he was about to close the book, it fell open at the Family Record, and under the deaths he saw a new entry, and stared at it until he could bear his own solitary discovery of it no longer and went to the door and called, —

'Mother! Lyddy! you come here.'

They came hurrying, and he showed them the record. It was in pencil in his father's crabbed hand.

'He put that down there himself, the day before the weddin',' said Dan. 'An' that was the day before his death.'

'Yes,' said his mother, 'he put it down, date an' all, day o' the month an' day o' the week.'

'Yes,' said Lyddy, in awe, peering at the record, her pretty head against Dan's arm to bring her nearer, but really because she liked it there.

'O Dan'el,' said his mother, in a great burst of yearning hope, 'where do you s'pose he'd been?'

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOARING HAWK

BY GEORGE E. CLOUGH

'FOUR things are too wonderful for me,' said the writer of the last chapter of Proverbs. This was one of them: 'The way of an eagle in the air.'

What lover of nature has not wondered to watch a hawk circling on motionless wings in the blue above him? Round and round he goes, soaring till he is but a speck in the sky. How can a bird raise its weight against gravity without visible effort? What power sustains the hawk?

Explanations have been offered — childish, contradictory, unscientific explanations. The hawk 'floats'; he 'sails'; he 'flies like a kite'; he 'rises on ascending currents of air'; 'though the wings as a whole are motionless, the individual feathers are working.'

Let us first dispose of these theories, and then proceed to find the true solution of the problem.

The hawk cannot 'float,' for he is heavier than the air he displaces. His quills and bones are full of air. As well might you expect a submarine to float because it was full of water. The lightness of the hawk's structure gives him less weight to lift; but were he full of hydrogen, he would not float. Shoot him: he will fall to earth with a thud.

Does the hawk 'sail'? He cannot. The resistance of the water against a boat's keel or centreboard holds it to the wind, and a resultant of the triangle of forces which act upon it gives it its forward motion. A boat without keel or centreboard cannot sail against the wind. Lacking a grip on the water, it is blown to leeward. Imagine a skiff so light that it floats absolutely on the surface: whatever the angle of its sails, it will be driven down wind like a leaf or a feather. Therefore the hawk, who has no keel in water to hold him to his course, *may* be blown down wind, but can never sail across or against the wind, let him trim his pinions how he will.

Observe, too, how seagulls fly with motionless wings right in the wind's eye — a course no racing yacht can follow, for all its deep keel and spread of canvas. This is not sailing. There is power here, and independence to defy the wind. We must seek elsewhere for its source.

What the keel is to the boat, its string is to the kite. Cut the string, and the kite will be blown down wind till gravity brings it to the ground. The hawk has no string. He does not 'fly like a kite.'

Jefferies, in his *Life of the Fields*, suggests that the added velocity gained in making one half of the circle down wind is sufficient to bring the hawk back against the wind. This theory is mechanically unsound, and may be commended to seekers after perpetual motion.

We finally dismiss all these wind-theories of flight with the observation that hawks prefer a still, windless day for soaring.

Does the bird avail himself of ascending air-currents? On a still, hot day you may see little whirls of dust rising straight up from the ground, sometimes to a great height. But it is inconceivable that the hawk, keeping his regular

circles without check or break, could find ascending air-currents to sustain him at every point of his unfaltering flight. A bird weighing two pounds is no more immune from the attraction of the earth's mass than two pounds of lead or pig-iron. The theory is inadequate to account for the support of a single feather.

'Though the wings as a whole are motionless, the individual feathers are working.' Here, at least, is an honest attempt to find *some* force to counteract the force of gravity. But the theory is not borne out by observation. All the evidence is against it. Charles Dixon, in *British Seabirds*, writes: 'That these flights are accompanied by any vibratory movements of the feathers is erroneous, as I have had many opportunities of satisfying myself, especially when observing the flight of the fulmas at St. Kilda, the birds not being more than six feet away from me, when I am positive every individual feather was in perfect rest.' Anatomy would lead us to the same conclusion. There is no muscular structure for such a method of flight, and the wing-feathers are ingeniously felted together to work as a whole. We can dismiss that theory also.

Now let us apply our common sense to the solution of the problem.

Here we have a force, the force of gravity, acting on a body in mid-air. That force must produce a downward acceleration unless it is balanced by some equal and opposite force. Therefore we start with the hypothesis that the hawk *must* exert force equal and opposite to that of gravity, if he is to maintain his altitude, and still more force to increase his altitude. How does he apply that force? What mechanism has he? A pair of wings, and the big motor-muscles on his breast. We may safely affirm that he sustains his weight by using this mechanism.

'But the hawk's wings are motionless when he soars.'

You will admit, then, that, when he flies with beating wings, he is lifting his weight by the use of those breast-muscles? And yet you believe that the bird, which must work those powerful muscles in ordinary flight, ceases to exert them when he spreads his wings wide and starts to soar? Has he lost his weight? He *must* continue to exert them. There is no alternative. All other theories have been quashed.

How is this possible, when the wings are motionless and not even a feather is vibrating? That's the real question we have to answer.

To clear our minds of a very natural error, let us consider first the principles of ordinary flight. You think that a bird beats his wings down through the air when he flies? You are wrong. Wings are not made to be driven down through the air. They are spread and shaped and woven to encounter maximum resistance; to lean on the air, not to cut through it. Between each two strokes there is a fall of both wings and body, due to gravity. The fall of the body is neutralized by the lift of the wing-beat; the fall of the wings is *not* neutralized; they are now below the body and must be raised for another stroke.

This principle will be understood more readily if we compare it with the motion of a boat's oars. Those oar-blades *appear* to be driven through the water in a wide arc; in reality they do not move six inches. A little swirling eddy marks the spot where each oar-blade has rested throughout the stroke. First, the blades drive the boat forward; then they recover their position for a new stroke. If now a boat is being rowed against the stream and making no headway, and if you cannot see the flow of the stream, but only the motionless boat and the swinging oars,

you will find it hard to believe that those oar-blades are not moving through the water. Change the plane from horizontal to vertical, with gravity to represent the sweep of the stream, and it will be clear that each wing-beat lifts the body; it does not drive down the wings.

The resisting medium is not nearly so dense, and the wing-surface is proportionately greater. A heavy-bodied domestic fowl does sometimes drive its wings down in a vain attempt to fly —just as you can tug your oar-blade through the water by putting your boat's nose against the bank; but a broad-winged, light-bodied hawk finds ample support.

The point to remember is that the wing-force may be exerted without driving down the wing.

Now, we have seen a hawk flapping over the tree-tops, and we know how he looks when he is using both wings together in ordinary flight. When he starts to soar, knowing as we do that he must still be using the same mechanism, we are bound to admit that he is using it in a different way. If not both together, in what way is he using his wings? He is using them alternately.

'But surely, if that were so —'

You think one wing would be pointing downward and the other sideways, and then *vice versa?* That is why we discussed the principles of ordinary flight, so that it might be understood that the wing is *not* driven down. Picture to yourself the hawk, with wings wide for soaring. What *will* be the result when he contracts the breast-muscle on one side only? One of two things must happen: either the wing must be driven down, or the body must be drawn upward and sideways toward the wing. Which is the more reasonable, to suppose that the broad pinion would be driven down through the resisting air, or that the body would be tilted toward the wing? Emphatically, the latter.

The action of the corresponding muscle on the other side brings the body back to normal and up toward the other wing. Thus a downward pressure of each wing is exerted, with a force equal and opposite to that of gravity, and the only visible motion is a slight swaying of the body.

You will ask, why has this swaying motion of the body not been noted by observers? It *has* been noted, but the right deduction has not been made. It has been attributed to balancing. Seen from below, — and the hawk is usually above us, — it is not conspicuous. The wide spread of the wings holds the eye, to the exclusion of minor details. Much more easily one may observe the swaying motion of seagulls following a ship.

In the alternate wing-beat, then, we find the solution of our problem. The hawk does not cease to exert himself: he simply changes his gait. He prefers the smooth motion of the pacer to the jolting trot of the saddle-horse. The soaring hawk is using his adequate strength with the ease and grace of an athlete who obtains the greatest results with the least visible expenditure of effort.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

THE most wasted years of life nowadays are commonly those six years between the ages of twelve and eighteen which civilization has taken from adult life and added to childhood. Yet they are the most spiritual, the least encumbered years of our whole lifetime. At that age we are nascent men and women. And so, being mature in rationality and emotion, untrammeled by binding obligations, childlike only in instability and inexperience, we are fit for all nobilities and worthy of large opportunities. Moreover, having passed at twelve years old the tests for a sensible peasant, we are expected by civilization to gain in the next half-dozen twelve months all the delicate perceptions of a finely developed humanity. We must, as it were, cover in these brief six years the distance which the Western world covered in the six hundred years between the fourteenth century and the twentieth. Yet custom at present provides no adequate mode of conveyance.

To make sure that this journey is accomplished, in very fact and completely, takes no little ingenuity. The twentieth century has already gone far. Boys and girls, to-day in school, to-morrow will grow up into a world where men and women work together in the greatest freedom and in all sorts of relative positions. They will grow up into a world where everyone works and everyone is expected to give good, adequate, intelligent service. They will grow up into a world where a limitless supply of pleasures in every hue and size, of every taste and smell, urges itself upon them, and they must either choose or be suffocated. Nothing will be out of their reach and everything will clamor for acceptance. The common sense and discernment with which they must behave, in order to fill their future lives with wholesome joy and a sense of firm triumph, must come from experience which they have gained under rational, loving guidance through abounding opportunity, during the six years of early maturity. We commonly call it 'adolescence,' growing-up, but we seldom realize how far toward grown-up these adolescents are.

At present little is being done to make sure that Youth shall get this experience with opportunity. During these maturing years most young people, who have not gone to work, very nearly mark time, both socially and personally; or they run in a kind of entertaining squirrel-cage, many of them with a notable impatience and a smarting sense of futility. Many of us older people, too, feel in looking back that these years from twelve to eighteen were for ourselves the most unhappy years, or at all events the most unsatisfactory years, of our lives. We were laughed at; we were snubbed and nagged; we were misunderstood. Our affections were derided, our ideas were slighted, our faults were exaggerated, and our ambitions were ignored. Or

else we were let to go our own way without much help or hint.

This usual attitude of the grown-up world toward adolescence is reflected in books. Writers seem to think that this early youth is essentially insincere, that there is a kind of humbug about it. They almost never picture it except with raillery, or with annoyance, or with an air of kindly indulgence; and the current names for it — 'hobbledehoy,' 'the doldrums,' 'the awkward age' — show how much this uncomfortable state of things has been accepted as inevitable and natural.

Why should it be inevitable? These years bring a state of natural development which was suited in earlier centuries to taking up all the cares of a household, of fatherhood and motherhood, and of getting a livelihood. If, possessing such ample powers, youth now feels baffled, there is something wrong with what its powers have to work upon, something inadequate in its opportunity. The fact is that, in our determination not to have them 'grow up' until they have become civilized, we have simply prolonged their infancy instead of extending their experience. Hence we have produced, at the age of eighteen, marriageable material only externally civilized, and therefore but poorly prepared for the complexities of modern life. Consequently, much of modern life is still a poor attempt at civilization.

Instead of preparing the youngsters by helping them to form sound mental habits, we preserve in them a muddled inexperience by teaching them a few social customs, and little else. This we do, not because we believe that it is the best way to provide for the future, but because we know it is the easiest way to manage for the present. In the future, they must take care of themselves. In the present, we have to take care for them. Therefore we fail to be responsible for the future, and for the present we do what is most convenient — that is, what has been done before and what demands least ingenuity and insight. The way, for instance, in which we fail to prepare them for the coming of adult life, where men and women mix in indiscriminate community of work and play, illustrates our whole procedure — it cannot be called a method. In the same helpless way, too, we ignore their coming need to choose work, and even their need to choose pleasure. Our social customs, our whole educational procedure, needs to be reconsidered in view of its after effects.

II

Everyone knows that the intelligent character of the people who settled this country in the seventeenth century, and the sturdy demands of the life they had to lead, put men and women from the beginning more on an equality than they had ever been in the old countries. Segregation for women was impossible because of the pioneer life, and was unnecessary because of the good sense and busy-ness and good health of the men. So, in the travels and memoirs of Europeans who visited this country in the eighteenth century, we always find admiring mention of the beauty, purity, and capability of the women and of the chivalry of the men. Notably a French chevalier, who recounts his amours in every country of Europe, drops the tone of gallantry when he tells about the States, speaks with enthusiasm of the women, but has not one story to tell of his personal conquests. In the nineteenth century, up to 1870 or so, the same general conditions lasted. Customs differed in different states, but everywhere boys and girls mingled in great good-fellowship; a young girl could go from one end of the country to the other unattended; and American

husbands were the amazement of European men. Still, education for women was slight, and women had no occupation but marriage. With the establishment of the academies (about 1850), girls began to have the same education as boys — first in school, later in college; and, as a matter of course, boys and girls were at first educated together.

To-day, among our well-to-do people the practice has increased of separating boys and girls from their very early years, and especially during most of their adolescence — that is, from the time when in savage tribes they might begin to think of marriage to the time when we are willing to have them think of marriage. Civilization having become so complex that adolescent marriages are out of the question, we seek to create for them, so far as may be, a world in which the opposite sex does not exist. The six years of their prolonged infancy would thus be an empty gap as regards experience in the difference between masculine and feminine. Of course, we do not succeed at all completely in creating this gap, and, of course, sundry and parti-colored notions about each other do get across; so that the boys are accustomed to call girls 'females' and 'petticoats,' and the girls talk about boys with giggles and flushed cheeks.

Now the difference between male and female can easily be taught at an early age and needs no elaborate demonstration. But the difference between masculine and feminine is impossible to teach, and can be learned only by prolonged and varied personal experience. Yet we all know that the permanent happiness of every marriage depends on good mutual understanding between husband and wife; and the permanent success of every family of children growing up depends on good understanding between father and mother; and the permanent success of the liberation of women is to depend on good understanding between men and women — freed from jealousy, flirtation, and self-consciousness. Savagery recognizes only male and female. It is one of the achievements of civilization that masculine and feminine have been discovered and developed. So, since the object of 'prolonged infancy' is to induct the primitive nature of twelve years old into the mysteries of civilization, it would seem that there is something stupid about us if we arrange for those years to be spent so that a boy or girl cannot possibly learn one of the profoundest and most beautiful of all the mysteries that civilization has unfolded.

Of course, there are all sorts of good arguments put forth for this separation of boys and girls; but each comes back to the fact that the elders do not know how to manage with them together, and, consciously or not, believe that all the entanglements and disasters resulting from sex are inevitable; so that the only course is to stave them off as long as possible. These elders have never really learned, themselves, the difference between masculine and feminine, or the difference between love and admiration, or between love and desire, or desire and impulse, or impulse and passion, or passion and love. They have never discovered, either mentally or vitally, where emotion ends and physical excitation begins. They do not apprehend the relation between thought and action or know the potence of root-ideas. In fact, they must still look upon boys and girls from the outside, as if they themselves were still in the epoch of childhood. They still see and judge the whole world as you see and judge a person who is approaching you from a distance. The first thing that you are aware of is sex—this is man or woman, boy or girl. As the figure draws nearer, you notice clothes. And when it gets

abreast of you, you observe looks — beauty or none. If there is then talk, you begin to watch character in the face and voice, and decide whether you like this person. Later, you may come to guess a few of the thoughts, and last of all, come to share the inner feelings. So do almost all grown-ups proceed in their dealings with children, and it is surprising how many have completely lost from their memory the inner life of their own youth. Consequently, they have little clue to the invisible in their own children, and they seldom get to know what thoughts and feelings live there.

But, in coming to know ourselves, impressions arrived in just the opposite order. We were first aware of our own feelings in babyhood. Then, little by little, we noticed that we had thoughts. Then, we used voice and face to give out small portions of those thoughts and feelings — inadequately — to others. That we had any looks, lovely or otherwise, would not have occurred to us until we were well into our teens (perhaps never) if other people had not invaded us with remarks about it. And clothes, too, did not become a serious interest until other people's interest became evident. As for sex, we were wholly unaware for years that we had any; and even now, grown-up men and women, married even, each of us thinks of himself or herself just as a person, different from all other persons — not as a man or a woman herded into a sex. In fact, your own inner life is not a sex-life. Your feelings are your own; your soul is You. You may function as a man or woman; but you live and feel, enjoy and suffer, think and work, as a person, as a human soul.

III

Just so it is by nature with everyone. Consequently, so long as we talk about boys and girls from their outer aspect and think about them in their outer seeming, we fail to treat them in a way that suits or satisfies either of them. So soon as we think about them in their inner mental and emotional aspects (see them, that is, from the opposite direction — as they see themselves), and so soon as we talk of them as being like our former selves, not as special and separate kinds of creatures, then we become rational and put them at ease with us and with life. If only our elders had treated us so when we were young, how different we should be!

Viewed so, from within, boys and girls are in some points indistinguishable. In others they are as totally different. They are alike in emotional capacities, mental endowments, and physical constituents. They are different in motive force, in objects of interest, and in method of action and attention. A boy's action is always generative, with much surplus energy; while cogent, germinative warmth is a girl's characteristic power. His attention is toward pursuits, not persons; while persons are always her chief concern. He wishes to be his own master and the master of others. He is pugnacious and creative and has a great desire to excel. But she, though she delights in power, measures her happiness, not by things achieved or by obstacles or enemies overcome, but by persons pleased or won. She is very constructive, but often not creative at all. He is not docile, he has a native inhospitality toward all unmastered experiences and ideas, and he must believe that he does a thing because he is interested or compelled, not because another wishes it. She, on the contrary, easily behaves as she is expected to behave, and does not wait to accept the reason or adjust it to her nature; her nature does the adjusting. This makes her seem to reach an early develop-

ment, while he seems to stay young a long time, though he is really growing inwardly and is fully as old as she. It is characteristic of his mind that he can fail to see to right or left, but he sees straight on to the end of what he is looking at; the eye of his mind is a dark lantern, the light of his intelligence falls in a straight shaft. Thus he cannot see one part of himself or of the world while another is engaging his attention. All this makes him curiously without general self-cognizance and makes him appear to be built in separate compartments. She, on her part, has a power to stop her comprehension at any given point. Her nature tends to be diffuse, not intensive. She sheds illumination in all directions — not in one fierce penetrative shaft of attention. This is due to the almost complete intercommunicability of her physical and mental experiences; all parts of her communicate continually and have an equal share in all her doings. So she seems to be *all of a piece.*

So different are they in all that marks them masculine and feminine! But as we watch them, no sooner do we get to noticing how different they are, than we are forced to wonder if they are not after all indistinguishably alike. They have in common every emotion; they possess equally every mental faculty; they manage similarly constituted bodies by similar methods. Each is, to himself or herself, not He or She, but I — just a person, a free soul, using a contrivance called a mind, in a conveyance called a body. The difference between them, which is so obvious to us that we cannot for an instant forget it, is not in what they feel or what they think about or what they do, but in *how* they feel and think and do, in what they emphasize. The boy is intensive; the girl is extensive, as it were; the boy pursues *things;* the girl is all absorbed in *persons.*

This difference shows even in the way they sharpen pencils; and it is noticeable that the handwork in which girls usually excel is sewing, knitting, and embroidering, those constructive, non-creative arts which require little nice manipulation, and so little concentrated thought that feeble-minded persons can excel in them. Consider tennis, and watch a game of mixed doubles. Why do not the girls play as well as the boys? First, and most noticeably, because the girls are more interested in the players than in the game, and the people in the next court are almost as interesting as their own partners. Second, because the girl's attention is diffused and the boy's is intensive. And third, because a girl's muscular control lacks just the concentrated keenness that her mind lacks. In baseball you may notice the same differences; and if you play very much with girls, you know that they can be interested in games simply as a social pleasure, whereas boys want something to be happening: they want to feel that there is a fight on and that there's something to be won or lost.

Carry your observations into the intellectual world and you find the same thing. The highest marks in a mixed class are apt to be carried off by the girls. Why? Because the girls are willing to work as their teacher suggests. The boys are pursuing the subjects in fashions that suit themselves. So soon as a teacher appears who actually and honestly encourages independent work, makes the subject seem important, and stimulates real thought, then some boy shoots ahead of the very best girl, and the boys are to the full as satisfactory as the girls. But so long as teachers would rather lead than enlighten their classes, so long docile pupils will be held superior to sturdy pupils.

Or look at social life. Boys at an ordinary dancing party — arranged as it

is along the lines of pursuit and rivalry, prize and capture — accept it as a game. That girl who lends herself most easily, by behavior and looks, to play the part of prize is spontaneously singled out by them to be the centre of attraction, the belle of the ball; and they play the game with all the whole-hearted ardor of the boy-love of adventure. She, girl that she is, takes it all personally, and believes herself to be as essential in their lives as they are in hers.

All this goes to show that masculine and feminine is indeed a complicated difference which requires considerable apprenticeship to master. Boys and girls in the six precious years of early maturity should be getting their instincts clear about each other, developing their habits of mutual thought and behavior, trying their experiments regarding each other, and learning a little common sense. We elders should provide them with the necessary and suitable opportunity, steadying their instability and guarding their errors. We falter in doing this because we see so much failure that we fear to fail ourselves. We naturally take refuge in the easier, and seemingly safer, method of separation — and hope that the future will take good care of itself, since we know not how to take care for it. The reason we fail is that we have nothing to substitute for the objective, outside, traditional, obvious point of view which leads directly to love-affairs and matrimony. We have no vision of the boys and girls themselves, which looks within and regards them, first, as persons, and only subordinately as having sex, among many other characteristics. We have set aside six short years for their initiation into civilization, and we fail to fill those years with the necessary experience. We know that during that time they should be learning the innumerable inhibitions which go to make up humanized behavior — that is to say, civilization; but we provide for them the minimum of opportunities of seeing successful behavior or of exercising it.

IV

In three directions we have lacked invention to contract our own dispersed experience into a form compact enough to get into the brief training period at our service. We need a new plan in *talk tolerated*, in *play provided*, and in *work required*. As to talk, our everyday vocabulary is intended to reveal our thoughts; but it has a large part in forming them, too, for we repeat current phrases without stopping to think whether they are acceptable, and so we swallow a notion whole before we have had time to discover whether it will agree with us or we with it. Then it may poison us and we not know what ails us.

In the same way, what we say poisons and depresses, or feeds and stimulates, the youngsters who live near us. So far as regards these young people and their relations to one another, our present current vocabularies of words and phrases reveal a positively primitive paucity of ideas. When the children are two and three years old, if a little boy looks at a little girl with pleasure their elders call them sweethearts. At sixteen, if he does the same, they laugh and say, 'He's fearfully smitten!' or tell him with a chuckle, 'You like to play mixed doubles, not for the tennis but for the mixing.' Yes, he does; but in what resides the joke? These elders poke fun at every human preference, and expect to cure sentimentality by jibes, as they might cure greediness or a clumsy gait or poor handwriting. In this wise they reduce personal interests to the level of ludicrous tricks which should be got rid of. This confuses the

youngsters' minds and increasingly obfuscates their ideas.

Of course, friendship between boy and girl, as if between boy and boy, or girl and girl, is impossible. With each recurring generation of boys and girls the belief that it *is* possible springs up afresh, and with each recurring middle age is revealed anew the very obvious fact that it is impossible. And it is part of our half-blindness in this whole matter that we are inclined to regret or deny this fact, just as we incline to regret or deny that boys and girls are different, fundamentally. No regret need be wasted over either fact. Without the difference which makes the intimate emotional friendship impossible, modern marriage would not be possible, and the whole structure of modern happiness would disappear.

Moreover, why should we wish to duplicate a good thing of which we can have plenty, and go without another kind of pleasure which is equally delightful. A boy and girl cannot be exclusive chums or permanent intimates, but comradeship and cordial personal liking are altogether possible. Our boys and girls should have this without any ostrich-pretense of its being what it cannot be. Orient love among them is, of course, universal, and mutual excitement is unavoidable. Nor may we rightly wish to avoid it. In emotion, personal and selective emotion, lives the fire that makes our spirits warm, and expands them. It nurtures and perfects them.

We should desire emotion for our children, but not exaggeration or any perverted imagination of passion. In order that they may know the varying and shifting character of most human relationships, a variety of more or less excellent companions is necessary. It is our business to regulate times and seasons. Before they are eighteen, and while emotion is still lambent with a heat that does not sear, they should have experienced the fact that a very strong feeling may be roused by a very transient and truly slight interest. For, already, in their early teens, all the power to love which is to last for a lifetime, they have stored up, pressing for use. At the light touch of a small liking the whole cataract is ready to rush out.

And so it is in these early years that they should be learning not to pour themselves out in great gouts over what they like, not to waste their supply upon unproductive fields, and not to inundate. They should learn, too, that excitement, sweet as it is, never is lasting, and that a human relationship, fed on excitement, is wholly fleeting.

Of course, some girls and boys can never learn these things, but most can, and all should be given the chance. Gradually there should dawn upon them the difference between masculine and feminine, and all the subtle, infinitely important differences between love and admiration, or desire, or impulse, or passion. Without their conscious attention they will come to recognize the difference between physical excitation and true emotion. They will be getting their root-ideas established, and thought will become the ruler of their actions. In this learning, their elders should bear the part, not of instructors, but of experienced, understanding helpers, who do not meddle but are always watchful and ready in case of need. Instead, their elders only laugh, or interfere, or let them alone. How glad we should have been in our own young teens if our elders had treated us as companions, not as clowns or knaves or children; with respect, not with condescension or fault-finding or ridicule.

This is obviously not a suggestion that 'childish preferences' can be eliminated or 'calf-love' prevented. It is

only an affirmation that natural preferences shall cease to be called childish, and that first love shall not be called names. First love is real love — only its object is mistaken; it is poured out with too great lavishness, and unskillfully, as a child turning milk from a big pitcher into a little glass spills it over the table. The supply for a lifetime is spent on a fleeting preference. Fortunately, love is not a commodity. No matter how much is spent, the same amount remains. The preference was real and important; so slight that it was swamped by the feeling lavished on it, but nevertheless genuine. No preference of any kind is unimportant, and a girl's preference of one boy above another or many others is as inevitable as her preference for one girl above another, or for one flower above another. That girl friend will not always be the best friend, or that flower the favorite flower. This is not from fickleness, but from growth. The liking is genuine now and probably permanent. Our stupidity shows in treating her likings as if they were unreal, because they seem to us to shift so fast; and her liking for a boy as if it were different from all other likings in being funny.

Through these shifting preferences, boy and girl should be finding their way, in spite of the bewilderment of their natural instability, into a rational largeness of balance. They should be learning relative values and a sense of proportion, and how many things or persons at once may all be best. But our ways of talk mislead them. As did the talk of our own elders fail us, making us self-conscious and foolish, so does our talk now fail our boys and girls.

And in other ways, too, we fail. At present, most boys and girls are supplied with no chance to play together except in the age-old ways which tend to emphasize sex. Sex is one of the things which does not need emphasis. It makes itself felt wherever it goes. What need emphasis are the common interests and healthful pleasures which they can share as persons, putting sex where it belongs, in the undercurrent. Dancing parties without favoritism, game parties, outdoor sports, singing together, loud reading, and the like.

But their elders can easily counteract all the healthful and steadying influence of rational intercourse between girls and boys, if they persist in keeping up the antiquated vocabulary and hinting at the old-time jokes. We must gradually, as fast as we can, give up the idea that sex is funny. If we think of it as a purely scientific physiological phenomenon of rare significance and extraordinary power, the time-worn jokes will cease to enter our consciousness and our conversation, because they will be actively irrelevant. There will be no association of ideas to draw them out. For we shall know that sex is our greatest blessing, and shall coöperate heartily to banish all the mismanagement which makes it a curse.

But to the suggestion that the sex-joke has got to go, the world says, 'Impossible! It is as old as Adam!' Yes, and the drink-joke is as old as Noah, and the hell-joke as old as Orpheus. Old as they are, they are not immortal, for the hell-joke is practically dead in educated America, and the drink-joke can hardly raise a smile, it is so feeble. The first has died because children are no longer threatened with hell and grown people no longer think about it. The second is moribund because liquor is less and less familiar to children and by grown people it is more and more disused and disapproved. A joke needs a basis of familiar reality from which to turn its somersault. Even now the sex-joke has disappeared where the grown people have ceased to misuse sex, and the children regard it simply

as a scientific fact. Thus science is rapidly removing many of our old-time errors and the reliable old jokes that went with them. Nature is never funny. Fun implies choice, and there is no choice about a scientific fact. It is merely so.

Not only talk and play, but work, needs to be vivified, beautified, and amplified for the youngsters, if we are to show ourselves intelligent creators of civilization. School and home at present are pretty stupid purveyors of labor opportunity, take it by and large. Boys' schools as a rule proffer lessons from books in which good work is rewarded by funny little things called marks; and athletics in which good work is rewarded by clumsy big things called letters. There's always a little 'laboratory' science; in some schools there is even a little chance to sing, and in some a trifle of shop-work. Girls' schools are generally a little more interesting, but not much. The same ingenuities in manufacture which have deprived women of their usefulness at home are depriving youth also of all usefulness.

And outside of school, — in the evenings, or Saturdays, or Sundays, — there are often music lessons and dancing lessons, and possibly church and Sunday school. There are the theatre and the moving pictures and the magazines, the automobile and the trolley — all enjoyed through the passive reception of other people's industry. But comparatively few young people accomplish anything that is truly useful to anyone. In fact, they are treated exactly as they were when they were ten years old, except that they sit up later, have longer lessons, and are allowed more personal choice in the matter of clothes and amusements. They need responsible work which they shall do, in common or apart, with such zest that they will talk about it between themselves, just as they are to do when they are grown. Whether they shall go to school together depends on many practical considerations; but together or apart, their change from primitive to rational beings is not now marked by increase of responsibility or by opportunity for creation or execution.

If their elders can but alter their whole point of view about these restless young things, and think of them as interesting budding women and stripling men, — not as overgrown children, but as individual persons and future companions, — then the necessary changes in talk tolerated, in play provided, and in work expected, will come naturally; and there will emerge an adequate preparation for the grown-up world where men and women work together, where everyone works at something, and where pleasures must be selected, not merely accepted. Then boys and girls will no longer waste the years of their early maturity, but will be steadily growing up all the time.

NAMES

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

From Somerset and Devon,
  From Kent and Lincolnshire,
The younger sons came sailing
  With hearts of steel and fire.

From leafy lane and valley,
  Fair glebe and ancient wood,
The counties of old England
  Poured forth their warmest blood.

Out of the gray-walled cities,
  Away from the castled towns,
Corners of thatch and roses,
  Heathery combes and downs;

With neither crown nor penny,
  But an iron will they came;
Heirs of a great tradition
  And a good old English name.

An empty silence met them,
  On a nameless, savage shore;
But they called the wild, '*New England*,'
  For the sake of the blood they bore.

'*Plymouth*, *Exeter*, *Bristol*,
  Boston, *Windsor*, *Wells*.'
Beloved names of England
  Rang in their hearts like bells.

They named their rocky farmlands,
  Their hamlets by the sea,
For the mother-towns that bred them
  In racial loyalty.

'*Cambridge, Hartford, Gloucester,*
  Hampton, Norwich, Stowe,' —
The younger sons looked backward
  And sealed their sonship so.

The old blood thrills in answer
  As centuries go by,
To names that meant a challenge,
  A signal, or a sigh.

Now over friendly waters
  The old towns, each to each,
Call with their kinship in a name;
  One race, one truth, one speech.

THE COVEY

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

I

Dubbil, dubbil, toil an' trubbil;
Chilluns bile an' babis bubbil.

A BACHELOR, I never fully appreciated this Southern ditty until, in my wanderings, I reached the village of Royton. This North Carolina settlement consisted of a double row of frame-and-shingle houses scattered along the road halving a gigantic waste of second-growth pine and tall, feathery broom-grass, whose murmurous silence had become its own. Nothing was ever undignified or noisy about Royton, except its overworked church-bell which always gave tongue at the slightest provocation: the village, its turbid river, and the surrounding wilderness itself, seemed wrapped in eternal Sunday. At sunset, down the wide expanse of red clay known as Main

Street, loped the big brown rabbits of the sedge-fields. As if aware that they were 'nigger game,' and that the price of 'hyar skins,' at the post-office store, had recently slumped to three cents from the boom price of five cents, they barely condescended to dodge under the house porches when perfunctorily snapped at by some of the pointers of the town — magnificent dogs, apparently belonging to nobody.

Royton was a democracy of sport. The river lowlands swarmed with game; everybody's gun and dog belonged to everybody else, and everybody went 'gun-crazy' when the sassafras turned yellow. The men — mostly engaged in cotton-raising, when not hunting — were typical Southerners, generous and sociable, keeping open house, and liking nothing better than to have the transient stranger drop in to supper, even though it were only cold coon and cornbread. Singularly, their chief characteristic was an extreme New England sadness. To see them, one would have thought they bore the burden of the world. Nevertheless, they loved dearly to talk, and, still more, to listen, and, occasionally, forgetting dread responsibility, were sombrely gay. And this, despite the awful thought that, with every fourth tick of the clock (they were well primed with missionary statistics), a hapless native of Hindustan, or of East Africa, died and went to hell — a catastrophe inevitable to those perishing without the Methodist version of 'The Word,' for which negligence, they, the enlightened of Royton, would, at the Judgment, be held collectively and individually responsible because they had not sent enough missionaries. Meanwhile, the negro population at their doors flourished in a state of joyous unmorality which would have been a credit to Liberia.

To offset this religious incubus, the older men appeared to have no redeeming petty vices. Cards were anathema, horse-races, frivolous books, and newspapers were unheard of; they chewed little, smoked less, and drank not at all. Even business trips to Weldon were under surveillance. But there was one subject upon which all could relax and discuss freely — hunting. My brother Charley, a famous shot, had hunted in many states. I had hunted since boyhood. Consequently, nearly every night our room held an areopagus of solemn bearded farmers, sitting on the bed, straddling chairs, trunks, boxes, or anything they could sit on, holding session until twelve, and, when the events of the day's hunting were exhausted, waiting eagerly for somebody to say something new.

Mr. Ransom Tracy, with whom, on our second trip, we boarded, was a tall, swarthy, dark-haired man, with tired eyes and a droopy black moustache. He was as brave as a hawk and as hardy as a wolf — one of the quiet, iron-handed few, who, with buckshot and rope, kept down the sullen, half-wild negroes. But indoors — what a change! Never lived a man so utterly cowed by his own actions — narrowing religion and redundant matrimony. He must, indeed, have been 'caught young' to have become so absolutely domesticated. Even now, for all his forty-eight years, hard times, and low cotton, he continued to be an anti-Malthusian renowned beyond the borders of his native state. His house, though unpainted, weatherworn, and dilapidated, was the undisputed centre of that amiable industry. It buzzed, it swarmed, it seethed with life — life all-pervading and never quiet.

Within the dingy, low-ceiled dining-room, at morning and evening, fraternally feasted Mr. Tracy, his wife, nine children of nine consecutive ages and every variation of temper, three

black-and-tan foxhounds, two cats, a pointer puppy, my brother, myself, our two setters, and an opossum. This last, an involuntary guest, was usually confined within a slatted box and dragged continuously around by child number three (reckoning in order from the baby). Now and then, the enchanted owner would insert a hand through the slats, wiggle his fingers, and gurgle, 'Putty Pussy! Putty Pussy!' to the evil, white rat-face cowering at the bottom. Somehow the anticipated yells never came.

During supper, which invariably consisted of fried muskrat, fried squirrel, fried quail or robins, fried cabbage, and — I had nearly said fried — coffee, and heavy bread, the children, aligned along the walls, like caryatides in a temple, kept anxious lookout for a possible seat. When a vacancy occurred at table, a miniature class-rush always took place for the coveted position. The from-four-to-eight-year-olds never became entirely accustomed to us. Even when deep in bread-and-molasses, they kept gazing in wonder and awe at the ferocious 'strangers.' When spoken to, they would shyly turn aside their pretty, tousled heads, stick a particularly dirty finger into the corner of a rosebud mouth, and giggle in the fascinating way which, nowadays, one finds only in telephoneless country districts.

The dogs, having from necessity become comparatively friendly, had formed beneath the table an association for the recovery of scraps. There, canopied by the table-cloth, — a permanent fixture, — they remained. The cats, from the safe altitude of the window-sills, regarded us with that Egyptian toleration for lesser races which, from lion to Manx, becomes them so well. Every few minutes, a moist, appealing nose appeared beneath the sheltering tablecloth. I can never resist those familiar, insistent nudges at my elbow, — there is no use trying, — so I would give the pleader a piece of gravy-soaked bread or something easily gulped.

Once I forgot and gave a muskrat thigh, which, fried, is about as palatable as a burned rubber shoe. This, being dragged into the midst of the association, — which was not getting fat on scraps, — instantly started, among our legs, a dog-fight of no small proportions. At the first growl, the younger children set up a concerted yell; the older ones jumped up, backed their chairs off, and got behind them; Mrs. Tracy set the baby out of harm's way, while Charley and I lifted the tablecloth and grabbed at distinguishable parts of top dogs. As things got worse under the table, and more dogs, out in the hall, added their voices, Mr. Tracy, that long-suffering domestic pacifist, laid down his knife, lifted his droopy, black moustache from his coffee-saucer, licked it, looked thoughtfully, first at his guests, and then at his wife, rose, kicked viciously at the linen-draped snarl, and then swept, with one broadside of his booted leg, the entire warring mass out into the waiting darkness of the icy hall. The slamming door caught the tip of a vanishing tail or ear, and the ensuing yelps took five minutes to expire.

Supper over, we would retire by platoons to the adjacent sitting-room, where the from-four-to-eight-year-olds, after a careful elimination of less-favored pets, distributed themselves, in positions dear to childhood, beneath the furniture, and there began tormenting their favorites, meanwhile peering out at us as if we were gorillas or strays from last year's circus.

But this settling down was carried out in comparative quiet. An air of uneasy expectancy overhung the room; voices were lowered and eyes wandered

toward the closed double-door of the hallway. Presently, it opened, and in strolled the two pretty grown-up daughters, for whose maiden dignity the dining-room chaos was, evidently, too much, and who had taken their meal in the back kitchen. As Charley and I stood upon their entry and offered them our chairs, and everybody else — often including a male visitor — kept, contrarily, the closer to their own seats, we acquired, in consequence, a reputation for extreme worldliness — in fact, were considered decidedly Episcopalian, whatever that implies.

For a while, all was peace. Presently, one of the younger girls, who had reached the age known as 'fryin' size,' would become increasingly self-conscious, restless, and fidgety. Then, with a side glance at her mother, she would sidle over to what, at first sight, I had taken to be a combined hatrack, mirror, and writing-desk. On pulling a handle, down came the entire upper front half; a keyboard and a row of black-headed knobs appeared. A bit more pushing-in of knobs and pulling-out of handles, and it evolved into a sort of musical instrument — a 'melodeon,' I believe they called it. Then Miss Sweet Sixteen, planting herself before it, would give a twirl or two on her piano-stool, toss her red-ribboned pig-tail, and, with a vocal sister on each side, would commence 'The Battle of Prague,' or something equally thunderous. Shade of Wagner! The volume of sound emitted by this diabolical offspring of a steam calliope was beyond belief. Because of its being practically new, heavily polished, and much too tightly wound, it literally shook with brassy, jarring diapasons. The stuffy room, already overheated to headache point by a white-hot drum stove, seemed to rock and reel. Pictures on the walls, the efforts of high-school genius, — square, disheartening winter landscapes so a-glitter with powdered isinglass that they hurt the eye, — trembled on their wires. My seat being close to the stove and partly inclosed by the concave tin fire-screen, sound became tangible; it penetrated the inmost cells of my brain; my eyes grew hazy; through the haze the bright melodeon roared — a monstrous, brazen Moloch of sound; my ears boomed; the top of my head hurt.

Mr. Tracy regarded Moloch with visible uneasiness. His usual procedure, when the girls first began 'making motions' quasi-musical, was to pretend that he had n't finished skinning muskrats in the back kitchen, or else to take his gun from a corner, sling his lantern over his shoulder, call his hounds, and announce that he was going to make a little round of the river shore to see if 'I might n't start me a coon' — a motion always enthusiastically seconded by Charley and by 'Budge' Tracy, the oldest son. When forced by a frown from his wife to stay and face the music, moving his chair over beside me, he would cross his legs, loop his hands around his knee, and, locking his fingers in the form of 'here's the church and here's the steeple,' settle down for the evening with a marital look of 'I can suffer and be still.' Then, remembering, he would suddenly brace up and manfully assume the air of prideful despair distinctive of the fathers of marriageable daughters completing their schooling by 'taking music.' One night, during a lull in the soniferous typhoon, he confided to me, behind his hand: 'Barton, dogged if the girls did n't get their money's worth when they got that thing. A cow was swapped for it. But [brightening] she war n't much of a one. Mighty puny. They raised her.'

He was not the only one manifesting uneasiness concerning Moloch. One

Saturday night the supply of dolorous secular discord gave out and the musician unexpectedly turned on a hymn. About half-way through the resultant uproar, happening to look up, I noticed, over against the closed dining-room door, a child — Adrian — number five (reckoning in order from the baby). He had thrown himself on the floor in a passion of rage and grief, and, totally disregarded, was revenging himself by lying on his back, with his feet over his head, drumming with frantic heels against the rattling panels. His glistening face was so crimsoned by inaudible screams that it seemed about to explode. When I rose and walked over to pick him up, Moloch stopped; but Adrian went on, and I was rubbing my arm, bruised by a wicked kick from the little demon, and thinking of the cynic Frenchman, who, distracted by his host's children, drank a silent toast to the memory of Herod, when Mrs. Tracy remarked, 'Oh, don't bother with him [smiling and rocking away in her low chair, which she overlapped, like a very opulent rising of dough in a very small bowl]. Let him alone. It's "Rock of Ages." He always does that way when it's played. He don't like it. Never did.'

II

During the second week of our stay Mr. Tracy was absent, and I sat at the head of the table. Children numbers two and four (reckoning from the baby) sat, one at each elbow. Number two, a fat, jolly, red-cheeked infant, at first, overawed at my baleful proximity, refused to eat. At the next meal, because of gumdrops, he became more friendly; and, at the next, after fixing me with a wide-eyed smile of recognition, he joyously waved his spoon aloft and brought it down on my ear in a pat of gumdroppy anticipation. The spoon, coated with hot oatmeal, filled the ear and scalded it considerably. Nursing it with a napkin, I was on the point of asking Mrs. Tracy to let me move to a safer locality, but she forestalled me. 'Mr. Barton, you must n't mind little Milton. He never had no table manners.'

Mrs. Tracy was dominant maternity personified. She had paid the toll. I often wondered what she must have looked like when a girl. Obviously, she had never been a sylph; but even now, when she smiled, in her broad, kindly, double-chinned face, one could still catch the pathetic ghost of girlish beauty. Married and mother at fifteen, her home was her world. And that world she knew; there was nothing domestic that was foreign to her; but of the world beyond her door she knew no more than if it had not existed. She considered herself a wonderful cook, and the main joy of her life was a peculiarly tall cooking-stove built somewhat on the style of the melodeon. She really knew no more about cooking than a Patagonian. It never seemed to occur to her that pine-knots are too hasty for anything unfryable.

One morning, at a lamp-light breakfast, after vainly looking the table over for something more than partly done, I decided to try the rolls. These case-shot were the only edibles within reach which appeared to have had more than a distant acquaintance with fire, the tops being brown, the middles moist, and the bottoms raw dough. I was getting along fairly well, eating the tops and slyly putting the doughy parts into my shooting-coat pocket, intending, later, to give them to my dogs. All at once there came a lull in the buzz of matutinal conversation. Glancing up, I caught her eye fixed upon the pocket, which was bulging considerably. She spoke, icily severe, yet striving to keep her 'company

manners': 'I think I never seen a man eat hot bread like you. That's seven of them rolls you've had already.'

Within a week of our arrival, we were almost members of the family. Our room, after we had gone hunting, was a Golconda for all the children. They must have spent the day there, judging by its looks at night. Our traveling-cases were turned inside out, our satchels invaded and rummaged to the linings, our clothes scattered, and our pipes sucked at for hours — the silver bands around the stems irresistibly fascinating the smallest toddlers. Sometimes a persistent sucker got sick, but never discouraged.

Two of the younger girls remained aloof. The elder, whom I called 'Swamp Angel,' pleased with her title, was merely shy; her sister, however, continued to regard me with such terror that it finally became a family joke. Often, to the infinite delight of all, at my slightest move in her direction, falling into uncontrollable panic, she would run from the room, or hide behind a chair whenever she caught my eye singling her out; thence she would peep out at me and dodge quickly back again, just as a sapsucker dodges around the trunk of an apple tree. I called her 'Miss Sapsucker.' The name still clings as fast as her namesake to its perch.

Determined to win them, I suggested to the family that we hold a story-telling contest. They were delighted. After that, every evening, when we were all gathered in the sitting-room, the fun began. I ransacked my memory, and, when my turn came, always started off with a fantastic tale from *Vicram and the Vampire*. This had one good effect — it stopped the melodeon. But it made the little girls shyer than ever, and I had about given up hope of making friends, when, on the last day of our hunt, both joined me, out in the pine woods, under pretense of looking for their cows. It was, evidently, a plot; it showed in every giggle. Very charming they looked, laughing and blushing, their hoods of white-and-crimson wool crowning long tresses of brown hair. They could outwalk a wolf, and gave me all I could do to keep up. For a while, restrained and timid, they kept off at one side; but oriental enchantment had done its work: soon, edging in, they walked closer, still keeping off, but listening eagerly to tales of afrite, genie, sultan, and slave, and venturing breathless, long-range questions. The first rabbit, starting from under my feet, bolting straight at them, and tumbled heels-over-head by a long shot as it swerved aside, dismissed the last trace of shyness until the excitement of picking it up had worn off. Then, panic-stricken, the younger girl ran away and hid behind a tree. Her sister, suddenly brave in her thirteen years, walked beside me, carrying the game.

It was lunch-time. We had walked four miles without another shot. Suddenly a succession of shrieks announced that Miss Sapsucker, still loitering behind, had started a rabbit all by herself. I scored a glorious miss with both barrels when bunny dodged down the rows of a cotton-patch, where the myriads of fluffy bolls made everything look like a multiplex 'cotton-tail.' Away it went over a distant hill. But not in peace. Before I could reload, Miss Sapsucker was up with us. She called her sister, and off ran the excited pair, so out of breath that they could hardly squeal. Then a little boy, carrying an immense shot-gun, came out of a thicket and joined the chase; and, far in the rear, our three black-and-tan foxhounds came slowly into view, nosing out the cold trail and beginning melodiously to mourn over it. Now, striking scent, they woke up, swept

past, and, outstripping the runners, all vanished over the hill.

Run as I might, there was no catching up, and soon, losing all trace, I stopped at a farmhouse for news. There I was told that the mistress, a widow woman with a reputation for 'running' people off her place, had gone down to the spring to see who was hunting on her land. I hurried on, reached the spring, broke through a tangle of intervening greenbriar, and saw a pair of black-stockinged legs waving wildly in the air, while their owner, Miss Sapsucker, stuck half-way into a hole beneath the roots of a water-oak, endeavored to pull out her dearest hound, which was holding on to something, 'like grim death to a dead nigger.' Growlings, scratchings, and muffled cries bubbled up from the underworld. Her sister, clasping an armful of struggling dogs, — including the pointer puppy which Mr. Tracy had been trying to keep from the very name of rabbit, — crouched on an overhanging root, ready to let slip the dogs at the first bolt of the quarry. The diminutive cannoneer, resting the barrel of his field-piece in a crotch, kept attentive lookout, and the widow, who had rushed there, supposedly, to drive them off, was enthusiastically directing operations with an axe.

This scene, the very spirit of the autumnal South, remains one of my rarest hunting memories. The warm November sunlight, showering through the russet of the still-foliaged water-oak, ruddying the silver hair of the old lady with the axe, and setting in shadowy relief the flushed cheeks and glowing eyes of the lovely Swamp Angel, the hollow baying of the eager hounds — all a vision never fading.

On Sunday mornings, a spick-and-span red-wheeled buggy, containing two admirers from 'up the road a piece,' would drive to our front gate and hitch. The occupants spent the forenoon in abject misery on the back porch, waiting for somebody to come home from church. They seldom spoke to me, but regarded me with dark suspicion. Stiff, in best suits of undertaker's black; hair 'roached' back and so shiny with bear's grease, or something unctuous, that it shone like a crow's wing in the sunlight; mouths partly open; feet and hands increasingly in the way; red 'store' ties of the 'butterfly' pattern; tight tan shoes and nervously twirling bamboo walking-sticks — they looked a desperately uncomfortable pair of mortals. They knew that the eyes of the entire community were centred on their every action; that their faint moustaches, ties, walking-sticks, and buggy would be the chief subjects of conversation for the next week; and that the name of their respective beloveds was emblazoned in letters of flame upon their respective 'biled' shirt-bosoms. So miserable and wilted were they by dinner-time, that it would be three o'clock before the gathering of sufficient courage to ask of the Adored, sedately perched upon the edge of a distant chair, 'Miss Ellie — er, care about taking a little walk — I mean up the road, to see Aunt Bessie's dahlias?'

THE SCHOOL SHOP

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

THE significance of the shop in the grade school, or even in the high school, is not understood in its total bearing on the development of children and the society for which they are being prepared.

If you are content — as most schools imply by their standard processes — with society as it is, and if you expect and hope for nothing very different, then things may remain more or less as they are, with the shop in the very inferior place in which it is found, and with the people who teach in shops wholly unequal to the magnificent opportunity afforded. At the bottom of this comparative indifference to the school shop is the philosophy — a social philosophy on which the world's institutions, even of the standard democratic type, may smash up — that the hand may be dishonored with impunity. By dishonored, I mean that hand-work may be considered inferior to brain-work to such an extent that the disparity between the rewards has, in the industries, reached the elastic limit, and prompt and copious adjustments in the other direction are imperative.

There is no health or promise of longevity in any society that consists of a huge mass of Nibelungen — spiritually, mentally, and sometimes physically, underground — beating incessantly on the anvils of their monotonous tasks; and at the other end the people of Walhalla, engaged in intrigue and exploitation, in the great game of industrial production, and, as a result of it all, poisoning the air with their banalities.

Between these two extremes wanders at present a rather bewildered multitude, convinced of but one thing on the whole, namely, that climbing up into the seats of the scornful leisure class is the important issue in life, overrating the brain-worker, underrating the hand-worker, their own hands hanging, — rather limply, — rattling knives, spoons, and forks; largely uninformed, unskilled, wasted.

Too many people confess without shame that they 'can't use their hands.'

Do they know or care, I wonder, that the only reason why a brain-worker has a brain is because his ancestor, that blue-faced, grimacing, arboreal apparition, had a hand — a small, black, sinuous hand — with an opposable thumb? It picked things up and gazed intently at them in its shifty, nervous way — dropped them, picked them up, took apart anything that would come apart, and then put it together again. Got a stick and dug a hole with it; got a stone and beat nuts with it; tied the stone to the stick, and was electrified by the results. And so, painfully, agonizingly, while geologic ages crept by — under the same sun, moon, and stars that light us on our own confident way, these hands of our poor ancestors built your nest and mine, O complacent one! And will you then forget this? Is there any point of honor involved in this matter of hand-work?

Whether there is or no, *you* are involved. You cannot longer neglect the sources of sanity and strength; and these are not in brains, but in brains

plus hands. And out of brains and hands combined comes that spiritual thing which alone irrigates the life of men — the thing which, after thirty years as carpenter's son and carpenter, produced a man capable of stooping to the earth before the Magdalen, and asking that most penetrating question of the brain-workers standing there with their stones; and in his profound oriental way, telling those immortal stories of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. Will you trace that genealogy back to the black hand of the ape and then not *reverence* that hand and all hands?

The old school system under which the writer suffered was, of course, far worse than the present one in respect to this shop question. But then the life of families was much more manual than it is now. There were no telephones or electric lights, very few theatres and these expensive, no amusement parks, no automobiles, no moving pictures; in fact, there was a very different standard of interests. It was much more common to make things that could be made than to buy them, and children did more housework. Mother was not so apt to be either a 'great lady' or an imitation of one, with a charming manner but defective discrimination. And father was not diverted by an automobile and a golf-stick to a condition of almost total futility so far as teaching his children was concerned.

Mother and father taught the boys and girls very many very important things involving both hands and brains. Since they stopped, we have Domestic Science and Manual Training in schools. But they are still occupying humble places. The school person does not yet admit the value of shops in the school. He still sees mostly the formulæ dictated by the high schools and colleges in the form of 'requirements.' To be 'educated' or not is to pass or not pass the tests of the school people. You may be 'educated' and still be able to pass those tests; but there are many chances that you can pass them only by stultifying yourself. And also it can safely be stated that fifty per cent of the cultivatable area of children's minds is not touched at all but goes to complete waste — like a rainless land.

However that may be, it is well to consider this, that under the greenness and blossoming and fruitage of the mind there are certain very deep foundations, namely, the work of men's hands.

And if you get a generation of people to thinking that the vegetation that grows out of this soil is so superior to it that it can afford to insulate itself, why then you get a generation whose strength has clean gone out of it, like the strength of Antæus held off the earth by Hercules.

Teachers, lawyers, ministers, statesmen, writers, and business-men must be only phantoms and something less than real when they are in touch only with their own kind, and shut off from this other kind, whose opinion, though slow and sometimes inarticulate, after all is the final opinion, because the whole organic chemistry of society can be produced only by the salts which they supply. There is a very strong current in our affairs even to-day running from a region known as Feudalism, which is not any particular place in history so much as a particular area in the human heart, and one of the coldest and darkest. And this feudalistic polar current can chill a great many generous efforts in school and out.

And yet, too, hand-work needs always to be interpreted to itself, in order to feel itself an integral part of all that is beautiful and illuminative. It cannot be merely vocational; it cannot be postponed to the high-school and technical-school period. It belongs in

the elementary school, and should be given there the space and the time its importance demands, namely, as much space and time as any most favored subject. Over the door of such a school, you could then write these two words of Horace, — 'Integer vitæ,' — meaning wholeness of life, symmetry of life, soundness of life, and, therefore, poise and strength of life.

May I describe a shop and a shopman as, let us say, they exist in the school at X.

The shop is on the ground floor, with a special yard of its own, secluded and remote from the violence of the general school grounds. Over all the walls of this shop are maps, blue prints of locomotives and cars, big colored posters of steamers and sailing vessels, old models of all sorts, but especially of ships, besides innumerable samples of the work of pupils past and present. Lathes and racks of tools, benches, shavings and lumber, a band-saw and other machine-saws.

And, strange to say, some enlightened school board allowed a great fireplace, with a big clay head of Pan plastered on the front of it by the teacher, and a potter's wheel and kiln in a corner, where people with impulses toward pots and tiles and glazes can express themselves.

It is evident that the school board is only too happy to leave this department alone, except to supply anything it wants — when and as it wants it. When you find a spring in a thirsty land, you do not fill it with mud and gravel, unless you are an average school board passing that way, dragging the clanking school-machine in a cloud of dust.

Outside this schoolroom the children have built a harbor for ships. Down to the harbor goes the village street, with the miniature houses of the community, the wharfs and wharf-buildings; and at anchor in the 'stream' lie the model vessels: schooners, square-rigged clippers, and craft of various sorts built and rigged by boys and girls; and lovely to behold, with one perfect poem by the 'old man' — the Santa Maria of 1492. There they swing to their moorings, reflect themselves in the water, and brush against the jewel-flower leaning over the side. Here new vessels are constantly launched and old ones refitted, houses repaired and replaced, furnished, and fenced.

In the shop, locomotives and cars, airplanes, steamships and destroyers, submarines and chasers, houses and furniture, and every sort of thing that goes with this teacher's plan of manual training, are made.

'We made the harbor out of concrete,' he tells me, 'and laid out the town, and planted the things, and started the water, and, by the gods, Nature adopted it at once! Within an hour there was a water-skipper rowing himself across, and the green and brown dragon-flies did acrobatics over it, and, best of all, after we had a lot of fish in it, one day we heard the exciting rattle of the belted kingfisher — and there he sat, like an Indian chief, and, if you please, he dived in and got one of our biggest ones!

'You see, we make houses with things in them. But we get the drawings of actual houses from architects, and scale them down, and go by the drawings. Or we make our own drawings, as we did for the simple houses of the fishing village. Girls would rather make houses than anything else, and the furniture — maybe that is unfortunate, but it is true. Their adventure is a house adventure; they seem to know it — God knows how! And think how many of them are going to be poor little 'apartment' creatures. Ah, what a shame! what a shame! All that mysterious power, and that most

exquisite aroma of the woman and her household, sterilized by these stony compressors of life — these apartments! I read recently Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago — there* was a household for you!

'So we make houses and nothing but good houses — with proportions and window-spacing *right* and roof-lines right. And then we furnish them, from cellar to attic: beds and bathtubs, looking-glasses, chairs, and tables; and we *live* in our houses, we sing in them, we love them and the grounds around them. We do everything the best way — considering our age; not the second best or the third best. I think I am more interested in girls than in boys because, after all, they are the determining factors — if they will only *stick*; if they refuse to allow the temperature of modern life to evaporate their fertility, — you know what I mean, — mental, moral, *and* physical.

'Now take this business of making ships. If you can get a feeling for ships into boys and girls, what can you get along with it? Oh, lots of things, of course, but, among them, this — the beauty of economized strength and the ugliness of waste. There is n't a thing about a ship that is not necessary, and there is n't a thing that is not compressed into the smallest dimensions compatible with the strength required. There is no technique so organic, so moulded by nature's forces, as the technique of shipbuilding. And the result is, you get about the most beautiful thing a man ever made.

'"Don't waste yourselves," I tell them, "unless you want to be a scow, something to be forever towed about, a flat-chested, slab-sided drag on the universe." And then there's all the historical romance and geographical significance of ships.

'We read a good deal about old Salem, about that Derby family and the boys they bred then, who commanded East Indiamen when they were twenty-five, — *The Clipper Ship Era;* that's a great book, — and we read all sorts of things, from Conrad and Masefield and Richard Dana.

'When I have my own school, it will be where you can look out every window on to the level, blue, flashing sea, with gulls swaying and screaming. And after school, down we tumble into all kinds of boats, with red turbans and sashes, ear-rings and knives, wooden legs and black spots, and trim the sheets for our own Treasure Island where we have things buried — especially some kind of grub.

'And here are our locomotives. We got drawings; you can't make anything produce the illusion that it's a real thing, that you 're only looking at it from a long way off, unless you get proportions right. As soon as you do that, you see, even though this Pacific type six-coupled passenger locomotive is only 18 inches long, it 's got weight — what? and dignity, and the atmosphere of a whole railroad. You can hear it sizzle, can't you?

'The locomotive is a wonderful symbol of human integrity. The people who make locomotives have simply got to be honest to the core. You can make plenty of things with bad spots in them which won't show up. There are too many people who could n't possibly be trusted to make a machine like this. Soundness of heart, — integrity, — that 's the first requisite of the locomotive-builder.

'And we worked on Santa Marias, having got a great send-off by reading up bits of Hakluyt, and things about Prince Henry of Portugal, and an article by some fellow explaining the war — explaining how the discovery of America had taken the pressure off Europe, but now the pressure was on again. Well, I made mine as carefully as I

could, because it was a lovely subject.

'Look at her! Spain and the Cape Verde Islands! Dagos with red sashes and big pistols and knives and hairy chests. And the old man up there, smelling his way across the meridians, walking up and down, talking in low tones, day after day, two months — when, bang! a light ashore, and the land of Abraham Lincoln at daybreak.

'And there's the Fram over there, with the stack and the foreyard. The Fram of Nansen and of Amundsen — a great boat. Oh, we know all about her, and about the Thetis and the Bear and the Albatross; and we know about the men, from Dr. Franklin down, anyhow. We've read all their stuff; and what stuff it is! Is n't it funny they never get going on this sort of thing upstairs? [In the schoolrooms.]

'We read the things that Scott and Shackleton did just the other day — Shackleton going back, and back again, to get those men left behind — Shackleton is a great name in this shop. And there's the Fram standing there, with the crew down below — old Sverdrup and his boss and his folks, hard as iron and gentle as babies. There's something fit for a man to talk about when he's making the Fram — how to be brave as a lion, keen as a knife, but harmless as a dove; how to be like Nansen, Amundsen, Scott, and the rest.

'We talk of these things, and I have an idea it goes in; I don't know — nobody knows — it's all a gamble, of course. But that's what the Fram was built for — to get that idea across. What honesty and directness, and the pure fine stuff there is out in the open and among this sort of people! And look at the environment of these poor children, the quality of the days and nights of their parents. The richer they are, the worse it is: a terrible mess, that's all you can call it.

'Do you think the war has clarified things much? Perhaps for many of those who were in it; but I don't notice much change in the people I meet, except the labor people.

'Let me give you an idea what we have to say about labor. We made four ocean steamships. There's one of them: 34 feet draft, 882 feet long, four decks above the gunwale. The Titanic. Oh, the things to talk about! Did you ever read that book, *The Truth about the Titanic*, by the man who stood all night up to his knees in Arctic water on a raft, with seventeen other men, not daring to turn their heads? And old Captain Smith: think of the things in the mind of that man as his ship struck! There's a symbol now that's interesting, — that Titanic, — rushing through the Arctic sea, between two abysses, all ablaze with light and warm with its life and power; and then that cold finger touches it, and it trembles — and stands there under the impassive stars a while. I can never forget it. How can anybody? And I feel called upon to talk to these boys and girls about the Titanic.

'But what I was going to say was this: What won the war? England's merchant marine, for one thing — with every ship carrying on her bottom plates stokers and engineers through the submarine zone; with no show at all; killed like rats; never expected to survive — doomed from the start. Rough stuff; but, Lord, what fidelity! Conspicuous bravery we know all about. Conspicuous bravery is easy compared with inconspicuous bravery.

'Did you ever read that *Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport?* Well, that's what I mean, inconspicuous fidelity to the bitter end — "to the final drinking of the *consommé*," as the Frenchman said.

'Now take tools and materials,' says this teacher. 'There must be great talk of formal discipline and all that, where textbooks are involved, because text-

books are the most uninteresting books in the world, and it is supposed by many people that the test of your character and the hope of your future consist in whether or not you are able to overcome your perfectly proper repugnance to these textbooks. But the discipline of the shop is grateful. There are exceptions — some of them known to everybody, no doubt. There are children who are congenitally averse to manual occupation; but the great majority of children crave it, even where the conditions are unattractive; and practically all of them would be deeply interested in it, if the conditions were made as congenial as they can easily be made.

'And the value is in every single step of both plan and execution. You can plan, but cannot execute, an impracticable thing. And the practical thing to which you are reduced suppresses those extravagant fancies with which you began; in other words, disciplines your imagination. You are up against inexorable things. Tools are inexorable things. If they are n't used exactly right, there is the evidence. A square and a level and a plumb-bob are absolutely final and positive definitions; and you rejoice with an inward joy in your surrender to the dictates of these judges of manual righteousness.

'Materials are the most perfect medium for the experience which shall illuminate the soul and ripen the mind; for they oppose your effort, and against that beneficent and lovely resistance you work out your ideas, with patience, with forethought, with skill, with pride, with self-revelation.

'Take wood, the stuff we use: white pine, cedar — smell that!' — handing me a cedar-chip, — 'and maple and birch for things that have to be harder.

'"How did this wood come to pass; what's the process? What did *you* have to do with it?" That's what I tell them. "And do you propose to *waste* this wonderful thing that simply cries out to you to use it sympathetically?"

'There's hickory, now. Hickory loves to be made into the handles of tools, and parts of wagons, things that are wrenched and twisted. But most of all it wants to be made into a bow. So we made a lot of hickory bows and arrows, feather-tipped and pointed. A nice job, that arrow-making. And while we make bows and arrows, we talk about Indians and play Indians, and practice shooting at targets, and have no end of fun tracking things, with a fire and great talk of adventure. A teacher of manual training wants to know a lot of stories, and if he can tell them, he's got his class nailed — they'll go with him through fire and flood. A man ought to have a pretty big range in his stories, and not be afraid to take enough time for them either, provided he can put them over right. And when he can't tell them, he can read them. Take a thing like *Wolf, the Storm-Leader.* I assure you there are parts of that thing I actually can't read, it has such an intense appeal. And then there's the boyhood of John Muir, for instance; and lots of good stuff besides. There's Beebe writing astonishing things in the *Atlantic*, or McFee — fellows like that. If they used these things upstairs, I would n't have to; but they don't and they won't. Do they ever think of Fabre, for instance, in connection with their nature study? Never! Never once!

'A manual-training teacher has the best chance in the whole school to connect up with life — with ethics, with romance. Yes, I know it: even the people who have these things in them are timid about exposing them. The other kind of person, who as likely as not is the school principal, shoots off some poison-gas in the shape of "practical" things to work at. Lord, the superintendents I have known!'

They work days in this fascinating shop, and nights too; and all work is interrupted frequently for talks or for a song or a story, while the instructor smokes a pipe and sits on the floor.

But enough! Do you catch this thing? Do you see that all the pagan and Christian gods and the mystery and beauty and joy of life are bubbling up here in a human spring? And like the pool in the garden, nature loves it; and children are so a part of nature that they would come in flocks if there were room and time.

My idea in describing this teacher is to make one thing plain: that *something* of this point of view, something of the elf, of the gnome, of the kinsman with creatures, of the intense lover of the music and poise and presence of things that men make and that men do, of books and art and people, *must be in a teacher of children.* Because this is the air children's souls breathe, and the bread their minds live on. And if happiness is worth anything in this world, — and we assume that it is worth everything, — then this color must be a part of the composition.

And everything else can be added to it — only seek first this Kingdom of God. And the things that are added are those fine adjustments between brain and hand — the power to visualize clearly the job, to begin at the beginning, and move forward toward completion by sure and accurate steps, even through very intricate places.

To do it right the first time! To do it as if you had done it many times before; having done it perfectly in your mind, there come in all those invaluable qualities that books never stimulate. For by way of the hand the mind still travels the enticing road to self-expression and self-fulfillment and to that most priceless sort of happiness which is poised upon itself.

If you say, 'How fanciful this all is: there are not enough teachers such as you describe to answer for a single city school system — and a small city at that,' the answer must be that it is necessary to discover such teachers; and the managers of normal schools and teachers' colleges should make it their particular business to select the fit from the mass and return the unfit with great care to a life involving less disaster to themselves and others. Also, and again, *teachers should be taken where found.*

And, finally, education must develop the appreciation of our common possessions. Then we should not be so insanely interested in building greater and greater barns, thereby exciting the envy of our equally greedy neighbors.

There has been but one entirely adequate characterization of the man whose genius was to lay up much goods for many days, namely, 'Thou fool!' Children are the opposite from this. The light that is in them is not darkness. They are naturally heliotropic, but they are fearfully misled. They are given compasses which point every way, and the compass they are entitled to points one way only, namely, to Beauty. For underneath Beauty is moral order, and moral order is the one thing indispensable.

THE REVOLUTIONARY INTELLECTUAL

BY J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

I

A PHENOMENON new to America is the growing sympathy among men and women of education with the ideals and methods of the revolutionary proletariat. An aristocrat deserting his class — a Gracchus, a Mirabeau — is an old, old story. That is not the present situation. What is taking place in America now — something with which Europe has long been familiar — is the formation of an intellectual *class*, revolutionary in tendency and bound together by a common antipathy for the present order of things. Although not organized, it has coherence; and it exercises power through a number of brilliantly edited journals, which, though recently established, have rapidly gained wide circulation and influence. It may be stated that the weekly which, unlike the daily and the monthly, is primarily an organ of opinion, is now largely in the hands of radicals, who are thus in a position to mobilize a large and influential section of public opinion in favor of their ideals.

The intellectuals are the one class whose power is not based on economic advantages, large numbers, or powerful organization, but on sheer ability to write, to think, and to speak. I use the word 'intellectual' in the European sense, as referring to a person of education and culture who is actively interested in radical and revolutionary movements. In this sense a scholar, no matter how learned and how devoted to his subject, is not an intellectual if he holds conservative views. A reader of Tolstoi, Marx, Ibsen, Shaw, and Sorel, no matter how young and superficial, is an intellectual, if his views of life are radical. I use these contrasts in order to emphasize the new meaning of the word, not to disparage the intellectuals, for among them there are to be found scholars and thinkers and scientists of a high order of ability.

It was in France, at the end of the eighteenth century, that the class of intellectuals had its beginning. The philosophers and encyclopædists whose ideas so profoundly influenced the French Revolution established a tradition that writers, teachers, artists, and scientists can exercise power in society provided it is used on the side opposed to the *status quo*. In the revolutionary history of France during the nineteenth century it was generally an intellectual who led the liberal and radical forces. Thiers, Lamartine, Blanc, Simon, Hugo, Zola, Anatole France, Jaurès are names that recall great crises in French affairs. The masses have willingly followed the leadership of the intellectuals, because they are proud of having their dumbness become vocal through men of letters who are able to voice their aspirations in a manner that makes them attractive and convincing to the public generally. The French tradition has been carried over to the other nations of Europe, and there, too, the intellectuals have generally assumed the leadership of the radical forces. Nowhere has

this been more true than in Russia, where, from the very beginning of the revolutionary movement, from Herzen to Lenin, the *intelligentsia* have been in the forefront of revolutionary activity. Naturally, the universities have been the centres from which has radiated much of the influence of the intellectuals, and the student-agitator has long been a familiar figure in Europe.

In America the young college man who is an intellectual corresponds to the 'student' of Continental Europe. A generation ago he was the foe of bossism and political corruption. How many generous-hearted, eager-minded college men entered public life to purify American politics of tyranny and corruption! The activities of young America in this field led to many reform movements, especially in municipal politics, which accomplished lasting good. Then another tendency appeared — social reform. Young Americans now moved to the slums, to live among the poor as settlement workers. They studied the lives of the workers and became ardent advocates of child-labor legislation, factory reform, minimum-wage laws, and social insurance. The muck-raking movement came along and exposed the connection between an inefficient and backward political system and evil social conditions; whereupon Young America ardently embraced radical politics, in order to make our constitutional system more efficient and more responsive to the needs of the day. It helped greatly in the formation of the Progressive Party, and, what is more, it gave to that party the intellectual basis which attracted the support of all forward-looking men and women throughout the country.

The final decade of the nineteenth century is of vital importance in the intellectual history of America. The revolutionary literature of Europe came to us overnight. Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Lowell, Emerson, Hugo, Taine were put into handsome bookcases with closed doors. On the open shelves appeared Shaw, Wells, Nietzsche, Marx, Anatole France, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky. New American voices were also heard, — some soft, some loud, but all in the same key, — in politics, in economics, in philosophy, and in literature. The rising generation heard the new voices from Europe and America with rapt attention; and the adventurous among them felt a call to explore this new planet that swam within their ken. The old appeals to political and social reform now fell flat. Fighting bosses no longer had the romantic glamour of the days of George William Curtis. Agitation for social reform no longer had the zest of the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Reformers are now regarded as dull, unimaginative, and narrow-minded. Let anyone today appeal to the intelligent young college man to join a good-government club or to live in a social settlement, and the response will be a disdainful smile. The young intellectual is absorbed in the study of movements whose revolutionary tenets make political and social reform look sickly and pale, fit for maiden ladies and unsophisticated suburbanites.

The radical pace gained momentum as it proceeded. First it was Fabianism, a pink variety of Socialism; then it was Marxian Socialism; then Syndicalism; now they are flirting with Guild Socialism and Bolshevism. The much-admired Fabian, Sidney Webb, has lived to see himself denounced as a stupid tool of capitalism. The veteran Marxian scholar, Karl Kautsky, long respected as a Socialist oracle, is now derided as a dull pedant. Shaw and Wells too have now reached the end of their influence, for they no longer appeal to the rising generation of intellectuals. In reading the preface to *Heart-*

break House one becomes conscious that Shaw's pessimism is due to a feeling of loneliness. Once he gayly charged full tilt at heavily armored conventions, cheered on by an enthusiastic, if small, audience. Now he is still in the arena, but his audience has vanished.

Nor is it only in social and political matters that the intellectual has taken an advanced stand. In philosophy he avows pragmatism; in art, futurism; in poetry, *vers libre;* in psychology, psycho-analysis. The subject in which he is not in the least interested is religion. That is not even a private matter; it is no matter at all. He does not pay the church the compliment of being hostile to her. He is not filled with hatred for religion, as were the philosophers of the eighteenth century; he simply ignores it as a force incapable of good or evil.

II

The rise of the intellectual class is a phenomenon of comparatively recent times. It is my purpose to attempt to explain its origin and evolution, in the hope that a clearer understanding may be had of the important rôle that it is now playing in the world. Human emotions are generally regarded as natural and unchangeable. Few suspect that emotions, like ideas and institutions, have undergone profound changes during the long history of mankind. During the centuries preceding the French and Industrial revolutions, the emotion that dominated society and determined one's attitude toward life might be described by the word sentiment. By sentiment I mean an attachment to a person, calling, institution, or locality, not to an abstract ideal or to a clearly defined principle. Sentiment was the supreme emotion of former days. Around institutions hoary with age, about persons symbolic of power,—the king, the priest,—men's imaginations wove a magic spell of awe and reverence. Within the confines of the mediæval town and manor there pulsated an intense emotional life, all the more intense because narrow; and it centred around the family, the guild, the commune, the province. Tradition was the bond that united the various elements among the living; it was also the bond that united the living with the dead. As generation succeeded generation, there was added layer upon layer of tradition. The older the tradition, the deeper the sentiment. Men of all temperaments, of all stations, of all ages, were insensibly permeated with this emotion. When Englishmen died for Charles I, when Frenchmen died for Louis XIV, they did not do so for love of country, or for the cause of monarchy, but because of the sentiment of loyalty to their sovereign. When the burghers of the Middle Ages rose against their lords, they were inspired by the sentiment of devotion to their commune, not by the principles of democratic government. When the explorers set sail for the New World, they were inspired by the sentiment of adventure, not by the cause of colonial expansion.

The French and Industrial revolutions destroyed, not only political and social systems, but also the power of sentiment. As these movements created new institutions, they also created a new emotion, unquestioned loyalty to principles and ideals. A man of principle, an idealist, will die for an abstraction, a cause, which in the social and political field has the same psychologic quality that dogma has in the religious field. It is absolute and true from first to last. It is of vital importance to note that a principle, unlike a sentiment, *can be realized.* On the way to realization it arouses on the part of its adherents an intense fervor; but once it

is realized, it dies as a propelling force and becomes accepted as a convention.

The nineteenth century was the Age of Principle. The dynamic changes which were taking place during that period in every department of human life compelled each generation to begin its life almost anew. Traditions, long the inspiration of past generations, now had neither a favorable soil in which to grow nor sufficient time in which to mature. Men were therefore compelled to seek new sources of inspiration, which they found in 'principles.' A traditionless society realized that the stuff of spiritual life must of necessity be a principle, first conceived as a great truth and then applied in the social order. Each generation has its own principles to formulate and to realize. That is progress.

The movements of the nineteenth century were all 'progressive.' The principle of democracy swept on till all political power was in the hands of the people. The principle of nationalism strengthened the bonds that united old nations like England and France, and created new nations like Germany, Italy, and the United States. The principle of religious freedom was realized to a degree little dreamed of by the skeptics of the Renaissance and by the Protestant Reformers. The principle of universal literacy was freely accepted and applied in the creation of national systems of education. The industrial classes, who succeeded the aristocrats as the controlling element in society, were liberal and progressive, being driven along by the dynamic society that had come into existence. They reformed and abolished, with scant regard for institutions for which there existed no rational or utilitarian basis. Something old was something no longer to be cherished, but to be thrown away. The middle-class revolutionists and reformers were doctrinaires believing in liberty, freedom, equality, progress, which were the motive power behind their incessant activity. They were in the grip of principles, and they could have no peace until these principles were realized.

In politics nationalism and democracy were constantly to the fore; and these two principles appealed to the idealistic youth of those days with an intensity that made them undergo all manner of self-sacrifice. History is only too full of illustrations: French revolutionists fighting behind barricades; Young Germany and Young Italy agitating for free and united fatherlands; Russian nihilists conspiring against autocracy; English liberals organizing reform movements. The protagonists of these movements were the rising generation of intellectuals, the flower of bourgeois youth, who sadly lived and gladly died to realize their principles.

By the end of the nineteenth century the great ideals that had stirred the period, nationalism and democracy, were in large part attained in Western Europe; and they became accepted conventions that no one dared, or even cared, to question. An emotional void was thus created for the new generation of ardent spirits. They came into existence in a world that had once struggled but was now satiated and content. What had been a hope was now a memory. The intellectuals of the new generation could not feed on old principles as once, in the aristocratic past, they could feed on the store of sentiment accumulated throughout the ages. The older a sentiment, the richer, the nobler, the more attractive it is. But the older a principle, the more attenuated, the more ragged, the more commonplace it becomes. Can anyone imagine H. G. Wells dying for Jugo-Slavia as Byron died for Greece! Or Bernard Shaw and Anatole France fighting behind the barricades for woman suffrage! Or Max

Eastman and Edgar Lee Masters dedicating their lives to the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall? The tragedy of nationalists and democrats, according to the intellectual, lies in the fact that they have realized their ideals. Their road to freedom has become a rut.

The passionate devotion of the intellectuals to the cause of the proletariat is not due primarily to their interest in the welfare of the poor. They know little of the lives of the poor because few, very few, of them have been workingmen, or have intimately associated with workingmen. Nearly all intellectuals are 'artists,' in the sense that they are individuals in whom the craving for self-expression is too great to be satisfied by conventional ideals. They do not find any emotional content in 'principles' which they abhor as characteristic of bourgeois doctrinaires. They desire opportunities for the expression of their personality in all forms and in all ways, and they are as opposed to new 'principles' as to old ones. For this reason many of them have reacted against Marxian Socialism, with its rigid logic and its dogmatic formulations; and they have gone over to the newer revolutionary movements, whose appeal is more mystical than rational. To the intellectual these movements hold out enchanting prospects for self-expression. In them they see possibilities of a new and richer emotional life, because they challenge the present world-order in its entirety, and propose to build a system of society on new foundations. Primarily these revolutionary movements are economic, but it is an economics touched with emotion, a strange and haunting phenomenon. One who is bored with the life about him, if he be of an adventurous temperament, will gladly set sail for strange and unknown shores. The journey alone is full of compensation, even if no goal is reached.

III

Modern society has a tendency toward uniformity and universality. The various classes, with their special privileges or discriminations, and with their distinctive dress; the various localities, with their peculiar customs and dialects; the various racial groups, with their traditions, which existed universally in former times, have now been amalgamated into a common national body and forced into a common national mould. Once Kent was as different from Northumbria as England now is from Italy. Strange to say, the artistic temperament was much freer to express itself in the aristocratic world of the past than it is in the democratic world of to-day. Was one dissatisfied with his environment, all he had to do was to journey a few miles to find himself in a totally new world. But now the differences between countries are ever becoming smaller, and a uniform civilization is rapidly spreading throughout the world, even in picturesque Asia and savage Africa. Calcutta, Tokio, Pekin, Cairo, and Cape Town are not so different from Paris, Berlin, London, and New York as they once were.

The triumphant middle classes have imposed upon society their morals and ideas, as well as their political and economic systems. A subconscious fear has seized upon those of artistic temperament, that the world will soon become a vast prison from which there will be no escape for one who desires to express himself in his own way. The freedom of the individual established by modern society has meant that individuals are free to contract; but once the contract is made, they are limited by its terms. This freedom of contract in whatever form, whether business, professional, or matrimonial, is especially hateful to the intellectual. He deems it a cunningly devised method to

entrap the individual into a surrender of his personality. What the intellectual desires is not freedom to contract but freedom to expand. He wishes to construct a society in which responsibilities will be borne by the community, leaving the individual free to develop his personality unhampered by obligations political, economic, or family. It is against modern society and what he calls 'bourgeois ideology' that the intellectual has raised the standard of revolt. What is more natural than that he should ally himself with the mortal enemy of the present system, the proletariat?

IV

As has already been stated, the intellectual is primarily interested in the social problem as a form of self-expression. Hence he is the leading protagonist of freedom of speech and of the press. Like all other great abstract rights, freedom of speech is as frequently honored in the breach as in the observance. Since the invention of printing every generation has had to fight anew for this right. It has never been freely granted anywhere by a government to those of its opponents who desired to overthrow the existing social system. Universal literacy, popular newspapers, and cheap books have made the power of the press the chief weapon in social control. It is likewise the chief weapon of those in opposition. A printing-press is more than a match for a regiment. Through the press the agitator may address thousands, and even millions, at the same time. This enables a propaganda to spread rapidly, and organized opposition becomes infinitely more easy of accomplishment than it otherwise could be.

Formerly the government was not only the most powerfully and the most comprehensively organized force in the community: it was the only force coextensive with it. Nowadays a counter-organization on the same scale can easily be set up; and though unarmed, it can reduce a government to helplessness by the simple expedient of having millions 'fold their arms' at a given signal. This is the terror of the general strike; and it brought to bay the Russian Tsar in 1905, and obliged him to call the Duma. The general strike is no 'social myth'; and any government may suddenly be brought face to face with a situation of passive resistance which can reduce its decrees to motions in a void. Freedom of the press is therefore assuming an importance little dreamed of in former days. Far more effective than censorship laws is the self-imposed censorship of the ordinary paper which steers the news into safe channels and directs public opinion through the editorial columns. So important is the press deemed to-day, that the newspaper offices were among the first to be seized by the Communists in Russia, Hungary, and Germany.

The intellectual finds that what he has to say is not welcome in the columns of the ordinary journal. On the other hand, the radical papers more than welcome his contributions because, in the first place, they pay little or nothing for them; and, in the second place, they are willing to print articles on all kinds of subjects of varied interest, such as free verse, futurism, psychoanalysis and feminism, which supplant the sporting news, society notes, and sensational stories found in regular journals. A Socialist paper filled with Socialist propaganda and labor news only would be so dull and uninteresting that even its most devoted readers would soon cease to buy it. Hence the editor throws his columns wide open to the intellectuals, many of whom are thereby given their first opportunity to write. A young man with literary talent, after his manuscript has been

rejected by conservative papers, sends it to radical ones, and finds to his delight that it is accepted. In this way the radical press becomes a sort of *salon des refusés*, and not infrequently the exhibition is of very high quality.

The sense of power that a writer has when he feels that his pen is influencing many minds makes a deep appeal to the intellectual. Through the radical press he satisfies his hunger for power and influence as well as his desire for self-expression. The intellectual has discovered that he can be far more influential as a radical than as a conservative; that only in opposition can his abilities be fully utilized and developed; and this discovery has profoundly affected the trend of his mind. The editor of the *Liberator* has a wide influence, not only over his readers, but over the community. What would he be as editor of the *Outlook?* The editor of the London *New Age*, a Guild-Socialist journal with a small circulation, is an important figure in English political journalism. What would he be as editor of the conservative *Spectator?* Bertrand Russell, long known and respected by students of philosophy, no sooner becomes an intellectual than he leaps into fame, and millions of readers in both England and America hail him as a prophet. No one would for a moment question Mr. Russell's sincerity, but would anyone question his enjoyment of his rôle as the popular author of *Proposed Roads to Freedom?*

V

Many of the intellectuals are of the class called in Europe 'the intellectual proletariat.' They are highly educated men and women who barely manage to make a living as writers, teachers, ministers, or artists. Their tastes are high, but their income is low; which conduces to a sense of irritation. I do not say that they are discontented with their lot. On the contrary, they are well satisfied with their work and wish for nothing better than to continue in their professions. But they are irritated. At what? At the sight of their prosperous relatives and friends who have money, but neither refined taste nor intellectual aspiration.

It is an error to suppose that the poor envy the rich. A poor workingman, looking at the mansion of the millionaire, is filled, not with envy, but with curiosity. To be envious would require far more imagination than he ordinarily possesses. We envy those only who are a *little* more prosperous than we, not those who are immeasurably so. A man getting a salary of twenty dollars a week envies the one who gets fifty, not his employer, who enjoys an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

From all that one can judge, the ability to make money is a special gift that some possess and others do not. This gift seems to be in no way related to any other, such as scientific ability, artistic taste, intellectual acuteness, or philosophic temperament. A man may be ignorant, dull, stupid, commonplace, and yet be an excellent business man. The modern industrial system has given full rein to those possessed of a peculiar gift for making money, and it has resulted in making the *nouveau riche* a common and irritating phenomenon. Take the struggling journalist or teacher, who hears that his cousin, a shoe-drummer, earned a commission of ten thousand dollars a year; or that his wife's uncle made twenty-five thousand dollars in a real-estate deal; or that his hustling school-fellow made fifty thousand in a lucky investment. All these successful ones he knows and despises as commonplace; yet they have the wherewithal to satisfy tastes such as he has, and to achieve ideals such as his.

Nature has dowered him with riches, but society has disinherited him. Being a reflective person, he sees himself in relation to the social order, and the incongruity of his position seems natural in a society that puts a premium on property. Were the existing system abolished, with it would go those who control through the possession of property. In a propertyless world who would lead, who would control, if not the man of brains and of ideas? So reasons the intellectual.

VI

De Tocqueville remarks, in his study of France before the Revolution, that the great error of the *ancien régime* was that it did not employ the philosophers; for, being free of institutional control, they developed the revolutionary ideas which inspired those who destroyed it. This was taken deeply to heart by Germany, where the *Gelehrte* were under the direct control of the government or under its strict supervision. The intellectual has not flourished in Germany. In democratic countries the atmosphere has been favorable to the growth of radicalism, either because the authorities have been liberal, or because numerous private enterprises, such as schools, journals, and societies, have been permitted to flourish entirely independent of government control.

Among the intellectuals in America three groups are to be distinguished: the 'free lances,' the poorly paid brain-workers, and the parlor revolutionists. The 'free lance' is ideally fitted to carry on the war against society. Having few or no home-ties, unattached to institutions public or private, earning his living spasmodically, caring little for public opinion, the natural enemy of everything solid and established, he is free to attack and offers no point for a counter-attack. To be held up to scorn and contumely by the respectable merely adds to his zest in life. The 'free lances' are generally the leading spirits among the intellectuals.

Although highly skilled, the poorly paid brain-workers are now the 'submerged tenth' of the labor world. Unlike the hand-workers, they cannot very well organize trade-unions, because they are scattered in small groups over the community, not concentrated in large masses as are the industrial workers. The strike is the one powerful weapon at the command of the hand-workers; it is, in fact, the *raison d'être* of the trade-union. But a strike of brain-workers, say of teachers, would work little hardship on a community, as intellectual labor, unlike hand labor, is a luxury, not a necessity. The inconvenience that such a strike would cause the general public would be trifling compared with a strike by coal, railway, or textile workers. A teachers' strike would be broken by the children, who would gladly welcome it as an unlooked-for holiday. The brain-workers can therefore improve their lot but slowly, as they are obliged to make their appeal to the general public; and what is everybody's business is nobody's duty. Actually they are in the same economic position as the unskilled, unorganized, low-grade laborers. Having no unions to fight their battles, their salaries falling ever further behind the rapid stride of the cost of living, secretly despised by their superiors, objects of sympathetic ridicule to the public, is it any wonder that many among the 'intellectual proletariat' listen to the voice of the revolutionary siren that bids them discard the ideals which they are urged to preach and which have brought them to so sorry a lot?

Much has been said of the college professors who are influencing the minds of their students in the direction of revo-

lutionary thought. In fact, a veritable panic has been created in certain circles, for fear of what might lurk behind that calm exterior of the professor. One who is acquainted with academic life knows that these fears are groundless. As a whole there exists no more conservative-minded body of men than college professors. Everything in their environment and in their training makes for conservatism. They are attached to institutions, which tends to a corporate sense of responsibility and loyalty. They are specialists, which inclines them to be cautious and slow in accepting radical theories. Moreover, they are in the main engaged in gathering and disseminating the knowledge of the *past*, and that gives them a historic sense which makes for conservative views.

Yet now and then some professor, always a man of romantic temperament, breaks away from his traditions, environment, and intellectual moorings to venture forth into radical paths. He becomes a marked man in the academic world, and before long he makes, or is forced to make, his exit. In former days the academic martyr found himself in a sad plight. Being generally unsuited for other occupations, he drifted rapidly toward the ragged edge. But times have changed. Outside the established world of opportunity, there is growing up another world of opportunity which is offering careers open to radical talent. I refer to the radical publications, some of which pay well for contributions; to the social and educational activities of the labor-unions, and to the new schools which seek to orient themselves in the problems of the new day. A radical college professor fleeing from the wrath of his trustees is welcomed with open arms in influential circles which give him far better opportunities than those which he left behind. The martyr is crowned, not with a crown of thorns, but with a wreath of laurel. Those who take up teaching in the labor colleges find to their surprise that they are held in profound respect by the workingmen, the ancient awe of the unlettered for the learned. These institutions will before long draw to themselves scholars of distinction, who may feel that they will be freer to conduct their investigations and to express their views under the new auspices.

In the churches as in the colleges, the intellectuals now and then make their appearance, greatly disturbing the peace of mind of their congregations. The clerical intellectual is usually a man who has realized that people will no longer come to church to hear the pure gospel preached. In the country, the church has almost no rivals as a social institution. Where is one to go on Sunday — the day of recreation — to meet his fellows, if not to church? But in the cities the situation is different. There the many opportunities for social intercourse have put the church in the position of being one of many institutions — and by no means the most interesting one — which seek to bring people together. Even the eloquent preacher of doctrinal Christianity in a city church will before long find his congregation dwindling. The plain truth of the matter is that under present conditions it takes almost a moral genius to make a sermon interesting. Every possible interpretation of every text in the Bible has already been given. There is nothing new to say on the subject, and the urbanite is always eager to hear something new. That the old is true, good, and beautiful makes no difference. People may believe it and stay at home, or go to hear a popular lecturer, or go away for an outing. What is the preacher of righteousness to do? How is he to be an influence for good in the community? Or, in other words, how is he to satisfy his desire

for self-expression? At one time the preacher who attacked orthodox beliefs could attract an audience. But to-day, so little interest is there in theological matters that even heresy excites but languid interest.

The clerical intellectual has found an answer to these questions. By taking a radical stand on the social problem that is so constantly and so insistently before the public eye, he can rouse the enthusiasm of many, and they will fill his church to overflowing. From the days of Kingsley and Manning, the preacher of social righteousness has been a potent influence in the community; for, as the representative of an ancient institution, he becomes an intensely dramatic figure when he appears as the spokesman of revolutionary ideals. He may not succeed in making converts, but he certainly does succeed in bringing crowds to his church. Some go to hear him out of curiosity; some because he is an able speaker on topics that interest them; others because they devoutly believe that Christianity has another message for the world — the salvation of mankind through social action.

VII

I am now entering upon a phase of the subject that has been much discussed and little understood. I refer to what is commonly called parlor Bolshevism. It would be very easy to heap ridicule on the parlor revolutionists, and laugh them out of court as sensation-hunters, dilettante dabblers in dangerous doctrines, shallow, and superficial. But their numbers and influence are sufficiently important to warrant one in saying that parlor radicalism is a social phenomenon worthy of study.

Wherein lies the chief value of an independent income? Obviously in that it frees one from the necessity of daily labor and so gives the great desideratum — leisure. The chief use of leisure among the wealthy generally is play, which takes many forms, such as golf, yachting, gambling, motoring, travel, love-making. Most wealthy people are satisfied with these forms of play and with the players. But here and there adventurous individuals among them, those gifted with a highly sensitive temperament or with more imagination than is common in their 'set,' begin to feel that there is not enough interest in the games that they have played so many times in the same way. Their fellow players bore them. Take away the zest of play and what becomes of the advantages of leisure? Indeed, what is the good of being rich!

These have discovered a new game which is endlessly interesting and feverishly exciting — to play with new ideas. The parlor revolutionists are amateurs at this game, not professionals like their poor brethren; and like amateurs, they stand to lose nothing and yet have all the fun that the game affords. A contribution to a radical journal or to a radical organization is an excellent investment, for it yields handsome returns. It brings the donors into contact with truly interesting people; it gives them the open sesame to what is to them an exotic world; it gives them a new emotion — unconventionality in thought. What fascinating people one meets at radical dinners and clubs! Once the rich were philanthropists, and patrons of welfare-workers and social reformers. But these are notoriously dull, therefore their patrons are rapidly deserting them for the intellectuals, who are brilliant, original, and interesting. A parlor revolutionist lives a richer, a fuller life than he can in his own set. He is made acquainted with the newest ideas in art, literature, and philosophy; and all this without very much effort on his part; for those who create them bring their thoughts, their

pictures, and their manuscripts directly to him. And, moreover, a parlor revolutionist is always safe. He *does* nothing.

Man is an artistic animal, and self-expression is the law of his being. In most of us this artist-quality flickers faintly; in a few it burns with a 'hard, gem-like flame.' Starved, suppressed, this artist-quality in man dies, and he becomes as the beasts of the field, a creature of habit treading well-worn paths and abiding peacefully in the shade of his traditions. In a society such as ours, which is constantly being dislocated by industrial progress and by wars of nations and of classes, the artistic spirit, as embodied in the intellectual, finds many opportunities to express itself. By nature anarchistic, eternally at war with traditions and institutions, the intellectual is quick to step forth as the protagonist of those ideals which mean for the world a new order, and for him a new life.

THE FUTURE OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY E. DANA DURAND

I

AMERICA is just now experiencing a wave of disillusionment about what was accomplished by the war. Among the objects we had set before us was the 'liberation of subject peoples' in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Now the dual Empire is no more. Its territories are shared by six 'national states' — not counting what has gone to Italy. But Central Europe is in the throes of great distress. Some people are beginning to question whether, after all, our enthusiasm for the right of its peoples to independence was well-placed. A clearer analysis will show, however, that the breaking-up of the old Empire was inevitable, and that the ultimate result will probably make for good.

Throughout a great part of Central Europe there is a terrible shortage of food. Everywhere clothing and fuel are desperately scarce. Transportation is demoralized to the last degree. Manufacturing industries are largely at a standstill. By means of the strenuous efforts of American and inter-Allied commissions, coal-production has been restored in some degree, but is far below the pre-war level. The governments are forced to make huge expenditures; they have almost no revenues. To cover the deficits, they pour out floods of paper money. These countries having for the time being almost nothing to export, the value of their currency has fallen in international exchange far below even its depreciated internal value. Marks and crowns and leu and rubles and dinars count in the world-markets at ten or five or three or two per cent of their pre-war value. The governments and individuals find it almost impossible to obtain credit from private sources abroad; they have had to ap-

peal to our government for loans to pay for food. Without outside credits they cannot buy the raw materials and the equipment failing which their industries must remain half-paralyzed. Hundreds of thousands of people are thus forced into idleness.

The economic recovery which is already manifest in Western Europe, even in Germany, finds little counterpart in Central Europe. One must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is the chief explanation of the greater severity of the economic depression in Central Europe. In any case, the close of the war would have left this region in worse plight than its western neighbors. Greatly as Western Europe suffered from the war, Central Europe, in proportion to its ability, suffered more. It had always been poorer. It was primarily agricultural, and its lands were overpopulated. Its people lacked education. The friction of the different nationalities had militated against economic progress. The standard of production and subsistence was low. There was little margin of safety to resist the shock of war. The destruction and derangement of the long years of conflict inevitably brought the people to that sub-maintenance level which tends toward a vicious circle. Inability to produce enough tends to perpetuate inability to produce more.

There is one encouraging feature in the economic situation of Central Europe as compared with that of Western Europe. Its principal industry is agriculture, and agriculture is of all industries the surest ultimately to recover from the shock of war. Even to-day, for the most part, only the city population of Central Europe is suffering for lack of food, and the city population forms a much smaller proportion of the total in this section than in the Western countries. It will not be long before all the states which have inherited Austrian or Hungarian territory — except, alas, German-Austria herself — can at least feed themselves. Moreover, a primarily agricultural country is not so dependent on imports as a primarily manufacturing country, and thus suffers less from demoralization of exchange.

It is, of course, true that the sudden breaking up of Austria-Hungary caused a shock which added to that of war. It meant a great overturn of the established order of business.

Within each of the states of the Dual Empire industry had been in large measure an organized unity, and between the two there were many economic and business ties. In each, railroad, banking, and insurance enterprise very generally overstepped the lines of province or nationality. Manufacturing, mining, and commercial enterprises often did the same. Vienna was as much the financial centre of Austria, and Budapest of Hungary, as New York is of the United States. Austria and Hungary had a common currency. Goods flowed freely between them. Hungary was the granary; western Austria and Bohemia the seat of manufactures and mining. Not infrequently a single business organization extended its operations throughout both states. To split into seven or eight fragments two kingdoms so organized individually and so linked together as a duality could not but mean a great disturbance of economic and business life.

The blow was the more severe because of the accompanying outburst of nationalistic separatism, not to say antagonism. The long repression had made inevitable more or less explosion of that spirit when the bonds were removed. Antagonisms had been embittered by the war. Some, at least, of the peoples had been forced to fight for the Central Powers against their will;

that was galling indeed. The flame of national spirit had been fanned too by the exaggerated war-time pronouncements of the Allies regarding the wickedness of the tyranny of the Empire over subject peoples. It was inevitable under these conditions that the new national states should seek to sever as completely as possible old business relations with Germans and Magyars, with Vienna and Budapest. It was natural, too, that the spirit of separatism should appear in considerable measure between former fellows in 'slavery' as well, and that business ties between them should very commonly be broken off.

The usual flow of commerce, capital, credit, and people from one section to another of Central Europe has, temporarily, been reduced almost to the vanishing point. By reaction, each of the new boundaries is far more of a Chinese wall than it would be if it had always existed, if the Austro-Hungarian Empire had never been.

The difficulty with which intercourse is to-day carried on may be illustrated most vividly by the case of passenger travel. Suppose, for example, that one wishes to journey from Warsaw to Paris. There is, for those who can afford to pay the fare, — very high in terms of most European currencies, — a comfortable through train three times weekly, though it takes sixty hours instead of the thirty of the old days. Before he can start, the would-be traveler must make the round of seven consulates for visés. If he has 'pull,' he may escape the long waiting-lines at these offices; otherwise he must take his weary turn. If his life-history is clear, he may get through this process in three or four days. If some official holds him the least bit suspect, he may have to wait weeks while inquiries are made all around the world.

Duly documented, the traveler at last boards the train. But passage can be paid only to the first border. At each of the four frontiers crossed, a ticket must be purchased. If one has not provided himself with local currency, the train porters or the local Shylocks are likely to fleece him outrageously on exchange. The money difficulty is the greater because there are all sorts of restrictions on the carrying of currency. Certain kinds may not be taken into this or that country at all; others may be taken out, or through, only in limited amounts. At each frontier too there are long hours of customs and passport inspection. Trunks and hand-luggage are turned topsy-turvy. Just the other day the train from Paris to Warsaw happened to arrive at a certain border at an inconvenient hour. The officials would not get out of bed to make their inspections promptly. The conductor of the train would not wait for them to finish the process. Half the passengers had to leave their trunks behind and trust to fate that they might some day see them again.

The chances are slight that the passenger will know about all these border restrictions in advance. He is likely to be subjected to delay, or loss, or fine; or he may have to bribe heavily to get through. It seems sometimes as if the officials take a pride in displaying the new-born right of their country to hamper transit. The difficulty of language multiplies the confusion and irritation. Every frontier station is a bedlam. Passengers, worn and weary, storm and swear and weep in many tongues.

This statement is not fanciful. It is a faithful description of what happens daily, even with this great international express. The conditions of travel between countries by local trains, the only ones which carry third-class passengers, are manyfold more trying still.

More serious far, though less easy to describe and less picturesque, are the hindrances to the interchange of goods

among the countries of Central Europe. The low ebb of production in all this region makes it most important that what is produced shall be used to the best advantage; that every surplus product of a given country shall be promptly exchanged for the surplus of some neighbor. Yet international trade is almost completely dammed. Of purely private commerce there is virtually none. 'Compensation contracts' must be made between governments. The return to the primitive method of barter of goods for goods is largely attributable to the unwillingness of each country to accept the fluctuating currency of the other. These compensation contracts give rise to constant recriminations. It sometimes seems that, instead of serving as stepping-stones to the resumption of normal commercial relations, they are tending toward greater estrangement.

Serious, too, is the interruption of mail and telegraphic communication, partly due to physical difficulties, but partly to the multiplication of boundaries. Letters, and even dispatches, often take weeks to go from one country to another. Not infrequently they go astray entirely. This difficulty of communication adds to the handicaps under which commerce in goods suffers.

The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire has not merely disorganized business. It has called forth new military activity which adds to the economic burdens of the people. Each of the new states has created a large army. One sees tens of thousands of troops drilling, marching, patrolling borders, digging trenches. Troop-movements require a large fraction of the utterly inadequate transportation facilities. A large part of the government expenditures goes for the army.

This creation of armies by the new national states was rendered necessary by the fact that peace had not yet been finally assured with Germany, German Austria, and Hungary. In part, too, it was necessitated by attack or risk of attack from Bolshevist Russia. To some extent, however, the former subject peoples have directed their military preparations against one another. There has been sharp fighting between the Czechs and the Poles over Teschen. A good many hot-heads in Jugo-Slavia and Roumania are ready to go to war over the possession of the Banat; neither country is satisfied with the division of that rich district of old Hungary as made by the Peace Conference. The question of Fiume and Dalmatia has been one motive of the Serbs in building up their army.

There is no small measure of imperialistic spirit in the new states of Central Europe. When it was a question of freeing themselves from the old masters, each people was strong in proclaiming the rights of all peoples. Now there is a tendency of each to claim rights for itself, regardless of those of others. Some form of argument is always put forward, but what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. A people will lay claim to this or that territory, on the ground that they must have it for safe defense, or for economic efficiency, or because their kings once in some distant past ruled over it, or because the great estates are owned by their compatriots, or because the civilization of the district is of their creation. Every one of these arguments will be rejected when put forward by some other people in regard to territory to which the first laid claim on the ground of nationality of the inhabitants. Some of the propagandist literature is absolutely ludicrous in its inconsistency. However, the greater states of the world are in no position to throw stones at the countries of Central Europe for their imperialistic ambitions or for lack of consistency in supporting them.

This outflaming of militaristic zeal among the new states is not necessarily a sign of permanent antagonism. It is the natural accompaniment of the new independence of the peoples and of the unsettled conditions. One could not expect to scatter new boundary lines all about without calling forth much jealousy. The normal tendency will be gradually to settle down. Meanwhile, however, the military activity in Central Europe is one of the serious immediate hindrances to economic recovery.

II

Greatly as the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary has disturbed the economic life of Central Europe, it by no means follows that it was a mistake to dismember it. Some have suggested that all that was necessary was to depose the Hapsburgs and convert the Empire into a republic, thus avoiding all this tearing-up of established relations.

Such a suggestion can arise only from complete misunderstanding of the psychology of Central Europe. It overlooks the force of nationalistic sentiment. A new republic could rise when the Hohenzollerns fell, because the Hohenzollerns had not been the fundamental tie which held Germany together. One could not rise in Austria-Hungary because the Hapsburgs had been almost the only cohesive force. The Germans are one people. They speak one language. They have common traditions and institutions. They not only possess, but fully recognize, community of interests. Austria-Hungary was polyglot. Its many peoples scarcely recognized that measure of common interest which did exist. Each of the 'subject' nationalities had for centuries dreamed of liberation. They could have been forced to remain together only by substituting for the Hapsburg yoke the yoke of some Allied dictator, backed by a powerful army. You could have called the government a republic, but it would have lacked every essential of democracy.

The force of the spirit of 'nationality' in Central Europe is not easy for an American to understand. The word itself must be given an extraordinary meaning when used here. 'Nation' is usually synonymous with 'state' or 'country,' and 'nationality' with citizenship in a nation. But for want of any other specialized term, 'nationality' has come also to be used to connote a group of people whose oneness consists, not in citizenship in a common country, but in identity of 'race, language or religion.' These three criteria, it may be noted, are those used in the treaty to distinguish those minorities in the new states whose rights are specially to be protected.

The strength of nationalism in Central Europe is the more remarkable because, as a matter of fact, the only important distinguishing feature of most nationalities in the region is language. For the most part they cannot be grouped on the basis of race or religion. Several of the peoples are divided in religious faith, yet they recognize their unity just the same. The word 'race' implies community of ancestry, carrying with it similarity in physical and mental characteristics. Of such community and similarity there is but little in most of the nationalities of Central Europe. Through the complex migrations and conquests of prehistoric times and of the middle and early modern ages, blood has become inextricably mixed. Historical research proves this, and anthropological observation and measurement confirm it. Among almost any one of the nationalities you may choose, you will find long heads and round heads, light complexions and dark, facial angles and brain

weights of widest variety. For example, a group of Poles taken at random will present as great differences among themselves as exist between them and a group of Germans or Magyars.

Language may seem a mere trick of the tongue. One can learn a new language indifferently well in a year or so. Yet, after all, it is natural enough that difference of speech should constitute a profound barrier between people. It shuts out comprehension of one another's merits, of one another's similarities. It may be illogical, but it is natural, that a person should feel resentment at his neighbor whose speech he cannot understand. One attributes to him a certain inferiority or a certain hostility; it is all his fault. Language too carries with it history and literature and drama and folk-song. It binds a people to their past. It ministers to their group-pride.

The fixity of language demarcations in Central and Eastern Europe is the more surprising to the American because of the comparatively rapid manner in which our own country usually absorbs foreign elements. Even in the case of emigration from this very region, the second generation ordinarily drops the mother-tongue altogether and becomes pretty thoroughly Americanized. Why was Austria-Hungary not able likewise to assimilate its mixed people?

The answer is threefold — reaction against attempts at compulsory assimilation, immobility of the population, and low standard of education.

Emigrants come to America, usually, eager to learn English and to become part and parcel of the national life; where it is not so, even America finds it hard to absorb them. The efforts of Germany, Russia, and Austria to suppress the national languages and institutions had precisely the opposite effect from that intended. Every child was the more earnestly taught to use the language of his ancestors because that language was excluded from schools, newspapers, and official use.

A large proportion of the emigrants in America are widely scattered among the older American stock. Sometimes they form colonies, which delay assimilation, but even in that case they, and more especially their children, usually come into daily contact with English-speaking folk. In Central Europe there has been far less of such contact among peoples. This was partly because of their antagonistic attitude toward one another — cause and effect interacting. It was largely, however, due to that geographic immobility which is characteristic of old and dense populations. The inhabitants of all this region are predominantly agricultural. It is ages since any new lands have lain open for settlement. The peasant family tills the same soil for generations. Centuries long the small community has lived and married and begot children within itself. When people migrated, it was more apt to be to America than to the next county. What wonder that language and habits and even costume have become deeply fixed. There are villages within an hour's train-ride of Budapest where scarcely a soul can speak Magyar, and where but a handful have ever visited the metropolis.

Most important of all is the matter of education. America offers to every child, whether of native or of foreign stock, a reasonable education at public expense. Higher education is not difficult to obtain. Central Europe did not afford comparable facilities; it scarcely could, with its poverty. An efficient educational system would have served in large measure to break down the barriers of nationality. It is not merely a question of learning the tongues of neighbor peoples. A high standard of education enables people to think

more clearly, to know better the merits and the characteristics of peoples whose speech even they cannot understand, and to exercise greater self-control. Switzerland is a demonstration of the possibility of harmonious coöperation among peoples who continue to speak different languages, but among whom there is a high degree of general intelligence and education.

Whatever its origin or explanation, the spirit of nationality in Central Europe is a force to be reckoned with. We may call it illogical, we may contrast it unfavorably with love of country, but we may not disregard it. To have tried to hold Austria-Hungary together in face of it would have been the height of folly.

No doubt the exaggerated feeling of nationality will complicate the future of the new states of Central Europe. It will make more difficult that coöperation among them which would add so greatly to their prosperity. No doubt the aim should be gradually to lessen the force of the nationalistic spirit. For the time being, however, that spirit is a powerful force for progress. Given its existence, its strength, the breaking-up of the Empire into national states should mean a forward step. Small states may be weak, but a big state which lacks coherence is weaker and more inefficient. Austria-Hungary was once a necessary phenomenon. Without its compelling force Central Europe might have remained indefinitely a chaos. But it had outlived its usefulness. Beneath its enforced calm seethed a constant opposition of forces that meant loss of energy. Incentive to effort on the part of the subject peoples was dampened. They took no pride in the country's economic or social development. Competition with the dominant races was checked by the feeling that the dice were loaded. Indeed the Germans and Magyars, mistaking their own interest, often directly repressed economic and social progress among the other peoples. In considerable measure they denied them opportunity for education, lest it might strengthen the nationalistic spirit. Development of resources in large sections of the Empire was artificially hampered, in order that they might not compete with the resources of regions occupied by the dominant races.

All this should now change for the better. The national states find in their new freedom a powerful stimulus. They are eager to make the most of themselves. Broad new schemes of popular education are being hatched. Exploitation of latent resources is planned on a colossal scale. Each capital thinks to become a great centre of art and literature and science. Many of these dreams will be slow to materialize. But the new nationalistic enthusiasm for life will not be wholly wasted. The reach must exceed the grasp. Ultimately Central Europe will need to be cured of excess of nationalism. For the time being nationalism must be the foundation on which progress builds.

III

The prospects for the future of Central Europe, however, would be brighter if there could be instituted at the outset some form of coöperative action among the new states. This is needed to protect them against one another — against an overplus of nationalism. It is needed, too, because the national boundaries have been drawn — necessarily so for the most part — in such a way that individually the states possess serious elements of weakness.

From the economic standpoint the need of coöperation grows especially out of the lack of self-sufficiency on the part of most of the states individually. They are not capable of supporting

themselves. Each lacks, partly or wholly, one or more of those fundamental resources without which it must remain dependent for its very existence on the outside world. Of course, no country of the world is able to produce everything its people would like to have. Many, however, are better equipped to supply what their people must have than are these new states of Central Europe. A small country naturally tends to have less varied resources than a large. That is why Poland, the largest of the new states, is the most nearly self-contained, and why German Austria is the worst off in this respect. Moreover, the lines of nationality in Central Europe, which now become approximately boundary lines of states, bear little relation to the geographical distribution of economic resources. When these peoples settled in that region, agricultural land was the only important factor in production.

German Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Hungary, as the map now stands, have no access to the sea. Poland gains that access only by an awkward device which, at least for some time, will hardly work smoothly. Jugo-Slavia's effective outlet to the sea is still in doubt. German Austria, Hungary, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia will all lack sufficient coal for their requirements. All of these, except perhaps Austria, will be inadequately supplied with iron ore. Austria has not sufficient agricultural land to supply her food-needs. Hungary is lacking in water-power. Akin to these weaknesses is the fact that the navigation of the Danube and of other rivers, always hampered by national boundaries, will tend now to be still more handicapped in this respect.

The Peace Conference could not have drawn the boundaries in Central Europe in widely different fashion without departing materially from the principle of nationality, and without incurring violent opposition from the peoples concerned. The Conference might, however, justly and safely have given somewhat more weight to economic considerations, especially in those cases where the lines of population cleavage were not sharp. A better distribution of resources would have counted more for future peace, than a too slavish insistence that every particular locality should be thrown with the country of the majority of its people.

Take the case of the great Silesian coalfield, the second most important on the Continent, and far the most important in Central Europe. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Germany are the claimants. Their whole economic future depends in no small degree upon how big a slice they get. The population of different parts of the coalfield varies widely, but almost everywhere it is much mixed. The mine-workers are largely of different speech from the agricultural population. The owners of the mines are for the most part of different nationality from the employees. It was clearly a case where economic considerations should be given equal weight with those of nationality, if not more.

But the Peace Conference decided to resort to plebiscites in Upper Silesia and in Teschen. The League of Nations, which is finally to fix the boundaries, is not bound by the result of the plebiscites, but, the question having been once stirred up along national lines, the League will scarcely be able to determine it except on those lines. Even if a plebiscite were sure to represent correctly the will of the majority of the people, it is a pity that it should determine the political control of so vastly important a resource as this coalfield. If Poland, for example, wins all the plebiscite territory, she will have a huge surplus of coal for export; if Poland loses all, she will have to import a large

share of her coal-supply. The sound thing would have been for the Peace Conference itself to divide up this great coalfield, giving to each claimant a share roughly corresponding to its economic needs, and at the same time drawing the lines of demarcation with a certain amount of regard to nationality.

The folly of the Upper Silesian and Teschen plebiscites is the greater because there will always remain grave doubt whether they will record the reasoned and permanent wish of the majority. They are likely to prove a travesty. It is hard to exaggerate the turmoil into which the prospective elections have thrown the rival elements. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia came to clash of arms months ago over Teschen. In Upper Silesia there was a violent uprising. All sorts of misleading propaganda are being carried on. All sorts of illegitimate pressure are being exercised. Meetings are broken up by mobs. Vituperation counts far more than argument. Political strikes are of frequent occurrence. The elections by which Western states used to determine the locations of their capitals were tame affairs compared with these. The plebiscite commissions which have lately assumed control of these territorities will not find it possible to stop these abuses altogether. It is quite certain that the defeated party will never accept the result in good spirit, and future conflict is much more likely than would have been the case if the boundaries had been fixed out and out by the Peace Conference.

The deficiency of the new states individually as regards natural resources demands that in considerable measure they should pool their forces.

The Austro-Hungarian plain, with its surrounding hills and mountains, together with the coastal strip along the Adriatic, constitutes in its geography and geology a natural economic unit. Its various regions complement one another. If, by reason of the diversity of its peoples, it must be divided, then the trade among the several states ought, for their prosperity, to be unusually free from artificial restraints. Barriers to international commerce are ordinarily injurious enough, at best; they are peculiarly so in a territory like Central Europe.

Apart from any question of deficiency in resources, the comparatively small size of the Central European states in itself makes industrial coöperation among them important. They need the benefit of large-scale enterprise. Many kinds of business require for the most efficient operation a larger area than any one of these states affords. If they desire the advantages of modern methods, these countries must choose between business affiliation with some larger state, such as Germany or France or England, and affiliation among themselves. The latter is geographically more normal and politically safer. There needs to be a large measure of freedom for citizens of each state to invest capital and to conduct business in the others.

From the political standpoint there are a number of factors in the make-up of the Central European states which will tend to imperil their relations with one another, and which render particularly desirable some organization for conciliating disputes among them. Enough has already been said regarding the disposition to exaggerate the feeling of nationality. For some time to come, at any rate, there is likely to be a tendency on the part of each nation to claim more than its right, and to regard every molehill of friction with its neighbor as a mountain. This spirit may the more readily find occasion for breaking the peace by reason of the peculiar conditions within the individual states.

For one thing, that very lack of eco-

nomic self-sufficiency to which attention has been called involves danger to international peace. The absence of some important natural resource within its borders may cause one of the states to cast envious eyes on the territory of its neighbor.

Again, there is the fact that in most of these Central European countries are found important minorities of population which differ from the majority in race, language, or religion. The minority of one state is often the majority in a neighbor country, and the two may plot together against the peace. The Peace Conference, in fixing boundaries, followed the geographical distribution of nationalities conscientiously, — too much so in certain cases, as already suggested, — but it could not accomplish the impossible. While there are large 'closed' areas, the line of demarcation between them is often not sharp; the population may be mixed indiscriminately over a considerable belt. Cities are often prevailingly different in nationality from the agricultural territory surrounding them. Even in agricultural districts there are often islets of one nationality in a surrounding sea of some other people. To have carried the principle of nationality to its utmost limits in fixing boundaries would have spotted the map with enclaves. It would have been a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Peace Conference has sought to protect the rights of minorities by treaty provisions. It is by no means certain that this was wise. The protection of minorities tends to perpetuate their separatism. It might have been better to permit the population of each country gradually to become unified, either by the absorption of the minorities or by their emigration. Despite treaty provisions, there is bound to be considerable friction, with consequent internal loss of efficiency and external risk of intervention.

Most of the new states of Central Europe are composite geographically: that is, they comprise sections which formerly belonged to two, or even three, separate countries. The people of the sections thus brought together may be identical or closely related in nationality, but it does not necessarily follow that they will live in perfect concord. Brothers who have long lived apart may make poor business partners.

Take the case of the union of the Croats and the Slovenes with the Serbs. The three groups have to some extent a common ancestry. Their languages are similar, though by no means identical. Under the old régime Croats and Slovenes were eager enough to unite with the Serbs. But now that the new toy is got, it looks less enticing. All the time they lived under Hungary or Austria the Croats and the Slovenes were growing more different from their relatives across the Save. One must perhaps give Austria and Hungary some credit for the fact that they are better educated, more efficient, and richer than the Serbs. There has been a good deal of friction already, and there may be a good deal more. Agram is jealous of Belgrade, which is perhaps too much inclined to dictate.

The case of Transylvania is similar. The people there speak the Roumanian language, but scarcely since mediæval times had they ever lived under the same government with the Roumanians across the mountains. Over against the racial unity stands a large measure of difference in economic and cultural status. The case of the Czechs and the Slovaks is partly one of difference in nationality and partly one of difference in past geographical affiliation, the Czechs having been under Austria and the Slovaks under Hungary. The two have never had many interests in common. There have been violent conflicts between them since their union in the

new state. Many of the Slovaks want to reunite with Hungary; others to form a state of their own. Poland is much more a unit state than any of the three countries just mentioned; but even in Poland there is some temporary economic friction between the former Prussian, Russian, and Austrian sections.

The lack of harmony between formerly separate sections of the new states should normally tend to disappear gradually. The different groups should be expected to grow more alike in habits of thought. Common interests will multiply. But meanwhile for some years there will be considerable loss of internal efficiency, there will be some risk of further disintegration, and some risk that war between neighbor states may arise out of this absence of perfect cohesion among sections.

The sum of the whole matter is simply that Central Europe furnishes a complex such that no boundary lines can be satisfactory. The creation of new states on the nationality principle was essential at this stage of development, but it could not be so carried out as to please everybody. Centuries of history have made of Central Europe an intricate mass of conflicting groups, whose entire harmonization can be achieved only through centuries more. All that can be done is to hold the conflicts in check in some degree by artificial measures, until, with the slow progress of education, they are outgrown. A special feature of the situation should always be borne in mind, namely, the very general absence of natural borders in the military sense. The state which may wish to attack will need no great superiority of forces to enable it to invade its neighbor. The great plain of Central Europe, which formerly, as a single state, was almost surrounded by defending mountain-barriers, is now traversed by the boundary lines of five nations.

It is not merely, moreover, as a means of preserving the peace among themselves that the states of Central Europe need to coöperate. They need to do so also as a defense against possible aggression from greater powers outside. Germany may temporarily have abandoned her dream of a Teutonic Mitteleuropa; but she may easily dream again. A lot of weak little states would appear an easy and tempting prey. The future of Russia is a closed book; but the countries of Central Europe cannot disregard the possibility of invasion from that quarter.

Space will not permit discussion of the proper geographical scope of a Central European federation, or of the question whether there would better be two federations than one. It may be noted, however, that there is little force in the idea that racial lines need be an important factor in determining the make-up of the confederation or confederations. Geographical considerations should dominate. There is neither enough similarity nor enough mutual affection among the Slavic groups of Central Europe to make a purely Slavic union appear especially attractive to them. For instance, the Russians and the Poles have always loved one another quite as little as either loved the Germans. Russia's former championship of the Serbs was a matter of pure self-interest, not of racial feeling. Moreover, the Slavic peoples are not so distributed geographically that a combination, to the exclusion of other peoples, would be feasible. It may be suggested further that the primary criterion of the proper scope of federation should be the interest of the people of Central Europe themselves, and not the interest of outside powers. Obviously the federation should not be formed under the influence of Germany, with a view to the ultimate political domination of Central Europe; but quite as

little should it be looked upon as a device of any other great power or powers for excluding Germany from trade and investment in this region. Finally, it may be observed that if, for any reason, German Austria cannot be included in some Central European federation, she must, in all decency, be allowed to unite with Germany. She must not be left an orphan, with huge head and puny body, to be classed with Armenia as an object of public charity.

IV

Is it possible to bring about in the near future any form of coöperation, of federation, among the states of Central Europe? Hardly, without guidance and pressure from the outside. There have been movements in the direction of federation among certain political leaders in the new countries, but the animosities are just now too sharp. Doubtless in time a closer *rapprochement* could be worked out without outside intervention. It might come as the result of wars, but that is too expensive a method. It might come through the gradual progress of education among the masses, but that is too slow. Central Europe is suffering too much from disorganization every day.

It is most unfortunate that the Peace Conference did not do more at the outset to hold these peoples together. On the contrary, its slowness and indecision is in no small part responsible for the present spirit of antagonism. It took too long to fix boundaries. It left too many to be determined by strife-compelling plebiscites. It failed to insist with sufficient firmness on obedience to its decrees. It allowed various peoples to use armed force in overstepping temporary lines of demarcation that had been prescribed. All this stirred up bitterness. Various Allied commissions have done something to restore commerce among these states, but not much.

The League of Nations should now take up this matter seriously. It will be much harder now than it would have been immediately after the Armistice to bring the countries of Central and Eastern Europe together. It is not, however, impossible at least to make a beginning. The tremendous interest which the Great Powers have in the peace and prosperity of this region, and the sacrifices which they made in order to set its peoples free, give them some right to insist that their desires in this matter be given due consideration by the new states. Of course, they could not, and they should not if they could, force peoples into coöperation if the spirit of coöperation were wholly lacking. A machine cannot move without motive power. Among many of the political leaders of the several countries, however, there is already sufficient comprehension of the advantages of coöperation to make it possible to bring them together in some fashion, by the exercise of due tact and reasonable pressure.

It will not do to attempt too close a union at the outset. It would break of its own weight. Anything resembling the centralization of our own United States is out of the question for decades to come. Central Europe must grow together gradually. There must be no attempt to crush out the nationalistic spirit. For the time being that spirit is a real asset.

The present effort should be chiefly along two lines. First, to free commerce in large measure from restriction. A thoroughgoing customs union, involving entire freedom of trade among the states composing it, may scarcely be practicable at first; but these countries should at least give one another preference as against other countries, and the commerce among them in the most

essential articles, as coal and grain, should be free from both import and export duties. In the second place, there should be a special organization for preserving peace among the Central European states — a minor league within the World League of Nations. While the greater League must always keep a watchful eye on the countries of this region, it should not be the court of first instance for discussing relations among them. They know their local problems better than the outside powers. They need the education of constant mutual contact. They should therefore be induced by the League of Nations to establish a special organization of their own for conciliating and arbitrating disputes and discussing their mutual interests. When these initial steps have been taken and have proved their worth, other measures of coöperation may gradually be introduced — a monetary union, freedom for citizens of each state to conduct business and invest capital in the others, a central railway management, and the like. Cooperation will breed more coöperation.

The plight of Central Europe is one of the many arguments in favor of the immediate adherence of the United States to the League of Nations. It is unfortunate that so much attention has been given in the discussions to the ultimate objects and the ultimate obligations of the League, and so little to its immediate tasks. The form of covenant makes far less difference than that there should be some covenant. The League will in any case be a growth, not a once-for-all creation. Meanwhile there is immediate need for constant consultation and coöperation among the nations of Europe and America, in order that the terrific aftermath of war may be outlived as soon as possible. It is profoundly to the interest of America, as well as of Europe, that she should take an active part in the solution of these immediate problems. Our position would enable us to exercise peculiarly great influence just at this time. In the particular case of Central Europe, the recognized disinterestedness of the United States would enable her, as a member of the League of Nations, to exercise more influence than any European power. The fact, too, that within our population we have enormous numbers of emigrants from this region would increase our weight in the councils affecting it. These emigrants have learned among us the advantages of unity of economic life and of political sentiment over a huge area. They could do much to sway their former compatriots in favor of coöperation among the new states.

Many Americans fancy that the problems of Central Europe are too far-removed to interest us. But the peace of Central Europe is vital to the peace of all Europe, and the peace of Europe is vital to our interests as well as to our deepest sentiments. We shall come to rue it if we think of any part of Europe as henceforth outside the sphere of our concern.

Central Europe is full of paradoxes. It is essentially a unit, yet astoundingly disunited. What is good there to-day is bad to-morrow. The Hapsburg Empire had to be, but it had to perish; and now something akin to it, but still widely different, must slowly be built up again. The spirit of nationality was a force for disruption; Central Europe must now build upon that spirit; but at the same time must begin to dig it away and substitute a broader foundation. Only as other powers recognize this paradoxical character of Central Europe, can they adopt a rational policy toward it. The League of Nations can influence greatly the political development of that region, but it cannot determine that development. The League must work with the forces that exist.

EASTERN AFRICA AS A PLAYGROUND

BY JAMES M. HUBBARD

ONE of the most important results of the war will undoubtedly be the development of Eastern Africa. This will be due mainly to the fact that, with the conquest of the German territory, the British Empire now extends in an unbroken line from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. The crying need, therefore, is for through north-to-south communication — the realization of the dream of Cecil Rhodes: the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Few, perhaps, realize that, even now, a traveler may go all the way from Cairo to the Cape, about 4200 miles, by rail, steamer, and motor-car, with the exception of a hundred miles in northern Uganda. When this vast territory is brought, by the completed railway, into close touch with the civilized world, not only the resources of the Empire, but the world's wealth, will be greatly increased. For, with a great expanse of tropic and temperate lands, it will yield every kind of product, as tea, sugar, coffee, corn, and wheat. Very recently the British Parliament has been asked to appropriate over sixteen million dollars for the development of cotton-growing land in the Sudan. Extensive undeveloped mineral wealth exists in some regions. The need of the world for all these products is now so great, that these almost uninhabited regions will soon be filled with European and Asiatic cultivators of the soil and workers in the forests and mines.

But it will be a surprise to many to learn that the first need of the new railway will be, not the transportation of the products of Eastern Africa, but the carrying of passengers. This was emphasized by leading British authorities at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Dwelling on the fact that 'a rapidly growing demand has sprung up in recent years for winter resorts, where people of sufficient means and leisure can be certain of finding warmth, health, recreation, and interest, without having to face a long and inclement journey by sea,' it was shown that, if improved facilities for traveling can be provided, 'all these requirements can be met to the full in Africa.'

If the seeker after rest reaches the head-waters of the Nile, where are what Ptolemy called the Mountains of the Moon, he will find himself in the most beautiful and mysterious region in all the world. Its inaccessibility has been so great that comparatively few have visited it; but from the accounts of those who have succeeded in reaching it, together with the pictures accompanying them, one gets a vivid impression of its entrancing beauty and interest.

The culminating place is Lake Kivu, some sixty miles long by thirty broad, five thousand feet above sea-level, with shores reaching up to ten thousand feet. There are numerous islands, of one of which it is said, 'Wau would make a simply idyllic haven of retreat for dwellers in great cities who were in need of rest.' In full view from it are the sky-towering mountains; and of one, 18,000 feet high, it is said, 'Her glorious crown

flashed back the ruby and the diamond to the sun; and in her diadem of snow were the purple of the jacinth, the blue of the amethystine fire, the brilliance of the crystal, and the soft shining of the opal.'

To the north of the lake is a cluster of active volcanoes, the eruption of one being described thus: 'Fireworks of glowing rock and stone flashed up high in the air. A column of smoke, illuminated brightly by the fiery reflection of the outbreak, rose slowly up to dizzy heights, and then expanded mushroom-like for many miles around.' The light of the eruptions was so great at that time, that, at night, though many miles distant, one could read by it. Apparently there is no danger from them, as at the time they were observed the overflow was confined to the craters. An especial attraction for those seeking restoration of health and strength is the hot springs, with valuable medicinal qualities, which are to be found here.

The wonderful vegetable growth of this region in trees and plants, it would be impossible to describe in a few words. The whole space in the forests, from the ground to the tops of the trees, is filled with an overwhelming mass of green. No wood is to be seen, but only soft, luxuriant foliage. The valleys are buried for miles under the blooms of millions of violets and immortelles. Red and white daisies, large white dahlias, and the numerous orchids make them look like great gardens. Lobelias rise up like immense candles, often to the height of a man. The most beautiful and surprising of all the vegetation are, possibly, the tree ferns, with their slender stems, thirty feet or more in height, more like palms than ferns. The trees, many of them with great red blossoms, are full of sunbirds, parrots, and numberless other species. A most entrancing sight is the wealth of butterflies, 'with their glorious, delicate, metallic-gleaming colors, or their creamy, velvety black wings decked with striking green or bronze golden hues.'

Of the intensely interesting animal life, unsurpassed in numbers and variety in any part of the world, it is impossible to give an adequate impression. One may get some idea of its variety and interest and uniqueness, however, from the experience of a traveler on the Uganda railway who saw, on the trip up from the coast, gazelles, zebras, giraffes, ostriches, lions, and a rhinoceros. According to the latest available accounts, this mountain region is practically uninhabited. But the land directly adjoining Lake Kivu on the south is well cultivated by industrious and peaceful natives, who, from the descriptions of them, would seem to rank highest among the Africans untouched by white civilization. Not far away will be found some of the most primitive of human races, the pygmies.

There can be little doubt, then, of the truth of the assertion that the first use of the completed Cape-to-Cairo railway will be the transportation of travelers. Many of them will unquestionably go to this, the least known and, in some respects, the most interesting part of the world, 'where natural spectacles of wonderful beauty and impressiveness are to be found in constant succession.' Every variety of climate exists here except that of the frozen seas of the Poles. The wearied seeker after rest may sit quietly in his shelter and watch the changing color of the distant scenery. Or he may study the wonderful variety of flowers and plants in the grass close by him, and constantly find some new and beautiful blossom. Or he may climb to some nearby and easily accessible height, and get an unexpected view of snow-clad mountains with vivid colors. But especially may he go and sit quietly on the edge of the forest, and wait patiently for an ele-

phant, or a lion, or a giraffe to come out and go down to the lake shore.

All this is true of the region of the Mountains of the Moon, but it does not exhaust the special interest of the East Africa soon to be opened to the world. One of those most familiar with the whole of this interesting part of the British Empire says of it: 'Geographers, archæologists, ethnologists, botanists, and scientific men generally can find the widest fields for study, while persons of more commercial tastes cannot fail to be both interested and impressed by the mining and other resources of the Dark Continent, and by the methods which are being employed to develop them.'

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IS ALIVE

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

In spite of the failure of the United States to ratify the compact, the League of Nations is alive. It is a going concern. Its machinery is being completed, and its influence is spreading. All the countries that were neutral during the war have joined, including Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. Every country in South America, except Ecuador, is now a member of the League. Even the two countries which have been more or less under our particular care — Liberia and Panama — have not waited for the United States, but have joined with the others. Outside of Russia and the Central Empires of Europe, Portugal and Roumania are the only important countries that have not yet come in, and their accession is now merely a matter of weeks. China's accession is included in the Austrian treaty which will shortly be signed. It is probable that Germany and Austria will be admitted as soon as their internal conditions permit; and if ever a stable government is adopted in Russia, that country, too, will undoubtedly be invited to accede.

Meanwhile the League is rapidly assuming its duties. Through commissioners it has taken over the control of Danzig and the Saar Valley Basin, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles; it has started the organization of the Court of International Justice; it has assumed its responsibilities for the minority peoples of Poland under the terms of the Polish treaty; it is advising and supporting the International Labor Office which has been constituted under its ægis. Its finances, guaranteed by its constituent members, are now on a satisfactory budget basis. Already the Council of the League, which is its executive committee, has held meetings in London and Paris, while the Assembly, representative of all the member nations, will hold its first conference at a comparatively early date. The permanent Secretariat of the League, with temporary headquarters in London, has been at work for nearly a year on

the machinery of organization, and the buildings which it occupies are centres of international business in which the representatives of many nations are participating. The head of the treaty registry is a Uruguayan; the director of the political section is a Frenchman, and of the economic section, an Englishman; a Norwegian is in charge of the administrative commissions under the League, and a Japanese heads the division of international bureaus; the director of financial administration is a Canadian; the head of the section on transit and communications is an Italian; a Dutchman is chief of the legal division. In addition there are Belgians, Greeks, Spaniards, Swedes, Swiss, Australians, Jugo-Slavs, Danes, and other nationalities — all at work on the common problem of harmonizing international relations in the interests of the human family.

A visitor at the League's headquarters in London is struck, not only by the variety of work that is being undertaken, but by its practical applicability to matters of vital concern. In one department, treaties and agreements are being registered and published, marking the end of the evil days of hidden diplomacy. In another section, studies are being made of the movement of raw materials and coal, and plans are being formulated for more equitable distribution. Still another section is at work on problems and conventions relating to international communications, such as wireless and cable despatches. Here is a group preparing the terms under which colonies will be given by mandate, and the provisions by which trade and commerce will be secured to other members of the League besides the mandatory power. Here is a group working on plans for international coöperation in the elimination of the opium traffic. Here is another section that is in touch with the political events of the world, so that a tribal movement in Beluchistan, a strike in Roumania, or an election in Japan or South Africa is immediately registered with the Secretariat. Henceforth the world can be wise before the event rather than after it, and a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand can be given a true interpretation.

II

One who examines the minutes of the meetings of the League Council and the proposed programme of the first meeting of the Assembly is impressed by the fact that political questions, such as constituted the bulk of the work of the Paris Conference, are here subordinated to larger considerations of human welfare. It is not boundaries or indemnities, but food and coal and health, which concern the League authorities. Theirs is the task, not of determining the privileges and rights of victorious allies, but of discovering and applying the remedial measures necessary to keep a shattered world alive. Where the Paris Conference sat down with a map and a ruler to make a new heaven and a new earth, the League officials are taking first steps to protect vast populations from starvation and disease, and to reëstablish the economic life of the world. 'The ravages inflicted by disease upon the underfed populations of Central Europe have reached appalling proportions,' said the acting President of the League Council, in a letter of appeal to the Red Cross societies in Geneva. 'Men, women and children are dying by thousands, and over vast areas there are neither medical appliances nor medical skill sufficient to cope with the horrors by which we are faced. To your great body I make appeal. Surely there has never been an occasion calling more insistently for action.'

Similarly, the devastating spread of typhus in Poland was the subject of Council action at a recent meeting. 'The matter is one of such magnitude,' said the resolution adopted by the Council, 'and bears on the welfare of so many countries, that it seems eminently a subject with which the League of Nations should deal.' A health conference, made up of representatives of the several members of the League, was therefore asked to handle the emergency temporarily and to submit plans for united official action.

The International Health Office of the League of Nations will indeed be one of its most important sub-divisions, and already the plans of its organization and function are practically completed. For health is not a local or even a national concern. Influenza knows no boundaries, and the germs of polyomylitis laugh at geographical frontiers. Disease is the common enemy of mankind, and only through joint counsel and action can it be successfully fought. Just as the Allies needed a united command to ensure victory, so the human family needs leadership to cope with world-wide sources of disease and death.

It was with this in mind that Article XXIII was written into the Covenant, imposing upon the members of the League the obligation 'to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease'; and it is around this article that the new Health Office has been built. Operating through an international committee of public health experts, and representative of world-wide medical opinion, it will maintain its permanent staff at the seat of the League. Its purpose, as defined in the carefully matured plans of the League's committee which has been working on it, is to bring the administrative health authorities of different countries into closer relationship with each other; to organize means of more rapid interchange of information and swifter action in matters where immediate precautions against disease are required; and, finally, to provide machinery for securing or revising international agreements for administrative action in matters of health. Thus it will act as a clearing-house for regulations, orders, and official reports, and will issue bulletins and statistics on questions of public health; it will collect and distribute information as to the existence and prevalence of such diseases as cholera, plague, yellow fever, typhus, small-pox, and influenza, and will call special conferences of the health authorities of neighboring countries to determine the official action to be taken; it will promote international arrangements for the prevention of the spread of epidemics in undeveloped or more primitive countries and colonies, in cases where joint action by more than one power is necessary; and, finally, it will work for the revision of international sanitary conventions, so that they may be brought up to date on questions of epidemiology, and adjusted to post-bellum political geography.

It is this kind of work — in the interests of the human family — that the League was created to perform. Its primary purpose is to lead in the fight against common enemies of mankind, such as disease and hunger.

III

No one who has not been in Europe within the last few months can understand the extent of its social and industrial collapse. As the British Minister of Education recently stated, civilization has literally fallen to pieces in many parts of Europe. Authenticated reports of cannibalism from Armenia are matched by similar reports from Austria; and in other districts where food conditions are not so

immediately appalling, the populations have reached a depth of misery and despair that is no less terrible than Euripides's description of the passing of Troy. In practically every country in Europe except Great Britain food-production has sharply declined, and it is estimated that the population of Europe is now 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports. Land has fallen out of cultivation and has been starved of fertilizers for five years. Ten to twenty millions of male workers in the prime of life have been lost, and a larger proportion of children, of the aged, and of women, who produce less than they consume, has been left. The production of coal has fallen off to such an extent that Europe now has less than 65 per cent of her actual requirements, with the result that over wide areas, particularly in Central and Eastern Europe, factories are shut down and unemployment is common.

Though a year and a half has elapsed since the Armistice, manufacturers in Central Europe are still without raw materials. Cotton, wool, and rubber — to mention only three of the principal commodities required by Germany, Austria, and Poland — are practically unobtainable there, with the consequence that, even if there were coal to run the factories, there would be nothing for them to work on. The dislocation in the rates of exchange has disorganized the markets and destroyed the basis of international trade. Rotterdam is choked with cotton, and the Port of London is full of wool for which there are no buyers, because, although Europe is desperate for these materials, the unbalanced exchange makes it impossible for her to pay for them. Nor, because of her political and economic insecurity, can she borrow enough for her needs, for industrial instability and social unrest destroy the very foundations of credit.

The situation is therefore running in a vicious circle: political chaos can be averted only by restarting the industrial machine; industrial processes cannot be resumed without the import of raw materials; raw materials cannot be bought except upon credit; credit cannot be extended except upon conditions of political security. Meanwhile, with transportation systems disorganized, with railroad lines, locomotives, and cars damaged and destroyed, with no working capital, with currency debased in some areas almost to the point of worthlessness, with productivity everywhere demoralized as a result of war psychosis, with all countries staggering under a weight of indebtedness practically beyond calculation, Europe is utterly crushed, and the situation is growing worse rather than better, so that we are face to face with appalling disaster, which, unless averted, will interpret itself, as Mr. Hoover has repeatedly warned, in loss of life on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

What salvation has the League of Nations for this situation? What hand can it take in the solution of the problem? That a remedy must be found if civilization is to be saved from shipwreck is obvious. Equally obvious is the fact that the impending disaster is one which concerns, not Europe alone, but the whole world. For the time is long since past when any country can isolate itself from the economic security or chaos of the rest of the world. Nations are joined together in an intricate network of intercourse and commerce which involves the possibility of existence for more than half the people on the globe; and with every year that passes the developments of science bring the human family into increasingly closer relationships. North and South America are as intimately bound to the fate of Europe in everything that relates to industrial prosperity or

demoralization as New York is bound to New England. No Chinese wall can guard the Western Hemisphere from the consequences of economic disintegration or social collapse in the Eastern Hemisphere. A movement in India or Lapland reverberates in America and New Zealand, just as under-production in England and France, or financial disorganization in Germany and Austria, has its repercussions in every state of our union.

The matter therefore concerns the family of nations sitting in common council, and it is perhaps providential that in this supreme crisis in human history the organization of the League of Nations should be ready at hand. That its leaders are conscious of their responsibility is obvious to anyone who knows the work of the Secretariat or follows the meetings of the Council. The economic section of the League has for many months been engaged in a world-wide study of such questions as coal, production, markets, and food and, the movement of raw materials. At the first meeting of the Assembly, representing the people of the world, a full report will be ready, showing where the human family that occupies the earth finds itself as regards solvency or bankruptcy in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty — a balance-sheet, if you please, of industrial and social assets and liabilities, as a basis of discussion for the sons of men! Will anything practical come of the discussion? No one can tell. But surely it is the common-sense approach to solution; and in an open exchange of opinion by the world's leaders an atmosphere of solidarity may be created, — a spirit of human kinship in the face of common peril, — which may serve to dissolve many of the obstacles which now seem insuperable.

But the League has not waited for the results of the Assembly conference. The situation is too pressing to brook delay, and immediate measures are necessary. The first proposition, therefore, to which the League has addressed itself, as a practical step toward solution, is the opening up of Russia. Russia is the granary of Europe, its greatest source of cereals, and one of its largest reservoirs of essential raw materials. With Russia isolated from the normal industrial system there is no hope of recovery for Europe. The blockade of Russia and the policy of the *cordon sanitaire* have proved far more disastrous to the rest of Europe than to Russia herself. Somehow or other Russia must be reinstated in the processes of international trade and commerce; a means must be found of stimulating her production and making available to the rest of Europe her exportable surplus of food and raw materials.

Up to this time the policy of the Allies in handling the Russian problems has been shaped largely by a fear of Bolshevism. There has been but little attempt to learn the real facts of the situation; certainly no official, systematic study has been made of the plans and results of the Soviet government. We have been trying to solve the problem in the dark, without accurate information or analysis.

It is this defect that the League of Nations has proposed to correct. A recent meeting of the League's Council made provision for sending to Russia a commission of investigation, consisting of ten members and a staff of advisers and experts, 'to obtain impartial and authoritative information regarding the conditions now prevailing in that country.' 'It is hoped,' said the telegram of invitation to the members of the commission, 'that special attention will be paid to administrative, economic, financial, and transport problems, and that general labor questions will not be neglected.'

At the present writing (April 24), no answer has been received from the Soviet government as to whether such a commission of inquiry will be admitted to Russia; but the proposal constitutes the first business-like approach to the Russian question. With the facts ascertained, a positive policy of adjustment can take the place of a policy of ignorance, and the government of Russia can be recognized on some basis that will make possible the restarting of the processes of trade at the earliest possible moment.

IV

The League has taken another step which is even more directly related to the problem of economic rehabilitation. At a meeting of the Council held late in February it was decided to summon at an early date an international financial conference of the governments chiefly concerned, 'to study the financial crisis, and to look for the means of remedying it and of mitigating the dangerous consequences arising from it.' The conference, which is called to meet at Brussels, will be attended by three delegates from each government, one of them representing the Ministry of Finance directly, and the other two being bankers or financiers. At the present writing, the plans for the conference, which will occur early in June, are well advanced, and an enormous amount of study and research has been given to its preparation. Each government participating has supplied full information on such subjects as its budget figures, financial policy, domestic and foreign debt, foreign loans outstanding, gold and silver holdings, circulation of currency issues, proposed methods of bringing current expenditures within the compass of receipts, production and trade statistics, and the like. In fact, the conference will sit down with a complete analysis before it of the financial and industrial condition of each of the leading nations, and of the policies which these nations have in mind for the future.

The nature of the conference cannot of course be accurately forecast, but if the carefully laid plans of its supporters do not miscarry, it will have far-reaching results. These results fall roughly under three heads, and are so important to the future stability of the world as to merit at least a brief discussion in this paper.

In the first place, it is hoped that the conference will make clear and vivid to every nation of the world the inescapable fact that there can be no social or industrial future for any country which adopts a permanent policy of meeting its current expenditure by a continuous inflation of its circulation, or by increasing its interest-bearing debts. In too many European countries the printing-press as a means of creating wealth has literally taken the place of taxation, with results interpretable in soaring prices and disorganized trade relations. Evil practices, begun of necessity, perhaps, during the war, are to-day continued through weakness and timidity and the fear of governments to face their people with the truth. 'No country can be considered solvent,' said a recent conference of bankers in Amsterdam, 'that will not or cannot bring its current expenditure within the compass of its receipts from taxation and other regular income. This principle must clearly be brought home to the peoples of all countries; for it will be impossible otherwise to arouse them from a dream of false hopes and illusions to the recognition of hard facts.'

To accomplish this end is one of the chief purposes of the League's financial conference; and it is the intention of its leaders to have it unmistakably understood that a recalcitrant country which

refuses immediately to mend its ways is outside the pale so far as credits or other remedial measures are concerned.

The second purpose which the conference hopes to accomplish, or at least to influence, is the fixation of the amount of the German indemnity. The undermined character of this item is one of the great disturbing factors in Europe's industrial equilibrium. The vague and fantastic ideas as to the paying power of Germany which are contained in the reparations section of the Treaty of Versailles not only destroy her productive capacity by robbing her of an industrial incentive, but, by fostering false hopes, and keeping as live assets on the national balance-sheets items which can never be collected, they postpone the day of financial reorganization in the creditor countries. It is therefore no more than prudent policy and wise statesmanship for each nation to submit the assets on its balance-sheet to careful scrutiny, and to write off those that are based on impossible hypotheses. In drawing up a financial forecast that will stand the test of the next few years, it is important that there be no concealment of the facts and no illusions as to the paying power of debtors. The grave difficulties of the future can be minimized, if not avoided, by greater daring to face the truth to-day.

So far as the German situation is concerned, the argument is equally sound. Whatever we may think of Germany, her industrial solvency is essential to the salvation of Europe. One cannot place a rotten apple in a bowl of apples and keep the decay from spreading. As the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington recently said, there is no more logical or practical step toward solving their own reconstruction problems than for the Allies to give value to their indemnity claims against Germany by reducing them to a determinate amount which Germany may reasonably be expected to pay, 'and then for Germany to issue obligations for such amount and be set free to work it out. This would increase Germany's capacity to pay, restore confidence, and improve the trade and commerce of the world.'

The third object which the League's financial conference hopes to achieve is the creation of some machinery for the extension of credit to the impoverished countries of Europe. A considerable body of opinion in America seems to be inclined to dismiss this project with the reflection that if Europe 'got down to work' and 'balanced its production and consumption,' credits would not be necessary. Even so well informed a man as Mr. Carter Glass has not resisted the temptation to generalize upon the necessity of the governments of Europe 'increasing their production as much as possible.' In a recent letter, widely quoted in Europe and containing much sound advice, he speaks of 'the resumption of industrial life and activity' as being one of the factors of 'relief.' The statement is, of course, true; but how is Europe to resume? It is like telling a starving man that he will feel better as soon as he begins to eat. The information is well meant, but its only effect is to irritate the sufferer. The cotton mills of Czecho-Slovakia are closed and one third of its working population is idle because, although, as we have seen, there is plenty of cotton in European ports, Czecho-Slovakia, because of the depreciation of her currency, has no way of paying for it. Similarly, the industries of Austria and Poland are absolutely paralyzed — with resulting unemployment and suffering on an unprecedented scale — because these countries are unable to pay for the initial import of such commodities as hides, oil-seeds, tin, copper, and jute. Until these commodities are received, the mills cannot turn out

their finished products; and until the export of these products begins, the industrial life of these stricken nations cannot be reëstablished.

Something must be done to prime the pump, — to start the machinery, —and the League's financial conference has no more important task before it than to devise such a plan. Whether these credits shall be governmental or commercial, on what security they shall be based, the length of their term, how they shall be apportioned — to these and other critical and contentious questions an answer must be found. The absence from the conference of the United States in any official capacity makes the solution all the more difficult; indeed, some believe that it makes it impossible; but there can be no further delay, for the crisis is real, and catastrophe looms ahead unless remedial measures can be put in motion.

These then are the three principal points to which the League's conference will devote itself: the deflation of currency, the definition of Germany's obligations, and the establishment of a credit system. How far the conference will succeed in reaching sane conclusions along these lines cannot, of course, be foretold. On the second point, hostile opposition may be expected from France, whose long sufferings make it impossible for her as yet to see events otherwise than through bloodshot eyes. Objection on this point, too, may be encountered from the Reparations Commission, which is the final authority in its determination. But the economic forces of the world are working on the side of the League, and against their irresistible influence even hate and national pride must give way.

V

It is impossible to leave the subject of the League's work without mention of disarmament. The word disarmament has become the symbol of a new hope in the world, the promise of a better fortune for mankind. In spite of increased army and navy estimates, it is the dream of common peoples everywhere in Europe. Mr. Winston Churchill and Admiral Jellicoe no more represent the ambitions and opinions of the mass of men and women in England than Millerand and Foch represent them in France. The *people* of Europe are sick to death of armaments and wars, and release from their crushing burden, under the direction of the League of Nations, is eagerly awaited. Even as regards Europe's leaders, the signs of the times are not wanting. Only recently the Danish Minister of Defense, in a strong plea for immediate disarmament, advocated the abolition of conscription and the dismantling of the fortifications of Copenhagen; and even Mr. Lloyd George has referred to the reduction of armed forces as an essential measure if the League of Nations is to be anything else than 'a sham and a scrap of paper.'

Meanwhile the first practical step toward armament reduction has been taken by the new Saint-Germain Convention, signed by the Allied and Associated powers, in which it is agreed that no arms or ammunition of any kind are to be exported, except under license, into certain specified areas of the world's surface — most of Africa, the Arabian Peninsula, Transcaucasia, Persia, Gwadar, and such continental parts of Asia as were included in the old Turkish Empire. For the control of the arms-traffic in these territories, as well as in the mandatory areas, the Secretariat of the League of Nations has established a central office where adequate supervision can be maintained.

But this is, of course, only a beginning, and affects but slightly the problem of world reduction of armed forces.

The heart of the situation, so far as League is concerned, lies in Articles VIII and IX of the Covenant, which provide for a permanent commission to advise the Council on military and naval matters, including disarmament. To the creation and constitution of this commission the Secretariat of the League has already given much time and study, and the plans for its launching are to be presented to the Council for approval at an early date.

The approach to a reduction in armaments is therefore practically established. How is the fact actually to be accomplished? It is here that we run into difficulties. If there were in the world some great, disinterested, democratic power, with no warlike traditions to maintain, with no far-flung empire to protect, with no territorial ambitions to be satisfied, such a power, by sheer force of leadership and the contagion of ideas, could compel the universal adoption of a policy of progressive disarmment. No other government could withstand the irresistible persuasion of its example. With the common opinion of peoples as a fulcrum, and the machinery of the League of Nations as a lever, it could lift the old order from its foundations. But where is there such a nation? Surely not France or England under their present régimes. And America? But America has gone over to the other side. She has repudiated the League of Nations, and by a coincidence almost sinister announces her plans for 'the world's biggest navy.' There is no present hope of such leadership here. 'Relief would be found in disarmament,' wrote the Secretary of our Treasury in a letter of advice to Europe on the rehabilitation of her industrial life. The grim irony of this pious counsel has not been overlooked in Europe. How much more effective would such admonition be if the nation which Mr. Glass represented were not itself raising the stakes in the gamble of armaments, and jeopardizing the peace of the world by rejecting the League!

In a recently published book by the Chief General Staff Officer of the Tank Corps of the British army, occurs this enthusiastic description of the use of tanks in the *next* war: 'Fleets of fast-moving tanks, equipped with tons of liquid gas, against which the enemy will probably have no means of protection, will cross frontiers and obliterate every living thing in the fields and farms, villages and cities of the enemy's country.'

It is for humanity to choose now which road it wants to take. Will it follow the flag of the old order or the standard of the League of Nations? Under one, the complete breakdown of civilization and the self-extermination of mankind are only a matter of time; the other leads to unexplored fields of human coöperation and creative labor.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BROADWAY

FOUR of us sat beside a lovely and secluded little lake amid the Berkshire Hills, and debated the vexed question, Is Broadway beautiful? The summer wind ruffled the lake, and brought to our nostrils that delicious odor of fresh water lapping pine roots, to our ears its delicious murmur. Broadway seemed far distant, almost as a dream.

We were evenly divided on the question at issue. The landscape-gardener and horticultural expert, a gentle soul and lover of flowers left to grow in their own sweet way, was passionate on the subject. The incandescent picture-gallery and fireworks display high above the street (of course, we were discussing Broadway at night, no one contending it has any beauty by day) to him was vulgar, hideous, and even socially criminal, since it represented on the most lavish scale our national custom of wasteful competitive advertising. He was, somewhat less passionately, backed up by the doctor and hospital organizer. On the other side, were the electrical engineer (perhaps quite naturally!) and myself.

Like most arguments, this one ended with each contestant even more firmly fixed in his original conviction. Indeed, as we left at last the piney grove by the lake-side, and walked home past a particularly charming natural border of sumach, I noted that the landscape-gardener stifled his impulse to share my enthusiasm. He had a doubt now whether anything I admired could be beautiful.

We were, of course, arguing the unarguable, a mistake not infrequently made. Keats is authority for the statement that it is sufficient to know that beauty is truth, truth beauty — a statement which upon consideration gets you nowhere, particularly in the case of Broadway. What has truth got to do with advertising? The landscape-gardener, in his own field, would say that truth is nature's way of planting; follow that, and you achieve beauty. Yet nature never sowed patchwork-quilted fields, which, seen from a hill-top, are unquestionably beautiful; nor endless even rows of gladioli, like great striped carpets.

There is, certainly, nothing natural about Broadway at night, in the sense that it is in any way an imitation of nature. But there is nothing natural, for the matter of that, about an incandescent bulb. Its nearest approach in nature is a Bartlett pear. On the other hand, Broadway at night is profoundly natural. If the evolution of signboards lining American railroads and highways from coast to coast, of placards adorning all our steam and trolley cars, of advertising pages supporting all our newspapers and magazines, is an expression of national development and character; and if the invention of the electric light and the development of electric power are signs of the national resourcefulness and instinct to make the most of physical forces (as we are assured is the case); then what is more natural, more an honest and inevitable race-expression, than Broadway at night? It is evolution blazing its reality from the housetops. It is racial truth. Therefore it is beauty — *vide* Keats.

Saying this, I was accused of sophistry; so I fell back upon the impression-

ist method (the application of the impressionist method to argumentation has yet to be worked scientifically), and declared that Broadway was beautiful for me, and that was enough. I considered the adventure of my soul among the masterpieces of electric draughtsmanship, and found them good. My reactions were such as things beautiful inspire. It was at this point that somebody looked at his watch and suggested that it was time to start for home.

Barbaric is the adjective some people apply to Broadway. But it is at least a jolly barbarity. I stood the other night looking northward from Forty-second Street, into a narrowing cañon of illumination. Against the sky huge electric kittens pursued an endless thread; six gnome-like figures underneath a canopy of colored lights practised calisthenics, grinning amiably the while; a gentleman forty feet tall stood unashamed against the subordinated stars, clad in an electric union suit; a vast tooth-brush was pyrotechnically prophylactic; at last, walling in the vista where Broadway turned, a giant blood-red bull reared his golden horns. And these signs were but a few amid the myriad, some pictorial, vast, and static, some restlessly appearing and disappearing, some merely the blazing names of this or that theatre and play or player.

Keats said that his name was writ in water, but the name of the Broadway star is writ in fire. He obeys the ancient stellar injunction to twinkle. Out of all this welter of illumination, from curb-line to sky, beneath and between which the endless black stream of cabs and cars and sidewalk throngs moves like a slow river, the eye, after all, picks out far less the individual sign than the general radiance and lacy pattern of gold. When the individual sign does hold the attention, it is less to remind us of its artistic limitations of design than of its quaint relation, through the thing it advertises, to our national life. It makes us smile — at least, it makes me smile. Why, for instance, when so many jaws in the thousands of faces streaming past on the curb below are busily at work upon a piece of gum, should not the six gum-sprites overhead dance with joy? It is highly fitting. It is, indeed, symbolic. Why, again, when so many thousand motor-cars are passing in endless streams on the asphalt below; when the possession of a motor-car is so essential to the happiness of the average man; when the discussion of motor-cars is the one topic upon which you can start a safe conversation with any stranger in the Pullman smoker — why, then, should not a vast motor-car revolve its incandescent wheels aloft, advertising not so much any particular make of car, as the absorbing national passion?

We glorify folk-music, folk-dancing, all such spontaneous expressions in art of the soul of a people. The Broadway signs are our folk-art writ in fire on the sky. They are quite as worthy of attention, perhaps, as the songs of the Cumberland mountaineers, or the square dances of the seventeenth-century British peasant.

I was tramping the streets of Newark once, with an artist, each of us looking for his particular kind of 'copy.' Suddenly the artist stopped and pulled out his sketch-book. I looked in vain for the picturesque view which intrigued him, seeing only a bit of the Free Public Library, and that half hidden by a pole laden with wires. He flashed his scorn in reply to my question.

'Why,' said he, 'look at all those criss-crossed lines of wires, and the fine, dark upright made by the pole itself! Get in your bit of semi-classic architecture through that fascinating foreground, and you have something!' Whereupon his pencil flew to work.

I had later to admit the beauty of

his woodcut, though I am still opposed to overhead wires. But Broadway at night shows nothing so harsh as poles and wires. Its criss-crossed designs are formed by living lights, designs which are deepened by the dark sky behind them, softened by the haze of their own radiance, made living and lively with color and motion. A wet night on Broadway! How the asphalt glistens with a thousand golden reflections! How the great signs up aloft stab into the mist till, like King Arthur's helmet, they make all the night a stream of fire! How they dim and flash and dim again when the mist is low, or the thick snow is driving past, swirled through the cañoned street! How they seem to lift their radiance to the low roof of the sky above, turning it a dully glowing red! How they call to the spirit, proclaiming crowds, proclaiming mirth and the escape from care into the joyous world of make-believe, of dance and song!

Thunder against Broadway never so hard, call it crude and callous, reckless and extravagant, thoughtless and dissipated; brand its blazing bulls and dancing gum-sprites as the last word in economic idiocy; play the Puritan and the prude, or play the æsthete and the recluse — it is little I care. When I turn into Broadway by night and am bathed in its Babylonic radiance, I want to shout with joy, it is so gay and beautiful. I melt into the river of pleasure-seekers; slowly I flow along to my chosen theatre; before I have even entered the portal, I am in the mood for a play. If I had to reach it through a pine grove or a gallery of Rembrandts, I should never get there, or want to enter if I did. No, Broadway is profoundly right — and therefore beautiful!

—— AND WAY-STATIONS

If fate had been different, I feel that I might have loved a railway station. Even now, in spite of all, I still love the great terminals — South Station, with its spreading train-shed where wreaths of smoke festoon themselves at twilight high up in the shadows of the roof, and the Grand Central, that stunning compromise between a tabernacle and a department store. There the trains come in, each in its separate appointed groove, as in a bowling-alley. Each one is securely captured for you before you are expected to take it. Yes, in the great cities you can take a train. At a way-station, you must catch it.

The responsibility of catching my own train is just one straw too much. Experience has taught me that the most outlandish episodes of my life are fated to take place at the brink of the railway-track; not that I ever lose trains or take the wrong ones, but simply because in the tense air of a way-station my mentality is at its lowest ebb.

The events that have befallen me in these times of unbalance have proved to me two things about a station platform. In the first place, it is the ideal site for a spiritual débâcle. You do not need to court disaster there: the place naturally breeds it. The switchings and hootings of troubled freight trains, the cyclone of the express, the presence of rapid powerful things quite beyond your control, the haste, the crowd — all provide the makings of calamity.

And in the second place, I have learned that the fewer people you bring to see you off, the better your chances for a smooth retreat.

One wintry morning, for example, I had just settled myself in the coziest corner of the early train. The other passengers, evidently business men, were absorbed in their newspapers. Everything promised well. But outside on the platform, fate, unknown to me, was preparing a crisis. My sister, whom I had rashly allowed to see me off, suddenly remembered that she had

my heavy coat over her arm, and ran back to give it to me. The train was about to start. Rushing up to the brakeman she gasped, 'Are you going on this train? *She* left her coat.'

'What's she look like?' inquired the gay young brakeman, grasping the coat and swinging gracefully on the step.

'Brown hair, brown suit —'

'What's her first name?'

'Margaret Olcott,' wailed my sister; then, thinking that because he asked my first name he thought me a little girl, she added with a last desperate inspiration, 'She's twenty-nine years old.'

In marched the delighted brakeman, down through those ranks of travelingmen; and as he laid the coat in my astonished arms, he remarked in a clear baritone, 'She said it was for Margaret Olcott, twenty-nine years old.'

Now did or did not that trainful of gentlemen think they knew my age? All the way to our destination somebody or other would give way to his memories and the mirth would break out afresh. Meanwhile I revolved in my mind the various happy things that I might have said to the merry brakeman. I might have told him that the coat was twenty-nine years old, I being older. But everybody knows how the unavailing afterthoughts press upon one. The point that concerns us here is the fact that at the critical moment, within the station confines, I was the prey of luckless circumstance.

Of all people whom I care to impress favorably, I suppose that my young brother just returned from France would qualify as chief. I was in process of catching a train one morning lately, and thought that he might possibly come down to see me off. Up and down the platform I paced, watching the distant crowds. Sure enough, the familiar uniform appeared at last in the subway. It walked like my brother, and the leather leggins were very like; but still I hesitated because I could not clearly see his face. Just then he turned and saw me, and flung up an arm to wave. At that, of course, I was sure, and flinging up my own arm into the air, I waved back. He began to shout something that I could not hear, and to apprize him of that fact, I took a firm hold of each ear, bent them out to the windward, flapped them briskly, and gave a sisterly grin. At that instant, I felt a firm hand on my arm, and heard the voice of my real brother beside me, inquiring what I thought I was doing. The stranger in the subway had been shouting and waving to friends of his own beyond me in the train. And on the heels of this event, to have to board the train myself and leave a garrulous brother at large in town to spread the story among our delighted friends, unchecked — it was almost more than I could bear.

But the most poignant regret of all comes when one has, in one's irresponsible state, wounded or affrighted the innocent bystander. We were just boarding the train one night after a very stirring lecture by Professor George Herbert Palmer. We were all enthusiastic, but I was holding forth. The gentleman behind us in the train put down his newspaper and seemed to be listening. I lowered my voice, but I still felt his observing eye upon me. Suddenly he leaned forward and asked in cordial tones, 'I beg pardon, but is this Dorothea Slade?'

The spell of the train-shed was upon me; I never dreamed that he thought I *was* Dorothea Slade; I thought that he was asking if it was she whom we were discussing. And so I replied graciously, 'No, this is George Herbert Palmer,' and went on conversing with my friends. Not until we were well beyond the precincts of the station did I gather what it was that my friends were laughing about, or why the courtly

gentleman behind us had gone back so precipitately to the newspaper.

But a protracted catalogue of such incidents could only give the reader pain. Whether the essence of the spirit of way-stations is centred in the steam, the tracks, or the soft coal, I do not know. I think it is a blend, and elemental in effect, for I know that children feel it. I was left one day for a moment alone on a platform with two small Dutch-cut children, the youngest in a little leather harness of which his mother handed me the reins while she went for tickets. The sinister influence of the way-station was all about us, and all my resources were as nothing for antidotes against that spell. Off went the eldest child, hopping toward the tracks, and at the same moment the little boy in his leather harness curled up both fat legs and hung suspended from my hand, rotating rapidly in the air. To be seen in public with a bevy of borrowed children is no trial; it may even be an appealing picture if the grouping is right. But there should be a Madonna element about it. Ideally the child should nestle. To be found on a station platform, with one nimble infant in full retreat, obviously escaping your hated presence, and with another, unable to get away, hanging head downward at the end of a leather thong — this sort of thing is absolutely in keeping with the spirit of the way-station.

In fact, if I were to design a crest for way-stations, it should have smoke sable, with an accommodation train passant, and underneath, no motto at all; for no dead language could do justice to the soul of the way-station, and its native language is profane.

TO HORSE

'A duck,' we used to read in the primer at school, 'a duck is a long low animal, covered with feathers.' Similarly, a horse is a long high animal, covered with confusion. I speak of the horse as we find him in the patriotic parade, where a brass band precedes him, an unaccustomed rider surmounts him, and a drum corps brings up his rear. A military parade is incomplete without its mounted guard; but I hold that there should be compulsory military training for the horse.

On the eve of our most recent patriotic procession, the Legion voted to treble the number of its mounted effectives. All overseas officers should join the mounted guard. All overseas officers were instantly up in arms. A horse was something that we personally had never bestridden. In spite of our desperate veto, the motion was carried by acclamation, and we were told that well-bred and competent horses would appear punctually just before the time for falling in. We were instructed to go to a certain corner of a side street, select our favorite form of horse from the collection we would see there, and ride him up to the green.

My mother, who had enjoyed riding in her girlhood, gave me a few quiet hints. Some horses, she said, had been trained to obey certain signals, and some to obey the exact opposite. Some would go faster if you reined them in, and others would slow down. Some waited for light touches of their master's hand or foot, and others for their master's voice. You had to study your horse as an individual.

I was glad to hear a little inside gossip of this sort, and made my way alone to the place appointed, skillfully dodging friends. The fence behind the garage was fringed with horses securely tied, and the top of the fence was fringed with a row of small boys, waiting. I approached the line of horses, and glanced judicially down the row. Books on 'Reading Character At Sight', I remembered, made a great point of the

distinctions between blond and brunette, concave and convex profiles, the glance of the eye, and the manner of shaking hands. I could tell at a glance that the hand-shake of these horses would be firm and full of decision.

'Which of these horses,' said I to the gang on the fence, 'would you take?'

'This one!' said an eager spokesman. 'He did n't move a muscle since they hitched him.'

The recommendation drew me instantly. Reposé of manner is an estimable trait in a horse.

I looked my animal over with an artist's eye. He was a slender creature, with that spare type of beauty that we associate with the Airedale dog. He was not, I was glad to see, a blond. I closed the inspection, and prepared to mount.

From which side does one conventionally mount a horse? I remembered that Douglas Fairbanks habitually avoids this dilemma by mounting from above — from the roof of a Mexican monastery, or the fire-escape of an apartment house. From these points he lands, perpendicularly. With this ideal in mind, I got on, clamped my legs against the sides of my horse, and walked him out into the street.

When I say that I walked him out into the street, I use the English language as I have seen it used in books; but I confess that the phrase would never have occurred to me independently. I felt at no time that afternoon any sensation of walking my horse or of doing anything else decisive with him. He walked, to be sure, dipping his head and rearing it, like a mechanical swan. But I did not feel that I was walking him. I missed the sensation of direct control that one has with a machine. When you get upon a horse you cut yourself off from accurately calculable connection with the world. He is an independent personality. His feet are on the ground, and yours are not.

I bow to literary convention, therefore, when I say that I walked my horse.

As we took our places in the ranks, I discovered that my horse would stand well, if I would let him droop his long neck and close his eyes. If, however, I drew up the reins to brace his head, he took it for a signal to start, and I had to take it all back, hastily. With the relaxed rein he bowed again, his square head bent in silent prayer.

With the approach of the band, however, he woke with a start. He reared tentatively. I discouraged that. Then he curled his body in semicircular formation, a sort of sidelong squirm. I straightened him out with a fatherly slap on the flank.

It was time to start. The band led off. The other horses started forward in docile files, but not mine. If that band was going away, he would be the last person to pursue it. Instead of going forward, he backed. He backed and backed. There is no emergency brake on a horse. He would have backed to the end of the parade, through the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross, the Elks, the D.A.R., the Fire Department, and the Salvation Army, if it had not been for the drum corps that led the infantry. The drum corps behind him was as terrifying as the band in front. To avoid the drum corps, he had to spend part of his time going away from it. Thus his progress was a little on the principle of the pendulum: he backed from the band until he had to flee before the drums.

The ranks of my friends were demoralized by needless mirth. Army life dulls the sensibilities to the spectacle of suffering. They could do nothing to help me, except to make a clear passage for me as I alternately backed from the brasses and escaped from the drum corps. Vibrating in this way, I could only address my horse with words of feigned affection, and try to strike a

position equidistant from all military music. The crowds in the street began to regard my actions as a sort of decorative manœuvre, so regular was my advance and retirement. And then the band stopped playing for a little. Instantly my horse took his place in the ranks, marched serenely, arched his slim neck, glanced about. All was as it should be.

My place was just behind the marshal, supposedly to act as his aide. He had not noticed my absence from my post, but now he turned his head, hastily.

'Just slip back, will you,' he said, 'and tell Monroe not to forget the orders at the reviewing stand.'

I opened my mouth to explain my disqualifications as courier; but at that moment the band struck up, and my charger backed precipitately. The marshal, seeing my swift obedience, faced front, and I was left steadily receding, no time to explain, and the drum corps behind us was taking a rest. There was no reason for my horse ever to stop backing, unless he should back around the world until he heard the band behind him again. As I backed through the ranks of infantry, I shouted the marshal's message to the officer of the day. I had to talk fast — ships that pass in the night. Then I put my whole mind on my horse. I tried every signal I could devise. Some horses wait for light touches from the master's hand or foot, my mother said. I touched my animal here and there, back of the ear, at the base of the brain. I kicked a little. I jerked the reins in every direction, in Morse Code and Continental, and to the tune of S O S. My horse understood no codes.

The Knights of Columbus were now making room for me with howls of sympathetic glee. Must I back through the Red Cross, where my sisters were, and into the Daughters of the Revolution float, where my mother sat with a group of ladies around the spinning-wheel? The Red Cross had a band, if it would only play. It struck up just in time. My horse instantly became a fugitive in the right direction. On we sped, the reviewing stand almost in sight. Could I make the cavalry in time?

Heaven was kind. The drum corps had not begun to play. Through their ranks we cantered, my horse and I, and into the midst of my companions. At a signal, all bands and all drums struck up at once. My horse, in stable equilibrium at last, daring not to run forward, or to run backward, or to bolt to either side, fell into step and marched. Deafening cheers, flying handkerchiefs; my horse and I stole past, held in the ranks by a delicate balance of four-cornered fear. If you fear something behind you and something in front of you and things on both sides of you, and if your fear of all the points of the compass is precisely equal, you move with the movements of the globe. My horse and I moved that way past the reviewing stand.

My father, beaming down from the group on the stand, was pleased. Later he told me how well I sat my horse.

But that evening I had a talk with my mother, as man to man. I told her the various things that my horse had done; how he went to and fro, going to, when I urged him fro, and going fro when I urged him not to.

'Probably he had been trained to obey the opposite signals,' said my mother. 'You must study your horse as an individual.'

My horse was an individual. I studied him as such. I am quite willing to believe that he had been trained to obey the opposite signals. But I cannot stifle one last question in my mind: signals opposite to what?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Everyone who reads the *Atlantic* knows **Margaret Prescott Montague** of West Virginia. 'Uncle Sam' is the expression of that intense love of country and of race which is with her an elemental passion. The 'Elderly Gentleman' of **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** narrative may be guessed by the judicious reader. Which of the rest of us, we wonder, can hope for such a biographer. **Wilson Follett,** an American essayist and critic, is well known to readers of the *Atlantic*. 'The Dive,' his first venture in the field of fiction, we printed last winter.

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Agnes Repplier, of Philadelphia, has for a generation adorned American letters. How many of the readers of her *Atlantic* essays have taken home with them her life of her old friend Dr. White? To have done justice to such a man would be distinction enough, without the dozen volumes upon which her permanent reputation rests. **Dorothy Leonard,** a young American poet, sends us this sonnet from western New York. **Dallas Lore Sharp** is Professor of English at Boston University. His much-debated article, 'Patrons of Democracy,' in the November *Atlantic*, has recently been enlarged, revised, and published in book form by the Atlantic Monthly Presss.

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Charles Bernard Nordhoff the young California airman, who described, in their season, for our readers his varied and thrilling experiences in the Aviation Service in France is now traveling in the South Seas. Under date of March 12, he writes to the editor from Rarotonga in the Cook Islands: —

> I drifted over here . . . on my way to an island in the north, an idyllic sort of place from all accounts, where I hope to spend some time among the more or less unspoiled people. . . . This South Pacific is incredibly large, and the difficulties of getting about cannot be exaggerated. . . . My only regret, since I have been on the Islands, is that I did not come here many years ago — the idea of living anywhere else seems absurd to me. I always hated clothes, cold weather, and hypocrisy, none of which exist here in noticeable quantities. . . . To get away from people who talk about money and business is worth a far longer trip than this.

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Among the multitudinous ejaculatory comments on **Opal's** Journal, a dozen notes ask the editor quite naïvely and pleasantly whether he did not alter or remodel it into its present delectable form. It is a good deal like asking a commercial gentleman whether he did not really 'raise' a note to make the figures look a little handsomer; but we will pass over the ingenuousness of the inquiry and say once more, with emphasis, that the diary is printed, word for word, except for change of names and omissions, as the child wrote it, and that the original manuscript has been submitted over and over again to rigid and competent scrutiny. Moreover, for six months past, the author has been in familiar association with the editor, who, week by week, has watched the reconstruction of her story into its exact original form. **Alice Brown,** poet, playwright, essayist, and writer of fiction, has been an occasional but welcome contributor to the *Atlantic* for close to thirty years. **George E. Clough** sends us his first contribution from far-away Manitoba. **Annie Winsor Allen** has taught and studied girls and boys for a full generation.

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Abbie Farwell Brown is a well-known editor and author of both prose and verse, whose home is in Boston. Many of her volumes are for children. **Cary Gamble Lowndes,** a new contributor, is a banker of Baltimore. **Edward Yeomans** is a Chicago manufacturer whose striking papers on the teaching of Geography and History we printed in the February and March numbers respectively.

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J. Salwyn Schapiro is Professor of History in the College of the City of New York.

E. Dana Durand, former Director of the Census, has been Professor of Statistics and Agricultural Economics at the University of Minnesota since 1913. Having served in the U.S. Food Administration under Mr. Hoover during the war, he is now connected with the U.S. Legation at Warsaw, acting as adviser to the Polish Food Ministry. We have not in Poland a more competent observer. **James M. Hubbard,** a retired Congregationalist minister, was for many years connected with the *Youth's Companion* and with the *Nation*. **Raymond B. Fosdick** was during the war Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities of the War and Navy Departments, and had general charge of the welfare work for soldiers and sailors, both here and overseas. He was appointed Under-Secretary-General of the League of Nations, by Sir Eric Drummond, in May, 1919, but resigned when it became apparent that the United States was not likely to become an early member of the League. He is now practising law in New York City.

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The following highly interesting letter from the Flowery Kingdom reaches this office in the wake of Dr. Clark's recent paper on 'The Rising Tide in Japan.'

This year the agitation for universal suffrage is more violent than last year and more persistent. The people engaging in it evidently have more funds than they had before. Then the number of the members of the Diet who are supporting it this year is far larger than it was last year. Some people say that the Kenseikai and Kokuminto, with the disgruntled members of the Seiyukwai, will be able to get their bill passed through the lower house. In that event Parliament will be dissolved. Such threats have been made, I understand, and while, when that has happened before, the government party has always come back with more seats, there is this time the conviction that the government will lose out, because of the wider interest taken in the cause of universal suffrage. In spite of all the newspaper talk and the parades and the speeches, it seems to me that the great masses of the people are as yet little concerned in their rights and privileges. They have too much the attitude of specialists, interested and skilled in their one line and indifferent to all else. The laboring men have waked up to the fact that they will not attain their desires unless they have the vote, and they are the one part of the common people who are taking an active part in the demonstrations. I would like to know where the money is coming from to stage all this agitation. It is not coming from the labor organizations. We know that they have no funds. Maybe it is coming from the pockets of some of the 'practical politicians.'

I wonder if you have heard anything of the Tokyo Imperial University trouble. In complete contrast to the universal-suffrage agitation, in this case we have an illustration of how greatly free speech and free thought, in fact, have been and are being curtailed. The present cabinet has been praised the world round as being 'progressive,' 'democratic,' the first one whose leader is a 'commoner,' etc., etc.; but since I have been in Japan there has never been a time when the newspapers have been oftener suppressed, or official orders given to stop publishing certain news. One of the assistant professors in the Tokyo University published in the university magazine a translation and criticism of some work of Prince Krapotkin. A student organization of the conservative class of students, led by Dr. Uesugi, started a big commotion over Professor Morito's fearful daring (?). The educational department got excited and retired Professor Morito from the active list, and also the publisher of the university magazine. Then the police put their fist in it, and hauled the brother up for trial in the courts, on the charge of violation of the press law and for writing things subversive of the constitution. The trial is being conducted in camera. In addition to the lawyers, Dr. Miyake of the magazine *Japan and the Japanese*, Dr. Yoshino of the University, Dr. Takano, adviser of the Yuaikai, and Professor Isoo Abe of Waseda, have made speeches for the defence. Professor Morito and Professor Ouchi, the publisher, are very popular now. The foolishness of the whole business is apparent when we remember that the works of Krapotkin have been translated into Japanese long ere this, and have been on sale in all the bookstores.

Business is still on the boom in Japan and prices are still rising. The index-price now is 416, with early 1902 as 100. Salaries are being raised all around; the allowances which were given last year are to be made a regular part of the salary. Railroad rates have gone up again, so that now it costs me just twice what it did two years ago. I was interested in looking over the financial reports of some of the big companies for the last six months of the year. The cotton-spinning company, Kanegafuchi Mills, whose head was the capitalists' representative at the International Labor Conference at Washington, and who was so active in asking for special treatment for Japan because it is so backward, paid a 70 per cent dividend. Just think of it, getting back about three fourths of your capital in six months! It looks like infant industries are waxing fat and kicking. Another spinning company in Fukishima declared an 80 per cent dividend. The Nippon Wool Manufacturing Company amassed such large profits that they were able to give a bonus to their employees of 3,000 per cent on monthly wages. Clerks received an amount equaling 20 to 30 months' salaries. Generally conditions are still very good, and the boom still continues.

This letter, in sharp contrast to many popular magazine articles, is well worth printing.

AKRON, OHIO, *April* 4, 1920.

THE EDITOR THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MY DEAR SIR,—

There have come to my attention of late some several articles dealing with the methods for hiring labor of corporations. And in that these generally run so very counter to my experiences in finding work, I am moved to write a few words on conditions as I have found them.

Some weeks ago I found it imperative that I get a job. Having no especial training that would be of value in the world of manufacture or commerce, I realized that it was a job, not a position, that I must seek. There is an old saying, that if you want money, go to where money is. So I came to Akron, for there is work being done, and to be done here. The home factories of the two largest rubber and tire companies in the world, and of several other large rubber factories, assure work if one wishes it.

But is one to be met at the gate by the official hirer, a large pipe in his mouth, to be sworn at and told to move ahead? Is there no hint of common courtesy as the new man makes his acquaintance with the people to whom he would barter his strength and any skill he may acquire? If you believe all you read of conditions in the iron factories, in the Stock Yards and in other lines of trade, we are to expect the worst. I reached Akron on a Friday afternoon. Saturday morning, I went to a large plant. At the gates, a man in the uniform of the company police directed me to the employment office. And no policeman could have been more kindly about it. It was as though he did himself a favor by doing one for me.

But I knew nothing more about tires and tire-building than I had learned from a series of blow-outs on the road to Indianapolis. For what should I apply? There are five trained men at this factory whose work is the hiring of labor. To one of these I went, and told him of my wants. He answered that they had no opening at the moment; that perhaps I could be given work Monday. But my point is that he was all kindness and courtesy; not gruff, morose and stolid.

So I went to a second company, this time the Goodrich. Here the same attention was given me, and here I was given work. A chance acquaintance had advised that I ask to learn to finish tires, and for this work I applied, and was taken on. But first I was asked of my education and training; then I was given a physical examination, and finally a rooming bureau helped me to find suitable rooms. Further I was told that after twelve weeks in the employ of the company I would receive life insurance to the value of $500, and a sickness and disability insurance that would pay me two-thirds of my wage in case of sickness. All this without charge to me, all without request on my part. Could a man ask more?

But what of wage? I was paid at the rate of fifty cents an hour, eight-hour day, pay and a half for overtime, and double pay for work on Sundays or holidays. And as soon as I could acquire skill enough to enable me to earn more at piece-rates, I would be taken off the fifty-cent rate, and put at piece-work.

Well, it developed after two weeks of work that I was not heavy enough, nor apt enough to be able to qualify soon for piece-work. So my foreman put me on lighter work, where, after two weeks, I am able to earn about six dollars in my shift.

Now I don't know; things may be as I read they are in other kinds of work. I am inclined to doubt that they are. Labor is too in demand, that corporations can afford to treat men so. But certainly every man is given every reasonable opportunity in the rubber plants of Akron.

Very sincerely,

ERNEST NEWLAND.

* * *

Echoes of the boarding-school discussion still reach us. Here is an informing bit of comment.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This boarding-school discussion of late in the *Atlantic* has interested me greatly, and I don't like to let it pass without saying a word. This past mid-year has just completed my four years at a Massachusetts boarding-school — Mount Hermon, to be explicit. Through many experiences of my own there, I can agree absolutely with Mr. Parmelee and Mr. Cozzens. If you will pardon a personal reference — I have had many times precisely the same experience with my Victrola that Mr. Parmelee mentions. Among several 'rag' and 'jazz' records which I despised, I had a few good records, which I loved. Although the other fellows never openly ridiculed me for playing them, I always felt that they were laughing behind my back, and consequently I dreaded to show that my tastes were any different from those of the rest of the 'gang'; possibly I was over-sensitive about it. But that was true, not only of music, but of all the finer things. Being the son of an architect and a student of architecture, I loved art and beautiful things, and tried to absorb and surround myself with them. My painful efforts at decorating my little room after my conception of good taste were scoffed at by my companions, who lived in rooms garnished with magazine-cover girls and rah-rah pennants.

While I am on the subject of boarding-schools, I should like to refer to Mr. Cozzens's article in the March *Atlantic*. He mentions the adoption of the 'self-help' system at his school, where each student puts in an hour a day at some assigned task, thus appreciably lowering the expense of board and tuition. I am from a school where this idea is carried even further. There, each student is required to do two hours of work a day, a total of thirteen and one half hours a week, the task

varying, not from day to day, as at Mr. Cozzens's school, but from term to term, thus giving every boy a taste of good, hard, monotonous *work*, which can do no one harm. And, of course, the result of this work is very noticeable in the tuition fee, thus enabling boys of more limited means to enjoy the superior benefits of a private school. The boy who has been through that school has done a little bit of everything: he has dug ditches, tended cows, done garden-work, washed dishes, done house-work, cooked, waited at table, worked in a steam laundry, tended library, done clerical work, and even taught classes in emergencies; and all without interfering with the academic work. That school stands very high in the estimation of the colleges and the College Entrance Board. The graduate of that school is not afraid of work, knows how to work, and, what's more, *has* worked. Nothing can offer better training and discipline than genuine labor.

Respectfully,
JOSEPH B. WATTERSON.

* * *

This airy commendation gave us, as any lady might be sure it would, unfeigned pleasure.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You are, largely through your Contributor's Column, I think, the most human and personal publication that I know. I wonder how many others always read the last of the Column before anything else?

The other night I dreamed a dream. There was a Federated Church luncheon at the Y.M.C.A., and I was there, sitting at an almost empty table, with no one I knew near me. Presently an old gentleman sat down opposite, bowing to me in a very courtly manner as he did so. He looked quite like the picture we usually see of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the round, smooth face, the quizzically humorous mouth, yet with Emerson's thoughtful brow. He was about sixty, and I can only repeat my first impression, that he was a *gentleman*, with all possible culture and polish. He spoke to me, some remark about the weather or luncheon, and I answered, blushing, with my heart in my mouth, for I cannot carry on a creditable conversation except with someone who insists on doing all the talking, and this my companion obviously would not do. Moreover, — need I say it? — I was very anxious that he should approve of me.

A miracle happened. He talked, and I talked! When I awoke, I could remember nothing that was said, but I know that for over half an hour we had a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul' far more deep and brilliant than any I have ever heard. At last, regretfully, we rose to go. After the best manner of introducing yourself to visitors at church, I told him my name. With another bow, he gave me his card. I read, engraved in neat script, 'Mr. Atlantic.' I realized instantly that it was you, my friend, with whom I had lunched, that you really were a vivid, living personality. There the dream ended.

Very sincerely yours,
MYRA R. SUTER.

No reader of the *Atlantic* will soon forget Madame Ponafidine, and many have inquired of her fate. We have long feared for it, and this letter (dated February 12, 1920) from a lady with the American Missions in Turkey, transmitted through the kindness of Miss Florence Baldwin of New York, confirms the cruelty of our apprehension.

Do you remember my friends in Russia, the Ponafidines? The Bolsheviks killed two of the sons and put Mr. and Mrs. Ponafidine on a little place, and made Mrs. Ponafidine work the ground for a living. Mr. Ponafidine was too old and ill to help. Then they came and killed Mr. Ponafidine, and later killed Mrs. Ponafidine. It seems unbelievable. They were such very charming people and were such good friends of mine. Only one son escaped, and he was away. He is in the 'White Army,' and I should think he would feel like fighting till his last breath to stop this terrible condition in Russia.

* * *

A WORD TO OSTRICH-AMERICANS

Unwisdom, it seems to us, dwells in the minds of those who will not listen to their opposites, no matter how broad the gulf between. There is always weakness in ignorance and a man is twice armed who knows his adversary's point of attack. These commonplaces from the Book of Common Sense are in our mind as we reflect on half-a-dozen letters sharply rebuking the *Atlantic* for callousness, un-Americanism, pro-Germanism, and general outrageousness in printing two recent articles reflecting on the policies of the United States: one by a Russian philosopher who, during the war, sympathized with the cause of the Entente, the other by a well-known German who, however extreme certain of his statements seem to us, is of the moderate sort. The object of those papers was, of course, to bring home to Americans that their own point of view was not patently right to all the world, as the more self-righteous of us would think, and to make them realize the existence of opinions which, however wrong they may be, are in Europe increasingly believed. It is difficult to be serious with those who believe that the *Atlantic* would swallow whole Count Keyserling and Dr. Rohrbach, but that these men's opinions are representative of much that is verily believed in Europe is an unpleasant but important fact.

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